

ЛЕГКО ЧИТАЕМ ПО-АНГЛИЙСКИ

Джеймс Мэтью Барри
ПИТЕР ПЕН

James Matthew Barrie
PETER PAN

*Адаптация текста,
упражнения,
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С. А. Матвеева*

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Chapter 1

PETER BREAKS THROUGH¹

All children, except one, grow up. They soon know that they will grow up. Wendy knew this, too. One day when she was two years old she was playing in a garden, and she plucked a flower and ran with it to her mother. Mrs. Darling cried, "Oh, why can't you remain like this forever!" But Wendy knew that she must grow up.

There were three children in the family: Wendy, John, and Michael. The Darlings were poor, and the nurse for the children was a dog, called Nana. She was an excellent nurse. Of course her kennel was in the nursery. The nursery was wide and airy, with a large window, and a bright fire with a high fire-guard round it, and a big clock, and nursery-rhyme pictures over the walls. **There never was a**

¹ Peter breaks through — Питер врывается

happier family¹ until the coming of Peter Pan.

Mrs. Darling first heard of Peter when she was putting her children to bed. **She knew of no Peter**², and yet he was here and there in John and Michael and Wendy's minds. Children often talked about the **island of Neverland**³ and Peter Pan who lived there.

Mrs. Darling remembered Peter Pan who lived with the fairies, they said. There were odd stories about him. She believed in him when she was a girl, but now that she was married **she doubted whether there was any such person**⁴.

"Besides," she said to Wendy, "he is adult now."

"Oh no, he isn't grown up," Wendy assured her confidently, "and he is just my size." She meant that he was her size in both mind and body; she didn't know how she knew, she just knew it.

Mrs. Darling consulted Mr. Darling, but he just smiled. "It is some nonsense," he said.

On the night on which our story begins, Nana was dozing peacefully by the fireside, with her head between her paws. All the children were in bed.

Nana got up, and stretched herself, and carefully switched on the electric light. **She man-**

¹ **There never was a happier family** — Не было семьи счастливей

² **she knew of no Peter** — она не знала никакого Питера

³ **island of Neverland** — остров Небывалый

⁴ **she doubted whether there was any such person** — она сомневалась в существовании такого человека

aged to do that¹ with her mouth. Then she turned the bed-clothes neatly down and hung the little pyjamas over the fire-guard. She then trotted up to the bathroom and turned on the water. Nana was an excellent nurse!

Mrs. Darling was sewing by the fireplace. It was something for Michael's birthday. The fire was warm, her head nodded.

While she slept she had a dream. She dreamt that the Neverland had come too near and that a strange boy came from it.

While Mrs. Darling was dreaming, she heard a wee noise outside the window, as a tiny figure, no bigger than a little boy, tried the window-latch. The window of the nursery blew open, and the boy dropped on the floor. He was accompanied by a strange light. She opened her eyes, and saw the boy, and she knew at once that he was Peter Pan. He was a lovely boy, **clad in skeleton leaves**². When he saw she was a grown-up, he gnashed his white teeth at her.

Chapter 2

THE SHADOW

Mrs. Darling screamed, and, **as if**³ in answer to a bell, the door opened, and Nana entered.

¹ **She managed to do that** — Ей удавалось это делать

² **clad in skeleton leaves** — одетый в высохшие листья

³ **as if** — как будто

She growled and sprang at the boy, who leapt through the window. Again Mrs. Darling screamed, and she ran down into the street to look for his little body, but it was not there; and she looked up, and in the black night she could see a **shooting star**¹.

She returned to the nursery, and found Nana with something in her mouth. It was the boy's shadow. As he leapt at the window Nana closed it quickly, too late to catch him, but his shadow had no time to get out.

Mrs. Darling examined the shadow carefully. She folded it and put it away. Mrs. Darling decided to show it to Mr. Darling.

Something strange happened a week later, on Friday.

"I won't go to bed," shouted Michael, "I won't, I won't. Nana, it isn't six o'clock yet. Oh dear, oh dear, I shan't love you any more, Nana. I tell you, I won't, I won't!"

Then Mrs. Darling came in, wearing her white evening-gown. She was wearing Wendy's bracelet on her arm; Wendy loved to lend her bracelet to her mother.

