

# ESL EASY READ

LEITURA FACILITADA EM INGLÊS

NÍVEL

## B1

MicMac

# The Turn of the Screw

Henry James



1 NÍVEL DE  
LEITURA

**B1**



TEXTO  
ORIGINAL  
EM INGLÊS



TRADUÇÃO  
EM PORTUGUÊS



NOTAS E  
GLOSSÁRIO  
DE VOCABULÁRIO

## A VOLTA DO PARAFUSO

TRADUÇÃO EM PORTUGUÊS

APRENDA • LEIA • ENTENDA • PROGRIDA



→ DO NÍVEL **B1** AO TEXTO ORIGINAL ←

LEITURA INTELIGENTE, COMPREENSÃO REAL, PROGRESSO CONSTANTE.

# **The Turn of the Screw**

## **A Volta do Parafuso**

**Henry James**

ESL Easy Read

Reading Comprehension B1 • Original Text • Português  
Support

**SAMPLE**

# Contents

[Copyright](#)

[Introduction](#)

[Reading Comprehension B1](#)

[Original English Text](#)

[Versão em Português](#)

[Glossary: New Words](#)

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# Introdução

## Como ler este livro

Cada livro desta coleção é apresentado em um nível de leitura simplificada, de acordo com o CEFR — Quadro Europeu Comum de Referência para Línguas.

A2 — Básico: indicado para leitores que já compreendem frases simples, vocabulário frequente e textos curtos sobre situações do cotidiano.

B1 — Intermediário: indicado para leitores que conseguem compreender as ideias principais de textos claros e acompanhar uma narrativa com vocabulário e estruturas de dificuldade moderada.

B2 — Intermediário avançado: indicado para leitores que já conseguem compreender textos mais complexos, acompanhar descrições detalhadas e reconhecer uma variedade maior de vocabulário e estruturas gramaticais.

Este livro foi adaptado para o nível B1.

Assim, você pode começar a lê-lo mesmo sem dominar completamente o inglês. O texto foi simplificado para facilitar a compreensão, preservando a história, os personagens e os acontecimentos principais da obra original.

## Como usar as notas

No texto de leitura simplificada, cada parágrafo possui um link Pt/En. Esse link abre uma nota com a tradução em português do texto simplificado e o trecho correspondente no texto original em inglês.

No texto original em inglês, o link PT leva diretamente ao parágrafo correspondente na versão em português. Na tradução portuguesa, o link En retorna ao parágrafo correspondente no texto original.

A tradução para o português é feita a partir do texto em inglês simplificado, e não diretamente do texto original. O objetivo é ajudar você a compreender com precisão a frase simplificada que está estudando naquele momento.

O texto original em inglês é apresentado separadamente para a etapa seguinte do aprendizado, quando você já estiver preparado para ler e comparar a obra em sua forma original.

Cada nota contém links que permitem retornar exatamente ao parágrafo que você estava lendo.

### **Como usar o glossário**

Na última parte do livro, o Glossary: New Words reúne, em ordem alfabética, palavras mais complexas ou menos frequentes presentes no texto simplificado de nível B1. Essas palavras aparecem em itálico no texto.

Cada entrada apresenta pronúncia, tradução em português, explicação simples em inglês, frase de exemplo e até cinco frases reais do livro.

O link Back to B1 retorna exatamente à frase correspondente na versão simplificada.

Depois do texto simplificado, o livro apresenta também o texto original completo em inglês e a versão completa em português.

### **Sobre este livro**

Uma jovem governanta chega a Bly, uma remota propriedade rural inglesa, para cuidar de duas crianças órfãs, Flora e Miles. O tio das crianças, seu empregador, impõe uma condição estrita: ela nunca deve incomodá-lo com problemas, deixando-a totalmente responsável pela educação delas. Inicialmente, a governanta acha as crianças encantadoras e a casa bela, mas logo começa a ver aparições. Ela identifica as figuras como Peter Quint, um ex-criado, e a senhorita Jessel, a governanta anterior, ambos agora mortos. Convencida de que os fantasmas estão corrompendo as crianças, ela fica obcecada em protegê-las. As interações da governanta com as crianças tornam-se cada vez mais tensas à medida que ela tenta forçá-las a reconhecer os fantasmas. Miles, que foi expulso da escola por um motivo não especificado, torna-se foco particular de sua preocupação. A história é contada através do manuscrito da governanta, criando uma narrativa ambígua onde não fica claro se os fantasmas são reais ou produtos de sua imaginação. O conflito central gira em torno da luta da governanta

para salvar as crianças de um mal percebido, enquanto o leitor questiona sua confiabilidade. O cenário — uma propriedade isolada e envolta em nevoeiro — intensifica a atmosfera de isolamento e pavor. O tom é de suspense psicológico e horror gótico, culminando em um clímax que deixa a verdade em aberto.

### **Nota editorial**

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Contato: [admin@micmacfromlasvegas.com](mailto:admin@micmacfromlasvegas.com)

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# Index - Reading Comprehension B1

## Front Matter

I

II

III

## Front Matter

**Pt/En** The group was listening to a story by the fire. It was a scary story, fitting for Christmas Eve in an old house. One person noted it was strange for such a ghost story to happen to a child. The story was about a ghost appearing to a little boy who woke his mother in terror. The mother also saw the ghost. This comment led Douglas to say he had a story about a similar event, but even more shocking. He mentioned that while a ghost appearing to a young child was interesting, he knew of cases involving children too. He then asked what people would think of a story with two children. Douglas explained that his story was too horrible for anyone else to have heard before. He said it was the most dreadful thing he knew. When asked if he could begin, he said he needed to send for it because the story was written down and kept locked away. He offered to have it sent. He seemed to ask for help not to hesitate, as he had kept silent about it for a long time. The others were impatient, but Douglas's hesitation interested the narrator, who asked him to write for it and promised an early hearing. The narrator then asked if the experience was his own, and Douglas quickly said no.

**Pt/En** Douglas explained that he only kept the feeling or impression of the event, which he felt deeply. He said he had never forgotten it.

**Pt/En** Douglas said his story was written in old, faded ink in a beautiful handwriting. He explained it was a woman's writing, and she had died twenty years ago. She had sent him the pages before she died. When someone guessed the reason, Douglas quietly explained that the woman was his sister's governess. He described her as a very nice and clever person whom he liked very much. He was sure she had never told anyone else her story, and he believed she liked him too. He said they would understand why she told him when they heard the story.

**Pt/En** Douglas looked at the narrator and repeated that they would easily understand why the woman told him the story.

**Pt/En** The narrator looked back at Douglas and suggested that the woman had been in love.

**Pt/En** He laughed for the first time. He agreed that the woman had been in love, and that this fact had become clear when she told her story. He explained that he had seen it, and she knew he had seen it, but they

did not talk about it. He remembered the place and time: a corner of the lawn under large trees on a hot summer afternoon. He felt a strong emotion, then moved away from the fire and sat back in his chair.

**Pt/En** The narrator asked if the packet would arrive on Thursday morning. The other person thought it would probably come with the second post. The narrator then suggested meeting after dinner. He asked if everyone would meet him there, sounding hopeful that people would stay. The narrator assured him that everyone would stay.

**Pt/En** The ladies whose departure was planned said they would go. However, Mrs. Griffin said she needed more light. She then asked who the woman had been in love with.

**Pt/En** The narrator replied that the story would explain it. The other person said they could not wait to hear the story.

**Pt/En** Douglas stated that the story would not explain it in a simple or common way.

**Pt/En** He said it was a shame, because that was the only way he understood things.

**Pt/En** Someone else asked Douglas if he would tell them.

**Pt/En** He stood up and said he would tell them tomorrow, but now he needed to go to bed. He quickly took a candlestick and left, leaving them a little confused. They heard his steps on the stairs, and then Mrs. Griffin said that she did not know who the woman was in love with, but she knew who the man was.

**Pt/En** Her husband said she was ten years older, which made it even more interesting at that age, but he thought his long silence was nice. Griffin added that it had been forty years with this event finally happening. The narrator replied that the event would make Thursday night very special, and everyone agreed, losing interest in other things. The last story, which was like the beginning of a series, had finished. They shook hands and took candles to go to bed. The narrator knew the next day that a letter with a key had been sent to his London home. However, they left him alone until after dinner, when he became very talkative. He explained by the fire that the story he planned to read needed a short introduction for people to understand it well. The narrator states that he will now give

this story, which he wrote down later from an exact copy. Douglas had given him the manuscript before he died. Douglas had started reading it to their small group on the fourth night. The ladies who had said they would stay left because they were very curious about what he had already told them. This made the group listening to him smaller and more focused. The story began after some events had already happened. The main point was that his old friend, the youngest daughter of a poor parson, had come to London at age twenty to answer an advertisement. She was nervous. The man who placed the ad was a single man in his prime. He seemed handsome, brave, pleasant, and kind. She thought he was wonderful and brave, and he made her feel brave by asking her to take the job as if it were a favor. She thought he was rich and spent a lot of money. He lived in a big house in town full of things from his travels, but he wanted her to go to his country house in Essex. He was the guardian of his young nephew and niece because their parents had died in India. These children were a worry for him because he was alone and did not have much experience or patience. He felt sorry for the children and had sent them to his country house with good people to look after them, even using his own servants. He visited them when he could. The problem was that the children had few other relatives, and he was very busy. He had let them live in a healthy and safe place called Bly. He had hired an excellent woman, Mrs. Grose, to manage the house below stairs, and he was sure his visitor would like her. Mrs. Grose was his mother's former maid. She was now the housekeeper and was also looking after the little girl, Flora, because she did not have children of her own and was very fond of Flora. There were other helpers, but the new governess would be in charge. She would also need to look after the little boy during holidays. The boy had been at school, but he would be back soon. The children had a previous governess who had died, which was unfortunate. She had been a very good person. Her death meant the boy had to go to school. Mrs. Grose had helped Flora with her manners since then. There was also a cook, a housemaid, a dairy worker, a pony, a groom, and a gardener, all respectable. Douglas had finished explaining this when someone asked what the former governess had died of, joking if it was from too much respectability. Douglas quickly answered that this would be explained later and he did not want to guess.

**Pt/En** Someone interrupted, saying they thought that was exactly what he was doing.

**Pt/En** The narrator asked if the woman wanted to know about the dangers of the job. Douglas confirmed she did and learned about them. He explained that the job seemed difficult and lonely, but the salary was very good. The woman thought about it for a couple of days and then accepted the job. The narrator joked that the man offering the job was very charming. Douglas mentioned that the woman only met the man twice.

**Pt/En** Douglas turned to the narrator and said the situation was beautiful. He explained that other people had not accepted the job because the conditions were too difficult or strange. They were afraid of the job, especially because of one main condition.

**Pt/En** The main condition was that the woman should never bother the man. She could not appeal or complain, but had to handle all questions herself and receive money from his lawyer. She promised to do this. When the man thanked her for her sacrifice, she felt rewarded. A lady asked if that was her only reward, and Douglas said she never saw him again. The lady reacted with surprise. Later, Douglas opened an old photo album. The same lady asked about his title, and he said he did not have one.

**Pt/En** The narrator said he had a title, but Douglas ignored him and started reading from the album. His reading was very clear and beautiful.

**Pt/En** The narrator remembered arriving at the house feeling unsure about his decision. The journey in the coach was long and bumpy. However, when he saw the house on a beautiful summer afternoon, he felt better. The house looked welcoming with open windows, flowers, and birds in the sky. It was very different from his own small home. A polite person met him at the door with a little girl. The narrator had expected something sad, so the pleasant welcome was a good surprise. He was impressed by the house and the grounds. He met the first of his pupils, a very charming and beautiful little girl. He was excited and slept little that night. He was given a large, impressive room with a big bed and mirrors. He also felt he would get along well with Mrs. Grose, the housekeeper. Mrs. Grose seemed very happy to see him, but tried not to show it too much. The narrator thought the little girl was like an angel and was very happy to be her teacher. He knew he would be responsible for her care. He thought the child would like him soon. He enjoyed supper with the little girl, who was sitting in a high chair. He noticed that Mrs. Grose and he exchanged meaningful looks when the child was present.

**Pt/En** The narrator felt that one should not flatter a child. A woman stood holding a plate, smiling warmly at her friend. The friend looked at them with calm, kind eyes that did not seem to judge.

**Pt/En** The person asked a question about what would happen if they did something.

**Pt/En** Someone warned that a little gentleman would take the person away.

**Pt/En** The narrator thought being taken away was why she was there, but she admitted she was easily influenced and had been taken away before in London. Mrs. Grose saw this and said that many people had been like that. The narrator said she was not the only one and asked if her other student was returning soon. Mrs. Grose explained he would arrive on Friday by coach, like the narrator, and would be met by the same carriage. The narrator suggested she should meet him when he arrived with his sister. Mrs. Grose agreed strongly, which made the narrator feel supported. The next day, the narrator felt a little

overwhelmed by the size of the house and her new situation, feeling both scared and proud. She decided her first job was to become friends with the little girl. She spent the day with the girl outside, and they agreed the girl would show her around the house. The girl happily showed her everything, and they became very good friends. The narrator was impressed by the girl's confidence and bravery as she showed her the house, even in empty rooms and high towers. The narrator imagined the house was like a fairytale castle. She realized it was a large, old, but practical house, and she felt like a passenger on a large ship, but she was in charge.

## II

**Pt/En** Two days later, the narrator drove with Flora to meet the boy, as Mrs. Grose called him. The narrator had been unsettled by an event the evening before. The first day had been good, but the evening brought worry. A letter arrived for the narrator from her employer. It contained a few words and another letter addressed to him, which was still sealed. Her employer told her to read the sealed letter from the headmaster, deal with it, but not to tell him anything because he was leaving. The narrator struggled to open the letter and only did so before bed, which caused her to lose sleep. The next day, without anyone to ask for advice, she was very upset and decided to talk to Mrs. Grose. She asked Mrs. Grose what it meant that the child had been dismissed from school. Mrs. Grose looked at her and seemed to try to hide something, asking if all children were sent home for holidays. The narrator said yes, but Miles might not go back. Mrs. Grose blushed and the narrator asked if they would not take him back. Mrs. Grose confirmed they absolutely refused. Mrs. Grose's eyes filled with tears, and she asked what he had done. The narrator hesitated and then offered Mrs. Grose the letter, but Mrs. Grose put her hands behind her back and sadly said that such matters were not for her.

**Pt/En** The narrator realized she had made a mistake when telling her counselor something. She tried to fix it by reading the letter again, but then stopped and put it away. She wondered if the boy was really bad.

**Pt/En** Mrs. Grose, with tears in her eyes, asked if the gentlemen said the boy was bad. The narrator explained that they did not give details, but only said it was impossible to keep him. Mrs. Grose understood this meant he was a danger to the other children. The narrator said this to make sense of it for herself.

**Pt/En** Mrs. Grose was surprised and became angry. She could not believe that Master Miles would be a danger to anyone.

**Pt/En** The narrator saw how honest Mrs. Grose was. Even though she had not met the boy, she started to think the idea was silly. To help Mrs. Grose feel better, the narrator sarcastically suggested the boy was a danger to his "innocent little friends." Mrs. Grose cried that it was too

terrible to say such things, as the boy was only ten years old. The narrator agreed it would be hard to believe.

**Pt/En** Mrs. Grose was happy the narrator seemed to agree. She told the narrator to see the boy first and then believe it. The narrator became very eager to meet him, feeling a strong curiosity. Mrs. Grose knew she had made the narrator curious and assured her. She then suggested the narrator should also believe the same about the little girl, adding to look at her.

