

**АНГЛИЙСКИЙ В АДАПТАЦИИ:
ЧТЕНИЕ И АУДИРОВАНИЕ**

ДЖЕЙМС М. БАРРИ • JAMES M. BARRIE



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Книга предназначена для изучающих английский язык на начальном уровне.

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Джеймс Барри

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James M. Barrie



Peter and Wendy

CHAPTER 1

Peter Pan Comes

All children, except one, grow up. They soon know that they will grow up, and Wendy knew it too. One day when she was two years old she was playing in a garden, and she picked up a flower and ran with it to her mother. She looked very pretty, and Mrs. Darling put her hand to her heart and said:

‘Oh, why can’t you be like this forever!’

This was all she said on the subject, but since then Wendy knew that she must grow up. You always know after you are two. Two is the beginning of the end.

Wendy’s mother was a very beautiful woman. Mr. Darling married her this way: one day many gentlemen who were her childhood friends discovered that they loved her, and they all ran to her house to propose to her except Mr. Darling, who took a cab and came to her first, and so he got her.

Mr. Darling often said to Wendy: ‘Your mother does not just love me, she also respects me’. He was one of those clever persons who know all about stocks and shares. Of course no one really knows, but he quite seemed to know.

Wendy came first, then John and then Michael.



For a week or two after Wendy's birth, her parents were thinking over one important question: 'Can we keep her?' as she was another mouth to feed. Mr. Darling was proud of her, but he was very reasonable, and he sat on the edge of Mrs. Darling's bed, holding her hand and calculating expenses, and she looked at him. She wanted to keep her daughter, but he was not sure and asked her:

'Will we be able to feed the family?'

'Of course we will, George,' she cried. She loved the girl so much, but he wanted to make sure.

'Remember children's illnesses,' he said.

There was the same situation over John and Michael, but the parents decided to keep both of them, and soon you could see the three children going in a line to Miss Fulsom's Kindergarten school with their nurse.

Mrs. Darling loved to have everything in order, and Mr. Darling wanted to be exactly like his neighbours; so, of course, they had a nurse. As they were poor, this nurse was a Newfoundland dog, called Nana. At first she belonged to no one. She always loved children, and one day the Darlings met her in Kensington Gardens, where she spent most of her spare time looking after the babies. She hated careless nurses and followed them to their homes to complain about them. Nana proved to be a perfect nurse. She was very accurate at bath-time, and she was up at any moment of the night when any of the children had a bad dream. Of course her kennel was in the nursery. It was nice to see her escorting the children to the kindergarten, walking by their side when they behaved well, and slightly pushing them back into line when they strayed. She usually carried an umbrella in her mouth in case of rain. There is a room in the basement



of Miss Fulson's school where the nurses wait. They sat on forms, and Nana lay on the floor, but that was the only difference.

She was a perfect nurse, and Mr. Darling knew it, but he sometimes asked himself uneasily: "What do the neighbours say about our nurse?"

He had his position in the city and had to remember about it.

Nana also troubled him in another way. He had sometimes a feeling that she did not admire him.

'I know she admires you, George,' Mrs. Darling usually said, and asked the children to be especially nice to father.

Sometimes they danced together, and their servant Liza joined them. There never was a simpler, happier family until Peter Pan's coming.

Mrs. Darling first heard of Peter when she was tidying up her children's minds. It is the nightly custom of every good mother after her children are asleep to put things in order in their minds. You can find it very interesting to watch your own mother doing this. It is like tidying up drawers. When you wake in the morning, on the top of your mind you can find your good thoughts. All the bad ones are somewhere at the bottom, because you don't need them.

We don't often see maps of persons' minds. Can you imagine a map of a child's mind? There are zigzag lines on it, just like your temperature on a card, and these are probably roads in the island, because the Neverland is always more or less an island, with bright splashes of colour here and there, and coral reefs, savages and lonely places, and gnomes who are mostly tailors.

In the Neverland John lived in a boat turned upside down on the sands, Michael in a wigwam, Wendy in a house



of leaves. John had no friends, Michael had friends at night, Wendy had a pet wolf. To these magic shores children always come to play. We did, too; we can still hear the sound of the surf, but we will never land there again.

In her travels through her children's minds Mrs. Darling sometimes found things she could not understand. The strangest of them was the word *Peter*. She knew of no Peter, but he was here and there in her children's minds. The name stood out in bigger letters than any of the other words.

'He looks cocky, this Peter,' she thought.

'Yes, he is very cocky,' Wendy said, when Mrs. Darling asked her about Peter.

Her mother asked her:

'But who is he?'

'He is Peter Pan, you know, mother.'

