

**АНГЛИЙСКИЙ В АДАПТАЦИИ:
ЧТЕНИЕ И АУДИРОВАНИЕ**

ДЖЕЙН ОСТЕН • JANE AUSTEN

**ГОРДОСТЬ
И
ПРЕДУБЕЖДЕНИЕ**



**PRIDE
and
PREJUDICE**



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Книга предназначена для изучающих английский язык на продвинутом уровне.

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Jane Austen



**PRIDE
AND PREJUDICE**

CHAPTER 1

It is a truth universally acknowledged, that a single man in possession of a good fortune, must be in want of a wife.

If there is such a man in the neighbourhood, this truth is so well fixed in the minds of the surrounding families, that he is considered the rightful property of someone or other of their daughters.

"My dear Mr. Bennet," said his lady to him one day, "have you heard that Netherfield Park is let at last?"

Mr. Bennet replied that he had not.

"But it is," returned she; "for Mrs. Long has just been here, and she told me all about it."

Mr. Bennet made no answer.

"Do you not want to know who has taken it?" cried his wife impatiently.

"*You* want to tell me, and I have no objection to hearing it."

This was invitation enough.

"Why, my dear, you must know, Mrs. Long says that Netherfield is taken by a young man of large fortune from the north of England; that he came down on Monday to see the place, and was so much delighted with it, that he agreed with Mr. Morris immediately and that some of his servants are to be in the house by the end of next week."

"What is his name?"



“Bingley.”

“Is he married or single?”

“Oh! Single, my dear, to be sure! A single man of large fortune; four or five thousand a year. What a fine thing for our girls!”

“How so? How can it affect them?”

“My dear Mr. Bennet,” replied his wife, “how can you be so tiresome! You must know that I am thinking of his marrying one of them.”

“Is that his plan in settling here?”

“Plan! Nonsense, how can you talk so! But it is very likely that he *may* fall in love with one of them, and therefore you must visit him as soon as he comes.”

“I see no reason for that. You and the girls may go, or you may send them by themselves.”

“But, my dear, you must indeed go and see Mr. Bingley when he comes into the neighbourhood.”

“It is more than I engage for, I assure you.”

“But consider your daughters. Only think what it would be for one of them. Sir William and Lady Lucas are determined to go. Indeed you must go, for it will be impossible for *us* to visit him if you do not.”

“You are over-scrupulous, surely. I dare say Mr. Bingley will be very glad to see you; and I will send a few lines by you to assure him of my hearty consent to his marrying whichever he chooses of the girls; though I must throw in a good word for my little Lizzy.”

“I desire you will do no such thing. Lizzy is not a bit better than the others; and I am sure she is not half so handsome as Jane, nor half so good-humoured as Lydia. But you are always giving *her* the preference.”



“They are all silly and ignorant like other girls; but Lizzy has something more of quickness than her sisters.”

“Mr. Bennet, how *can* you abuse your own children in such a way? You take delight in vexing me. You have no compassion for my poor nerves.”

“You mistake me, my dear. I have a high respect for your nerves. They are my old friends. I have heard you mention them these last twenty years at least.”

“Ah, you do not know what I suffer.”

“But I hope you will get over it, and live to see twenty young men of four thousand a year come into the neighbourhood.”

“It will be no use to us, since you will not visit them.”

“Depend upon it, my dear, that when there are twenty, I will visit them all.”

Mr. Bennet was so odd a mixture of sarcastic humour, reserve, and caprice, that the experience of twenty-three years had been insufficient to make his wife understand his character. She was a woman of poor understanding, little information, and uncertain temper. The business of her life was to get her daughters married; its consolation was visiting and news.

CHAPTER 2

Mr. Bennet had always intended to visit Mr. Bingley, though to the last always assuring his wife that he should not go; and till the evening after the visit was paid she had no knowledge of it. Observing his second daughter employed in trimming a hat, he suddenly said:

“I hope Mr. Bingley will like it, Lizzy.”

“We are not in a way to know *what* Mr. Bingley likes,” said her mother resentfully, “since we are not to visit.”

“But you forget, mamma,” said Elizabeth, “that we shall meet him at the ball, and that Mrs. Long promised to introduce him.”

“I do not believe Mrs. Long will do any such thing. She has two nieces of her own. I don’t like her.”

“Nor I,” said Mr. Bennett.

Mrs. Bennet made no reply, but, unable to contain herself, began scolding one of her daughters.

“Don’t keep coughing so, Kitty, for Heaven’s sake! Have a little compassion on my nerves. You tear them to pieces.”

“I do not cough for my own amusement,” replied Kitty. “When is your next ball to be, Lizzy?”

“To-morrow fortnight.”

“Aye, so it is,” cried her mother, “and Mrs. Long does not come back till the day before; so it will be impossible for her to introduce him, for she will not know him herself.”

“Then, my dear, you may have the advantage of your friend, and introduce Mr. Bingley to *her*.”

“Impossible, Mr. Bennet, impossible, when I am not acquainted with him myself.”

“If you refuse, I will do it myself.”

The girls stared at their father. Mrs. Bennet said only, “Nonsense, nonsense!”