**Pt/En** The narrator saw Flora at the door. Flora was supposed to be practicing writing in the schoolroom. She seemed to not like difficult tasks. She came to the narrator because she liked her. The narrator felt Mrs. Grose's comparison was true. She hugged Flora and kissed her, feeling sorry.

**Pt/En** The narrator watched for another chance to talk to Mrs. Grose. She thought Mrs. Grose might be avoiding her. The narrator stopped her on the stairs and asked her about something she said at noon. She asked if Mrs. Grose meant that she had never known the master to be bad.

**Pt/En** Mrs. Grose looked up and said she was not pretending that she had never known him. She admitted that she had known him.

**Pt/En** The narrator was upset again. She asked Mrs. Grose if she had known him to be bad.

**Pt/En** Mrs. Grose replied that she had, thank God. The narrator thought about this and asked if she meant that a boy who is never bad...

**Pt/En** She said that a boy was not right for her.

**Pt/En** The speaker held the person tighter and asked if she liked people who were a little bit naughty. The speaker agreed, saying that she also liked that, but not so much that it would be bad or corrupting. When the other person asked what "contaminate" meant, the speaker explained it meant to corrupt.

**Pt/En** The other person looked at the speaker and seemed to understand. She then laughed and asked if the speaker was worried that someone would corrupt her. The speaker found her question

very funny and bold, so she laughed too, feeling a little silly, and decided not to worry about it at that moment.

**Pt/En** The next day, when it was time for a drive, the speaker asked about a previous lady. She was told that the last governess was also young and pretty, almost as young and pretty as the current person. The speaker then said she hoped the previous governess's youth and beauty had helped her, adding that it seemed the master liked young and pretty people.

**Pt/En** Mrs. Grose agreed, saying that it was the way the master liked everyone. However, she quickly corrected herself, explaining that she meant that was the master's way of liking people.

**Pt/En** The narrator was surprised and asked who the person had spoken about first.

**Pt/En** The woman looked confused but then blushed and said she was talking about him.

**Pt/En** The narrator asked if she meant the master, and she confirmed it was him.

**Pt/En** The narrator realized there was no one else important, so she asked if the woman had seen anything strange about the boy.

**Pt/En** The narrator asked if the woman had been careful or particular. Mrs. Grose said she was careful about some things but not all. When asked if the woman had died there, Mrs. Grose said she had gone away. The narrator asked if she had gone away to die or if she had become ill and gone home.

**Pt/En** The narrator explained that a young woman did not get sick in their house. She left at the end of the year for a short holiday. A nursemaid looked after the children while she was away. However, the young woman never returned. The narrator heard from the master that she had died just when she was expected back.

**Pt/En** The narrator thought about this and asked what she had died from. Mrs. Grose replied that the master had never told her. Mrs. Grose then said she needed to get back to her work.

### III

**Pt/En** The narrator felt that Mrs. Grose turning away did not stop their growing trust. After the narrator brought little Miles back, they spoke more closely. The narrator was shocked that a child like Miles could be under a ban. She arrived a little late and saw Miles looking out for her. She immediately felt he was as fresh and pure as his little sister. He was very beautiful. Mrs. Grose had noticed this too. The narrator felt a strong tenderness for him. His presence made everything else unimportant. She felt he had a divine quality, a pure innocence, and seemed to know only love. The narrator was confused and upset by a letter she had locked in her room. She told Mrs. Grose that the situation was strange. Mrs. Grose understood and asked if she meant the bad accusation in the letter.

# Index - Original English Text

## Front Matter

I

II

III

## Front Matter

**PT** The story had held us, round the fire, sufficiently breathless, but except the obvious remark that it was gruesome, as, on Christmas Eve in an old house, a strange tale should essentially be, I remember no comment uttered till somebody happened to say that it was the only case he had met in which such a visitation had fallen on a child. The case, I may mention, was that of an apparition in just such an old house as had gathered us for the occasion—an appearance, of a dreadful kind, to a little boy sleeping in the room with his mother and waking her up in the terror of it; waking her not to dissipate his dread and soothe him to sleep again, but to encounter also, herself, before she had succeeded in doing so, the same sight that had shaken him. It was this observation that drew from Douglas—not immediately, but later in the evening—a reply that had the interesting consequence to which I call attention. Someone else told a story not particularly effective, which I saw he was not following. This I took for a sign that he had himself something to produce and that we should only have to wait. We waited in fact till two nights later; but that same evening, before we scattered, he brought out what was in his mind. "I quite agree—in regard to Griffin's ghost, or whatever it was—that its appearing first to the little boy, at so tender an age, adds a particular touch. But it's not the first occurrence of its charming kind that I know to have involved a child. If the child gives the effect another turn of the screw, what do you say to TWO children—?" "We say, of course," somebody exclaimed, "that they give two turns! Also that we want to hear about them." I can see Douglas there before the fire, to which he had got up to present his back, looking down at his interlocutor with his hands in his pockets. "Nobody but me, till now, has ever heard. It's quite too horrible." This, naturally, was declared by several voices to give the thing the utmost price, and our friend, with quiet art, prepared his triumph by turning his eyes over the rest of us and going on: "It's beyond everything. Nothing at all that I know touches it." "For sheer terror?" I remember asking. He seemed to say it was not so simple as that; to be really at a loss how to qualify it. He passed his hand over his eyes, made a little wincing grimace. "For dreadful—dreadfulness!" "Oh, how delicious!" cried one of the women. He took no notice of her; he looked at me, but as if, instead of me, he saw what he spoke of. "For general uncanny ugliness and horror and pain." "Well then," I said, "just sit right down and begin."

He turned round to the fire, gave a kick to a log, watched it an instant. Then as he faced us again: "I can't begin. I shall have to send to town." There was a unanimous groan at this, and much reproach; after which, in his preoccupied way, he explained. "The story's written. It's in a locked drawer—it has not been out for years. I could write to my man and enclose the key; he could send down the packet as he finds it." It was to me in particular that he appeared to propound this—appeared almost to appeal for aid not to hesitate. He had broken a thickness of ice, the formation of many a winter; had had his reasons for a long silence. The others resented postponement, but it was just his scruples that charmed me. I adjured him to write by the first post and to agree with us for an early hearing; then I asked him if the experience in question had been his own. To this his answer was prompt. "Oh, thank God, no!" "And is the record yours? You took the thing down?"

**PT** "Nothing but the impression. I took that here"—he tapped his heart. "I've never lost it."

**PT** "Then your manuscript—?" "Is in old, faded ink, and in the most beautiful hand." He hung fire again. "A woman's. She has been dead these twenty years. She sent me the pages in question before she died." They were all listening now, and of course there was somebody to be arch, or at any rate to draw the inference. But if he put the inference by without a smile it was also without irritation. "She was a most charming person, but she was ten years older than I. She was my sister's governess," he quietly said. "She was the most agreeable woman I've ever known in her position; she would have been worthy of any whatever. It was long ago, and this episode was long before. I was at Trinity, and I found her at home on my coming down the second summer. I was much there that year—it was a beautiful one; and we had, in her off-hours, some strolls and talks in the garden—talks in which she struck me as awfully clever and nice. Oh yes; don't grin: I liked her extremely and am glad to this day to think she liked me, too. If she hadn't she wouldn't have told me. She had never told anyone. It wasn't simply that she said so, but that I knew she hadn't. I was sure; I could see. You'll easily judge why when you hear." "Because the thing had been such a scare?"

**PT** He continued to fix me. "You'll easily judge," he repeated: "You will."

**PT** I fixed him, too. "I see. She was in love."

**PT** He laughed for the first time. "You are acute. Yes, she was in love. That is, she had been. That came out—she couldn't tell her story without its coming out. I saw it, and she saw I saw it; but neither of us spoke of it. I remember the time and the place—the corner of the lawn, the shade of the great beeches and the long, hot summer afternoon. It wasn't a scene for a shudder; but oh—!" He quitted the fire and dropped back into his chair.

**PT** "You'll receive the packet Thursday morning?" I inquired. "Probably not till the second post." "Well then; after dinner—" "You'll all meet me here?" He looked us round again. "Isn't anybody going?" It was almost the tone of hope. "Everybody will stay!"

**PT** "I will" —and "I will!" cried the ladies whose departure had been fixed. Mrs. Griffin, however, expressed the need for a little more light. "Who was it she was in love with?"

**PT** "The story will tell," I took upon myself to reply. "Oh, I can't wait for the story!"

**PT** "The story won't tell," said Douglas; "not in any literal, vulgar way."

**PT** "More's the pity, then. That's the only way I ever understand."

**PT** "Won't you tell, Douglas?" somebody else inquired.

**PT** He sprang to his feet again. "Yes—tomorrow. Now I must go to bed. Good night." And quickly catching up a candlestick, he left us slightly bewildered. From our end of the great brown hall we heard his step on the stair; whereupon Mrs. Griffin spoke. "Well, if I don't know who she was in love with, I know who he was."

**PT** "She was ten years older," said her husband. "Raison de plus—at that age! But it's rather nice, his long reticence." "Forty years!" Griffin put in. "With this outbreak at last." "The outbreak," I returned, "will make a tremendous occasion of Thursday night;" and everyone so agreed with me that, in the light of it, we lost all attention for everything else. The last story, however incomplete and like the mere opening of a serial, had been told; we handshook and "candlestuck," as somebody said, and went to bed. I knew the next day that a letter containing the key had, by the first post, gone off to his London apartments; but in spite of—or perhaps just on account of—the eventual diffusion of this knowledge we quite let him alone till after dinner, till such an hour of the evening, in fact, as might

best accord with the kind of emotion on which our hopes were fixed. Then he became as communicative as we could desire and indeed gave us his best reason for being so. We had it from him again before the fire in the hall, as we had had our mild wonders of the previous night. It appeared that the narrative he had promised to read us really required for a proper intelligence a few words of prologue. Let me say here distinctly, to have done with it, that this narrative, from an exact transcript of my own made much later, is what I shall presently give. Poor Douglas, before his death—when it was in sight—committed to me the manuscript that reached him on the third of these days and that, on the same spot, with immense effect, he began to read to our hushed little circle on the night of the fourth. The departing ladies who had said they would stay didn't, of course, thank heaven, stay: they departed, in consequence of arrangements made, in a rage of curiosity, as they professed, produced by the touches with which he had already worked us up. But that only made his little final auditory more compact and select, kept it, round the hearth, subject to a common thrill. The first of these touches conveyed that the written statement took up the tale at a point after it had, in a manner, begun. The fact to be in possession of was therefore that his old friend, the youngest of several daughters of a poor country parson, had, at the age of twenty, on taking service for the first time in the schoolroom, come up to London, in trepidation, to answer in person an advertisement that had already placed her in brief correspondence with the advertiser. This person proved, on her presenting herself, for judgment, at a house in Harley Street, that impressed her as vast and imposing—this prospective patron proved a gentleman, a bachelor in the prime of life, such a figure as had never risen, save in a dream or an old novel, before a fluttered, anxious girl out of a Hampshire vicarage. One could easily fix his type; it never, happily, dies out. He was handsome and bold and pleasant, offhand and gay and kind. He struck her, inevitably, as gallant and splendid, but what took her most of all and gave her the courage she afterward showed was that he put the whole thing to her as a kind of favor, an obligation he should gratefully incur. She conceived him as rich, but as fearfully extravagant—saw him all in a glow of high fashion, of good looks, of expensive habits, of charming ways with women. He had for his own town residence a big house filled with the spoils of travel and the trophies of the chase; but it was to his country home, an old family place in Essex, that he wished her immediately to proceed. He had been left, by the death of their parents in India, guardian to a small nephew and

a small niece, children of a younger, a military brother, whom he had lost two years before. These children were, by the strangest of chances for a man in his position—a lone man without the right sort of experience or a grain of patience—very heavily on his hands. It had all been a great worry and, on his own part doubtless, a series of blunders, but he immensely pitied the poor chicks and had done all he could; had in particular sent them down to his other house, the proper place for them being of course the country, and kept them there, from the first, with the best people he could find to look after them, parting even with his own servants to wait on them and going down himself, whenever he might, to see how they were doing. The awkward thing was that they had practically no other relations and that his own affairs took up all his time. He had put them in possession of Bly, which was healthy and secure, and had placed at the head of their little establishment—but below stairs only—an excellent woman, Mrs. Grose, whom he was sure his visitor would like and who had formerly been maid to his mother. She was now housekeeper and was also acting for the time as superintendent to the little girl, of whom, without children of her own, she was, by good luck, extremely fond. There were plenty of people to help, but of course the young lady who should go down as governess would be in supreme authority. She would also have, in holidays, to look after the small boy, who had been for a term at school—young as he was to be sent, but what else could be done?—and who, as the holidays were about to begin, would be back from one day to the other. There had been for the two children at first a young lady whom they had had the misfortune to lose. She had done for them quite beautifully—she was a most respectable person—till her death, the great awkwardness of which had, precisely, left no alternative but the school for little Miles. Mrs. Grose, since then, in the way of manners and things, had done as she could for Flora; and there were, further, a cook, a housemaid, a dairywoman, an old pony, an old groom, and an old gardener, all likewise thoroughly respectable. So far had Douglas presented his picture when someone put a question. "And what did the former governess die of?—of so much respectability?" Our friend's answer was prompt. "That will come out. I don't anticipate."

**PT** "Excuse me—I thought that was just what you are doing."

**PT** "In her successor's place," I suggested, "I should have wished to learn if the office brought with it—" "Necessary danger to life?" Douglas completed my thought. "She did wish to learn, and she did learn. You

shall hear tomorrow what she learned. Meanwhile, of course, the prospect struck her as slightly grim. She was young, untried, nervous: it was a vision of serious duties and little company, of really great loneliness. She hesitated—took a couple of days to consult and consider. But the salary offered much exceeded her modest measure, and on a second interview she faced the music, she engaged." And Douglas, with this, made a pause that, for the benefit of the company, moved me to throw in—"The moral of which was of course the seduction exercised by the splendid young man. She succumbed to it." He got up and, as he had done the night before, went to the fire, gave a stir to a log with his foot, then stood a moment with his back to us. "She saw him only twice." "Yes, but that's just the beauty of her passion."

**PT** A little to my surprise, on this, Douglas turned round to me. "It was the beauty of it. There were others," he went on, "who hadn't succumbed. He told her frankly all his difficulty—that for several applicants the conditions had been prohibitive. They were, somehow, simply afraid. It sounded dull—it sounded strange; and all the more so because of his main condition."

**PT** "Which was—?" "That she should never trouble him—but never, never: neither appeal nor complain nor write about anything; only meet all questions herself, receive all moneys from his solicitor, take the whole thing over and let him alone. She promised to do this, and she mentioned to me that when, for a moment, disburdened, delighted, he held her hand, thanking her for the sacrifice, she already felt rewarded." "But was that all her reward?" one of the ladies asked. "She never saw him again." "Oh!" said the lady; which, as our friend immediately left us again, was the only other word of importance contributed to the subject till, the next night, by the corner of the hearth, in the best chair, he opened the faded red cover of a thin old-fashioned gilt-edged album. The whole thing took indeed more nights than one, but on the first occasion the same lady put another question. "What is your title?" "I haven't one."

**PT** "Oh, I have!" I said. But Douglas, without heeding me, had begun to read with a fine clearness that was like a rendering to the ear of the beauty of his author's hand.

