

ЛЕГКО ЧИТАЕМ ПО-АНГЛИЙСКИ

Роберт Луис Стивенсон

ОСТРОВ СОКРОВИЩ

R. L. Stevenson

TREASURE ISLAND

*Адаптация текста, упражнения,
комментарии и словарь С. А. Матвеева*



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Текст произведения сокращен и адаптирован для уровня 2 (для продолжающих учить английский язык), а также снабжен комментариями.

В конце книги даны упражнения и словарь.

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PART ONE

The Old Pirate

1. The Old Sea-dog at the Admiral Benbow¹

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

"I'll stay here a bit," said he, "I'm a plain man; rum and bacon and eggs is what I want. You may call me captain." He threw down three or four gold pieces.

¹ **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)

He seemed like a skipper. He was a very silent man. All day he hung round the cove or upon the cliffs with a brass telescope; all evening he sat in a corner and drank rum and water. Mostly he did not speak. Every day when he came back from his walk, he asked if any seamen went by along the road. He took me aside one day and promised me a silver fourpenny¹ every month if I only 'keep my eye open'² for a seaman with one leg' and let him know the moment he appeared.

How that personage haunted my dreams! On stormy nights I saw him in a thousand forms, and with a thousand diabolical expressions.

Sometimes the captain was sitting and singing his wicked, old, wild sea-songs. His stories frightened people worst of all. Dreadful stories about storms at sea, and wild places. But I really believe his presence did us good³. There were young men who admired him, calling him a 'true sea-dog'.

He was staying week after week but didn't pay us any more. The great sea-chest was always closed.

¹ **fourpenny** — монетка в 4 пенни

² **keep my eye open** — буду смотреть в оба глаза, не пропущу

³ **did us good** — шло нам на пользу

He was angry only once. That was when Dr. Livesey¹ came one afternoon to see my father when he was ill. The captain was sitting, very drunk, with his arms on the table. Suddenly he began to sing his eternal 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!”²

The doctor was talking to the gardener. In the meantime, the captain flapped his hand upon the table before him and shouted, “Silence, there, between decks!”³

“Were you addressing me, sir?” asked the doctor. When the captain said him ‘yes’, the doctor continued, “I have only one thing to say to you, sir, that if you keep on drinking⁴ rum, you’ll die.”

The captain’s fury was awful. He sprang to his feet, drew and opened a sailor’s knife.

¹ **Dr. Livesey** — доктор Ливси

² Пятнадцать человек на сундук мертвеца.

Йо-хо-хо, и бутылка рому!

Пей, и дьявол тебя доведёт до конца,

Йо-хо-хо, и бутылка рому!

³ **Silence, there, between decks!** — Эй, там, на палубе, молчать!

⁴ **keep on drinking** — продолжите пить

The doctor didn't move. He spoke to him, "If you do not put that knife in your pocket, I promise, upon my honour¹, you'll hang²."

The captain put up his weapon, and 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, Dr. Livesey rode away, but the captain was silent that evening and for many evenings after.

2. Black Dog Appears and Disappears

It was one January morning, very early. The captain rose earlier than usual and went to the beach, with a brass telescope under his arm.

My mother was upstairs with father and I was laying the breakfast-table when the door opened and a man came in. He was a pale thin man, wanting two fingers of the left hand³.

¹ upon my honour — клянусь честью

² you'll hang — вы будете болтаться на виселице

³ wanting two fingers of the left hand — на левой руке не хватало двух пальцев

"Come here, son," says he. "Come nearer here. Is this here table for my friend Bill?" he asked.

I told him I did not know his friend Bill, and this was for a person who stayed in our house whom we called the captain.

"Well," said he, "it's my friend Bill. Let's get behind the door, and we'll give Bill a little surprise."

So the stranger put me behind him in the corner so that we were both hidden by the open door. We began to wait for the captain. At last he arrived and marched across the room to where his breakfast awaited him.

"Bill," said the stranger.

The captain turned round. He had the look of a man who saw a ghost, or something worse.

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

"Black Dog!" said the captain.

"And who else! Black Dog has come to see his old friend Billy, at 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 together and returned to the bar.

For a long time I certainly did my best to listen¹, but I could hear nothing. Then I heard the sound of knives and a cry of pain. The next instant 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,” says 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. He was breathing very loudly, his eyes were closed, his face was pale.

We 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 he wounded?”

“Wounded?” said the doctor. “No more wounded than you or I. He is drunk.”

We laid the captain on his bed.

¹ **did my best to listen** — из всех сил старался услышать

3. The Black Spot¹

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

“A week at least,” said I.

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

“Black Dog?” I asked.

“Ah! Black Dog,” said he. “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. 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 distress, the visits of the neighbours, kept me very busy.

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

¹ **The Black Spot** — Чёрная метка

"Will anybody inform a poor blind man, what part of this country it is?"

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

"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 gave me such a pull 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. But 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," said she. "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; and there was a short message: "You have till ten tonight¹."

The news was good, for it was only six.

"Now, Jim," she said, "that key."

I felt in his pockets. Small coins, a thimble, and some thread and big needles, a pocket compass. I began to despair.

"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 farthing² over." And she began to count. It was a long,

¹ **You have till ten tonight** — Даём тебе срок до десяти вечера.

² **farthing** — английская монета в 1/4 пенни

difficult business, for the coins were of all countries and sizes.

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

"Mother," said I, "take the whole and let's go away."

"I'll take what I have," she said, jumping to her feet.

"And I'll take his papers," I said.

Next moment we were running downstairs; and the next we opened the door. The moon shone clear on. "My dear," said my mother suddenly, "take the money and run on."

This was certainly the end for both of us, I thought. We were near the little bridge. We went down the bridge, where my mother fell on my shoulder.

5. The Last of the Blind Man

My curiosity was stronger than my fear, for I could not remain where I was. I saw three men, they were running together. In the middle of this trio was the blind beggar.

“Down with the door!¹” he cried. “In, in, in!²”

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

But the blind man cursed them again for their delay.

“Search him,” he cried.

Promptly afterwards, fresh sounds of astonishment arose.

“Pew³,” cried somebody, “someone has been before us. Someone has opened the chest!”

“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, for the men turned at once and ran, separating 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.

¹ **Down with the door!** — Ломайте дверь!

² **In, in, in!** — В дом! В дом! В дом!

³ **Pew** — Пью