“Let us return to Mr. Bingley,” continued Mr. Bennet.

“I am sick of Mr. Bingley,” cried his wife.

“I am sorry to hear *that*; but why did not you tell me that before? If I had known it this morning I certainly would not have called on him. It is very unlucky; but as I have actually paid the visit, we cannot escape the acquaintance now.”



The astonishment of the ladies was just what he wished. When the first tumult of joy was over, Mrs. Bennet began to declare that it was what she had expected all the while.

“How good it was in you, my dear Mr. Bennet! But I knew I should persuade you at last. I was sure you loved your girls too much to neglect such an acquaintance. Well, how pleased I am! and it is such a good joke, too, that you should have gone this morning and never said a word about it till now.”

“Now, Kitty, you may cough as much as you choose,” said Mr. Bennet; and he left the room, tired of his wife.

“What an excellent father you have, girls!” said she, when the door was shut. “At our time of life it is not so pleasant, I can tell you, to be making new acquaintances every day; but for your sakes, we would do anything. Lydia, my love, though you *are* the youngest, I dare say Mr. Bingley will dance with you at the next ball.”

“Oh!” said Lydia, “I am not afraid; for though I *am* the youngest, I’m the tallest.”

The rest of the evening was spent in discussing how soon he would return Mr. Bennet’s visit, and determining when they should ask him to dinner.

CHAPTER 3

Not all that Mrs. Bennet with the assistance of her five daughters could ask on the subject, was sufficient to draw from her husband any satisfactory description of Mr. Bingley. They attacked him in various ways, but he eluded the skill of them all, and they were at last obliged to accept the second-hand intelligence of their neighbour, Lady Lucas. Her report was highly favourable. He was quite young, wonderfully



handsome and extremely agreeable, and he meant to be at the next ball with a large party. Nothing could be more delightful!

“If I can but see one of my daughters happily settled at Netherfield,” said Mrs. Bennet to her husband, “and all the others equally well married, I shall have nothing to wish for.”

In a few days Mr. Bingley returned Mr. Bennet’s visit, and sat about ten minutes with him in his library. He had entertained hopes of being admitted to a sight of the young ladies, of whose beauty he had heard much; but he saw only the father. The ladies were more fortunate, for they had the advantage of seeing from an upper window that he wore a blue coat, and rode a black horse.

An invitation to dinner was soon afterwards sent; and Mrs. Bennet had already planned the courses when an answer arrived which ruined it all. Mr. Bingley was obliged to be in town the following day, and, consequently, unable to accept the honour of their invitation, etc. Mrs. Bennet was quite disappointed. She could not imagine what business he could have in town so soon after his arrival in Hertfordshire; and she began to fear that he might never settle at Netherfield. But a report soon followed that Mr. Bingley was to bring twelve ladies and seven gentlemen with him to the ball. And when the party entered the assembly room it consisted of only five altogether — Mr. Bingley, his two sisters, the husband of the eldest, and another young man.

Mr. Bingley was good-looking and gentlemanlike; he had a pleasant appearance, and easy, unaffected manners. His sisters were fine women, with an air of decided fashion. His brother-in-law, Mr. Hurst, merely looked the gentleman; but his friend Mr. Darcy soon drew the attention of the room by his fine, tall person, handsome features, noble face, and ten thousand a



year. The gentlemen said he was a fine figure of a man, the ladies declared he was much handsomer than Mr. Bingley, and he was looked at with great admiration for about half the evening, till his manners gave a disgust for he was discovered to be proud and not even his large estate in Derbyshire could then save him from having a most forbidding, disagreeable countenance, and being unworthy to be compared with his friend.

Mr. Bingley had soon made himself acquainted with all the principal people in the room; he was lively and unreserved, danced every dance, was angry that the ball closed so early, and talked of giving one himself at Netherfield. Such amiable qualities must speak for themselves. What a contrast between him and his friend! Mr. Darcy danced only once with Mrs. Hurst and once with Miss Bingley, declined being introduced to any other lady, and spent the rest of the evening in walking about the room, speaking occasionally to one of his own party. His character was decided. He was the proudest, most disagreeable man in the world, and everybody hoped that he would never come there again. Amongst the most violent against him was Mrs. Bennet.

Elizabeth Bennet had been obliged to sit down for two dances; and during part of that time, Mr. Darcy had been standing near enough for her to hear a conversation between him and Mr. Bingley, who came from the dance for a few minutes, to press his friend to join it.

“Come, Darcy,” said he, “I must have you dance. I hate to see you standing about by yourself in this stupid manner.”

“I certainly shall not. You know how I detest it, unless I am particularly acquainted with my partner. Your sisters are engaged, and there is not another woman in the room



whom it would not be a punishment to me to stand up with."

"I would not be so sure as you are," cried Mr. Bingley, "Upon my honour, I never met with so many pleasant girls in my life as I have this evening; and there are several of them you see uncommonly pretty."

"*You* are dancing with the only handsome girl in the room," said Mr. Darcy, looking at the eldest Miss Bennet.

"Oh! She is the most beautiful creature I ever saw! But there is one of her sisters sitting down just behind you, who is very pretty, and I dare say very agreeable. Do let me ask my partner to introduce you."