I

**PT** I remember the whole beginning as a succession of flights and drops, a little seesaw of the right throbs and the wrong. After rising, in town, to meet his appeal, I had at all events a couple of very bad days—found myself doubtful again, felt indeed sure I had made a mistake. In this state of mind I spent the long hours of bumping, swinging coach that carried me to the stopping place at which I was to be met by a vehicle from the house. This convenience, I was told, had been ordered, and I found, toward the close of the June afternoon, a commodious fly in waiting for me. Driving at that hour, on a lovely day, through a country to which the summer sweetness seemed to offer me a friendly welcome, my fortitude mounted afresh and, as we turned into the avenue, encountered a reprieve that was probably but a proof of the point to which it had sunk. I suppose I had expected, or had dreaded, something so melancholy that what greeted me was a good surprise. I remember as a most pleasant impression the broad, clear front, its open windows and fresh curtains and the pair of maids looking out; I remember the lawn and the bright flowers and the crunch of my wheels on the gravel and the clustered treetops over which the rooks circled and cawed in the golden sky. The scene had a greatness that made it a different affair from my own scant home, and there immediately appeared at the door, with a little girl in her hand, a civil person who dropped me as decent a curtsy as if I had been the mistress or a distinguished visitor. I had received in Harley Street a narrower notion of the place, and that, as I recalled it, made me think the proprietor still more of a gentleman, suggested that what I was to enjoy might be something beyond his promise. I had no drop again till the next day, for I was carried triumphantly through the following hours by my introduction to the younger of my pupils. The little girl who accompanied Mrs. Grose appeared to me on the spot a creature so charming as to make it a great fortune to have to do with her. She was the most beautiful child I had ever seen, and I afterward wondered that my employer had not told me more of her. I slept little that night—I was too much excited; and this astonished me, too, I recollect, remained with me, adding to my sense of the liberality with which I was treated. The large, impressive room, one of the best in the house, the great state bed, as I almost felt it, the full, figured draperies, the long glasses in which, for the first time, I could see myself from head to foot, all struck me—like the extraordinary

charm of my small charge—as so many things thrown in. It was thrown in as well, from the first moment, that I should get on with Mrs. Grose in a relation over which, on my way, in the coach, I fear I had rather brooded. The only thing indeed that in this early outlook might have made me shrink again was the clear circumstance of her being so glad to see me. I perceived within half an hour that she was so glad—stout, simple, plain, clean, wholesome woman—as to be positively on her guard against showing it too much. I wondered even then a little why she should wish not to show it, and that, with reflection, with suspicion, might of course have made me uneasy. But it was a comfort that there could be no uneasiness in a connection with anything so beatific as the radiant image of my little girl, the vision of whose angelic beauty had probably more than anything else to do with the restlessness that, before morning, made me several times rise and wander about my room to take in the whole picture and prospect; to watch, from my open window, the faint summer dawn, to look at such portions of the rest of the house as I could catch, and to listen, while, in the fading dusk, the first birds began to twitter, for the possible recurrence of a sound or two, less natural and not without, but within, that I had fancied I heard. There had been a moment when I believed I recognized, faint and far, the cry of a child; there had been another when I found myself just consciously starting as at the passage, before my door, of a light footstep. But these fancies were not marked enough not to be thrown off, and it is only in the light, or the gloom, I should rather say, of other and subsequent matters that they now come back to me. To watch, teach, "form" little Flora would too evidently be the making of a happy and useful life. It had been agreed between us downstairs that after this first occasion I should have her as a matter of course at night, her small white bed being already arranged, to that end, in my room. What I had undertaken was the whole care of her, and she had remained, just this last time, with Mrs. Grose only as an effect of our consideration for my inevitable strangeness and her natural timidity. In spite of this timidity—which the child herself, in the oddest way in the world, had been perfectly frank and brave about, allowing it, without a sign of uncomfortable consciousness, with the deep, sweet serenity indeed of one of Raphael's holy infants, to be discussed, to be imputed to her, and to determine us—I feel quite sure she would presently like me. It was part of what I already liked Mrs. Grose herself for, the pleasure I could see her feel in my admiration and wonder as I sat at supper with four tall candles and with my pupil, in a high chair and a bib, brightly

facing me, between them, over bread and milk. There were naturally things that in Flora's presence could pass between us only as prodigious and gratified looks, obscure and roundabout allusions. "And the little boy—does he look like her? Is he too so very remarkable?"

**PT** One wouldn't flatter a child. "Oh, miss, most remarkable. If you think well of this one!"—and she stood there with a plate in her hand, beaming at our companion, who looked from one of us to the other with placid heavenly eyes that contained nothing to check us.

**PT** "Yes; if I do—?"

**PT** "You will be carried away by the little gentleman!"

**PT** "Well, that, I think, is what I came for—to be carried away. I'm afraid, however," I remember feeling the impulse to add, "I'm rather easily carried away. I was carried away in London!" I can still see Mrs. Grose's broad face as she took this in. "In Harley Street?" "In Harley Street." "Well, miss, you're not the first—and you won't be the last." "Oh, I've no pretension," I could laugh, "to being the only one. My other pupil, at any rate, as I understand, comes back tomorrow?" "Not tomorrow—Friday, miss. He arrives, as you did, by the coach, under care of the guard, and is to be met by the same carriage." I forthwith expressed that the proper as well as the pleasant and friendly thing would be therefore that on the arrival of the public conveyance I should be in waiting for him with his little sister; an idea in which Mrs. Grose concurred so heartily that I somehow took her manner as a kind of comforting pledge—never falsified, thank heaven!—that we should on every question be quite at one. Oh, she was glad I was there! What I felt the next day was, I suppose, nothing that could be fairly called a reaction from the cheer of my arrival; it was probably at the most only a slight oppression produced by a fuller measure of the scale, as I walked round them, gazed up at them, took them in, of my new circumstances. They had, as it were, an extent and mass for which I had not been prepared and in the presence of which I found myself, freshly, a little scared as well as a little proud. Lessons, in this agitation, certainly suffered some delay; I reflected that my first duty was, by the gentlest arts I could contrive, to win the child into the sense of knowing me. I spent the day with her out-of-doors; I arranged with her, to her great satisfaction, that it should be she, she only, who might show me the place. She showed it step by step and room by room and secret by secret, with droll, delightful, childish talk about it and with the result, in

half an hour, of our becoming immense friends. Young as she was, I was struck, throughout our little tour, with her confidence and courage with the way, in empty chambers and dull corridors, on crooked staircases that made me pause and even on the summit of an old machicolated square tower that made me dizzy, her morning music, her disposition to tell me so many more things than she asked, rang out and led me on. I have not seen Bly since the day I left it, and I daresay that to my older and more informed eyes it would now appear sufficiently contracted. But as my little conductress, with her hair of gold and her frock of blue, danced before me round corners and pattered down passages, I had the view of a castle of romance inhabited by a rosy sprite, such a place as would somehow, for diversion of the young idea, take all color out of storybooks and fairytales. Wasn't it just a storybook over which I had fallen adoze and adream? No; it was a big, ugly, antique, but convenient house, embodying a few features of a building still older, half-replaced and half-utilized, in which I had the fancy of our being almost as lost as a handful of passengers in a great drifting ship. Well, I was, strangely, at the helm!

## II

**PT** This came home to me when, two days later, I drove over with Flora to meet, as Mrs. Grose said, the little gentleman; and all the more for an incident that, presenting itself the second evening, had deeply disconcerted me. The first day had been, on the whole, as I have expressed, reassuring; but I was to see it wind up in keen apprehension. The postbag, that evening—it came late—contained a letter for me, which, however, in the hand of my employer, I found to be composed but of a few words enclosing another, addressed to himself, with a seal still unbroken. "This, I recognize, is from the headmaster, and the headmaster's an awful bore. Read him, please; deal with him; but mind you don't report. Not a word. I'm off!" I broke the seal with a great effort—so great a one that I was a long time coming to it; took the unopened missive at last up to my room and only attacked it just before going to bed. I had better have let it wait till morning, for it gave me a second sleepless night. With no counsel to take, the next day, I was full of distress; and it finally got so the better of me that I determined to open myself at least to Mrs. Grose. "What does it mean? The child's dismissed his school." She gave me a look that I remarked at the moment; then, visibly, with a quick blankness, seemed to try to take it back. "But aren't they all—?" "Sent home—yes. But only for the holidays. Miles may never go back at all." Consciously, under my attention, she reddened. "They won't take him?" "They absolutely decline." At this she raised her eyes, which she had turned from me; I saw them fill with good tears. "What has he done?" I hesitated; then I judged best simply to hand her my letter—which, however, had the effect of making her, without taking it, simply put her hands behind her. She shook her head sadly. "Such things are not for me, miss."

**PT** My counselor couldn't read! I winced at my mistake, which I attenuated as I could, and opened my letter again to repeat it to her; then, faltering in the act and folding it up once more, I put it back in my pocket. "Is he really bad?"

**PT** The tears were still in her eyes. "Do the gentlemen say so?" "They go into no particulars. They simply express their regret that it should be impossible to keep him. That can have only one meaning." Mrs. Grose listened with dumb emotion; she forbore to ask me what this meaning

might be; so that, presently, to put the thing with some coherence and with the mere aid of her presence to my own mind, I went on: "That he's an injury to the others."

**PT** At this, with one of the quick turns of simple folk, she suddenly flamed up. "Master Miles! Him an injury?"

**PT** There was such a flood of good faith in it that, though I had not yet seen the child, my very fears made me jump to the absurdity of the idea. I found myself, to meet my friend the better, offering it, on the spot, sarcastically. "To his poor little innocent mates!" "It's too dreadful," cried Mrs. Grose, "to say such cruel things! Why, he's scarce ten years old." "Yes, yes; it would be incredible."

**PT** She was evidently grateful for such a profession. "See him, miss, first. Then believe it!" I felt forthwith a new impatience to see him; it was the beginning of a curiosity that, for all the next hours, was to deepen almost to pain. Mrs. Grose was aware, I could judge, of what she had produced in me, and she followed it up with assurance. "You might as well believe it of the little lady. Bless her," she added the next moment—"Look at her!"

**PT** I turned and saw that Flora, whom, ten minutes before, I had established in the schoolroom with a sheet of white paper, a pencil, and a copy of nice "round o's," now presented herself to view at the open door. She expressed in her little way an extraordinary detachment from disagreeable duties, looking to me, however, with a great childish light that seemed to offer it as a mere result of the affection she had conceived for my person, which had rendered necessary that she should follow me. I needed nothing more than this to feel the full force of Mrs. Grose's comparison, and, catching my pupil in my arms, covered her with kisses in which there was a sob of atonement.

**PT** Nonetheless, the rest of the day I watched for further occasion to approach my colleague, especially as, toward evening, I began to fancy she rather sought to avoid me. I overtook her, I remember, on the staircase; we went down together, and at the bottom I detained her, holding her there with a hand on her arm. "I take what you said to me at noon as a declaration that you've never known him to be bad."

**PT** She threw back her head; she had clearly, by this time, and very honestly, adopted an attitude. "Oh, never known him—I don't pretend that!"

**PT** I was upset again. "Then you have known him—?"

**PT** "Yes indeed, miss, thank God!" On reflection I accepted this. "You mean that a boy who never is—?"

**PT** "Is no boy for me!"

**PT** I held her tighter. "You like them with the spirit to be naughty?" Then, keeping pace with her answer, "So do I!" I eagerly brought out. "But not to the degree to contaminate—" "To contaminate?"—my big word left her at a loss. I explained it. "To corrupt."

**PT** She stared, taking my meaning in; but it produced in her an odd laugh. "Are you afraid he'll corrupt you?" She put the question with such a fine bold humor that, with a laugh, a little silly doubtless, to match her own, I gave way for the time to the apprehension of ridicule.

**PT** But the next day, as the hour for my drive approached, I cropped up in another place. "What was the lady who was here before?" "The last governess? She was also young and pretty—almost as young and almost as pretty, miss, even as you." "Ah, then, I hope her youth and her beauty helped her!" I recollect throwing off. "He seems to like us young and pretty!"

**PT** "Oh, he did," Mrs. Grose assented: "it was the way he liked everyone!" She had no sooner spoken indeed than she caught herself up. "I mean that's his way—the master's."

**PT** I was struck. "But of whom did you speak first?"

**PT** She looked blank, but she colored. "Why, of him."

**PT** "Of the master?" "Of who else?"

**PT** There was so obviously no one else that the next moment I had lost my impression of her having accidentally said more than she meant; and I merely asked what I wanted to know. "Did she see anything in the boy—?"

**PT** "That wasn't right? She never told me." I had a scruple, but I overcame it. "Was she careful—particular?" Mrs. Grose appeared to try

to be conscientious. "About some things—yes." "But not about all?" Again she considered. "Well, miss—she's gone. I won't tell tales." "I quite understand your feeling," I hastened to reply; but I thought it, after an instant, not opposed to this concession to pursue: "Did she die here?" "No—she went off." I don't know what there was in this brevity of Mrs. Grose's that struck me as ambiguous. "Went off to die?" Mrs. Grose looked straight out of the window, but I felt that, hypothetically, I had a right to know what young persons engaged for Bly were expected to do. "She was taken ill, you mean, and went home?"

**PT** "She was not taken ill, so far as appeared, in this house. She left it, at the end of the year, to go home, as she said, for a short holiday, to which the time she had put in had certainly given her a right. We had then a young woman—a nursemaid who had stayed on and who was a good girl and clever; and she took the children altogether for the interval. But our young lady never came back, and at the very moment I was expecting her I heard from the master that she was dead."

**PT** I turned this over. "But of what?" "He never told me! But please, miss," said Mrs. Grose, "I must get to my work."



**PT** Her thus turning her back on me was fortunately not, for my just preoccupations, a snub that could check the growth of our mutual esteem. We met, after I had brought home little Miles, more intimately than ever on the ground of my stupefaction, my general emotion: so monstrous was I then ready to pronounce it that such a child as had now been revealed to me should be under an interdict. I was a little late on the scene, and I felt, as he stood wistfully looking out for me before the door of the inn at which the coach had put him down, that I had seen him, on the instant, without and within, in the great glow of freshness, the same positive fragrance of purity, in which I had, from the first moment, seen his little sister. He was incredibly beautiful, and Mrs. Grose had put her finger on it: everything but a sort of passion of tenderness for him was swept away by his presence. What I then and there took him to my heart for was something divine that I have never found to the same degree in any child—his indescribable little air of knowing nothing in the world but love. It would have been impossible to carry a bad name with a greater sweetness of innocence, and by the time I had got back to Bly with him I remained merely bewildered—so far, that is, as I was not outraged—by the sense of the horrible letter locked up in my room, in a drawer. As soon as I could compass a private word with Mrs. Grose I declared to her that it was grotesque. She promptly understood me. "You mean the cruel charge—?"

# Índice - Versão em Português

1 - Preliminares

1 - I

2 - II

3 - III

## Preliminares

**En** O grupo reunido ao redor do fogo achou a história cativante, embora apenas um comentário tenha se destacado: era incomum uma aparição desse tipo envolver uma criança. O conto tratava de uma assustadora assombração que apareceu a um menino que acordou a mãe em pânico; ela então viu a própria aparição. Esse comentário levou Douglas a falar, mais tarde naquela noite, sobre um caso que conhecia e que era ainda mais extremo. Ele concordou que um fantasma aparecer primeiro a uma criança pequena adicionava um toque especial, mas então perguntou o que achariam de uma história envolvendo duas crianças. O grupo exigiu ansiosamente ouvi-la. Douglas, de pé diante da lareira, declarou que ninguém além dele jamais ouvira o relato, e que era terrível demais. Quando perguntaram se era puro terror, ele teve dificuldade em definir, chamando-o de pavoroso além da medida. Uma mulher o chamou de delicioso, mas ele a ignorou. Ele descreveu como feiura sobrenatural, horror e dor. Instado a começar, disse que não podia; teria que mandar buscar o relato escrito, que estava trancado e não era visto há anos. Ele se ofereceu para escrever ao criado com a chave. O narrador o pressionou a fazê-lo, perguntando se a experiência era dele próprio. Douglas respondeu firmemente que não.

