

ANNE OF GREEN GABLES

A Humorous Reading

by
L. M. Montgomery



Wetmore Declamation Bureau

**Box 2695
Sioux City, IA 51106**

**www.wetmoredeclamation.com
Email: speeches@wetmoredeclamation.com**

CAUTION: Wetmore Declamation Bureau material is protected by United States copyright law and conventions. None of our material may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means-electronic, mechanical, photocopy, recording, or any other-without prior permission. No trademark, copyright or other notice may be removed or changed. All rights reserved. Violators will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

ANNE OF GREEN GABLES
A Humorous Reading

L. M. Montgomery

Copyright 1908 by L. C. Page and Co.

Matthew Cuthbert jogged comfortably over the road to Bright River Station. When he arrived, there was no sign of any train. He asked the station master if the five-thirty train would soon be along.

"The five-thirty train has been in and gone a half hour ago. But there is a passenger dropped off for you--a little girl."

"I'm not expecting a girl. It's a boy I've come for."

"Guess there's some mistake. You'd better question the girl."

There stood a little girl of about eleven garbed in a very tight, very short, ugly dress. She had two long braids of decidedly red hair and eager, luminous eyes.

"I suppose you are Mr. Matthew Cuthbert of Green Gables. I'm glad to see you. I was beginning to be afraid you weren't coming for me tonight. I was going down the track to the big wild cherry tree at the bend and crawl up into it and stay all night. You could imagine you were dwelling in marble halls, couldn't you? And I was quite sure you would come for me in the morning if you didn't tonight."

Matthew could not tell this child with glowing eyes that there had been a mistake. He would take her home and let his sister Marilla do that. "I'm sorry I was late. Give me your bag."

"Oh, I'm so very glad you have come for me, even if it would have been nice to sleep in a wild cherry tree. Oh, it seems so wonderful that I'm going to live with you and belong to you! I never belonged to anybody in my life--not really. I don't suppose you ever were an orphan in an asylum. There is very little scope for the imagination in the asylum, only just the other orphans. It was pretty interesting to imagine that perhaps the girl who sat next to you was really the daughter of an earl who had been stolen from her parents in her infancy. I used to lie awake nights and imagine things like that because I didn't have time in the daytime. I guess that's why I'm so thin. I do love to imagine that I'm nice and plump with dimples in my elbows."

She put her hand out and broke a branch off a wild plum tree that brushed against the side of the buggy.

"Isn't that beautiful? What did that tree leaning out from the bank, all white and lacy, make you think of?"

"Well, now, I don't know."

"Why, a bride, of course--all in white with a lovely misty veil. I've never seen one, but I can imagine what she would look like. I don't ever expect to be a bride myself. I'm so homely nobody will want to marry me--unless it might be a foreign missionary. But I'm talking too much. Would you rather I didn't talk? If you say so, I'll stop."

--- END OF FREE PREVIEW ---