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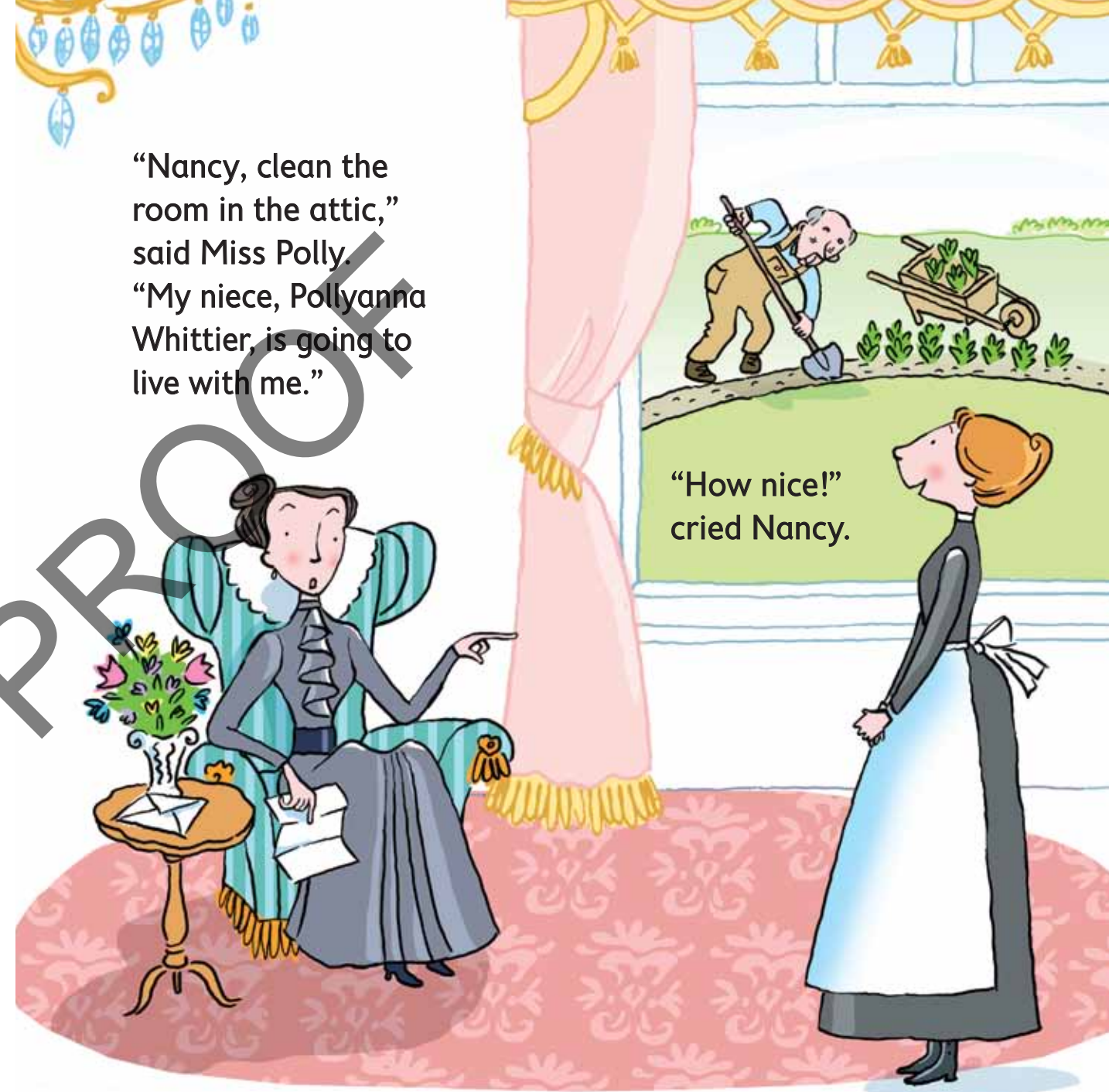
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“Nancy, clean the
room in the attic,”
said Miss Polly.
“My niece, Pollyanna
Whittier, is going to
live with me.”

“How nice!”
cried Nancy.



