

A detailed illustration of a young girl with red hair and freckles, wearing a green dress and a large straw hat with a white bow. She is standing in a field of tall grass and wildflowers, looking off to the side. In the background, there is a large green house with white trim and a red roof, set against a backdrop of rolling green hills under a soft, hazy sky.

LUCY MAUD MONTGOMERY'S

# ANNE OF GREEN GABLES

EARLY READER VERSION FOR  
7 TO 11-YEAR-OLDS

RE-WRITTEN BY DAVID O. HARRISON



*Anne of Green Gables*, written by Canadian author Lucy Maud Montgomery and first published in 1908, is a beloved coming-of-age novel set in the picturesque village of Avonlea on Prince Edward Island. The story follows Anne Shirley, an imaginative, spirited, and talkative orphan who is mistakenly sent to live with Marilla and Matthew Cuthbert, a middle-aged brother and sister who had intended to adopt a boy to help with their farm.

Anne, with her bright red hair, sharp wit, and knack for getting into trouble, initially surprises the practical and no-nonsense Marilla. But over time, Anne's boundless imagination, sensitivity, and unrelenting optimism begin to charm the entire community. The novel traces Anne's growth from a dreamy, impulsive child into a thoughtful and determined young woman, while exploring themes of belonging, friendship, identity, and the importance of home.

The vivid descriptions of rural life, Anne's heartwarming relationships, and her humorous mishaps have made *Anne of Green Gables* a classic of children's literature. The novel remains a timeless celebration of individuality, kindness, and resilience, resonating with readers of all ages and inspiring numerous adaptations in film, television, and stage productions.

This book is an Early Reader version, adapted directly from the original edition, for 7 to 11-year-olds, with 12-point type, 1.15-inch line spacing and a font chosen for enhanced readability (321 pages). Also available from Thrive! Books is the original for adults and children 12+.

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Dedication

# ANNE OF GREEN GABLES

## EARLY READER VERSION

RE-WRITTEN BY DAVID O. HARRISON  
FOR 7 TO 11-YEAR-OLDS

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## DEDICATION

To Maggie

As I was reading and writing I was trying to think  
of whose character Anne Shirely reminded me of.

Now I remember!

With love,

Uncle David



## CHAPTER 1

### MRS. RACHEL GETS A BIG SURPRISE

MRS. RACHEL LYNDE lived in a little house by the main road in Avonlea. Her house was next to a small stream that came from the woods. The stream used to be wild and bumpy when it was in the forest, but when it passed by Mrs. Rachel's house, it became calm and quiet, as if it knew it had to behave. Mrs. Rachel always sat by her window, watching everything that happened outside. She liked to know what was going on and wouldn't stop until she figured things out if something seemed unusual.

Mrs. Rachel was very good at doing her own work and also keeping an eye on other people's business. She was a great housekeeper, led the Sewing Circle, helped with the Sunday School, and did lots of important things for her church. Even though she was so busy, she still had time to sit at her window and watch the road, making sure everything was in order. She even made 16 quilts while sitting there, and everyone in Avonlea was amazed by her work.

One sunny afternoon in June, Mrs. Rachel noticed something strange. She saw Matthew Cuthbert, a very shy man who didn't like going out, driving his buggy down the road. He was wearing his best clothes, which meant he was going somewhere far away, because he usually didn't dress up or leave town. Mrs. Rachel was very curious. Where was Matthew going? She thought about it a lot but couldn't figure it out. So she decided to visit his house, Green Gables, to ask his sister, Marilla, what was going on.



Chapter 1  
Mrs. Rachel Gets a Big Surprise

After dinner, Mrs. Rachel went to Green Gables, which was a big house surrounded by trees and flowers. She walked up to the door, knocked, and stepped inside when Marilla invited her in. Marilla was sitting in the kitchen, knitting, with the table set for three people. This surprised Mrs. Rachel because it meant they were expecting someone else for dinner, but who?

Marilla knew Mrs. Rachel was curious, so she explained. Matthew had gone to pick up a little boy from an orphanage far away in Nova Scotia. Mrs. Rachel was shocked! She couldn't believe what she was hearing. Getting a boy from an orphanage was something very unusual, especially in Avonlea. Mrs. Rachel couldn't wait to find out more about it.

Mrs. Rachel was shocked. Marilla and Matthew Cuthbert were going to adopt a boy from an orphanage! She couldn't believe it.

"What made you decide to do this?" Mrs. Rachel asked, not happy with the idea.

Marilla explained that they had been thinking about it for a long time. They wanted to adopt a boy because Matthew was getting older and needed help around the farm. It was hard to find workers, so they thought adopting a boy around 10 or 11 years old would be a good idea. Marilla had even asked a friend, Mrs. Spencer, to pick a boy for them from the orphanage. Mrs. Spencer had sent them a message saying she would bring the boy on the train that night, so Matthew had gone to meet him.