John and Wendy were playing at their favourite **game of being Father and Mother**². Then Mr. Darling appeared. Mr. Darling was very much excited because he could not fasten his evening tie (evening ties are difficult things to

¹ **shooting star** — падающая звезда

² **game of being Father and Mother** — игра в папу и маму

fasten, you know). Mrs. Darling easily managed that for him. She decided to tell him about the boy. At first he smiled, but he became thoughtful when she showed him the shadow.

"It is nobody I know," he said, examining it carefully, "but it does look a scoundrel."

"We were still discussing it, you remember," says Mr. Darling, "when Nana came in with Michael's medicine. You will never carry the bottle in your mouth again, Nana, and it is all my fault."

Unfortunately, in going to the bathroom, Nana accidentally brushed against Mr. Darling's beautifully pressed black trousers, and left some of her grey clinging hairs upon them. Now no grown-up person likes hairy trousers, so Mr. Darling was very rude with Nana.

Mrs. Darling told her husband how glad she was to have such a treasure as Nana for a nurse. "You see how very useful Nana is," concluded Mrs. Darling, as the faithful dog came in with Michael's bottle of cough mixture. But Michael refused to take his medicine. "Won't; won't!" Michael cried naughtily. Mrs. Darling left the room to get a chocolate for him.

"Michael, when I was your age," said Mr. Darling, "I took medicine without a murmur. I said, 'Thank you, kind parents, for giving me bottles to make me well¹.'"

He really thought this was true, and Wendy believed it also, and she said, to encourage

¹ to make me well — чтобы я выздоровел

Michael, "That medicine you sometimes take, father, is much nastier, isn't it?"

"**Ever so much nastier**¹," Mr. Darling said bravely, "and I am ready to take it now as an example to you, Michael, but I lost the bottle."

He did not exactly lose it; he climbed in the night to the top of the wardrobe and hid it there. What he did not know was that the faithful Liza found it, and put it back on his table.

"I know where it is, father," Wendy cried. "I'll bring it!"

"Very well," said Mr. Darling, "we shall see who is the braver."

Wendy returned with the medicine in a glass.

"You were wonderfully quick," her father said. "Michael first," he added doggedly.

"Father first," said Michael, who was very suspicious.

"Come on, father," said John.

"**Hold your tongue**², John."

Wendy was quite puzzled. "I thought you took it quite easily, father."

"**That is not the point**³," he retorted. "The point is, that there is more in my glass than in Michael's spoon. And it isn't fair."

"Father, I am waiting," said Michael coldly.

"It's all very well to say you are waiting; so am I waiting."

¹ **Ever so much nastier** — Гораздо противнее

² **Hold your tongue.** — Попридержи язык.

³ **That is not the point.** — Дело не в этом.

“Father’s a **cowardly custard**¹.”

“So are you a cowardly custard.”

“I’m not frightened.”

“Neither am I frightened.”

“Well, then, take it.”

“Well, then, you take it.”

Wendy had a splendid idea. “Why not both take it at the same time?”

“Certainly,” said Mr. Darling. “Are you ready, Michael?”

“One, two, three,” cried Wendy; Michael took his medicine like a man, but Mr. Darling only pretended to, and quietly hid the glass behind his back.

John cried, “Father didn’t take his!”

“O father!” Wendy exclaimed.

“What do you mean by ‘O father’?” Mr. Darling demanded. “I wanted to take my medicine, but I — I did not have enough time.”

“Look here, all of you,” he said, **as soon as**² Nana went into the bathroom. “I have a splendid joke. I shall pour my medicine into Nana’s bowl, and she will drink it, thinking it is milk!”

It was the colour of milk; but the children did not have their father’s sense of humour, and they looked at him reproachfully as he poured the medicine into Nana’s bowl. Mrs. Darling and Nana returned.

“Nana, good dog,” he said, “I put some milk into your bowl, Nana.”

¹ **cowardly custard** — жалкий трус

² **as soon as** — как только

Nana wagged her tail, ran to the medicine, and began to lap it. Then she gave Mrs. Darling such a look, not an angry look: she showed him the great red tear, and crept into her kennel.

The children, who loved their old nurse very dearly, were terribly distressed. Mr. Darling smelt the bowl. "O George," she said, "it's your medicine!"