**En** Ele explicou que reteve apenas a impressão, que guardou no coração e nunca perdeu.

**En** O manuscrito, disse Douglas, estava escrito em tinta velha e desbotada, com uma letra bonita — de uma mulher. Ela havia morrido vinte anos antes e lhe enviara as páginas antes de morrer. Quando alguém adivinhou a implicação, Douglas revelou sem irritação que ela fora a governanta de sua irmã, uma mulher encantadora dez anos mais velha que ele. Ele a descreveu como a mulher mais agradável que conhecera naquela posição, digna de qualquer posição superior. Isso aconteceu há muito tempo; ele era estudante em Trinity e passara o verão em casa, onde faziam caminhadas e conversavam no jardim. Ele gostava muito dela e acreditava que ela também gostava dele, pois do contrário ela não lhe teria contado sua história, que nunca compartilhara com mais ninguém. Ele tinha certeza disso. Eles entenderiam o porquê quando ouvissem o conto.

**En** Ele manteve o olhar em mim e repetiu que eu julgaria facilmente.

**En** Devolvi o olhar e disse que entendia: ela estivera apaixonada.

**En** Ele riu pela primeira vez e reconheceu que ela realmente havia estado apaixonada. Ele explicou que isso ficou evidente durante a história dela e, embora ambos reconhecessem, nunca falaram sobre isso. Ele lembrou vividamente da cena: o canto do gramado, a sombra das grandes faias e a longa e quente tarde de verão. Não era uma cena que normalmente inspiraria medo, mas o afetou profundamente. Então ele se afastou da lareira e sentou-se novamente.

**En** Perguntei se ele receberia o pacote na manhã de quinta-feira. Ele achou que chegaria com a segunda posta. Sugeri que nos encontrássemos todos depois do jantar. Ele olhou ao redor e perguntou se alguém iria, quase esperançosamente. Assegurei-lhe que todos ficariam.

**En** As senhoras que haviam planejado partir declararam que iriam. No entanto, a Sra. Griffin pediu mais luz e perguntou com quem a mulher estava apaixonada.

**En** Eu respondi que a história revelaria a resposta. A outra pessoa exclamou que mal podia esperar para ouvi-la.

**En** Douglas afirmou que a história não explicaria isso de maneira direta ou grosseira.

**En** Ele comentou que era uma pena, pois esse era o único método pelo qual ele conseguia compreender as coisas.

**En** Outra pessoa perguntou a Douglas se ele contaria a história.

**En** Ele se levantou abruptamente e anunciou que contaria a eles no dia seguinte, mas precisava se recolher. Rapidamente pegou um castiçal e saiu, deixando o grupo ligeiramente perplexo. Ao ouvirem seus passos subindo as escadas, a Sra. Griffin comentou que, embora não soubesse quem a mulher amava, certamente sabia quem o homem amava.

**En** O marido observou que a mulher era dez anos mais velha, o que tornava a situação mais intrigante. Griffin interveio, dizendo que já fazia quarenta anos antes desta revelação. O narrador previu que a próxima quinta-feira seria uma ocasião memorável, e o grupo concordou, perdendo o interesse em outros assuntos. A última história terminou de forma incompleta, e eles se recolheram. No dia seguinte, uma carta com

a chave foi enviada para a residência de Douglas em Londres, mas ele foi deixado sozinho até depois do jantar, quando se tornou mais comunicativo. Ele explicou que a história precisava de um prólogo. O narrador mais tarde obteve o manuscrito antes da morte de Douglas. O conto começou com uma jovem, a filha mais nova de um pobre pároco, que veio para Londres aos vinte anos para responder a um anúncio. Ela encontrou um solteiro bonito e rico que a contratou como governanta para seu sobrinho e sobrinha órfãos em sua propriedade rural, Bly. Ele descreveu a casa: a governanta Sra. Grose, que gostava da pequena Flora; o menino Miles, que estava na escola; e a governanta anterior que havia morrido. Quando alguém perguntou do que ela morreu, Douglas respondeu que seria revelado mais tarde e que não queria antecipar.

**En** Um ouvinte interveio, dizendo que acreditava que o orador já estava fazendo exatamente isso.

**En** Sugeriu que, se estivesse no lugar da mulher, gostaria de saber se o trabalho trazia perigo de vida. Douglas confirmou que ela queria saber e descobriu. Ele explicou que o trabalho lhe parecia sombrio — ela era jovem e nervosa, enfrentando deveres sérios e grande solidão. Ela hesitou por alguns dias, mas foi persuadida pelo alto salário. Em uma segunda entrevista, ela aceitou. Comentei que ela havia sido seduzida pelo jovem esplêndido. Douglas acrescentou que ela o viu apenas duas vezes, e eu observei que essa era a beleza de sua paixão.

**En** Douglas virou-se para mim e disse que essa era a beleza disso. Ele continuou que havia outras que não tinham sucumbido. O homem havia lhe contado francamente sobre a dificuldade — várias candidatas acharam as condições proibitivas. Elas estavam com medo, achando monótono e estranho, especialmente por causa de sua condição principal.

**En** A condição principal era que ela nunca o incomodasse — nunca apelasse, reclamasse ou escrevesse sobre nada. Ela tinha que resolver todas as questões sozinha, receber o dinheiro do advogado dele e deixá-lo em paz. Ela prometeu fazer isso, e quando ele segurou sua mão e agradeceu, ela já se sentiu recompensada. Uma senhora perguntou se essa era toda a recompensa, e Douglas disse que ela nunca mais o viu. A senhora expressou surpresa. Mais tarde, Douglas abriu um álbum antigo. A mesma senhora perguntou pelo título, e ele disse que não tinha nenhum.

**En** Eu disse que tinha um título, mas Douglas me ignorou e começou a ler com grande clareza, transmitindo ao ouvido a beleza da caligrafia do autor.

**En** No início, o narrador se sentiu inseguro, mas a viagem e o adorável dia de verão melhoraram seu ânimo. A casa parecia acolhedora, com janelas abertas, flores e pássaros. Ele foi recebido por uma mulher educada com uma menina, e a cena parecia grandiosa em comparação com sua própria casa. Ele ficou impressionado com a bela criança, Flora. Naquela noite, estava animado demais para dormir, e seu quarto grande com móveis finos aumentou sua sensação de ser tratado com generosidade. Ele rapidamente se deu bem com a Sra. Grose, que estava feliz em vê-lo, mas tentava não demonstrar muito. O narrador achava Flora angelical e ansiava por ensiná-la. No jantar, ele notou que ele e a Sra. Grose trocavam olhares significativos. Então perguntou sobre o menino, imaginando se ele se parecia com Flora e também era notável.

**En** O narrador pensou que não se deve bajular uma criança. Uma mulher ficou parada segurando um prato, sorrindo calorosamente para a companheira do narrador, que olhou para eles com olhos calmos e celestiais que não continham julgamento.

**En** Alguém perguntou o que aconteceria se realizasse uma certa ação.

**En** Uma pessoa avisou que o pequeno cavalheiro levaria o ovinete embora.

**En** A narradora admitiu que tinha vindo para ser levada, mas acrescentou que era facilmente influenciável; ela tinha sido levada em Londres. A Sra. Grose comentou que muitos tinham sido assim. A narradora mencionou que seu outro aluno estava voltando, e a Sra. Grose disse que ele chegaria na sexta-feira de diligência. A narradora se ofereceu para encontrá-lo com a irmã, e a Sra. Grose concordou calorosamente. No dia seguinte, a narradora se sentiu sobrecarregada pelo tamanho da casa, assustada e orgulhosa ao mesmo tempo. Ela decidiu fazer amizade com a menininha, Flora, e passou o dia ao ar livre com ela. Flora mostrou orgulhosamente a casa para ela, e rapidamente se tornaram amigas íntimas. A narradora ficou impressionada com a confiança de Flora enquanto exploravam quartos vazios e uma torre alta. Ela imaginou a casa como um castelo romântico, embora na verdade

fosse um edifício antigo e prático. Ela se sentiu como uma passageira em um navio à deriva, mas estranhamente no comando.

## II

**En** Dois dias depois, a narradora foi de carruagem com Flora para encontrar o menino. Ela estava chateada por um evento na noite anterior. O primeiro dia havia sido bom, mas então uma carta chegou de seu empregador com uma carta lacrada do diretor. Seu empregador disse a ela para lê-la e lidar com ela sem relatar a ele. A narradora abriu com dificuldade e teve outra noite sem dormir. No dia seguinte, angustiada, ela confidenciou à Sra. Grose. Ela disse à Sra. Grose que Miles havia sido expulso da escola e talvez nunca mais voltasse. A Sra. Grose perguntou o que ele tinha feito. A narradora hesitou e ofereceu a carta, mas a Sra. Grose recusou, dizendo que tais assuntos não eram para ela.

**En** A narradora estremeceu ao lembrar que sua conselheira não sabia ler. Tentou corrigir o erro lendo a carta em voz alta, mas hesitou e a guardou. Então perguntou se o menino estava realmente doente.

**En** Sra. Grose, ainda chorosa, perguntou se os senhores haviam dito isso. A narradora respondeu que não deram detalhes, apenas expressaram pesar por o menino não poder ficar, o que implicava que ele prejudicava as outras crianças. Sra. Grose ouviu em silêncio, e a narradora afirmou essa conclusão para entender a situação.

**En** Com isso, Sra. Grose inflamou-se com indignação súbita, típica de pessoas simples. Ela exclamou que o Mestre Miles não poderia de forma alguma ser um perigo para ninguém.

**En** A sinceridade na voz da Sra. Grose era tão forte que, apesar de não ter conhecido o menino, a narradora se viu descartando a ideia como absurda. Para consolar a amiga, ela ofereceu sarcasticamente que o menino poderia ser um perigo para seus inocentes amiguinhos. Sra. Grose protestou que era terrível dizer coisas tão cruéis, já que o menino mal tinha dez anos. A narradora concordou que parecia incrível.

**En** Sra. Grose pareceu grata pela dúvida declarada da narradora. Ela a incentivou a ver o menino primeiro antes de acreditar em tal coisa. Isso despertou uma nova impaciência na narradora, uma curiosidade que se tornaria quase dolorosa nas horas seguintes. Sra. Grose, ciente do efeito que havia causado, acrescentou confiantemente que se poderia muito

bem acreditar o mesmo da pequena senhorita, e então apontou para ela, dizendo para olhá-la.

**En** A narradora virou-se e viu Flora na porta aberta. Dez minutos antes, ela havia deixado Flora na sala de aula com papel, um lápis e uma cópia de letras redondas para praticar. Agora Flora parecia indiferente às suas obrigações, mas olhava para a narradora com uma luz infantil que sugeria que a havia seguido por afeição. A narradora sentiu a força da comparação da Sra. Grose e, pegando Flora nos braços, a beijou com um soluço de expiação.

**En** A narradora passou o resto do dia procurando outra oportunidade para falar com a Sra. Grose, especialmente porque começou a achar que a Sra. Grose a evitava. Ela a alcançou na escada e segurou seu braço, perguntando se sua declaração anterior significava que ela nunca havia conhecido o patrão como sendo mau.

**En** A Sra. Grose levantou a cabeça e respondeu honestamente que não fingia nunca o ter conhecido.

**En** A narradora ficou chateada novamente e perguntou se a Sra. Grose o conhecia como sendo mau.

**En** A Sra. Grose confirmou que sim, graças a Deus. A narradora refletiu e começou a perguntar se ela queria dizer um menino que nunca é mau.

**En** Ela declarou que nenhum rapaz era para ela.

**En** Apertando-a com mais força, ele perguntou se ela gostava de pessoas com espírito travesso. Ele concordou com a resposta dela com entusiasmo, mas acrescentou que não gostava a ponto de contaminação. Quando ela ficou confusa com a palavra 'contaminar', ele explicou que significava corromper.

**En** Ela fitou, compreendendo o significado dele, e então riu estranhamente. Ela perguntou se ele tinha medo de que alguém o corrompesse, formulando a pergunta com um humor tão ousado que ele também riu, sentindo-se um pouco bobo, e se deixou vencer pelo medo do ridículo.

**En** No dia seguinte, conforme a hora do passeio se aproximava, ela mencionou o assunto em outro lugar. Ela perguntou sobre a governanta

anterior, e lhe disseram que ela também era jovem e bonita, quase tanto quanto ela. Ela então observou que esperava que a juventude e a beleza da mulher tivessem lhe servido bem, e acrescentou que o patrão parecia preferir mulheres jovens e bonitas.

**En** A Sra. Grose concordou, dizendo que sim, e que era assim que ele gostava de todos. Mas ela imediatamente se corrigiu, esclarecendo que queria dizer que esse era o jeito do patrão.

**En** O narrador ficou surpreso e perguntou a quem a pessoa havia se referido primeiro.

**En** Ela pareceu confusa, mas corou, e então respondeu que se referia a ele.

**En** O narrador perguntou se ela se referia ao patrão, e ela respondeu que não havia mais ninguém.

**En** Como estava claro que não havia outra pessoa, o narrador abandonou a ideia de que ela havia revelado mais do que pretendia, e simplesmente perguntou se ela havia notado algo incomum no menino.

**En** O narrador perguntou se a governanta anterior havia sido cuidadosa ou exigente. A Sra. Grose disse que ela era cuidadosa com algumas coisas, mas não com todas. Quando perguntada se ela havia morrido ali, a Sra. Grose respondeu que ela havia partido. O narrador se perguntou se ela havia partido para morrer, ou se havia adoecido e ido para casa.

**En** O narrador explicou que a jovem não havia adoecido naquela casa. Ela partiu no final do ano para um breve feriado, pois acreditava que seu tempo ali lhe dava esse direito. Uma babá assumiu o cuidado das crianças durante sua ausência. No entanto, a jovem nunca retornou, e assim que o narrador a esperava, soube pelo patrão que a mulher havia morrido.

**En** O narrador considerou isso e perguntou a Sra. Grose do que a mulher havia morrido. Sra. Grose respondeu que o patrão nunca lhe contara, e então disse que precisava voltar ao trabalho.

### III

En O narrador sentiu que a Sra. Grose se virar não prejudicava o respeito mútuo que crescia entre elas. Após trazer o pequeno Miles para casa, conversaram mais intimamente. O narrador ficou surpreso que uma criança como Miles aparentava estar sob uma proibição. Ela chegou tarde à estalagem e viu Miles olhando por ela; imediatamente percebeu sua frescura e pureza, assim como acontecera com sua irmã. Ele era extraordinariamente bonito, e a Sra. Grose notara isso. O narrador sentiu uma ternura apaixonada por ele, como se tudo o mais fosse varrido por sua presença. Sentiu que ele tinha uma qualidade divina, uma inocência que parecia conhecer apenas o amor. No entanto, ela ficou perplexa e indignada com a carta trancada em seu quarto. Disse à Sra. Grose que a situação era grotesca, e a Sra. Grose entendeu, perguntando se ela se referia à acusação cruel.