Mrs. Rachel was still very worried. She told Marilla about some scary stories she had read, like one where an adopted boy set fire to his new family's house. But Marilla didn't seem too bothered by these stories. She said there are always risks in life, and it's no different from having your own children – sometimes things don't go as planned. But they were going to give the boy a good home and take care of him.

Mrs. Rachel wasn't convinced. She thought it was a big mistake and warned Marilla again. She said she hoped the boy wouldn't do anything bad, but she had her doubts. After talking for a while, Mrs. Rachel decided to leave. She wanted to tell other people about this surprising news, so she went up the road to share it with her neighbors.

As she walked away, Mrs. Rachel still couldn't believe what was happening. She felt sorry for the boy because she thought Matthew and Marilla didn't know how to take care of children. She thought the boy might have a hard time living with them at Green Gables.

## CHAPTER 2

### MATTHEW CUTHBERT IS SURPRISED

MATTHEW CUTHBERT and his horse were going down the road to a place called Bright River. The road was nice, with small farms and trees that smelled good. Sometimes there were flowers, and the air smelled sweet because of the apple trees. Matthew liked the trip, but he didn't like seeing women, because he felt shy and thought they might laugh at him. He was a little funny-looking, with long gray hair and a beard, so he thought they might be making fun of him.

When Matthew got to the train station, he couldn't see a train, so he thought he was early. He tied up his horse and went to ask about the train. The man there told him that the train had already come and gone, but they had left someone for him—a little girl. Matthew was confused because he was expecting a boy. He was supposed to pick up a boy to live with him and his sister Marilla. The man said Mrs. Spencer brought the girl and left her for him to take home. Matthew didn't know what to do and wished Marilla was there to help.

The stationmaster told Matthew to go talk to the girl. Matthew didn't want to, because he was shy around girls. But he went anyway. The girl had red hair in two braids, was wearing a simple dress, and had freckles all over her face. She was thin and pale but had bright, big eyes. She was also holding a small old bag.

Before Matthew could say anything, the girl smiled and started talking. She said, "I'm so glad you came for me. I was scared you wouldn't come, and I was imagining all sorts of reasons why you might not show up. I even thought about sleeping in a tree if you didn't come tonight!"

Matthew felt even more confused, but he decided to take her home and let Marilla sort out the mistake. He told the girl he was sorry for being late and that they needed to go to the horse. The girl was happy and kept talking. She said she was excited to live with Matthew and Marilla because she had never really belonged to anyone. She didn't like living in the orphanage and loved to imagine all sorts of fun things, like being a princess. Even though the orphanage people were nice, she still felt sad there.

The girl didn't stop talking, and Matthew just listened, thinking he would let Marilla sort everything out when they got home.

Matthew's new friend stopped talking for a bit because they had reached the buggy. She stayed quiet until they were outside the village, going down a hill. The road was cut so deep into the ground that the banks with pretty cherry trees and white birch trees were above their heads. The girl reached out and broke off a branch from a wild plum tree that brushed the side of the buggy.

"Isn't that pretty?" she asked. "What do you think that tree looks like, all white and beautiful?"

"I don't know," said Matthew.

"Well, it looks like a bride, of course! All in white, with a veil. I've never seen a bride, but I can imagine one. I don't



think I'll ever be a bride. I'm too plain, but maybe a foreign missionary would want to marry me. I do hope one day I'll have a pretty white dress, though. That would make me so happy! I love nice clothes, but I've never had a pretty dress. I didn't like wearing this old dress when I left the orphanage today, but we all had to wear them. Someone donated the fabric to the orphanage. Some people said he only gave it away because he couldn't sell it, but I like to think he did it to be kind, don't you?"

When she had gotten on the train, the girl imagined she was wearing a beautiful pale blue silk dress with a fancy hat and gloves. "It made me feel much better," she said, "and I really enjoyed my trip to the island. I didn't get seasick on the boat, and Mrs. Spencer didn't either. She said she didn't have time to get sick because she was watching me to make sure I didn't fall overboard!"

As they drove along, she noticed more cherry trees and said, "This place is so beautiful. I've always wanted to live on Prince Edward Island, and now I really am! Isn't it wonderful when your dreams come true?"

She then asked, "Why are the roads here red?"

Matthew said, "I don't know."

"Well, that's something to find out someday! Isn't it great that there's so much to learn? It makes life exciting. If we knew everything, it would be boring, right?"

She paused and asked Matthew, "Am I talking too much? Some people tell me I do. Would you rather I stop?"

Matthew, who was actually enjoying her chatter, said, "Oh, you can talk as much as you like. I don't mind."

The girl was happy and said, "I'm so glad! People often tell me that kids should be seen and not heard, but I think if you have big ideas, you need big words to express them, right?"

Matthew agreed, and the girl continued, "Mrs. Spencer said you live in a place called Green Gables, and that there are trees all around it. I love trees! At the orphanage, there were only a few small trees, and they looked so sad. I used to feel bad for them, like they were orphans too. I'd talk to them and say, 'I know how you feel.' Is there a brook near Green Gables?"

"Yes," said Matthew, "there's one right by the house."

