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1. **AGNES GREY I**

Recordo especialment una tempestuosa tarda de neu, el mes de gener, poc després de la meua tornada; la canalla havia pujat després de sopar i m'havien fet saber a crits que tenien intenció de ser "entremaliats" i prou que la van complir, la seva resolució, malgrat que em vaig quedar sense veu i amb tots els músculs de la gola adolorits mentre provava inútilment de fer-los entrar en raó. Vaig acorralar en Tom en un racó i li vaig dir que no en podria sortir fins que no acabés els deures que li pertocaven. Mentrestant, la Fanny s'havia apoderat de la meua bossa de costura, l'estava buidant i, a més, hi escopia dins. Li vaig dir que la deixés estar, però no va servir de res, es clar.

- Crema-la, Fanny! -Va exclamar en Tom i ella es va afanyar a complir l'ordre.

D'un salt, la vaig arrabassar del foc; aleshores, en Tom es va precipitar cap a la porta, tot exclamant: «Llença-li l'escrivania per la finestra, Mary Ann!» La meua estimada escrivania, on guardava les meves cartes i documents, els pocs diners que tenia i tot el que posseïa de valor, estava a punt de caure des de la finestra d'un tercer pis. Vaig córrer a salvar-la. Mentrestant, en Tom havia sortit de l'aula i fugia escales avall seguit de la Fanny. Un cop vaig haver salvat l'escrivania, els vaig anar a buscar però aleshores la Mary Ann també se'm va esquitllar. Tots tres se m'havien escapat i havien sortit al jardí, on s'enfonsaven en la neu, cridaven i xisclaven amb una alegria exultant.

(Anne Brontë. *Agnes Grey*. Trad. Maria-Dolors Ventós. Barcelona: Proa, 1994, p. 48-49.)

Versió original

I particularly remember one wild, snowy afternoon, soon after my return in January—the children had all come up from dinner, loudly declaring that they meant "to be naughty"; and they had well kept their resolution, though I had talked myself hoarse, and wearied every muscle in my throat, in the vain attempt to reason them out of it. I had got Tom pinned up in a corner, whence, I told him, he should not escape till he had done his appointed task. Meantime, Fanny had possessed herself of my work-bag, and was rifling its contents—and spitting into it besides. I told her to let it alone, but to no purpose, of course.

"Burn it, Fanny!" cried Tom: and *this* command she hastened to obey. I sprang to snatch it from the fire, and Tom darted to the door.

"Mary Ann, throw her desk out of the window!" cried he, and my precious desk, containing my letters and papers, my small amount of cash, and all my valuables, was about to be precipitated from the three-storey window. I flew to rescue it. Meanwhile Tom had left the room, and was rushing down the stairs, followed by Fanny. Having secured my desk, I ran to catch them, and Mary Ann came scampering after. All three escaped me, and ran out of the house into the garden, where they plunged about in the snow, shouting and screaming in exultant glee.

(Anne Brontë. *Agnes Grey*. Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2010 [1847], p. 34)

2. AGNES GREY II

“Però només n’hi ha un, de remei, per a tot, benvolguda senyoreta: la resignació” (moviment de cap), “la resignació la voluntat divina!” (elevació de mans i ulls). “Sempre m’ha donat forces en totes les meves penes i sempre me’n donarà” (seguit de cops de cap). “Però, és clar, no tothom ho pot dir, això” (sacsejada de cap); sóc una persona molt devota, senyoreta Grey!” (cops de cap molt transcendents). “Sempre ho he estat, gràcies a Déu” (un altre cop de cap), “i n’estic orgullosa!” (emfàtic recolliment de mans i sacsejada de cap).

(*Agnes Grey*. Català. p. 52)

Versió original

“But there's one remedy for all, my dear, and that's resignation,” (a toss of the head) “resignation to the will of Heaven!” (an uplifting of hands and eyes). “It has always supported me through all my trials, and always will do,” (a succession of nods.) “But then, it isn't everybody that can say that,” (a shake of the head), “but I'm one of the pious ones, Miss Grey!” (a very significant nod and toss). “And thank Heaven, I always was,” (another nod) “and I glory in it!” (an emphatic clasping of the hands and shaking of the head) [...]

