

ЛЕГКО ЧИТАЕМ ПО-АНГЛИЙСКИ

Роберт Льюис Стивенсон  
**ОСТРОВ СОКРОВИЩ**

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**TREASURE ISLAND**

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## PART ONE

# The Old Pirate

## 1. The Old Sea-dog at the Admiral Benbow<sup>1</sup>

I remember him. He was a tall, strong and heavy man. He came to the inn door. When my father appeared, the man called roughly for a glass of wine.

“I’ll stay here for a bit,” he said. “I’m a plain man. All I need is rum, bacon and eggs.

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<sup>1</sup> **the Admiral Benbow** — трактир «Адмирал Бенбоу» (Джон Бенбоу — адмирал английского флота, живший в конце XVII века. Адмирал Бенбоу стал национальным героем в Англии. Ему было посвящено несколько поэм и других произведений)

Call me captain.” He threw down three or four gold pieces.

He seemed like a skipper. He was a very silent man. All day he stood upon the sea cliffs with a brass telescope. All evening he sat in the corner and drank rum and water. Mostly he did not speak. Every day after his walk, he asked me, “Did you see any seamen on the road?” He even promised me a silver **fourpenny**<sup>1</sup> if I ever see one and tell him.

How many times I saw him in my nightmares! On stormy nights, I saw him in all forms and with all expressions possible.

He often sang his old and scary sea-songs. His stories about storms were dreadful and frightened people. But I really believe his presence was good for us. Many young men admired him and called him a ‘**true sea-dog**’<sup>2</sup>.

He was staying for weeks but didn’t pay us anymore. The great sea chest was always closed.

He was angry only once. One afternoon **Dr. Livesey**<sup>3</sup> came to see my father when he was ill. The captain was drunk. He was sitting

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<sup>1</sup> **fourpenny** — монетка в 4 пенни

<sup>2</sup> **true sea-dog** — настоящий морской волк

<sup>3</sup> **Dr. Livesey** — доктор Ливси

with his arms crossed. Suddenly he began to sing a song:

“Fifteen men on the dead man’s chest —  
Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!  
Drink and the devil had done for the rest —  
Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!”<sup>1</sup>”

The doctor was talking to the gardener. The captain shouted, “**Silence, there, between decks!**”<sup>2</sup>”

“Were you addressing me, sir?” asked the doctor.

“Yes,” answered the captain.

“I have only one thing to say to you,” continued the doctor, “if you keep drinking rum, you’ll die.”

The captain was furious. He sprang to his feet with a sailor’s knife in his hand.

The doctor didn’t move.

“If you do not put that knife in your pocket, you’ll die on the gallows,” he said.

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<sup>1</sup> Пятнадцать человек на сундук мертвеца.  
Йо-хо-хо, и бутылка рому!  
Пей, и дьявол тебя доведёт до конца,  
Йо-хо-хо, и бутылка рому!

<sup>2</sup> **Silence, there, between decks!** — Эй, там, на палубе, молчать!

The captain put the knife in his pocket. Then he went back to his seat, like a beaten dog.

“Remember, sir,” continued the doctor, “I’m not a doctor only, I’m a magistrate.”

Soon after, the doctor left. The captain was silent that evening and for many evenings after.

## 2. Black Dog Appears and Disappears

It happened one January morning. The captain rose earlier than usual. He went to the beach with a brass telescope.

My mother was upstairs with father. I was laying the breakfast-table. Suddenly the door opened and a man came in. He was pale and thin and had only three fingers on his left hand.

“Come here, son,” he said. “Come closer. Is this table here for my friend Bill?”

I said I didn’t know his friend Bill and that the table was for the captain.

“Well,” he said, “it’s my friend Bill. Let’s hide behind the door and surprise him.”

He put me behind him in the corner. We began to wait for the captain. At last, he arrived and went across the room.

“Bill,” said the stranger.

The captain turned round. He looked frightened.

“Come, Bill, you know me; you know an old friend,” said the stranger.

“Black Dog!” said the captain.

“And who else! Black dog is here to see his old friend Billy, the Admiral Benbow Inn. We’ll sit down and talk like old friends.”

When I returned with the rum, they were already sitting. Black Dog asked me to go out and leave the door open. I left them there and returned to the bar.

For a long time I certainly **did my best to listen**<sup>1</sup>. But I could hear nothing. Then I heard the sound of knives and a cry of pain. The next moment I saw Black Dog. He was injured. He was running very fast. The captain ran after him and threw his knife at Black Dog. Then Black Dog disappeared.

“Jim,” said the captain, “rum”. “Rum,” he repeated. “I must get away from here. Rum! Rum!”

I ran out. When I came back, the captain was lying on the floor.

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<sup>1</sup> **did my best to listen** — из всех сил старался услышать

He was breathing very loudly, his eyes were closed, and his face was pale.

I had no idea what to do to help the captain. Suddenly the door opened and Dr. Livesey came in, on his visit to my father.

“Oh, doctor,” we cried, “what shall we do? Where is the wound?”

“Wound?” said the doctor. “There is no wound. He is just drunk.”

We laid the captain on his bed.

### 3. The Black Spot<sup>1</sup>

“Jim,” said the captain next morning, “did that doctor say how long to lie here in this old bed?”