"Which do you mean?" and turning round he looked for a moment at Elizabeth, till catching her eye, he withdrew his own and coldly said: "She is tolerable, but not handsome enough to tempt *me*. You had better return to your partner and enjoy her smiles, for you are wasting your time with me."

Mr. Bingley followed his advice. Mr. Darcy walked off; and Elizabeth remained with no very cordial feelings toward him. She told the story, however, with great spirit among her friends; for she had a lively, playful disposition, which delighted in anything ridiculous.

The evening altogether passed off pleasantly to the whole family. Mrs. Bennet had seen her eldest daughter much admired by the Netherfield party. Mr. Bingley had danced with her twice, and she had been distinguished by his sisters. Jane was as much pleased with this as her mother could be, though in a quieter way. Elizabeth felt Jane's pleasure. The whole family returned in good spirits to Longbourn, the village where they lived. They found Mr. Bennet still up. With a book he was regardless of time; and he had a good deal of curiosity as to the events of an evening. He had rather hoped



that his wife's views on the stranger would be disappointed; but he soon found out that he had a different story to hear.

"Oh! my dear Mr. Bennet," as she entered the room, "we have had a most delightful evening, a most excellent ball. I wish you had been there. Jane was so admired, nothing could be like it. Everybody said how well she looked; and Mr. Bingley thought her quite beautiful, and danced with her twice! Only think of *that*, she was the only creature in the room that he asked a second time. He seemed quite struck with Jane as she was going down the dance. So he inquired who she was, and got introduced, and asked her for the two next. I am quite delighted with him. He is so handsome! And his sisters are charming women. I never in my life saw anything more elegant than their dresses."

Here she was interrupted. Mr. Bennet protested against any description of dresses. She was obliged to seek another subject, and related, with much bitterness of spirit and some exaggeration, the shocking rudeness of Mr. Darcy.

"But I can assure you," she added, "that Lizzy does not lose much by not suiting *his* fancy; for he is a most disagreeable, horrid man. So high and so conceited that there was no enduring him! He walked here, and he walked there, fancying himself so very great! I quite detest the man."

CHAPTER 4

When Jane and Elizabeth were alone, the former expressed to her sister just how very much she admired Mr. Bingley.

"He is just what a young man ought to be," said she, "sensible, good-humoured, lively; and I never saw such manners! — so much ease, with such perfect good breeding!"



“He is also handsome,” replied Elizabeth, “which a young man ought likewise to be, if he possibly can. His character is thereby complete.”

“I was very much flattered by his asking me to dance a second time. I did not expect such a compliment.”

“Did not you? I did for you. But that is one great difference between us. Compliments always take *you* by surprise, and *me* never. He could not help seeing that you were about five times as pretty as every other woman in the room. Well, he certainly is very agreeable, and I give you leave to like him. You have liked many stupider persons.”

“Dear Lizzy!”

“Oh! you are a great deal too apt, you know, to like people in general. You never see a fault in anybody. All the world are good and agreeable in your eyes. I never heard you speak ill of a human being in your life.”

“I would not wish to be hasty in censuring anyone; but I always speak what I think.”

“I know you do; and it is *that* which surprises me. With *your* good sense, to be so blind to the follies and nonsense of others! You take the good of everybody’s character and make it still better, and say nothing of the bad. And so you like this man’s sisters, too, do you? Their manners are not equal to his.”

“Certainly not — at first. But they are very pleasing women when you speak with them. Miss Bingley is to live with her brother, and keep his house; and I think we shall find a very charming neighbour in her.”

Elizabeth listened in silence, but was not convinced; with her quickness of observation she was very little disposed to approve them. They were in fact very fine ladies; in good humour when they were pleased, agreeable when



they chose it, but proud and conceited. They were rather handsome, had been educated in one of the first private schools in town, had a fortune of twenty thousand pounds. They were in the habit of spending more than they ought, and of associating with people of rank, thinking well of themselves (they were of a respectable family in the north of England), and meanly of others.

Mr. Bingley inherited property of nearly a hundred thousand pounds from his father, who had intended to purchase an estate, but did not live to do it. It was doubtful to many of those who knew the easiness of Mr. Bingley's temper, whether he might not spend the remainder of his days at Netherfield, and leave the next generation to purchase.

His sisters were anxious for his having an estate of his own. But Mr. Bingley was now established as a tenant; he was pleased with the situation and the principal rooms, satisfied with what the owner said, and took Netherfield immediately.

Between him and Darcy there was a very steady friendship, in spite of great difference of character. Bingley was dear to Darcy by the easiness and openness, which offered a great contrast to his own temper, though with his own he never appeared dissatisfied. On the strength of Darcy's regard, Bingley had the firmest reliance, and of his judgement the highest opinion. In understanding, Darcy was the superior. Bingley was by no means deficient, but Darcy was clever. He was at the same time haughty and reserved, and his manners were not inviting. Bingley was liked wherever he appeared, Darcy was continually giving offense.

The manner in which they spoke of the ball was characteristic. Bingley had never met with more pleasant people