

**АНГЛИЙСКИЙ В АДАПТАЦИИ:
ЧТЕНИЕ И АУДИРОВАНИЕ**

КЕННЕТ ГРЭМ • KENNETH GRAHAME

ВЕТЕР В ИВАХ



**THE WIND
IN THE
WILLOWS**



**МОСКВА
2018**

УДК 811.111(075.4)
ББК 81.2Англ-93
Г91

Адаптация, составление словаря, упражнений *М. Поповец*

Иллюстрация на обложке *В. Остапенко*

Дизайн обложки *Ю. Щербакова*

Грэм, Кеннет.

Г91 Ветер в ивах = The Wind in the Willows. 1-й уровень / Кеннет Грэм. — Москва : Эксмо, 2018. — 128 с. + CD. — (Английский в адаптации: чтение и аудирование).

ISBN 978-5-699-95640-1

У реки, где ветер шумит в камышах, а солнце разбрасывает по воде блики, живут забавные звери. Их жизнь то течет неспешно, как сонный ручеек, то бурлит, как горный поток. У этих зверей вполне человеческие проблемы, и рассказ о них очаровывает, удивляет и веселит. Теперь прочитать об их приключениях могут и те, кто только начинает изучать английский.

Серия «Английский в адаптации: чтение и аудирование» — это тексты для начинающих, продолжающих и продвинутых. Теперь каждый изучающий английский может выбрать свой уровень и своих авторов и совершенствовать свой английский с лучшими произведениями англоязычной литературы. Читая и слушая текст на диске, а также выполняя упражнения на чтение, аудирование и новую лексику, читатели качественно улучшат свой английский. Английскую речь станет легче воспринимать на слух, а работа с текстами станет эффективнее. Аудиозапись начитана носителями языка.

Книга предназначена для изучающих английский язык на начальном уровне.

УДК 811.111(075.4)

ББК 81.2Англ-93

© Поповец М. А., адаптация,
упражнения и словарь, 2017
© ООО «Издательство «Эксмо»,
2018

ISBN 978-5-699-95640-1

CONTENTS

Kenneth Grahame THE WIND IN THE WILLOWS

Chapter I. THE RIVER BANK	5
Chapter II. THE OPEN ROAD.....	12
Chapter III. THE WILD WOOD	19
Chapter IV. MR. BADGER.....	25
Chapter V. SWEET HOME.....	33
Chapter VI. MR. TOAD.....	42
Chapter VII. THE PIPER AT THE GATES OF DAWN.....	50
Chapter VIII. TOAD'S ADVENTURES.....	55
Chapter IX. WAYFARERS ALL.....	62
Chapter X. THE FURTHER ADVENTURES OF TOAD.....	69
Chapter XI. 'LIKE SUMMER TEMPESTS CAME HIS TEARS'	79
Chapter XII. THE RETURN OF ULYSSES.....	91
Activities	100
Key	110
English-Russian Vocabulary	112

Kenneth Grahame



**The Wind
in the Willows**

CHAPTER I

The River Bank

The Mole was working very hard all the morning, spring-cleaning his little home. First he dusted it, then he washed it, and finally he whitewashed it. Spring was in the air above and in the earth below and around him, coming even into his dark little house. He suddenly dropped his brush on the floor, and jumped out of the house. Something up above was calling him, and he made for the little tunnel which led to the sun and air. So he scraped and scratched and scratched and scraped, working busily with his little paws and saying to himself, 'Up we go! Up we go!' till at last his nose came out into the sunlight, and he was rolling in the warm grass of a great meadow.

'This is fine!' he said to himself. 'This is better than whitewashing!' The sunshine was hot on his fur, soft breezes caressed his head, and he heard the song of happy birds. Jumping on all his four legs at once, in the joy of living and the delight of spring, he ran across the meadow till he reached the hedge far off.

'Hold up!' said an elderly rabbit. 'Sixpence for passing by the private road!' The impatient Mole ran along the hedge

and joked to the other rabbits as they looked from their holes.

It all seemed too good to be true. He saw everywhere birds building, flowers growing, leaves coming out — everything happy, and busy. And instead of thinking about whitewashing he could only feel how merry he was. After all, the best part of a holiday is perhaps not so much to have rest, as to see all the others busy working.

Suddenly he stopped at a river. He never saw a river before — this shiny, wavy stream, running and laughing, fresh and free. The Mole loved it at once. He walked by the side of the river; when tired at last, he sat down on the bank, while the river still chattered on to him.

As he sat on the grass and looked across the river, he saw a dark hole in the bank opposite. He thought, 'What a nice living-place it is, far from noise and dust!' As he looked, something bright and small appeared there like a little star. Then he decided it was an eye; and a small face began to grow up round it.

A brown little face.

A serious round face.

Small ears and thick silky hair.

It was the Water Rat!

Then the two animals stood and looked at each other.

'Hullo, Mole!' said the Water Rat.

'Hullo, Rat!' said the Mole.

'Would you like to come over?' asked the Rat.