# Front Matter

## Pt/En

### Português

O grupo reunido ao redor do fogo achou a história cativante, embora apenas um comentário tenha se destacado: era incomum uma aparição desse tipo envolver uma criança. O conto tratava de uma assustadora assombração que apareceu a um menino que acordou a mãe em pânico; ela então viu a própria aparição. Esse comentário levou Douglas a falar, mais tarde naquela noite, sobre um caso que conhecia e que era ainda mais extremo. Ele concordou que um fantasma aparecer primeiro a uma criança pequena adicionava um toque especial, mas então perguntou o que achariam de uma história envolvendo duas crianças. O grupo exigiu ansiosamente ouvi-la. Douglas, de pé diante da lareira, declarou que ninguém além dele jamais ouvira o relato, e que era terrível demais. Quando perguntaram se era puro terror, ele teve dificuldade em definir, chamando-o de pavoroso além da medida. Uma mulher o chamou de delicioso, mas ele a ignorou. Ele descreveu como feiura sobrenatural, horror e dor. Instado a começar, disse que não podia; teria que mandar buscar o relato escrito, que estava trancado e não era visto há anos. Ele se ofereceu para escrever ao criado com a chave. O narrador o pressionou a fazê-lo, perguntando se a experiência era dele próprio. Douglas respondeu firmemente que não.

### Original English

The story had held us, round the fire, sufficiently breathless, but except the obvious remark that it was gruesome, as, on Christmas Eve in an old house, a strange tale should essentially be, I remember no comment uttered till somebody happened to say that it was the only case he had met in which such a visitation had fallen on a child. The case, I may mention, was that of an apparition in just such an old house as had gathered us for the occasion—an appearance, of a dreadful kind, to a little boy sleeping in the room with his mother and waking her up in the terror of it; waking her not to dissipate his dread and soothe him to sleep again, but to encounter also, herself, before she had succeeded in doing so, the same sight that had shaken him. It was this observation that drew from Douglas—not immediately, but later in the evening—a reply that had the interesting consequence to which I call attention. Someone else told a story not particularly effective, which I saw he was not following. This I took for a sign that he had himself something to produce and that we should only have to

wait. We waited in fact till two nights later; but that same evening, before we scattered, he brought out what was in his mind. "I quite agree—in regard to Griffin's ghost, or whatever it was—that its appearing first to the little boy, at so tender an age, adds a particular touch. But it's not the first occurrence of its charming kind that I know to have involved a child. If the child gives the effect another turn of the screw, what do you say to TWO children—?" "We say, of course," somebody exclaimed, "that they give two turns! Also that we want to hear about them." I can see Douglas there before the fire, to which he had got up to present his back, looking down at his interlocutor with his hands in his pockets. "Nobody but me, till now, has ever heard. It's quite too horrible." This, naturally, was declared by several voices to give the thing the utmost price, and our friend, with quiet art, prepared his triumph by turning his eyes over the rest of us and going on: "It's beyond everything. Nothing at all that I know touches it." "For sheer terror?" I remember asking. He seemed to say it was not so simple as that; to be really at a loss how to qualify it. He passed his hand over his eyes, made a little wincing grimace. "For dreadful—dreadfulness!" "Oh, how delicious!" cried one of the women. He took no notice of her; he looked at me, but as if, instead of me, he saw what he spoke of. "For general uncanny ugliness and horror and pain." "Well then," I said, "just sit right down and begin." He turned round to the fire, gave a kick to a log, watched it an instant. Then as he faced us again: "I can't begin. I shall have to send to town." There was a unanimous groan at this, and much reproach; after which, in his preoccupied way, he explained. "The story's written. It's in a locked drawer—it has not been out for years. I could write to my man and enclose the key; he could send down the packet as he finds it." It was to me in particular that he appeared to propound this—appeared almost to appeal for aid not to hesitate. He had broken a thickness of ice, the formation of many a winter; had had his reasons for a long silence. The others resented postponement, but it was just his scruples that charmed me. I adjured him to write by the first post and to agree with us for an early hearing; then I asked him if the experience in question had been his own. To this his answer was prompt. "Oh, thank God, no!" "And is the record yours? You took the thing down?"

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

## Pt/En

### Português

Ele explicou que reteve apenas a impressão, que guardou no coração e nunca perdeu.

### Original English

"Nothing but the impression. I took that here"—he tapped his heart. "I've never lost it."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

## Pt/En

### Português

O manuscrito, disse Douglas, estava escrito em tinta velha e desbotada, com uma letra bonita — de uma mulher. Ela havia morrido vinte anos antes e lhe enviara as páginas antes de morrer. Quando alguém adivinhou a implicação, Douglas revelou sem irritação que ela fora a governanta de sua irmã, uma mulher encantadora dez anos mais velha que ele. Ele a descreveu como a mulher mais agradável que conhecera naquela posição, digna de qualquer posição superior. Isso aconteceu há muito tempo; ele era estudante em Trinity e passara o verão em casa, onde faziam caminhadas e conversavam no jardim. Ele gostava muito dela e acreditava que ela também gostava dele, pois do contrário ela não lhe teria contado sua história, que nunca compartilhara com mais ninguém. Ele tinha certeza disso. Eles entenderiam o porquê quando ouvirem o conto.

### Original English

"Then your manuscript—?" "Is in old, faded ink, and in the most beautiful hand." He hung fire again. "A woman's. She has been dead these twenty years. She sent me the pages in question before she died." They were all listening now, and of course there was somebody to be arch, or at any rate to draw the inference. But if he put the inference by without a smile it was also without irritation. "She was a most charming person, but she was ten years older than I. She was my sister's governess," he quietly said. "She was the most agreeable woman I've ever known in her position; she would have been worthy of any whatever. It was long ago, and this episode was long before. I was at Trinity, and I found her at home on my coming down the second summer. I was much there that year—it was a beautiful one; and we had, in her off-hours, some strolls and talks in the garden—talks in which she struck me as awfully clever and nice. Oh yes; don't grin: I liked her extremely and am glad to this day to think she liked me, too. If she

hadn't she wouldn't have told me. She had never told anyone. It wasn't simply that she said so, but that I knew she hadn't. I was sure; I could see. You'll easily judge why when you hear." "Because the thing had been such a scare?"

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

### **Pt/En**

#### **Português**

Ele manteve o olhar em mim e repetiu que eu julgaria facilmente.

#### **Original English**

He continued to fix me. "You'll easily judge," he repeated: "You will."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

### **Pt/En**

#### **Português**

Devolvi o olhar e disse que entendia: ela estivera apaixonada.

#### **Original English**

I fixed him, too. "I see. She was in love."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

### **Pt/En**

#### **Português**

Ele riu pela primeira vez e reconheceu que ela realmente havia estado apaixonada. Ele explicou que isso ficou evidente durante a história dela e, embora ambos reconhecessem, nunca falaram sobre isso. Ele lembrou vividamente da cena: o canto do gramado, a sombra das grandes faias e a longa e quente tarde de verão. Não era uma cena que normalmente inspiraria medo, mas o afetou profundamente. Então ele se afastou da lareira e sentou-se novamente.

#### **Original English**

He laughed for the first time. "You are acute. Yes, she was in love. That is, she had been. That came out—she couldn't tell her story without its coming out. I saw it, and she saw I saw it; but neither of us spoke of it. I remember the time and the place—the corner of the lawn, the shade of the great beeches and the long, hot summer afternoon. It wasn't a scene for a

shudder; but oh—!" He quitted the fire and dropped back into his chair.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Perguntei se ele receberia o pacote na manhã de quinta-feira. Ele achou que chegaria com a segunda posta. Sugeriu que nos encontrássemos todos depois do jantar. Ele olhou ao redor e perguntou se alguém iria, quase esperançosamente. Assegurei-lhe que todos ficariam.

### **Original English**

"You'll receive the packet Thursday morning?" I inquired. "Probably not till the second post." "Well then; after dinner—" "You'll all meet me here?" He looked us round again. "Isn't anybody going?" It was almost the tone of hope. "Everybody will stay!"

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

As senhoras que haviam planejado partir declararam que iriam. No entanto, a Sra. Griffin pediu mais luz e perguntou com quem a mulher estava apaixonada.

### **Original English**

"I will" —and "I will!" cried the ladies whose departure had been fixed. Mrs. Griffin, however, expressed the need for a little more light. "Who was it she was in love with?"

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Eu respondi que a história revelaria a resposta. A outra pessoa exclamou que mal podia esperar para ouvi-la.

### **Original English**

"The story will tell," I took upon myself to reply. "Oh, I can't wait for the story!"

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

**Pt/En**

**Português**

Douglas afirmou que a história não explicaria isso de maneira direta ou grosseira.

**Original English**

"The story won't tell," said Douglas; "not in any literal, vulgar way."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

**Pt/En**

**Português**

Ele comentou que era uma pena, pois esse era o único método pelo qual ele conseguia compreender as coisas.

**Original English**

"More's the pity, then. That's the only way I ever understand."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

**Pt/En**

**Português**

Outra pessoa perguntou a Douglas se ele contaria a história.

**Original English**

"Won't you tell, Douglas?" somebody else inquired.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

**Pt/En**

**Português**

Ele se levantou abruptamente e anunciou que contaria a eles no dia seguinte, mas precisava se recolher. Rapidamente pegou um castiçal e saiu, deixando o grupo ligeiramente perplexo. Ao ouvirem seus passos subindo as escadas, a Sra. Griffin comentou que, embora não soubesse quem a mulher amava, certamente sabia quem o homem amava.

**Original English**

He sprang to his feet again. "Yes—tomorrow. Now I must go to bed. Good night." And quickly catching up a candlestick, he left us slightly bewildered.

From our end of the great brown hall we heard his step on the stair; whereupon Mrs. Griffin spoke. "Well, if I don't know who she was in love with, I know who he was."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

## Pt/En

### Português

O marido observou que a mulher era dez anos mais velha, o que tornava a situação mais intrigante. Griffin interveio, dizendo que já fazia quarenta anos antes desta revelação. O narrador previu que a próxima quinta-feira seria uma ocasião memorável, e o grupo concordou, perdendo o interesse em outros assuntos. A última história terminou de forma incompleta, e eles se recolheram. No dia seguinte, uma carta com a chave foi enviada para a residência de Douglas em Londres, mas ele foi deixado sozinho até depois do jantar, quando se tornou mais comunicativo. Ele explicou que a história precisava de um prólogo. O narrador mais tarde obteve o manuscrito antes da morte de Douglas. O conto começou com uma jovem, a filha mais nova de um pobre pároco, que veio para Londres aos vinte anos para responder a um anúncio. Ela encontrou um solteiro bonito e rico que a contratou como governanta para seu sobrinho e sobrinha órfãos em sua propriedade rural, Bly. Ele descreveu a casa: a governanta Sra. Grose, que gostava da pequena Flora; o menino Miles, que estava na escola; e a governanta anterior que havia morrido. Quando alguém perguntou do que ela morreu, Douglas respondeu que seria revelado mais tarde e que não queria antecipar.

### Original English

"She was ten years older," said her husband. "Raison de plus—at that age! But it's rather nice, his long reticence." "Forty years!" Griffin put in. "With this outbreak at last." "The outbreak," I returned, "will make a tremendous occasion of Thursday night;" and everyone so agreed with me that, in the light of it, we lost all attention for everything else. The last story, however incomplete and like the mere opening of a serial, had been told; we handshook and "candlestuck," as somebody said, and went to bed. I knew the next day that a letter containing the key had, by the first post, gone off to his London apartments; but in spite of—or perhaps just on account of—the eventual diffusion of this knowledge we quite let him alone till after dinner, till such an hour of the evening, in fact, as might best accord with the kind of emotion on which our hopes were fixed. Then he became as communicative as we could desire and indeed gave us his best reason for being so. We had it from him again before the fire in the hall, as we had

had our mild wonders of the previous night. It appeared that the narrative he had promised to read us really required for a proper intelligence a few words of prologue. Let me say here distinctly, to have done with it, that this narrative, from an exact transcript of my own made much later, is what I shall presently give. Poor Douglas, before his death—when it was in sight—committed to me the manuscript that reached him on the third of these days and that, on the same spot, with immense effect, he began to read to our hushed little circle on the night of the fourth. The departing ladies who had said they would stay didn't, of course, thank heaven, stay: they departed, in consequence of arrangements made, in a rage of curiosity, as they professed, produced by the touches with which he had already worked us up. But that only made his little final auditory more compact and select, kept it, round the hearth, subject to a common thrill. The first of these touches conveyed that the written statement took up the tale at a point after it had, in a manner, begun. The fact to be in possession of was therefore that his old friend, the youngest of several daughters of a poor country parson, had, at the age of twenty, on taking service for the first time in the schoolroom, come up to London, in trepidation, to answer in person an advertisement that had already placed her in brief correspondence with the advertiser. This person proved, on her presenting herself, for judgment, at a house in Harley Street, that impressed her as vast and imposing—this prospective patron proved a gentleman, a bachelor in the prime of life, such a figure as had never risen, save in a dream or an old novel, before a fluttered, anxious girl out of a Hampshire vicarage. One could easily fix his type; it never, happily, dies out. He was handsome and bold and pleasant, offhand and gay and kind. He struck her, inevitably, as gallant and splendid, but what took her most of all and gave her the courage she afterward showed was that he put the whole thing to her as a kind of favor, an obligation he should gratefully incur. She conceived him as rich, but as fearfully extravagant—saw him all in a glow of high fashion, of good looks, of expensive habits, of charming ways with women. He had for his own town residence a big house filled with the spoils of travel and the trophies of the chase; but it was to his country home, an old family place in Essex, that he wished her immediately to proceed. He had been left, by the death of their parents in India, guardian to a small nephew and a small niece, children of a younger, a military brother, whom he had lost two years before. These children were, by the strangest of chances for a man in his position—a lone man without the right sort of experience or a grain of patience—very heavily on his hands. It had all been a great worry and, on his own part doubtless, a series of blunders, but he immensely pitied the poor chicks and had done all he could; had in particular sent them down to his other house, the proper place for them

being of course the country, and kept them there, from the first, with the best people he could find to look after them, parting even with his own servants to wait on them and going down himself, whenever he might, to see how they were doing. The awkward thing was that they had practically no other relations and that his own affairs took up all his time. He had put them in possession of Bly, which was healthy and secure, and had placed at the head of their little establishment—but below stairs only—an excellent woman, Mrs. Grose, whom he was sure his visitor would like and who had formerly been maid to his mother. She was now housekeeper and was also acting for the time as superintendent to the little girl, of whom, without children of her own, she was, by good luck, extremely fond. There were plenty of people to help, but of course the young lady who should go down as governess would be in supreme authority. She would also have, in holidays, to look after the small boy, who had been for a term at school—young as he was to be sent, but what else could be done?—and who, as the holidays were about to begin, would be back from one day to the other. There had been for the two children at first a young lady whom they had had the misfortune to lose. She had done for them quite beautifully—she was a most respectable person—till her death, the great awkwardness of which had, precisely, left no alternative but the school for little Miles. Mrs. Grose, since then, in the way of manners and things, had done as she could for Flora; and there were, further, a cook, a housemaid, a dairywoman, an old pony, an old groom, and an old gardener, all likewise thoroughly respectable. So far had Douglas presented his picture when someone put a question. "And what did the former governess die of?—of so much respectability?" Our friend's answer was prompt. "That will come out. I don't anticipate."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Um ouvinte interveio, dizendo que acreditava que o orador já estava fazendo exatamente isso.