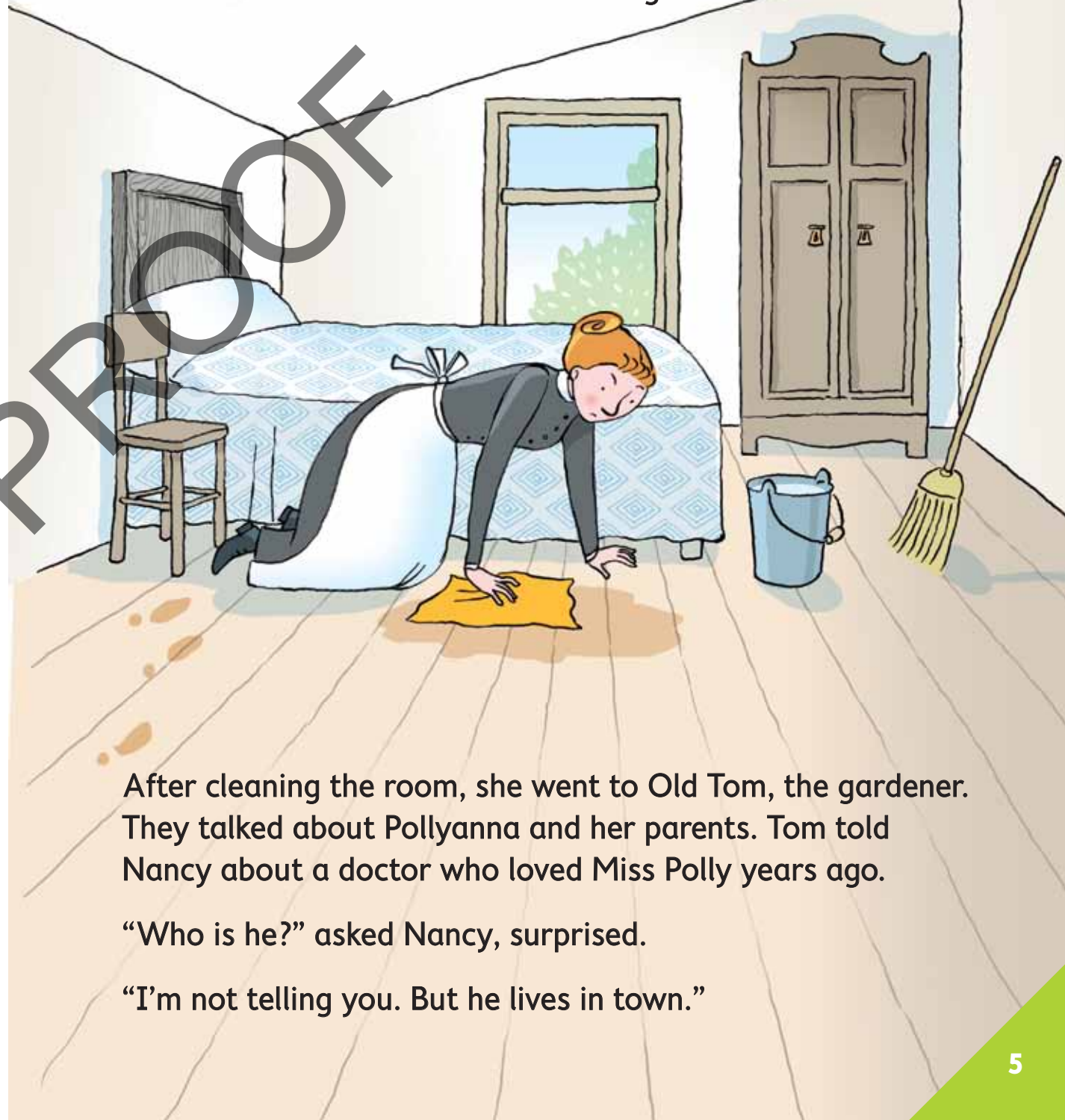
“Nice? I *must* bring her here,” said Miss Polly. “She’s eleven
years old and an orphan. Her mother, my sister, died years
ago. Her father died two weeks ago. I know my duty.”

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After Nancy went to the attic, Miss Polly thought about her sister, Jennie. Their parents wanted Jennie to marry a rich, older man. But she married a younger man, John Whittier, who had no money. Jennie and her husband left and went south. Jennie wrote a letter to her family after Pollyanna was born. The family never saw Jennie again.



Nancy was angry. "Miss Polly chose the smallest, hottest room for her niece!" she thought.



After cleaning the room, she went to Old Tom, the gardener. They talked about Pollyanna and her parents. Tom told Nancy about a doctor who loved Miss Polly years ago.

"Who is he?" asked Nancy, surprised.

"I'm not telling you. But he lives in town."



Nancy met Pollyanna at the train station.

“Are you Pollyanna?” asked Nancy.

“Yes, I am!” said Pollyanna. “I’m so glad, GLAD, GLAD that I’m here!”

Pollyanna talked all the way home. “I’m so glad that you’re my Aunt Polly!” she said at last.

“I’m not your aunt!” said Nancy.

“Is there ... an Aunt Polly?” asked Pollyanna.

“Yes, she’s waiting for you.”

Nancy took Pollyanna into the house.
Aunt Polly did not stand up.

“Hello, Pollyanna,”
said Miss Polly.



“Hello, Aunt Polly!”
Pollyanna ran and put her
arms round her aunt.

“Stand up straight. I want to
look at you,” said Aunt Polly.

“Father said ...”

“Please don’t talk to me
about your father,” Aunt Polly
said, coldly.

Miss Polly took Pollyanna upstairs.

“I can’t talk to Aunt Polly about Father,” thought Pollyanna. “I’m glad because she doesn’t want me to be sad about Father.”

“Here’s your room,” said Aunt Polly. She opened the door.

Pollyanna stopped smiling. She felt scared.

After Aunt Polly left, Pollyanna started to cry. Nancy ran upstairs and took Pollyanna in her arms.



“Don’t cry,” said Nancy. “Let’s put your clothes in the cupboard.”

“I don’t have many clothes,” said Pollyanna. She turned to the window.

“Oh, look at the trees and the river! Now I am *glad* that I have this room!”

“You’re nearly always glad,” said Nancy.

“That’s the game! The glad game!” said Pollyanna. “Father and I played it often.”