

Something was moving in the bushes. A great dark shadow hopped out into the moonlight. The beast moved like a kangaroo. It was of great size and power. When I saw its shape, I thought it was an iguanodon, but I soon saw that it was a very different creature. Instead of the gentle, deer-shaped head of the great three-toed leaf-eater, this beast had a broad toad-like face. It looked like the monster that had frightened us in our camp. It was a meat-eating dinosaur, the most terrible beast, which had ever walked this earth. From time to time the huge monster brought its nose to the ground. It was smelling out me.



Beginner

Elementary

Для начинающих

Pre-Intermediate

Для продолжающих  
первого уровня

Intermediate

Для продолжающих  
второго уровня

Upper Intermediate

Для продолжающих  
третьего уровня

Advanced

Для совершенствующихся



АЙРИС ПРЕСС

ЗАТЕРЯННЫЙ МИР • РАССКАЗЫ О ШЕРЛОКЕ ХОЛМСЕ • THE LOST WORLD • THE STORIES ABOUT SHERLOCK HOLMES

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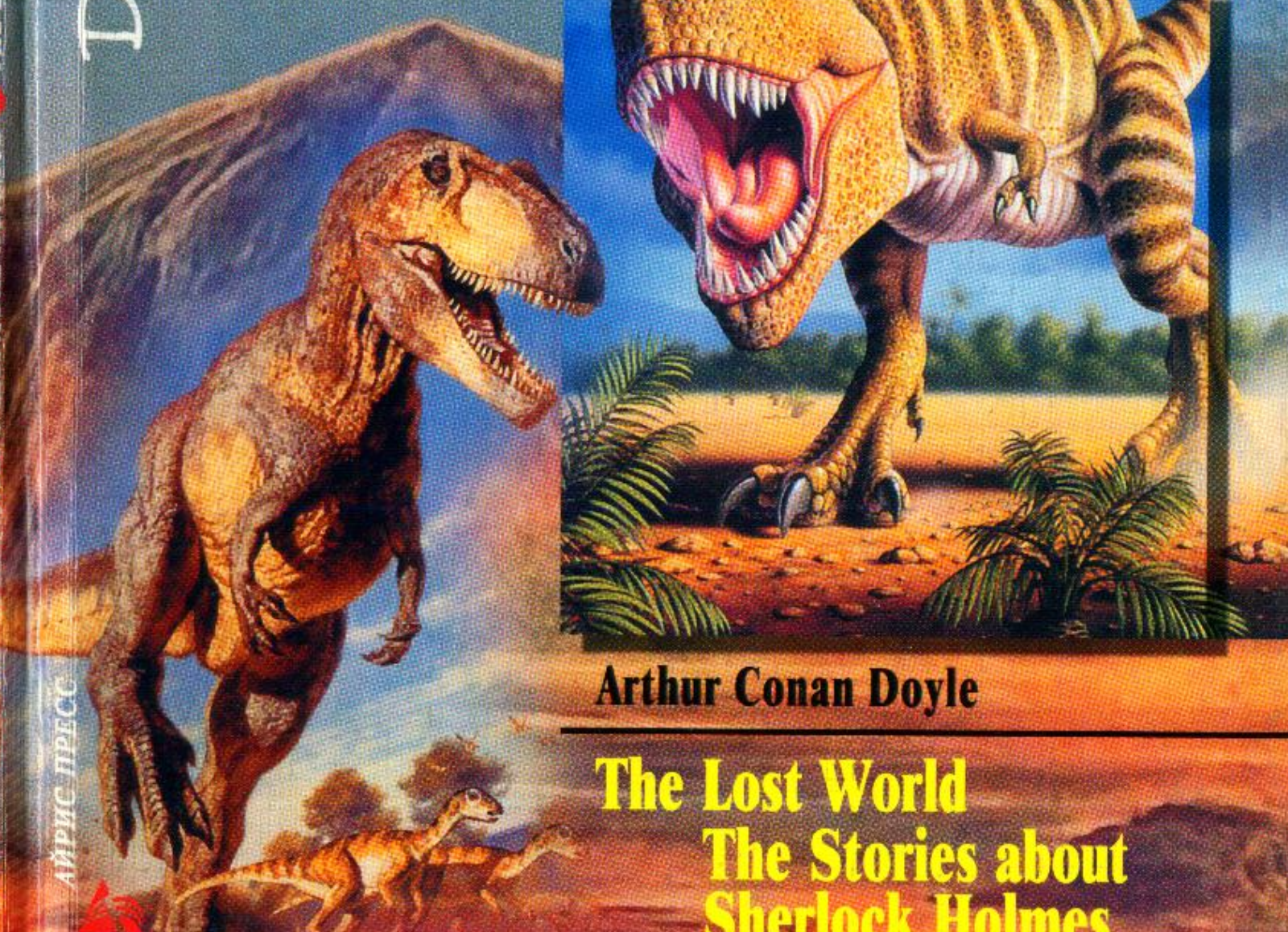
АНГЛИЙСКИЙ КЛУБ