### **Original English**

"Excuse me—I thought that was just what you are doing."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

## Pt/En

### Português

Sugeri que, se estivesse no lugar da mulher, gostaria de saber se o trabalho trazia perigo de vida. Douglas confirmou que ela queria saber e descobriu. Ele explicou que o trabalho lhe parecia sombrio — ela era jovem e nervosa, enfrentando deveres sérios e grande solidão. Ela hesitou por alguns dias, mas foi persuadida pelo alto salário. Em uma segunda entrevista, ela aceitou. Comentei que ela havia sido seduzida pelo jovem esplêndido. Douglas acrescentou que ela o viu apenas duas vezes, e eu observei que essa era a beleza de sua paixão.

### Original English

"In her successor's place," I suggested, "I should have wished to learn if the office brought with it—" "Necessary danger to life?" Douglas completed my thought. "She did wish to learn, and she did learn. You shall hear tomorrow what she learned. Meanwhile, of course, the prospect struck her as slightly grim. She was young, untried, nervous: it was a vision of serious duties and little company, of really great loneliness. She hesitated—took a couple of days to consult and consider. But the salary offered much exceeded her modest measure, and on a second interview she faced the music, she engaged." And Douglas, with this, made a pause that, for the benefit of the company, moved me to throw in— "The moral of which was of course the seduction exercised by the splendid young man. She succumbed to it." He got up and, as he had done the night before, went to the fire, gave a stir to a log with his foot, then stood a moment with his back to us. "She saw him only twice." "Yes, but that's just the beauty of her passion."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

## Pt/En

### Português

Douglas virou-se para mim e disse que essa era a beleza disso. Ele continuou que havia outras que não tinham sucumbido. O homem havia lhe contado francamente sobre a dificuldade — várias candidatas acharam as condições proibitivas. Elas estavam com medo, achando monótono e estranho, especialmente por causa de sua condição principal.

### Original English

A little to my surprise, on this, Douglas turned round to me. "It was the beauty of it. There were others," he went on, "who hadn't succumbed. He told her frankly all his difficulty—that for several applicants the conditions

had been prohibitive. They were, somehow, simply afraid. It sounded dull—it sounded strange; and all the more so because of his main condition."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

A condição principal era que ela nunca o incomodasse — nunca apelasse, reclamasse ou escrevesse sobre nada. Ela tinha que resolver todas as questões sozinha, receber o dinheiro do advogado dele e deixá-lo em paz. Ela prometeu fazer isso, e quando ele segurou sua mão e agradeceu, ela já se sentiu recompensada. Uma senhora perguntou se essa era toda a recompensa, e Douglas disse que ela nunca mais o viu. A senhora expressou surpresa. Mais tarde, Douglas abriu um álbum antigo. A mesma senhora perguntou pelo título, e ele disse que não tinha nenhum.

### **Original English**

"Which was—?" "That she should never trouble him—but never, never: neither appeal nor complain nor write about anything; only meet all questions herself, receive all moneys from his solicitor, take the whole thing over and let him alone. She promised to do this, and she mentioned to me that when, for a moment, disburdened, delighted, he held her hand, thanking her for the sacrifice, she already felt rewarded." "But was that all her reward?" one of the ladies asked. "She never saw him again." "Oh!" said the lady; which, as our friend immediately left us again, was the only other word of importance contributed to the subject till, the next night, by the corner of the hearth, in the best chair, he opened the faded red cover of a thin old-fashioned gilt-edged album. The whole thing took indeed more nights than one, but on the first occasion the same lady put another question. "What is your title?" "I haven't one."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Eu disse que tinha um título, mas Douglas me ignorou e começou a ler com grande clareza, transmitindo ao ouvido a beleza da caligrafia do autor.

### **Original English**

"Oh, I have!" I said. But Douglas, without heeding me, had begun to read with a fine clearness that was like a rendering to the ear of the beauty of his

author's hand.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

I

## Pt/En

### Português

No início, o narrador se sentiu inseguro, mas a viagem e o adorável dia de verão melhoraram seu ânimo. A casa parecia acolhedora, com janelas abertas, flores e pássaros. Ele foi recebido por uma mulher educada com uma menina, e a cena parecia grandiosa em comparação com sua própria casa. Ele ficou impressionado com a bela criança, Flora. Naquela noite, estava animado demais para dormir, e seu quarto grande com móveis finos aumentou sua sensação de ser tratado com generosidade. Ele rapidamente se deu bem com a Sra. Grose, que estava feliz em vê-lo, mas tentava não demonstrar muito. O narrador achava Flora angelical e ansiava por ensiná-la. No jantar, ele notou que ele e a Sra. Grose trocavam olhares significativos. Então perguntou sobre o menino, imaginando se ele se parecia com Flora e também era notável.

### Original English

I remember the whole beginning as a succession of flights and drops, a little seesaw of the right throbs and the wrong. After rising, in town, to meet his appeal, I had at all events a couple of very bad days—found myself doubtful again, felt indeed sure I had made a mistake. In this state of mind I spent the long hours of bumping, swinging coach that carried me to the stopping place at which I was to be met by a vehicle from the house. This convenience, I was told, had been ordered, and I found, toward the close of the June afternoon, a commodious fly in waiting for me. Driving at that hour, on a lovely day, through a country to which the summer sweetness seemed to offer me a friendly welcome, my fortitude mounted afresh and, as we turned into the avenue, encountered a reprieve that was probably but a proof of the point to which it had sunk. I suppose I had expected, or had dreaded, something so melancholy that what greeted me was a good surprise. I remember as a most pleasant impression the broad, clear front, its open windows and fresh curtains and the pair of maids looking out; I remember the lawn and the bright flowers and the crunch of my wheels on the gravel and the clustered treetops over which the rooks circled and cawed in the golden sky. The scene had a greatness that made it a different affair from my own scant home, and there immediately appeared

at the door, with a little girl in her hand, a civil person who dropped me as decent a curtsy as if I had been the mistress or a distinguished visitor. I had received in Harley Street a narrower notion of the place, and that, as I recalled it, made me think the proprietor still more of a gentleman, suggested that what I was to enjoy might be something beyond his promise. I had no drop again till the next day, for I was carried triumphantly through the following hours by my introduction to the younger of my pupils. The little girl who accompanied Mrs. Grose appeared to me on the spot a creature so charming as to make it a great fortune to have to do with her. She was the most beautiful child I had ever seen, and I afterward wondered that my employer had not told me more of her. I slept little that night—I was too much excited; and this astonished me, too, I recollect, remained with me, adding to my sense of the liberality with which I was treated. The large, impressive room, one of the best in the house, the great state bed, as I almost felt it, the full, figured draperies, the long glasses in which, for the first time, I could see myself from head to foot, all struck me—like the extraordinary charm of my small charge—as so many things thrown in. It was thrown in as well, from the first moment, that I should get on with Mrs. Grose in a relation over which, on my way, in the coach, I fear I had rather brooded. The only thing indeed that in this early outlook might have made me shrink again was the clear circumstance of her being so glad to see me. I perceived within half an hour that she was so glad—stout, simple, plain, clean, wholesome woman—as to be positively on her guard against showing it too much. I wondered even then a little why she should wish not to show it, and that, with reflection, with suspicion, might of course have made me uneasy. But it was a comfort that there could be no uneasiness in a connection with anything so beatific as the radiant image of my little girl, the vision of whose angelic beauty had probably more than anything else to do with the restlessness that, before morning, made me several times rise and wander about my room to take in the whole picture and prospect; to watch, from my open window, the faint summer dawn, to look at such portions of the rest of the house as I could catch, and to listen, while, in the fading dusk, the first birds began to twitter, for the possible recurrence of a sound or two, less natural and not without, but within, that I had fancied I heard. There had been a moment when I believed I recognized, faint and far, the cry of a child; there had been another when I found myself just consciously starting as at the passage, before my door, of a light footstep. But these fancies were not marked enough not to be thrown off, and it is only in the light, or the gloom, I should rather say, of other and subsequent matters that they now come back to me. To watch, teach, "form" little Flora would too evidently be the making of a happy and useful life. It had been agreed between us downstairs that after this first occasion I should have

her as a matter of course at night, her small white bed being already arranged, to that end, in my room. What I had undertaken was the whole care of her, and she had remained, just this last time, with Mrs. Grose only as an effect of our consideration for my inevitable strangeness and her natural timidity. In spite of this timidity—which the child herself, in the oddest way in the world, had been perfectly frank and brave about, allowing it, without a sign of uncomfortable consciousness, with the deep, sweet serenity indeed of one of Raphael's holy infants, to be discussed, to be imputed to her, and to determine us—I feel quite sure she would presently like me. It was part of what I already liked Mrs. Grose herself for, the pleasure I could see her feel in my admiration and wonder as I sat at supper with four tall candles and with my pupil, in a high chair and a bib, brightly facing me, between them, over bread and milk. There were naturally things that in Flora's presence could pass between us only as prodigious and gratified looks, obscure and roundabout allusions. "And the little boy—does he look like her? Is he too so very remarkable?"

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

O narrador pensou que não se deve bajular uma criança. Uma mulher ficou parada segurando um prato, sorrindo calorosamente para a companheira do narrador, que olhou para eles com olhos calmos e celestiais que não continham julgamento.

### **Original English**

One wouldn't flatter a child. "Oh, miss, most remarkable. If you think well of this one!"—and she stood there with a plate in her hand, beaming at our companion, who looked from one of us to the other with placid heavenly eyes that contained nothing to check us.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Alguém perguntou o que aconteceria se realizasse uma certa ação.

### **Original English**

"Yes; if I do—?"

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

## Pt/En

### Português

Uma pessoa avisou que o pequeno cavalheiro levaria o ouvinte embora.

### Original English

"You will be carried away by the little gentleman!"

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

## Pt/En

### Português

A narradora admitiu que tinha vindo para ser levada, mas acrescentou que era facilmente influenciável; ela tinha sido levada em Londres. A Sra. Grose comentou que muitos tinham sido assim. A narradora mencionou que seu outro aluno estava voltando, e a Sra. Grose disse que ele chegaria na sexta-feira de diligência. A narradora se ofereceu para encontrá-lo com a irmã, e a Sra. Grose concordou calorosamente. No dia seguinte, a narradora se sentiu sobrecarregada pelo tamanho da casa, assustada e orgulhosa ao mesmo tempo. Ela decidiu fazer amizade com a menininha, Flora, e passou o dia ao ar livre com ela. Flora mostrou orgulhosamente a casa para ela, e rapidamente se tornaram amigas íntimas. A narradora ficou impressionada com a confiança de Flora enquanto exploravam quartos vazios e uma torre alta. Ela imaginou a casa como um castelo romântico, embora na verdade fosse um edifício antigo e prático. Ela se sentiu como uma passageira em um navio à deriva, mas estranhamente no comando.

### Original English

"Well, that, I think, is what I came for—to be carried away. I'm afraid, however," I remember feeling the impulse to add, "I'm rather easily carried away. I was carried away in London!" I can still see Mrs. Grose's broad face as she took this in. "In Harley Street?" "In Harley Street." "Well, miss, you're not the first—and you won't be the last." "Oh, I've no pretension," I could laugh, "to being the only one. My other pupil, at any rate, as I understand, comes back tomorrow?" "Not tomorrow—Friday, miss. He arrives, as you did, by the coach, under care of the guard, and is to be met by the same carriage." I forthwith expressed that the proper as well as the pleasant and friendly thing would be therefore that on the arrival of the public conveyance I should be in waiting for him with his little sister; an idea in which Mrs. Grose concurred so heartily that I somehow took her manner as

a kind of comforting pledge—never falsified, thank heaven!—that we should on every question be quite at one. Oh, she was glad I was there! What I felt the next day was, I suppose, nothing that could be fairly called a reaction from the cheer of my arrival; it was probably at the most only a slight oppression produced by a fuller measure of the scale, as I walked round them, gazed up at them, took them in, of my new circumstances. They had, as it were, an extent and mass for which I had not been prepared and in the presence of which I found myself, freshly, a little scared as well as a little proud. Lessons, in this agitation, certainly suffered some delay; I reflected that my first duty was, by the gentlest arts I could contrive, to win the child into the sense of knowing me. I spent the day with her out-of-doors; I arranged with her, to her great satisfaction, that it should be she, she only, who might show me the place. She showed it step by step and room by room and secret by secret, with droll, delightful, childish talk about it and with the result, in half an hour, of our becoming immense friends. Young as she was, I was struck, throughout our little tour, with her confidence and courage with the way, in empty chambers and dull corridors, on crooked staircases that made me pause and even on the summit of an old machicolated square tower that made me dizzy, her morning music, her disposition to tell me so many more things than she asked, rang out and led me on. I have not seen Bly since the day I left it, and I daresay that to my older and more informed eyes it would now appear sufficiently contracted. But as my little conductress, with her hair of gold and her frock of blue, danced before me round corners and pattered down passages, I had the view of a castle of romance inhabited by a rosy sprite, such a place as would somehow, for diversion of the young idea, take all color out of storybooks and fairytales. Wasn't it just a storybook over which I had fallen adoze and adream? No; it was a big, ugly, antique, but convenient house, embodying a few features of a building still older, half-replaced and half-utilized, in which I had the fancy of our being almost as lost as a handful of passengers in a great drifting ship. Well, I was, strangely, at the helm!

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

||

## Pt/En

### Português

Dois dias depois, a narradora foi de carruagem com Flora para encontrar o menino. Ela estava chateada por um evento na noite anterior. O primeiro dia havia sido bom, mas então uma carta chegou de seu empregador com uma carta lacrada do diretor. Seu empregador disse a ela para lê-la e lidar com ela sem relatar a ele. A narradora abriu com dificuldade e teve outra noite sem dormir. No dia seguinte, angustiada, ela confidenciou à Sra. Grose. Ela disse à Sra. Grose que Miles havia sido expulso da escola e talvez nunca mais voltasse. A Sra. Grose perguntou o que ele tinha feito. A narradora hesitou e ofereceu a carta, mas a Sra. Grose recusou, dizendo que tais assuntos não eram para ela.

### Original English

This came home to me when, two days later, I drove over with Flora to meet, as Mrs. Grose said, the little gentleman; and all the more for an incident that, presenting itself the second evening, had deeply disconcerted me. The first day had been, on the whole, as I have expressed, reassuring; but I was to see it wind up in keen apprehension. The postbag, that evening—it came late—contained a letter for me, which, however, in the hand of my employer, I found to be composed but of a few words enclosing another, addressed to himself, with a seal still unbroken. "This, I recognize, is from the headmaster, and the headmaster's an awful bore. Read him, please; deal with him; but mind you don't report. Not a word. I'm off!" I broke the seal with a great effort—so great a one that I was a long time coming to it; took the unopened missive at last up to my room and only attacked it just before going to bed. I had better have let it wait till morning, for it gave me a second sleepless night. With no counsel to take, the next day, I was full of distress; and it finally got so the better of me that I determined to open myself at least to Mrs. Grose. "What does it mean? The child's dismissed his school." She gave me a look that I remarked at the moment; then, visibly, with a quick blankness, seemed to try to take it back. "But aren't they all—?" "Sent home—yes. But only for the holidays. Miles may never go back at all." Consciously, under my attention, she reddened. "They won't take him?" "They absolutely decline." At this she raised her eyes, which she had turned from me; I saw them fill with good tears. "What has he done?" I hesitated; then I judged best simply to hand her my letter—which, however, had the effect of making her, without taking it, simply put her hands behind her. She shook her head sadly. "Such things are not for me, miss."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

A narradora estremeceu ao lembrar que sua conselheira não sabia ler. Tentou corrigir o erro lendo a carta em voz alta, mas hesitou e a guardou. Então perguntou se o menino estava realmente doente.