"It was only a joke," he answered, and Wendy hugged Nana.

"Oh, that dog..." cried Mr. Darling. "I refuse to allow that dog to rule in my nursery! The proper place for this dog is the yard..."

Mr. Darling, angry that they did not enjoy his joke, coaxed Nana out of her kennel, seized her by the collar and dragged her off in disgrace. The children wept, but he felt he was a strong man again.

"George, George," Mrs. Darling whispered, "remember what I told you about that boy."

But he wanted to show who was the master in that house. He was ashamed of himself, but he took Nana and brought the dog outdoor.

Mrs. Darling put the children to bed in silence and lit their night-lights. Nana was barking, and John whimpered, "It is because he is chaining her up in the yard," but Wendy was wiser.

"No," she said, "that is her bark when she smells danger."

Danger!

"Are you sure, Wendy?"

"Oh, yes."

Mrs. Darling went to the window. It was securely fastened. She looked out, the stars were crowding round the house.

Michael asked, "Can anything harm us, mother, after the night-lights are lit?"

"Nothing, precious," she said; "they are the eyes a mother leaves behind her to guard her children."

Michael flung his arms round her. "Mother," he cried, "I'm glad of you¹."

They were the last words she heard from him.

She comforted the children, kissed them very tenderly as mothers always do, sang them to sleep and crept softly out of the room to go to the dinner-party with Mr. Darling. When they were going to the party, all the stars were watching them. When the door of the house closed, the smallest of all the stars in the **Milky Way**² screamed out:

"Now, Peter!"³

Chapter 3

COME AWAY, COME AWAY!⁴

The night-lights by the beds of the three children continued to burn clearly. But there was

¹ I'm glad of you. — Я так тебе рад.

² Milky Way — Млечный Путь

³ Now, Peter! — Питер, давай!

⁴ Come away, come away! — Улетим, улетим!

another light in the room now, a thousand times brighter than the night-lights. It was not really a light; it was a fairy, no longer than your hand. It was a girl called **Tinker Bell**¹. **The window was blown open**², and Peter dropped in. "Tinker Bell," he called softly, "Tink, where are you?" She was in a jug.

"Oh, come out of that jug, and tell me, do you know where they put my shadow?"

Tink said that the shadow was in the big box. In a moment Peter recovered his shadow, and in his delight he forgot that he shut Tinker Bell up in the drawer.

Peter found his shadow certainly, but the next trouble was to put it on again.

A happy thought came to him; it is necessary to use the soap from the bathroom! He soaped his shadow, but the shadow and his body did not stick together. He was trying and trying to stick the shadow, but no luck. Poor little boy sat on the floor, and began to cry.

His sobs woke Wendy, and she sat up in bed. She saw a stranger crying on the nursery floor; she was interested.

"Boy," she said courteously, "why are you crying?"

Peter could be polite also, and he rose and bowed to her beautifully. She was much pleased, and bowed beautifully to him from the bed.

"What's your name?" he asked.

¹ **Tinker Bell** — Динь-динь

² **The window was blown open** — Окно распахнулось

“Wendy Moira Angela Darling¹,” she replied.
“What is your name?”

“Peter Pan.”

“Is that all?”

“Yes,” he said rather sharply. He felt for the first time that it was a very short name.

“I’m so sorry,” said Wendy Moira Angela.

“It doesn’t matter,” Peter gulped.

“Where do you live?”

“**Second turning to the right, and straight on till morning².**”

This seemed to Wendy a very funny address, but she was all sympathy when she heard that Peter had no mother. No wonder he was crying!

“Why were you crying?”

“I was crying because **I can’t get my shadow to stick on³**. Besides, I wasn’t crying.”

Then Wendy saw the shadow on the floor. She smiled, and she emphatically declared that soap was no good.

“I shall sew it on for you” she said, and she got out her sewing bag, and sewed the shadow on to Peter’s foot.

It was the right thing to do, for the shadow held on beautifully, and Peter was so delighted that he began to dance.

¹ Wendy Moira Angela Darling — Вэнди Мойра Анджела Дарлинг

² Second turning to the right, and straight on till morning. — Второй поворот направо, а потом прямо до самого утра.

³ I can’t get my shadow to stick on. — Я никак не могу прилепить свою тень.