“A week at least,” I said.

“A week!” he cried. “I can’t do that; they will send me the black spot! Jim, did you see that seaman today?”

“Black Dog?” I asked.

“Ah! Black Dog,” he said. “He’s a bad guy; but his friends are even worse. They want my old sea chest. I was Old Flint’s best friend and I’m the only one who knows the place.

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<sup>1</sup> **The Black Spot** – Чёрная метка

If I get the black spot, get on a horse, and go to that doctor."

"But what is the black spot, captain?" I asked.

"That's a sign. But be careful!"

My poor father died quite suddenly that evening. Our grief and the visits of the neighbours kept me very busy.

About three o'clock in the afternoon, I was standing at the door. I was full of sad thoughts about my father. Then I saw someone near the road. He was blind.

"What part of this country it is?" asked the man.

"You are at the Admiral Benbow," I said.

"I hear a voice," said he, "a young voice. Will you give me your hand, my young friend?"

I gave him my hand. He took it.

"Now, boy," he said, "take me in to the captain, and cry out 'Here's a friend for you, Bill.' If you don't, I'll do this." And he pulled my hand with such force that I nearly fainted.

I was so terrified of the blind beggar that I forgot my terror of the captain.

When I opened the inn door, I cried out the words he ordered.

The poor captain raised his eyes. He made a movement to rise.



“Now, Bill, sit where you are,” said the beggar. “Give me your left hand.”

The blind man gave something to the captain. Then he went out of the inn.

The captain opened his palm. “Ten o’clock!” he cried. “Six hours.”

He jumped to his feet. Then he made a strange sound and fell down on the floor. The captain was dead.

#### 4. The Sea Chest

I told my mother all that I knew. “We’ll open that chest,” she said. “I want to have my money.” On the floor close to the captain’s hand, there was a little piece of paper. This was the black spot — a small round black piece of paper. There was a short message: **“You have till ten tonight.”**<sup>1</sup>

The news was good, for it was only six. “Now, Jim,” she said, “that key.”

I looked for the key in his pockets. Small coins, some thread and big needles, a pocket compass. I began to despair.

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<sup>1</sup> **You have till ten tonight.** — Даём тебе срок до десяти вечера.

“Perhaps it’s round his neck,” suggested my mother.

Yes, it was there.

“Give me the key,” said my mother; and then she opened the chest.

We saw a quadrant, two pistols, a piece of silver, an old Spanish watch, a pair of compasses. There were many coins, too.

“I’m an honest woman,” said my mother. “I’ll have my money, and not a **farthing**<sup>1</sup> over.” And she began to count. It was a long, difficult business, for the coins were of all countries and sizes.

Suddenly I heard a sound in the silent air. It was the noise of the blind man’s stick upon the road. It came nearer and nearer. Then it struck on the inn door.

“Mother,” I said, “take everything and let’s go away.”

“I’ll take what I have,” she said and jumped to her feet.

“Then I’ll take his papers,” I said.

Next moment we were running downstairs. The next we opened the door and ran to the village. The moon shone clear on us.

“My dear,” said my mother suddenly, “take the money and run on. I am too weak.”

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<sup>1</sup> **farthing** — английская монета в  $\frac{1}{4}$  пенни

This was certainly the end for both of us, I thought. I helped her walk further. We were near the little bridge when my mother fell on my shoulder. I hid under the bridge and tried to hide her body.

## 5. The Last of the Blind Man

My curiosity was stronger than my fear, and I could not stay where I was and hid behind a bush. Then I saw three men. They were running together. In the middle of this trio was the blind beggar.

**“Down with the door!”** he cried. **“In, in, in!”**<sup>2</sup>

They came in. There was a pause, then a cry of surprise. Then a voice shouting from the house, “Bill’s dead.”

The blind man cursed them for their delay. “Search him,” he cried.

Promptly afterwards, fresh sounds of amazement arose.

**“Pew<sup>3</sup>,”** cried somebody, “The chest is open! Someone was here before us.”

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<sup>1</sup> **Down with the door!** — Ломайте дверь!

<sup>2</sup> **In, in, in!** — В дом! В дом! В дом!

<sup>3</sup> **Pew** — ПЬЮ

“It’s these people of the inn — it’s that boy!” cried the blind man, Pew. “Find them!”

Suddenly the pirates heard a whistle. Almost at the same time, a pistol-shot came from the hedge side. That was the signal of danger. The men turned at once and ran in every direction. The blind one cried, “Johnny, Black Dog, Dirk, you won’t leave old Pew!”

Just then, four or five riders came in sight. Pew ran straight under the nearest of the horses. The rider tried to save him but couldn’t. The blind man was dead.

The riders were officers. I greeted them. We brought my mother to the village and went back to the ‘Admiral Benbow’. Inside, everything was ruined.

“Did they look for the money?” asked one of the officers.

“No, sir; not money, I think,” I replied. “In fact, sir, I have the thing in my breast pocket.”

“I’ll take it, if you like,” he said.

“I thought perhaps Dr. Livesey —” I began.

“Perfectly right,” he interrupted, “perfectly right — a gentleman and a magistrate.” I thanked him heartily for the help.