'Oh, it's all very well to TALK,' said the Mole, because he was new to a river and riverside life.

The Rat said nothing, but pulled at a rope and then stepped into a little boat. It was blue outside and white in-

side, and was just the size for two animals. The Mole loved it at once.

The Rat rowed smartly and fast. Then he held up his paw as the Mole stepped down. And to his surprise the Mole found himself in the stern of a real boat.

‘This is a wonderful day!’ said he, as the Rat started to row again. ‘Do you know, it’s my first time in a boat in all my life.’

‘What?’ cried the Rat, with his mouth open: ‘You never — well I can’t believe it!’

‘Is it so nice as all that?’ asked the Mole shyly, as he looked at the cushions, the oars, and all the fascinating things.

‘Nice?’ said the Water Rat. ‘Believe me, my young friend, there is NOTHING — absolutely nothing — better than travelling about in boats.’ He went on dreamily: ‘Travelling — about — in — boat—’

‘Look ahead, Rat!’ cried the Mole suddenly.

It was too late. The boat struck the bank. The dreamer lay on his back at the bottom of the boat, his feet in the air.

‘—about in boats — or WITH boats,’ the Rat went on peacefully, and stood up with a pleasant laugh. ‘In or out of them, it doesn’t matter. Nothing really matters, that’s the charm of it. You’re always busy, and you never do anything in particular. Let’s have a boat-trip together?’

The Mole was happy. ‘WHAT a day I’m having!’ he said. ‘Let’s start at once!’

‘Just a minute, then!’ said the Rat. He climbed up into his hole above, and after a short interval reappeared with a big basket.

‘Put that under your feet,’ he said to the Mole. Then he took the oars again.

‘What’s inside it?’ asked the Mole.

‘There’s cold chicken inside it,’ replied the Rat; ‘cold tongue, cold ham, cold beef, cucumbers, salad, French rolls, sandwiches, lemonade, soda water—’

‘O stop, stop,’ cried the Mole: ‘This is too much!’

‘Do you really think so?’ asked the Rat seriously. ‘It’s only what I always take on these little excursions!’

The Mole didn’t hear a word. He was entering the new life, fascinated with the sparkle, the scents and the sounds and the sunlight. He put a paw in the water and dreamed. The Water Rat didn’t disturb him.

‘I like your clothes, friend,’ he said after half an hour or so. ‘I’m going to get a black velvet suit myself someday.’

‘I beg your pardon,’ said the Mole. ‘But all this is so new to me. So — this — is — a — River!’

‘THE River,’ corrected the Rat.

‘And you really live by the river? What a happy life!’

‘By it and with it and on it and in it,’ said the Rat. ‘It’s brother and sister to me, and aunts, and company, and food and drink, and (naturally) washing. It’s my world, and I don’t want any other. In winter or summer, spring or autumn, it’s always got its fun and its excitements. When in February the brown water runs by my best bedroom window; or again when it all goes away and there is mud that smells like plum-cake, and I can find fresh food to eat, and things that people throw out of boats!’

‘What is over THERE?’ asked the Mole, showing with a paw towards woodland that was on one side of the river.

‘O, that’s just the Wild Wood,’ said the Rat. ‘We don’t go there very much, we river-bankers.’

‘Aren’t they — aren’t they very NICE people in there?’ said the Mole nervously.

‘Well,’ answered the Rat, ‘let me see. The squirrels are all right. AND the rabbits — some of them. Weasels — and stoats — and foxes — and so on. They’re all right in a way — but well, you can’t really trust them, and that’s the fact.’

‘And what’s behind the Wild Wood?’ the Mole asked.

‘Behind the Wild Wood comes the Wide World,’ said the Rat. ‘And that’s something that doesn’t matter. I never was there, and I’m never going. Here’s our backwater at last, where we’re going to lunch.’

They now passed into what looked like a little lake. It was so very beautiful that the Mole could only hold up both paws and say, ‘O my! O my! O my!’

The Rat brought the boat to the bank, helped the Mole to the shore, and took out the lunch-basket. The Mole wanted to unpack it all by himself; and the Rat happily agreed, and rested on the grass, while his excited friend shook out the table-cloth and took out all the mysterious packets one by one. When all was ready, the Mole was very glad, because he was very hungry. ‘What are you looking at?’ said the Rat, when the Mole’s eyes could leave the table-cloth a little.

‘I am looking,’ said the Mole, ‘at bubbles travelling along the water. That is funny.’

‘Bubbles? Oho!’ said the Rat.

A broad shiny face showed itself above the bank, and the Otter rose out and shook the water from his coat.

‘Why didn’t you invite me, Ratty?’ he asked.

‘We didn’t plan the trip, it just happened,’ explained the Rat. ‘By the way — my friend Mr. Mole.’

‘Glad,’ said the Otter, and the two animals became friends.

‘Such a crowd everywhere!’ continued the Otter. ‘All the world is out on the river today. I came up this backwater to get a moment’s peace.’