At first Mrs. Darling did not know, but after thinking back into her childhood she remembered a Peter Pan who lived with the fairies. There were odd stories about him, the stories she didn't believe any more.

She said to Wendy:

'Oh yes, I believed in him when I was a little girl. But he must be grown up by this time.'

'Oh no, he isn't grown up,' Wendy said, 'and he is just my size.' She didn't know how she knew, she just knew it.

Mrs. Darling told the story to Mr. Darling, but he just smiled.

'Remember my words,' he said, 'This is some kind of nonsense Nana taught them. The dog could easily have such an idea. They'll forget it quite soon.'



But they didn't. And soon this boy gave Mrs. Darling quite a shock.

One morning Mrs. Darling found some leaves of a tree on the nursery floor. They certainly were not there when the children went to bed. Mrs. Darling couldn't understand it, and Wendy said with a smile:

'I think it is that Peter again!'

'What do you mean, Wendy?'

'It is so naughty of him not to wipe his feet,' Wendy said. She was a tidy child.

Mrs. Darling still couldn't understand it, and Wendy explained it all:

'Peter sometimes comes at nights, and sits on the foot of my bed, and plays on his pipes to me. It's a pity I never wake up to see it. But I know he does.'

'What are you talking about? No one can get into the house without knocking.'

'I think he comes in by the window,' Wendy said.

'My love, it is three floors up.'

'But the leaves were lying near the window, weren't they, mother?'

It was quite true; the leaves were lying near the window.

Mrs. Darling did not know what to think. It all seemed so natural to Wendy. She just couldn't say:

'It was only a dream, dear.'

'My child,' the mother cried instead, 'why did you not tell me of this before?'

'I forgot,' said Wendy. She was in a hurry to get her breakfast.

Oh, surely it was just a dream.



But there were the leaves. Mrs. Darling examined them very carefully; they were dry leaves, but she was sure they did not come from any tree that grew in England. She examined the room but didn't find anything.

Certainly it was just a dream.

But it wasn't a dream. The next evening proved it. It was the evening that became the beginning of the children's adventures.

On the night we speak of all the children were once more in bed. It was Nana's evening off, and Mrs. Darling bathed them and sung to them until they fell asleep.

Everything looked so comfortable and so quiet that Mrs. Darling smiled and sat sewing near the fireplace. By-and-by Mrs. Darling fell asleep. She even began to dream. She saw that the island of Neverland was quite near and the strange boy from this island was coming to their house. There was nothing to worry about, because his face seemed familiar to her. But in her dream he tore the film that hides the Neverland, and she saw Wendy and John and Michael peeping through the hole.

Maybe her dream doesn't matter. But while she was dreaming, the window of the nursery opened and a boy dropped on the floor. He was not alone: there was also a strange little light that was rapidly moving around the room. Mrs. Darling woke up and saw the boy, and somehow she knew at once that he was Peter Pan.

He was a lovely boy, dressed in dry leaves, but the most wondering thing about him was that he had all his first teeth.

He showed them angrily when he saw she was a grown up.



CHAPTER 2

The Shadow

Mrs. Darling screamed, and at that moment Nana came in. She growled and leapt at the boy. He rushed out of the window. Mrs. Darling screamed again, because she was afraid for the boy, and she ran down into the street to look for his little body, but it was not there. She looked up, and in the black night sky she could see only a shooting star.

She returned to the nursery, and found Nana with something in her mouth, which proved to be the boy's shadow. As he leapt at the window Nana shut it quickly, too late to catch him, but his shadow failed to get out.

You may be sure Mrs. Darling examined the shadow carefully, but it was quite an ordinary one.

Nana knew what to do with this shadow. She hung it out at the window, meaning:

'He will come back for it; let's put it where he can get it easily without disturbing the children.'

But Mrs. Darling could not let it stay there. The shadow looked like washing, and it looked quite out of place hanging there. She decided to roll the shadow up and put it away carefully in a drawer, until she had a chance to tell her husband about it.

The chance came a week later, on that terrible Friday. Of course it was a Friday.

'I had to be especially careful on Fridays', she often said afterwards to her husband. He sat beside her, and Nana sat on the other side and held her hand.



‘Oh no, no’, shook his head Mr. Darling. ‘It’s my fault. I, George Darling, did it all with my own hands’.

So they sat in the evenings, recalling that Friday, even the smallest details of it.

‘Why did I accept the invitation from neighbours of the house 27?’ said Mrs. Darling.

‘Why did I pour this stupid medicine in Nana’s bowl?’ said Mr. Darling.

‘Why did I show that I didn’t like that medicine?’ said the dog with her eyes full of tears.

‘Oh, it’s my love for garden parties, George!’

‘No, my dear, it’s all my stupid sense of humour.’