### **Original English**

My counselor couldn't read! I winced at my mistake, which I attenuated as I could, and opened my letter again to repeat it to her; then, faltering in the act and folding it up once more, I put it back in my pocket. "Is he really bad?"

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Sra. Grose, ainda chorosa, perguntou se os senhores haviam dito isso. A narradora respondeu que não deram detalhes, apenas expressaram pesar por o menino não poder ficar, o que implicava que ele prejudicava as outras crianças. Sra. Grose ouviu em silêncio, e a narradora afirmou essa conclusão para entender a situação.

### **Original English**

The tears were still in her eyes. "Do the gentlemen say so?" "They go into no particulars. They simply express their regret that it should be impossible to keep him. That can have only one meaning." Mrs. Grose listened with dumb emotion; she forbore to ask me what this meaning might be; so that, presently, to put the thing with some coherence and with the mere aid of her presence to my own mind, I went on: "That he's an injury to the others."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Com isso, Sra. Grose inflamou-se com indignação súbita, típica de pessoas simples. Ela exclamou que o Mestre Miles não poderia de forma alguma ser um perigo para ninguém.

### **Original English**

At this, with one of the quick turns of simple folk, she suddenly flamed up. "Master Miles! Him an injury?"

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

A sinceridade na voz da Sra. Grose era tão forte que, apesar de não ter conhecido o menino, a narradora se viu descartando a ideia como absurda. Para consolar a amiga, ela ofereceu sarcasticamente que o menino poderia ser um perigo para seus inocentes amiguinhos. Sra. Grose protestou que era terrível dizer coisas tão cruéis, já que o menino mal tinha dez anos. A narradora concordou que parecia incrível.

### **Original English**

There was such a flood of good faith in it that, though I had not yet seen the child, my very fears made me jump to the absurdity of the idea. I found myself, to meet my friend the better, offering it, on the spot, sarcastically. "To his poor little innocent mates!" "It's too dreadful," cried Mrs. Grose, "to say such cruel things! Why, he's scarce ten years old." "Yes, yes; it would be incredible."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Sra. Grose pareceu grata pela dúvida declarada da narradora. Ela a incentivou a ver o menino primeiro antes de acreditar em tal coisa. Isso despertou uma nova impaciência na narradora, uma curiosidade que se tornaria quase dolorosa nas horas seguintes. Sra. Grose, ciente do efeito que havia causado, acrescentou confiantemente que se poderia muito bem acreditar o mesmo da pequena senhorita, e então apontou para ela, dizendo para olhá-la.

### **Original English**

She was evidently grateful for such a profession. "See him, miss, first. Then believe it!" I felt forthwith a new impatience to see him; it was the beginning of a curiosity that, for all the next hours, was to deepen almost to pain. Mrs. Grose was aware, I could judge, of what she had produced in me, and she followed it up with assurance. "You might as well believe it of the little lady. Bless her," she added the next moment—"Look at her!"

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

A narradora virou-se e viu Flora na porta aberta. Dez minutos antes, ela havia deixado Flora na sala de aula com papel, um lápis e uma cópia de letras redondas para praticar. Agora Flora parecia indiferente às suas obrigações, mas olhava para a narradora com uma luz infantil que sugeria que a havia seguido por afeição. A narradora sentiu a força da comparação da Sra. Grose e, pegando Flora nos braços, a beijou com um soluço de expiação.

### **Original English**

I turned and saw that Flora, whom, ten minutes before, I had established in the schoolroom with a sheet of white paper, a pencil, and a copy of nice "round o's," now presented herself to view at the open door. She expressed in her little way an extraordinary detachment from disagreeable duties, looking to me, however, with a great childish light that seemed to offer it as a mere result of the affection she had conceived for my person, which had rendered necessary that she should follow me. I needed nothing more than this to feel the full force of Mrs. Grose's comparison, and, catching my pupil in my arms, covered her with kisses in which there was a sob of atonement.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

A narradora passou o resto do dia procurando outra oportunidade para falar com a Sra. Grose, especialmente porque começou a achar que a Sra. Grose a evitava. Ela a alcançou na escada e segurou seu braço, perguntando se sua declaração anterior significava que ela nunca havia conhecido o patrão como sendo mau.

### **Original English**

Nonetheless, the rest of the day I watched for further occasion to approach my colleague, especially as, toward evening, I began to fancy she rather sought to avoid me. I overtook her, I remember, on the staircase; we went down together, and at the bottom I detained her, holding her there with a hand on her arm. "I take what you said to me at noon as a declaration that you've never known him to be bad."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

**Pt/En**

**Português**

A Sra. Grose levantou a cabeça e respondeu honestamente que não fingia nunca o ter conhecido.

**Original English**

She threw back her head; she had clearly, by this time, and very honestly, adopted an attitude. "Oh, never known him—I don't pretend that !"

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

**Pt/En**

**Português**

A narradora ficou chateada novamente e perguntou se a Sra. Grose o conhecia como sendo mau.

**Original English**

I was upset again. "Then you have known him—?"

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

**Pt/En**

**Português**

A Sra. Grose confirmou que sim, graças a Deus. A narradora refletiu e começou a perguntar se ela queria dizer um menino que nunca é mau.

**Original English**

"Yes indeed, miss, thank God!" On reflection I accepted this. "You mean that a boy who never is—?"

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

**Pt/En**

**Português**

Ela declarou que nenhum rapaz era para ela.

**Original English**

"Is no boy for me !"

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Apertando-a com mais força, ele perguntou se ela gostava de pessoas com espírito travesso. Ele concordou com a resposta dela com entusiasmo, mas acrescentou que não gostava a ponto de contaminação. Quando ela ficou confusa com a palavra 'contaminar', ele explicou que significava corromper.

### **Original English**

I held her tighter. "You like them with the spirit to be naughty?" Then, keeping pace with her answer, "So do I!" I eagerly brought out. "But not to the degree to contaminate—" "To contaminate?"—my big word left her at a loss. I explained it. "To corrupt."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Ela fitou, compreendendo o significado dele, e então riu estranhamente. Ela perguntou se ele tinha medo de que alguém o corrompesse, formulando a pergunta com um humor tão ousado que ele também riu, sentindo-se um pouco bobo, e se deixou vencer pelo medo do ridículo.

### **Original English**

She stared, taking my meaning in; but it produced in her an odd laugh. "Are you afraid he'll corrupt you?" She put the question with such a fine bold humor that, with a laugh, a little silly doubtless, to match her own, I gave way for the time to the apprehension of ridicule.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

No dia seguinte, conforme a hora do passeio se aproximava, ela mencionou o assunto em outro lugar. Ela perguntou sobre a governanta anterior, e lhe disseram que ela também era jovem e bonita, quase tanto quanto ela. Ela então observou que esperava que a juventude e a beleza da mulher tivessem lhe servido bem, e acrescentou que o patrão parecia preferir mulheres jovens e bonitas.

### **Original English**

But the next day, as the hour for my drive approached, I cropped up in another place. "What was the lady who was here before?" "The last governess? She was also young and pretty—almost as young and almost as pretty, miss, even as you." "Ah, then, I hope her youth and her beauty helped her!" I recollect throwing off. "He seems to like us young and pretty!"

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

A Sra. Grose concordou, dizendo que sim, e que era assim que ele gostava de todos. Mas ela imediatamente se corrigiu, esclarecendo que queria dizer que esse era o jeito do patrão.

### **Original English**

"Oh, he did," Mrs. Grose assented: "it was the way he liked everyone!" She had no sooner spoken indeed than she caught herself up. "I mean that's his way—the master's."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

O narrador ficou surpreso e perguntou a quem a pessoa havia se referido primeiro.

### **Original English**

I was struck. "But of whom did you speak first?"

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Ela pareceu confusa, mas corou, e então respondeu que se referia a ele.

### **Original English**

She looked blank, but she colored. "Why, of him."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

O narrador perguntou se ela se referia ao patrão, e ela respondeu que não havia mais ninguém.

### **Original English**

"Of the master?" "Of who else?"

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Como estava claro que não havia outra pessoa, o narrador abandonou a ideia de que ela havia revelado mais do que pretendia, e simplesmente perguntou se ela havia notado algo incomum no menino.

### **Original English**

There was so obviously no one else that the next moment I had lost my impression of her having accidentally said more than she meant; and I merely asked what I wanted to know. "Did she see anything in the boy—?"

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

O narrador perguntou se a governanta anterior havia sido cuidadosa ou exigente. A Sra. Grose disse que ela era cuidadosa com algumas coisas, mas não com todas. Quando perguntada se ela havia morrido ali, a Sra. Grose respondeu que ela havia partido. O narrador se perguntou se ela havia partido para morrer, ou se havia adoecido e ido para casa.

### **Original English**

"That wasn't right? She never told me." I had a scruple, but I overcame it. "Was she careful—particular?" Mrs. Grose appeared to try to be conscientious. "About some things—yes." "But not about all?" Again she considered. "Well, miss—she's gone. I won't tell tales." "I quite understand your feeling," I hastened to reply; but I thought it, after an instant, not opposed to this concession to pursue: "Did she die here?" "No—she went off." I don't know what there was in this brevity of Mrs. Grose's that struck me as ambiguous. "Went off to die?" Mrs. Grose looked straight out of the window, but I felt that, hypothetically, I had a right to know what young

persons engaged for Bly were expected to do. "She was taken ill, you mean, and went home?"

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

O narrador explicou que a jovem não havia adoecido naquela casa. Ela partiu no final do ano para um breve feriado, pois acreditava que seu tempo ali lhe dava esse direito. Uma babá assumiu o cuidado das crianças durante sua ausência. No entanto, a jovem nunca retornou, e assim que o narrador a esperava, soube pelo patrão que a mulher havia morrido.

### **Original English**

"She was not taken ill, so far as appeared, in this house. She left it, at the end of the year, to go home, as she said, for a short holiday, to which the time she had put in had certainly given her a right. We had then a young woman—a nursemaid who had stayed on and who was a good girl and clever; and she took the children altogether for the interval. But our young lady never came back, and at the very moment I was expecting her I heard from the master that she was dead."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

O narrador considerou isso e perguntou a Sra. Grose do que a mulher havia morrido. Sra. Grose respondeu que o patrão nunca lhe contara, e então disse que precisava voltar ao trabalho.

### **Original English**

I turned this over. "But of what?" "He never told me! But please, miss," said Mrs. Grose, "I must get to my work."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)



## Pt/En

### Português

O narrador sentiu que a Sra. Grose se virar não prejudicava o respeito mútuo que crescia entre elas. Após trazer o pequeno Miles para casa, conversaram mais intimamente. O narrador ficou surpreso que uma criança como Miles aparentava estar sob uma proibição. Ela chegou tarde à estalagem e viu Miles olhando por ela; imediatamente percebeu sua frescura e pureza, assim como acontecera com sua irmã. Ele era extraordinariamente bonito, e a Sra. Grose notara isso. O narrador sentiu uma ternura apaixonada por ele, como se tudo o mais fosse varrido por sua presença. Sentiu que ele tinha uma qualidade divina, uma inocência que parecia conhecer apenas o amor. No entanto, ela ficou perplexa e indignada com a carta trancada em seu quarto. Disse à Sra. Grose que a situação era grotesca, e a Sra. Grose entendeu, perguntando se ela se referia à acusação cruel.

### Original English

Her thus turning her back on me was fortunately not, for my just preoccupations, a snub that could check the growth of our mutual esteem. We met, after I had brought home little Miles, more intimately than ever on the ground of my stupefaction, my general emotion: so monstrous was I then ready to pronounce it that such a child as had now been revealed to me should be under an interdict. I was a little late on the scene, and I felt, as he stood wistfully looking out for me before the door of the inn at which the coach had put him down, that I had seen him, on the instant, without and within, in the great glow of freshness, the same positive fragrance of purity, in which I had, from the first moment, seen his little sister. He was incredibly beautiful, and Mrs. Grose had put her finger on it: everything but a sort of passion of tenderness for him was swept away by his presence. What I then and there took him to my heart for was something divine that I have never found to the same degree in any child—his indescribable little air of knowing nothing in the world but love. It would have been impossible to carry a bad name with a greater sweetness of innocence, and by the time I had got back to Bly with him I remained merely bewildered—so far, that is, as I was not outraged—by the sense of the horrible letter locked up in my room, in a drawer. As soon as I could compass a private word with Mrs. Grose I declared to her that it was grotesque. She promptly understood me. "You mean the cruel charge—?"

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

# Glossary: New Words

Words introduced by the simplified reading that do not occur in the complete original English text. Each entry shows up to five real sentences from this book; every return link opens that exact sentence in the simplified version.

## **accusation** ˌækjuːˈzeɪʃən (2 occurrences)

**Português:** acusação

**Simple English:** A statement saying someone did something wrong or bad.

**Example:** *She denied the accusation in the letter.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Mrs. Grose understood and asked if she meant the bad accusation in the letter. [Back to B1](#)
2. The narrator told Mrs. Grose that the accusation was not true for a moment, pointing to the child and saying he was wonderful.

## **advice** ədˈvaɪs (1 occurrence)

**Português:** conselho

**Simple English:** A suggestion about what someone should do.

**Example:** *She gave me good advice about studying.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. The next day, without anyone to ask for advice, she was very upset and decided to talk to Mrs. Grose. [Back to B1](#)

## **angry** ˈæŋɡri (6 occurrences)

**Português:** zangado

**Simple English:** Feeling mad or upset.

**Example:** *But they were afraid the plants would be angry and send out bad gases.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Mrs. Grose was surprised and became angry. [Back to B1](#)
2. After they hugged like sisters, the narrator felt stronger but also angry.
3. She was surprised she did not get angry with the children, even though she was stressed and they seemed to be winning.

4. She wondered if she would have become too angry if the situation had continued.

5. She became angry and said she was not foolish.

**ban** *bæn* (1 occurrence)

**Português:** proibição

**Simple English:** An official rule that stops something.

**Example:** *Miles could be under a ban.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. The narrator was shocked that a child like Miles could be under a ban. [Back to B1](#)

**bumpy** *'bʌmpɪ* (1 occurrence)

**Português:** esburacado

**Simple English:** Having an uneven surface that causes movement up and down.

**Example:** *The road was bumpy and uncomfortable to drive on.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. The journey in the coach was long and bumpy. [Back to B1](#)

**busy** *'biz.i* (2 occurrences)

**Português:** ocupado

**Simple English:** working hard or doing many tasks

**Example:** *Many people were busy with daily tasks.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. The problem was that the children had few other relatives, and he was very busy. [Back to B1](#)

2. Sometimes, the narrator thought they might have made secret plans, like one child keeping the narrator busy while the other slipped away.

**corrected** *kə'rektɪd* (1 occurrence)

**Português:** corrigiu

**Simple English:** fixed a mistake

**Example:** *The teacher corrected my homework.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. However, she quickly corrected herself, explaining that she meant that was the master's way of liking people. [Back to B1](#)

**current** *'kʌrənt/* (3 occurrences)

**Português:** atual; corrente; actual

**Simple English:** Happening or existing now in the present time.

**Example:** *The current news highlights major events happening around the world today.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. She was told that the last governess was also young and pretty, almost as young and pretty as the current person. [Back to B1](#)
2. Flora was afraid of her current governess, the narrator, not Miss Jessel.
3. She believed Flora would use her current complaint to her advantage.