‘Well, tell us, WHO’S out on the river?’ said the Rat.

‘Toad’s out,’ replied the Otter. ‘In his new boat!’

The two animals looked at each other and laughed.

‘Once, it was nothing but sailing,’ said the Rat, ‘Then he grew tired of that. Last year it was house-boating, and we all stayed with him in his house-boat. He was going to spend all his life in a house-boat. It’s all the same, whatever he takes up; he gets tired of it, and starts on something new.’

‘Such a good fellow,’ remarked the Otter. ‘But no stability!’

From where they sat they saw a boat, the rower — a short, fat figure — rowing badly and rolling much, but working hard. The Rat stood up and called him, but Toad — for it was he — shook his head and continued his work.

‘He’ll be out of the boat in a minute, it’s rolling too much,’ said the Rat, sitting down again.

‘Of course he will,’ smiled the Otter.

‘Well, well,’ said the Rat, ‘I think it’s time to go. Who will pack the lunch-basket?’

‘O, please let me,’ said the Mole. So, of course, the Rat let him.

Packing the basket was not quite such pleasant work as unpacking the basket. It never is. The afternoon sun was getting low as the Rat rowed home, saying poetry-things to himself, and not paying much attention to Mole. But the Mole was very full of lunch, and pride, and already quite at

home in a boat (so he thought), and then he said, 'Ratty! Please, *I* want to row, now!'

The Rat shook his head with a smile. 'Not yet, my young friend,' he said, 'you need some lessons. It's not as easy as it looks.'

The Mole was quiet for a minute or two. But then he jumped up and took the oars, so suddenly, that the Rat fell backwards off his seat with his legs in the air for the second time, while the happy Mole took his place.

'Stop it, you SILLY!' cried the Rat, from the bottom of the boat. 'You can't do it! You'll turn us over!'

The Mole made a great dig at the water. He missed, his legs flew up above his head, and he found himself lying on the top of the Rat. He caught the side of the boat, and the next moment the boat went over, and he was in the river.

O my, how cold the water was, and O, how VERY wet! How it sang in his ears as he went down, down, down! Then a strong paw caught him by the back of his neck. It was the Rat, and he was laughing.

The Rat took the helpless animal to shore, and set him down on the bank.

Then the Rat said, 'Now, my fellow! Run up and down the path till you're warm and dry again, and I dive for the basket.'

So the Mole, wet and ashamed, ran about till he was dry, while the Rat caught the boat and got to land with the basket.

When all was ready, the Mole took his seat in the stern of the boat; he said in a low voice, 'Ratty, my dear friend! I am very sorry for my foolish conduct. Will you forgive me?'

‘That’s all right!’ answered the Rat. ‘What’s a little wet to a Water Rat? I’m more in the water than out of it most days. Don’t think any more about it; and, look here! You can come and stay with me for a little time. And I’ll teach you to row, and to swim.’

The Mole was happy again.

When they got home, the Rat made a bright fire in the room and got the Mole a dressing-gown and slippers, and told him river stories till supper-time. Supper was a cheerful meal; but very shortly afterwards a terribly sleepy Mole went to the best bedroom.

This day was only the first of many similar ones for the Mole, each of them longer and full of interest. He learnt to swim and to row, and came into the joy of running water.

CHAPTER II

The Open Road

‘**R**atty,’ said the Mole suddenly, one bright summer morning, ‘will you do something for me?’ The Rat was sitting on the river bank, singing a little song.

‘What I wanted to ask you,’ said the Mole, ‘won’t you take me to call on Mr. Toad? I heard so much about him, and I really want to meet him.’

‘Why, certainly,’ said the Rat, jumping to his feet. ‘Get the boat out, and we’ll go there at once. It’s never the wrong

time to call on Toad. He's always glad to see you, always sorry when you go!

'He must be a very nice animal,' said the Mole, as he got into the boat and took the oars, while the Rat sat comfortably in the stern.

'He is indeed the best of animals,' replied Rat. 'So simple, so kind. Perhaps he's not very clever — but he has got some great qualities.'

They came to a beautiful old house, with nice green lawns.

'There's Toad Hall,' said the Rat; 'and that small river on the left leads to his boat-house, where we'll leave the boat. That's the banqueting-hall you're looking at now — very old, that is. Toad is rich, and this is really one of the nicest houses in these parts.'

In the large boat-house they saw many beautiful boats, but none in the water.

The Rat looked around him. 'I understand,' said he. 'He's tired of boating. I wonder what new hobby he has now? Come along and we will hear all about it.'

They found the Toad, who was resting in a garden-chair, with a large map on his knees.

'Hooray!' he cried, jumping up when he saw them, 'this is wonderful!' He shook the paws of both of them warmly. 'How KIND of you!' he went on, dancing round them. 'I was just going to send a boat down the river for you, Ratty. I want you badly — both of you. Now what will you take? Come inside and have something!'

'Let's sit a little, Toady!' said the Rat, while the Mole spoke about Toad's 'wonderful residence.'