"Wow! It's always been my dream to live near a brook! I never thought it would come true. Dreams don't often come true, do they? But right now, I feel so happy!"

Then she held up one of her braids and asked, "What color would you call this?"

Matthew wasn't used to guessing the color of someone's hair, but he said, "It's red, isn't it?"

The girl sighed and let her braid fall. She looked sad, as if the color of her hair made her feel unhappy.

"Yes, it's red," the girl said sadly. "That's why I can't be perfectly happy. No one can be happy with red hair. I don't mind my freckles, my green eyes, or being skinny because I can imagine them away. I can imagine I have a beautiful rosy complexion and lovely violet eyes. But I can't imagine my red hair away, no matter how hard I try. I pretend it's

black like a raven's wing, but I know it's just red, and it breaks my heart. I once read about a girl who had a lifelong sorrow, but it wasn't red hair. Her hair was golden, like something called an alabaster brow. Do you know what that is?"

Matthew, feeling a bit overwhelmed, said, "Well, no, I don't."

"Whatever it is, it must be nice because she was very beautiful. Have you ever imagined what it feels like to be very beautiful?"

"Well, no, I haven't," said Matthew.

"I have, lots of times. If you could choose, would you rather be beautiful, clever, or good?"

"I'm not sure," said Matthew.

"Neither am I! But I probably won't be any of those things anyway."

Just then, the girl gasped, "Oh, Mr. Cuthbert!" She wasn't scared or anything. They had just driven into a beautiful tunnel of trees called "The Avenue." The trees arched over the road, and their white blossoms made it look like a magical place. The girl was amazed and couldn't say a word. She just stared at the beauty around her, even when they left the tunnel and kept driving.

After a long silence, Matthew said, "I guess you're tired and hungry. We only have a mile to go."

The girl came out of her daydream and said, "What was that place called?"

Matthew thought for a moment. "That was The Avenue."

"That's a boring name," she said. "It should be called 'The White Way of Delight.' That's a much better name. Do we really only have a mile to go? I'm happy to get home, but I'm also sad because this drive has been so nice. I've never had a real home before, and it makes me feel excited to think about having one."

They drove over a hill and saw a beautiful pond with a bridge. The water was filled with colors, and the trees reflected on its surface. The girl said, "What's that place called?"

"That's Barry's pond," said Matthew.

"I don't like that name either. I'll call it 'The Lake of Shining Waters.' It's the perfect name because it gives me a special feeling."

Matthew thought for a moment and said, "Well, it does kind of give me a thrill when I see something interesting, like the ugly white grubs in my garden."

The girl laughed. "That's not the same kind of thrill! Why do other people call it Barry's pond?"

"Because Mr. Barry lives in that house," said Matthew. "His place is called Orchard Slope."

"Does he have any little girls?" the girl asked.

"He has one, about your age. Her name is Diana."

"Oh, what a lovely name!"



"Well, I dunno. It sounds strange to me. I like simple names like Jane or Mary. But Diana was named by a schoolmaster, and that's what he chose."

"I wish someone had named me like that! Oh, here's the bridge. I'm going to close my eyes because I'm always scared that bridges will fall when we're in the middle. But I always have to open them to check. I love the sound bridges make when you drive over them, don't you?"

When they crossed the bridge, the girl said, "Goodnight, dear Lake of Shining Waters," as if the water could hear her. "I always say goodnight to the things I love."

As they rode up the hill, Matthew said, "We're almost home now. That's Green Gables over there..."

"Oh, don't tell me!" the girl interrupted excitedly, grabbing his arm and closing her eyes. "Let me guess! I know I can guess it!"

She opened her eyes and looked around. The sun had set, but everything was still bright in the soft evening light. In the distance, a dark church steeple stood against the orange sky. Below them was a small valley, and beyond that, a gentle hill with several farmhouses scattered around. The girl looked at each one, her eyes filled with excitement. Finally, she focused on one far off to the left, surrounded by trees with white blossoms. Above it, a bright star shone in the sky, like a guiding light.

"That's it, isn't it?" she said, pointing.

Matthew smiled and said, "Well, you got it! I thought maybe Mrs. Spencer had described it to you."

"No, she didn't! I just knew it was home the moment I saw it. It feels like I'm dreaming. I've pinched myself so many times today because I was afraid I might wake up. But then I thought, even if it is a dream, I'll just keep dreaming as long as I can. And now it's real, and we're almost home."

She sighed happily and became quiet. Matthew felt uneasy. He was glad it would be Marilla, not him, who would have to tell the girl that this place she thought was home wasn't really meant for her. As they got closer, Matthew felt sad at the thought of how disappointed the girl would be. He didn't want to see the light go out of her eyes. It reminded him of when he had to take care of innocent animals, and it made him feel terrible.

It was dark by the time they pulled into the yard. The leaves of the poplar trees rustled softly in the night.

"Listen to the trees talking in their sleep," the girl whispered as Matthew helped her out of the buggy. "I bet they have such nice dreams."

Holding tightly to her little bag, she followed him into the house.