‘No, it’s my inability not to pay attention to trifles!’ And then one of them or all three at once started to cry.

But let’s return to that horrible evening.

It began exactly like a hundred other evenings. Nana filled the bath for Michael and put him on her back to carry the boy to the bathroom.

‘No, Nana, I won’t go to bed!’ Michael was shouting, like a person who still believed that the decision depended on him. ‘I won’t! It is still early! Nana, I won’t love you any more! I don’t want a bath!’

Then Mrs. Darling entered the room in her white evening dress. Wendy loved to see her mother in that evening dress. She was wearing a necklace and a bracelet. The bracelet belonged to Wendy. But Wendy gladly allowed her mother to wear it. She often did.

Mrs. Darling found her two older children playing at being their parents. It was Wendy’s birth, and John was saying:



‘I am happy to inform you, Mrs. Darling, that you are now a mother.’

And Wendy danced with joy. It was very like the real Mrs. Darling.

Then they had John’s birth, and then Michael came from his bath. He said:

‘And now it’s my birth.’

But John said:

‘I don’t think so. We don’t want any more children.’

Michael was so unhappy! ‘Nobody wants me,’ he said sadly. But the lady in the evening dress didn’t think so.

‘I do,’ she said, ‘I so want a third child.’

‘Boy or girl?’ asked Michael.

‘Boy.’

And Michael leapt to her and hugged her. After that Friday she would often recall it because it was his last hug.

And then Mr. Darling rushed in the room (‘like a tornado,’ as he usually described it later. And this description is quite correct.) Perhaps there was some excuse for him. He was dressing for the party, and everything was well but his tie. Sometimes he had no problems with it. But sometimes he just couldn’t tie it properly. And that evening he absolutely failed to tie it.

He rushed into the nursery, holding a tie.

‘What’s the matter, father?’

‘Here’s a tie. I can’t tie it!’

He was not sure Mrs. Darling understood the seriousness of the situation, and he continued:

‘I warn you of this, mother, I can’t go to the dinner party without a tie. It is a very important party, so after missing



it I can't go to the office again. So you and I and the children will starve.'

But even this speech failed to worry Mrs. Darling too much.

'Let me try, dear,' she said, and with her nice cool hands she tied the tie for him, while the children stood around looking at them.

The fact that she managed to do it so easily could upset another man. But not Mr. Darling. He was a good man. He thanked her and in another moment was dancing round the room with Michael on his back.

('And what a dance it was!' said Mrs. Darling afterwards.

'The last dance in our life,' said Mr. Darling.

'Oh, George, do you remember, Michael asked me: "Mother, how did we get acquainted?"'

'I remember!'

'They were so sweet, weren't they, George?'

'Yes, they were. And they were ours. Ours! And now we don't have them!')

That terrible evening they stopped their dance when Nana came in, and Mr. Darling ran into her, and fell down, and they had to brush his trousers. He was very unhappy.

'That's because our nurse is a dog,' he said.

'George, Nana is a treasure,' said Mrs. Darling.

'No doubt, but I have a feeling at times that she looks upon the children as puppies.'

'Oh no, dear, I am sure that she knows they have souls.'

'Maybe,' Mr. Darling said, 'maybe.'

It was an opportunity for telling him about the boy. At first he didn't believe the story, but then became thoughtful when she showed him the shadow.



‘It is nobody I know,’ he said, examining it carefully.

They were still discussing it when Nana came in with Michael’s medicine. She offered him a spoonful of it, but Michael didn’t want it.

Mr. Darling was a strong man, but he behaved rather foolishly about the medicine. Mr. Darling had a weakness. ‘I can take any medicine quite bravely,’ he thought. But he was wrong. So when Michael refused to take his medicine, Mr. Darling said:

‘Be a man, Michael.’

‘I don’t want it!’ Michael cried naughtily. Mrs. Darling left the room to get a chocolate for him. But Mr. Darling wanted to persuade him.

‘Michael’ he said, ‘when I was your age, I took medicine without crying. I said: “Thank you, dear parents, for giving me the medicine to make me well.”’

And he really believed it. Wendy believed it, too. And so she said to cheer Michael up:

‘That medicine you sometimes take, father, is much nastier, isn’t it?’

‘Much nastier,’ Mr. Darling said bravely, ‘I can take it now to give you a lesson of courage, Michael. Oh, no, I can’t. I lost the bottle.’

It was not really so. He hid it on the top of the wardrobe. But after Liza’s tidying up it was back on his wash-stand, and Wendy knew it.

‘I know where it is, father,’ Wendy cried. ‘I’ll bring it,’ and she was off before he could stop her. Mr. Darling immediately grew unhappy.

‘John,’ said he shivering, ‘It is so nasty!’