**dairy** *'deəri* (1 occurrence)

**Português:** laticínio

**Simple English:** A place for producing or selling milk products.

**Example:** *There was a dairy worker at the house.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. There was also a cook, a housemaid, a dairy worker, a pony, a groom, and a gardener, all respectable. [Back to B1](#)

**decided** *dɪ'saɪdɪd* (23 occurrences)

**Português:** decidiu

**Simple English:** chose to do something

**Example:** *He decided to stay at home.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. She decided her first job was to become friends with the little girl. [Back to B1](#)

2. The next day, without anyone to ask for advice, she was very upset and decided to talk to Mrs. Grose. [Back to B1](#)

3. The speaker found her question very funny and bold, so she laughed too, feeling a little silly, and decided not to worry about it at that moment. [Back to B1](#)

4. The narrator decided to say nothing to either of them.

5. She also decided to say nothing to the boy himself.

### **eager** 'i:gə (2 occurrences)

**Português:** ansioso

**Simple English:** very excited and interested to do something

**Example:** *They were very eager to learn new things.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. The narrator became very eager to meet him, feeling a strong curiosity.

[Back to B1](#)

2. The children seemed eager to do many things for the narrator, not just their lessons, but also to entertain and surprise them.

### **event** ɪ'vent (8 occurrences)

**Português:** acontecimento

**Simple English:** Something important or unusual that happens.

**Example:** *Even this hard event could not make him suffer more.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. This comment led Douglas to say he had a story about a similar event, but even more shocking. [Back to B1](#)

2. Douglas explained that he only kept the feeling or impression of the event, which he felt deeply. [Back to B1](#)

3. Griffin added that it had been forty years with this event finally happening. [Back to B1](#)

4. The narrator replied that the event would make Thursday night very special, and everyone agreed, losing interest in other things. [Back to B1](#)

5. The narrator had been unsettled by an event the evening before. [Back to B1](#)

**focused** *'foukəst* (2 occurrences)

**Português:** concentrados

**Simple English:** giving full attention to something

**Example:** *She was focused on her homework.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. This made the group listening to him smaller and more focused. [Back to B1](#)
2. The child seemed hidden and focused, looking out the window.

**funny** *'fʌni* (2 occurrences)

**Português:** engraçado

**Simple English:** Causing laughter or amusement.

**Example:** *The joke was really funny and made everyone laugh.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. The speaker found her question very funny and bold, so she laughed too, feeling a little silly, and decided not to worry about it at that moment. [Back to B1](#)
2. She felt it was funny that they often talked about the uncle visiting, as if they knew it would make her uncomfortable.

**group** *gru:p* (3 occurrences)

**Português:** grupo

**Simple English:** several people or things together

**Example:** *A group of friends went to the park.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. The group was listening to a story by the fire. [Back to B1](#)
2. Douglas had started reading it to their small group on the fourth night. [Back to B1](#)
3. This made the group listening to him smaller and more focused. [Back to B1](#)

## handwriting 'hænd,raɪtɪŋ (1 occurrence)

**Português:** caligrafia

**Simple English:** The way a person writes by hand.

**Example:** *One note was written in strong male handwriting.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Douglas said his story was written in old, faded ink in a beautiful handwriting.

[Back to B1](#)

## happening 'hæpənɪŋ (10 occurrences)

**Português:** acontecendo

**Simple English:** Being done or taking place now.

**Example:** *Clayton understood what was happening.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Griffin added that it had been forty years with this event finally happening.

[Back to B1](#)

2. The speaker replied that they had seen the child was aware of what was happening.

3. I pressed her, asking if she could see that he knew what was happening between the two bad people.

4. The narrator listened and remembered feeling that something was happening in the house on the first night.

5. At that moment, the narrator suddenly became aware of three things happening almost at the same time.

## helpers 'hɛlpəz (1 occurrence)

**Português:** ajudantes

**Simple English:** People who help others.

**Example:** *He hunted a lion with many helpers.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. There were other helpers, but the new governess would be in charge. [Back to B1](#)

**hesitation** ,hezɪ'teɪʃən (1 occurrence)

**Português:** hesitação

**Simple English:** pausing before doing something

**Example:** *He showed no hesitation to help.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. The others were impatient, but Douglas's hesitation interested the narrator, who asked him to write for it and promised an early hearing. [Back to B1](#)

**hired** 'haɪəd (3 occurrences)

**Português:** alugaram

**Simple English:** Paid to use something.

**Example:** *There, they hired a small boat called the Fuwalda.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. He had hired an excellent woman, Mrs. Grose, to manage the house below stairs, and he was sure his visitor would like her. [Back to B1](#)

2. She thought her good behavior pleased the person who hired her.

3. She said the master believed in Quint and hired him because he was supposed to be unwell and the country air would be good for him.

**hopeful** 'həʊpfəl (2 occurrences)

**Português:** esperançoso

**Simple English:** feeling that something good will happen

**Example:** *Gemnon felt hopeful again.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. He asked if everyone would meet him there, sounding hopeful that people would stay. [Back to B1](#)

2. The narrator felt hopeful because Miles seemed anxious, and this was new for him.

**ignored** *ɪg'nɔ:rd* (1 occurrence)

**Português:** ignorado

**Simple English:** did not pay attention to someone or something

**Example:** *The boys ignored him and kept preparing the fire.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. The narrator said he had a title, but Douglas ignored him and started reading from the album. [Back to B1](#)

**impatient** */ɪm'peɪjənt/* (3 occurrences)

**Português:** impaciente; impacientes

**Simple English:** Easily annoyed by delay; eager for something to happen.

**Example:** *He grew impatient waiting for the train to arrive on time.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. The others were impatient, but Douglas's hesitation interested the narrator, who asked him to write for it and promised an early hearing. [Back to B1](#)

2. He was very impatient with such things.

3. The speaker, feeling impatient, told the listener to ask Flora because Flora would know for sure.

**interrupted** *ˌɪntə'rʌptɪd* (4 occurrences)

**Português:** interrompeu

**Simple English:** Stopped something for a short time.

**Example:** *She interrupted the meeting to ask a question.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Someone interrupted, saying they thought that was exactly what he was doing. [Back to B1](#)

2. She felt Miles was right and could tell her that she must explain the reason for his studies being interrupted to his guardian, or he would not live with her in an unnatural way.

3. Miles interrupted, saying he did not want to go back and wanted a new field.

4. The listener interrupted, saying she knew where the child learned the appalling language.

## job *dʒɒb* (13 occurrences)

**Português:** trabalho

**Simple English:** a task or work to do

**Example:** *Tarzan did not understand why they were doing such a big job.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. She thought he was wonderful and brave, and he made her feel brave by asking her to take the job as if it were a favor. [Back to B1](#)
2. The narrator asked if the woman wanted to know about the dangers of the job. [Back to B1](#)
3. He explained that the job seemed difficult and lonely, but the salary was very good. [Back to B1](#)
4. The woman thought about it for a couple of days and then accepted the job. [Back to B1](#)
5. The narrator joked that the man offering the job was very charming. [Back to B1](#)

## lawyer *ˈlɔːjər* (1 occurrence)

**Português:** advogado

**Simple English:** a person who helps people with the law

**Example:** *He wanted her to pay him like paying a lawyer in advance.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. She could not appeal or complain, but had to handle all questions herself and receive money from his lawyer. [Back to B1](#)

## manage *ˈmænɪdʒ* (3 occurrences)

**Português:** lidar

**Simple English:** to control or deal with a situation

**Example:** *She had to manage her tasks carefully.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. He had hired an excellent woman, Mrs. Grose, to manage the house below stairs, and he was sure his visitor would like her. [Back to B1](#)
2. The speaker thought this was a frightening idea, but felt they could manage it.
3. To manage, she decided to act strong and in control.

### meaningful *'mi:nɪŋfəl* (1 occurrence)

**Português:** significativo

**Simple English:** Showing a clear and important feeling or idea.

**Example:** *He looked at Gefasto in a meaningful way.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. He noticed that Mrs. Grose and he exchanged meaningful looks when the child was present. [Back to B1](#)

### mirrors *'mɪrərz* (1 occurrence)

**Português:** espelhos

**Simple English:** Glass that shows your reflection.

**Example:** *She knew she was pretty because she had mirrors and men to tell her.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. He was given a large, impressive room with a big bed and mirrors. [Back to B1](#)

### money *'mʌni* (2 occurrences)

**Português:** dinheiro

**Simple English:** a thing used to buy things

**Example:** *Mbonga received money from the witch-doctor's fees.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. She thought he was rich and spent a lot of money. [Back to B1](#)
2. She could not appeal or complain, but had to handle all questions herself and receive money from his lawyer. [Back to B1](#)

### narrator *'nærətər* (538 occurrences)

**Português:** narrador

**Simple English:** The person who tells a story.

**Example:** *The narrator was busy looking for strange things.*

**Forms in this book:** narrator, narrator's

**Uses in this book:**

1. The others were impatient, but Douglas's hesitation interested the narrator, who asked him to write for it and promised an early hearing. [Back to B1](#)

2. The narrator then asked if the experience was his own, and Douglas quickly said no. [Back to B1](#)

3. Douglas looked at the narrator and repeated that they would easily understand why the woman told him the story. [Back to B1](#)

4. The narrator looked back at Douglas and suggested that the woman had been in love. [Back to B1](#)

5. The narrator asked if the packet would arrive on Thursday morning. [Back to B1](#)

### **passenger** 'pæsɪndʒər (1 occurrence)

**Português:** passageiro

**Simple English:** A person who travels in a vehicle but is not driving it.

**Example:** *She felt like a passenger on a large ship.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. She realized it was a large, old, but practical house, and she felt like a passenger on a large ship, but she was in charge. [Back to B1](#)

### **photo** 'fou,tou (1 occurrence)

**Português:** foto

**Simple English:** a picture made with a camera

**Example:** *She hung a photo on the wall.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Later, Douglas opened an old photo album. [Back to B1](#)

### **polite** pə'laɪt (3 occurrences)

**Português:** educado

**Simple English:** showing good manners

**Example:** *She is always polite to strangers.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. A polite person met him at the door with a little girl. [Back to B1](#)

2. She thought they were polite to stay silent, and she felt ashamed that she might speak.

3. The narrator saw Miles as a unique, intelligent, and polite child, but also a mystery.

**practicing** 'præktɪsɪŋ (1 occurrence)

**Português:** praticando

**Simple English:** doing something again and again to get better

**Example:** *It is like practicing the piano.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Flora was supposed to be practicing writing in the schoolroom. [Back to B1](#)

**reacted** ri'æktɪd (1 occurrence)

**Português:** reagiu

**Simple English:** behaved in response to something

**Example:** *She reacted immediately to the loud noise.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. The lady reacted with surprise. [Back to B1](#)

**realized** 'riə,ləɪzd (28 occurrences)

**Português:** perceberam

**Simple English:** understood something clearly

**Example:** *They realized a monster was there.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. She realized it was a large, old, but practical house, and she felt like a passenger on a large ship, but she was in charge. [Back to B1](#)
2. The narrator realized she had made a mistake when telling her counselor something. [Back to B1](#)
3. The narrator realized there was no one else important, so she asked if the woman had seen anything strange about the boy. [Back to B1](#)
4. She realized that she had been learning lessons herself for weeks, lessons about being happy and not worrying about the future.
5. She was surprised, but then realized her first thought was wrong.

**refused** *rɪ'fjuzd* (2 occurrences)

**Português:** recusou

**Simple English:** To say no to do something.

**Example:** *The leader refused to help them.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Mrs. Grose confirmed they absolutely refused. [Back to B1](#)
2. She refused to be confused and looked at the candle flame, as if the question was not important.

**scary** *'skɛri* (1 occurrence)

**Português:** assustador

**Simple English:** Causing fear or fright.

**Example:** *A scary panther's cry came from the jungle.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. It was a scary story, fitting for Christmas Eve in an old house. [Back to B1](#)

**shame** *ʃeɪm* (2 occurrences)

**Português:** pena

**Simple English:** a feeling that something is wrong or sad

**Example:** *It is a shame they cannot come to the party.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. He said it was a shame, because that was the only way he understood things. [Back to B1](#)
2. He said this happily, which made the narrator feel sad about his possible return in three months, still showing off but with more shame.

**similar** *'sɪmɪlə* (2 occurrences)

**Português:** semelhante

**Simple English:** Almost the same but not exactly.

**Example:** *They looked very similar.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. This comment led Douglas to say he had a story about a similar event, but even more shocking. [Back to B1](#)

2. One evening, without any warning, the narrator felt a cold feeling, similar to the one felt on the first night.

**strong** *strɒŋ* (17 occurrences)

**Português:** forte

**Simple English:** Having a lot of power or emotion.

**Example:** *He felt a strong emotion.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. He felt a strong emotion, then moved away from the fire and sat back in his chair. [Back to B1](#)
2. The narrator became very eager to meet him, feeling a strong curiosity. [Back to B1](#)
3. The narrator felt a strong tenderness for him. [Back to B1](#)
4. She was filled with strong feelings of pity and admiration.
5. The narrator suddenly felt a strong sense of duty and courage.

**student** *'studənt* (1 occurrence)

**Português:** estudante

**Simple English:** a person who learns at school or university

**Example:** *She is a good student in the class.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. The narrator said she was not the only one and asked if her other student was returning soon. [Back to B1](#)

**talkative** *'tɔ:kətɪv* (1 occurrence)

**Português:** falante

**Simple English:** Someone who likes to talk a lot.

**Example:** *She is very talkative in class.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. However, they left him alone until after dinner, when he became very talkative. [Back to B1](#)

**unfortunate** *ʌn'fɔrtʃənɪt* (1 occurrence)

**Português:** infeliz

**Simple English:** Not lucky or causing sadness.

**Example:** *It was unfortunate that it rained on our trip.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. The children had a previous governess who had died, which was unfortunate. [Back to B1](#)

**unimportant** *ʌnɪm'pɔrtənt* (3 occurrences)

**Português:** sem importância

**Simple English:** Not important or not worth attention.

**Example:** *It was an unimportant mistake.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. His presence made everything else unimportant. [Back to B1](#)
2. However, her children made everything else seem unimportant.
3. She told Mrs. Grose that the children's beauty and presence made everything else seem unimportant.

**unsettled** *ʌn'setld* (1 occurrence)

**Português:** inquieto

**Simple English:** Feeling worried or not calm.

**Example:** *Anne was unsettled for a week after the news.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. The narrator had been unsettled by an event the evening before. [Back to B1](#)

**unsure** *ʌn'ʃʊə* (3 occurrences)

**Português:** incerto

**Simple English:** Not sure or confident about something

**Example:** *I was unsure about which road to take.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. The narrator remembered arriving at the house feeling unsure about his decision. [Back to B1](#)

2. I was surprised by my own courage but also worried because she seemed unsure.
3. Mrs. Grose seemed unsure about needing more time.

**using** *'ju:zɪŋ* (1 occurrence)

**Português:** usando

**Simple English:** Doing something with an object.

**Example:** *She is using a rope to climb.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. He felt sorry for the children and had sent them to his country house with good people to look after them, even using his own servants. [Back to B1](#)

**warned** *wɔ:nd* (2 occurrences)

**Português:** avisou

**Simple English:** told someone about possible danger or problems

**Example:** *He warned that if the Doctor made a fuss now, they might lose their jobs.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Someone warned that a little gentleman would take the person away. [Back to B1](#)
2. The governess warned Mrs. Grose that if she asked him for help, she would leave both of them.