(*Agnes Gray*. p. 36)

3. AGNES GREY III

“Ell pot fer amics i també formar una família, si vol i algun dia ho voldrà, sens dubte. Déu vulgui que la companya d’aquest home sigui digna de la seva elecció i que el faci ben feliç i que tingui la llar que es mereix! Què meravellós que seria... En fi, tant se val, el que vaig pensar aleshores.”

(*Agnes Grey*. Català. p. 139)

Versió original

“He can make friends; and he can make a home too, if he pleases; and, doubtless he will please sometime; and God grant the partner of that home may be worthy of his choice, and make it a happy one —such a home as he deserves to have! And how delightful it would be to—' But no matter what I thought

(*Agnes Gray*. p. 96)

4. AGNES GREY IV

“He defugit donar massa explicacions sobre les seves paraules perquè em fa l’efecte que no interessen tant el lector com a mi, no pas perquè les hagi oblidades. No: la recordo prou bé, perquè no vaig parar de rumiar-hi durant aquell dia i molts d’altres que el van seguir, no sé pas quants; recordava tots els matisos de la seva veu profunda i clara, el centelleig dels seus ulls foscos i la guspira massa fugaç del seu agradable somriure. Em fa por que aquesta confessió pugui semblar ridícula però tant me fa: ja l’he escrita i les persones que la llegiran no coneixeran l’escriptora.”

(*Agnes Grey*. Català. p. 151-152)

Versió original

“I have omitted to give a detail of his words, from a notion that they would not interest the reader as they did me, and not because I have forgotten them. No; I remember them well; for I thought them over and over again in the course of that day and many succeeding ones, I know not how often; and recalled every intonation of his deep, clear voice, every flash of his quick, brown eye, and every gleam of his pleasant, but too transient smile. Such a confession will look very absurd, I fear: but no matter: I have written it: and they that read it will not know the writer.”

(*Agnes Gray*. p. 105)

5. LA LLOGATERA DE WILDFELL HALL I

20 desembre 1826. – El cinquè aniversari de la meva boda i, hi confio, el darrer que passo sota aquest sostre. La meva resolució és ferma, el meu pla està traçat i ja parcialment executat. La meva consciència està tranquil·la, però, mentre el meu projecte madura, se m’haurà de permetre entretenir aquestes llargues vetllades d’hivern exposant el cas per a la meva pròpia satisfacció...

(Anne Brontë. *La llogatera de Wildfell Hall*. Trad. Joan Antoni Cerrato. Pollença: El Gall, 2013, p. 443)

Versió original

DECEMBER 20th, 1826—The fifth anniversary of my wedding day, and I trust, the last I shall spend under this roof. My resolution is formed, my plan concocted, and already partly put in execution. My conscience does not blame me, but while the purpose ripens, let me beguile a few of these long winter evenings in stating the case for my own satisfaction...

(Anne Brontë. *The Tenant of Wildfell Hall*. Vol. 1. New York: Harper & brothers, 1848, p. 286)

6. LA LLOGATERA DE WILDFELL HALL II

Al principi vaig provar de tenir-lo sempre amb mi o a la seva cambra, i donava a Rachel ordres precises perquè no el deixés mai baixar durant la sobretaula mentre hi fossin aquells “cavallers”, però fou inútil; aquestes ordres eren immediatament anul·lades i revocades pel seu pare: no volia permetre que el seu petit es tornés babau per estar sota el domini d’una vella mainadera i una mare maleïdament estúpida. Així, el petit baixava tots els vespres, malgrat el malhumor de la seva mamà, i aprenia a beure vi com el papà, a dir paraulotes com el senyor Hattersley, i a comportar-se com un home, i a enviar la mamà al diable quan ella provava d’impedir-li-ho. Veure aquell nen tan petit fent semblants coses amb aquella entremaliada ingenuïtat, sentir-les-hi a dir amb aquella vacil·lant veu infantil, era per a ells un estímul tan original i una diversió tan irresistible com indiciblement anguniós i descoratjador per a mi; i, quan feia riure per les butxaques tota la taula, els mirava a tots encantat i afegia la seva aguda rialla a les seves. Però si aquells alegres ulls blaus es posaven en mi, llur esclat s’esvania per un moment i hi deia amb certa preocupació...

(*La llogatera de Wildfell Hall*. p. 457-458)

Versió original

I first attempted to keep him always with me or in the nursery, and gave Rachel particular injunctions never to let him come down to dessert as long as these 'gentlemen' staid; but it was no use; these orders were immediately countermanded and overruled by his father : he was not going to have the little fellow moped to death between an old nurse and a cursed fool of a mother. So the little fellow came down every evening, in spite of his cross mamma, and learned to tipple wine like papa, to swear like Mr Hattersley, and to have his own way like a man, and sent mamma to the devil when she tried to prevent him. To see such things done with the roguish naïveté of that pretty little child, and hear such things spoken by that small infantile voice, was as peculiarly piquant and irresistibly droll to them as it was inexpressibly distressing and painful to me; and when he had set the table in a roar, he would look round delightedly upon them all, and add his shrill laugh to theirs. But if that beaming blue eye rested on me, its light would vanish for a moment, and he would say, in some concern...

(*The Tenant of Wildfell Hall*. p. 295-296)

7. LA SOCIETAT LITERÀRIA I DE PASTÍS DE PELA DE PATATA DE GUERNSEY

De la Isola per a la Juliet
19 de febrer de 1946

Benvolguda senyora Ashton,

ai, Senyor. Ha escrit un llibre sobre Anne Brontë, germana de Charlotte i Emily. L'Amelia Maugery diu que me'l deixarà, perquè sap que tinc debilitat per les germanes Brontë, pobres. Pensar que totes cinc van patir tuberculosi i que van morir tan joves! Quina tristesa.

El seu pare era un egoista, oi? No prestava cap mena d'atenció a les seves nenes — sempre assegut al seu estudi, cridant perquè li portessin la manta. Mai no s'aixecava per servir-se a si mateix, oi? Assegut sol a la seva cambra mentre les seves filles es morien com mosques.

I el seu germà, Branwell, no era gaire res, tampoc. Sempre bevent i vomitant a les estores. Sempre havien d'estar netejant darrere d'ell. Quina feina per a les senyores escriptores!

Sóc del parer que amb dos homes així a la família i cap manera de conèixer-ne d'altres, l'Emily devia inventar-se en Heathcliff del no-res! I quina bona feina que va fer. Els homes són més interessants en els llibres que no pas en la vida real. [...]

(Mary Ann Shaffer i Annie Barrows. *La Societat literària i de pastís de pela de patata de Guernsey*. Trad. De Marta Vilella Llamas. Badalona: Ara Llibres, 2009, p. 54-55)

Versió original

From Isola Pribby to Juliet
19th February 1946

Dear Miss Ashton,

You have Written a book about Anne Brontë, sister to Charlotte and Emily. Amelia Maugery says she will lend it to me, for she knows I have a fondness for the girls — poor lambs. To think all five of them had weak chests and died so Young! What a sadness.

Their Pa was a selfish thing, wasn't he? He paid his girls no mind at all—always sitting in his study, yelling for his shawl. He never rose up to wait on hisself, did he? Just sat alone in his room while his daughters died like flies.

And their brother, Branwell, he wasn't much either. Always drinking and sicking up on the carpets. They were forever having to clean up after him. Fine work for lady authoresses! It is my belief that with two such men in the household and no way to meet others, Emily had to make Heathcliff up out of thin air! And what a fine job she did. Men are more interesting in books than they are in real life.

(Mary Ann Shaffer & Annie Barrows. *The Guernsey Literary and Potato Peel Pie Society*. NY: Dial Press, 2008, p. 38)