Артур Конан Дойл

# Затерянный мир Рассказы о Шерлоке Холмсе

Elementary



Arthur Conan Doyle

The Lost World  
The Stories about  
Sherlock Holmes

АЙРИС ПРЕСС

Elementary



**АНГЛИЙСКИЙ клуб**

*Домашнее чтение*

**Артур Конан Дойл**

**Затерянный мир**

**Рассказы  
о Шерлоке Холмсе**

УДК 811.111(075)  
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Д62

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## The Lost World

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## Chapter One

# Try Your Luck With Professor Challenger



How beautiful Gladys was! I loved her but we were only friends. That day I decided that the time had come<sup>1</sup>! Would she say “yes” or “no” to me? When we were in her sitting-room near the warm fire in her house, she looked at me with her beautiful dark eyes and she said: “I think you are going to ask me to be your wife, Ned. Don’t do it!”

“But why can’t you love me, Gladys? Is it my face, my figure, or what?”

“No it isn’t that,” she said at last. “I’m in love with somebody else. It’s nobody, only an ideal.”

“What is your ideal?”

“Oh, he is much like you. Well, he is a strong man, a man who can look Death in the face.”

“We can’t all be great heroes,” said I, “besides, I have never had the chance. But I’ll try to take it.”

“You know, chances are all around you.”

“Give me a chance! I’ll do something in the world! And if I do...”

“Not another word, sir! Some day you will win your place in the world. Then we shall talk it over again.”

I left her with my heart full of love. I wanted to find some heroic deed. When I came to my work (I worked at the Daily Gazette as a reporter), I asked Mr. McArdle, my boss, to send me to any dangerous place. I wanted it to be the most difficult one.

“Dear Mr. Malone, I’m afraid the time has gone. There’s no place for romance anywhere. But wait a little bit!” he said, with a smile on his face. “What about a modern Munchausen<sup>1</sup>? I’m talking about Professor Challenger. Some people say he is a liar! You can have a chance to find out.”

“Challenger!” I cried. “Professor Challenger, the famous zoologist! But I don’t understand why I must interview this gentleman. What has he done?”

“He went to South America on expedition two years ago and came back last year. Then he began to talk about his adventures but he didn’t tell everything. He didn’t tell in detail. Something wonderful happened or the man is a champion liar. He has only got some bad photos. He gets so aggressive that he attacks anyone who asks questions. He often sends reporters down the stairs. That’s your man, Mr. Malone. Now, off you go! And good luck!”

I left the office and went to have a drink in the cafe. There I met my friend Tarp Henry, a microbiologist. He was surprised:

“Challenger? The man who came with some silly stories from South America? As far as I can remember, he told about

<sup>1</sup> **Munchausen** — Мюнхаузен (литературный персонаж, известный вран и фантазер)

<sup>1</sup> **the time had come** — время пришло

some strange animals. He gave an interview, and there was such a scandal! Now nobody believes him.”

“Why?”

“Well, it is his impossible character. Well, besides, I have heard something of Challenger. They say he is a man nobody can ignore.”

“What do you mean?”

“Would you like to come to my office? I’ve got something interesting to tell you.”

Half an hour later I was in his office with a thick book in front of me. It was the Professor’s lecture written for a scientific conference. I couldn’t understand a word but it was clear that the Professor spoke to the audience in an unfriendly way. Then I had an idea to write a letter to the Professor and send it with my friend’s address on it. When the letter was finished, I read it to Tarp. The letter said that a poor student of Nature (that was me!) asked for an interview with the Professor. He wanted to discuss some new scientific problems.

“Well, not bad, really. But what are you going to do then?” asked Tarp.

“To get there. When I am in his room...”

“When you are in his room, you need a gun or something like that to save your life. Remember, he is a dangerous character, everyone hates him.”

On Wednesday I found a letter waiting for me. I took a taxi and in twenty minutes I was in front of a nice big house. An old servant opened the door and I came into the house. In the corridor I met a small bright woman with dark Italian eyes.

“One moment,” she said. “May I ask a question? Have you met my husband before?”

“No, madam.”

“Then I must tell you that he is an impossible person. Get quickly out of the room if he gets aggressive. I hope you are not going to speak about his expedition to South America?”

I could not lie to a lady.

“Oh, dear!<sup>1</sup> It is very dangerous. You won’t believe a word he says, I’m sure. But don’t tell him so, because it makes him very angry<sup>2</sup>. Remember he believes it himself. If you find him dangerous — really dangerous — ring the bell!”

With these words the lady left me and the servant led me to Professor’s study.

He was sitting at a large table, covered with books, maps, and diagrams. His head was very big, he had large black-blue beard, and his eyes were blue-grey under great black eyebrows, very clear and very critical. Besides, I noticed two big hands covered with long black hair.

“Well?” he said in a roaring voice, “What now?”

“Thank you for the chance to meet you, sir,” I said quietly.

“Oh, you are the young person who agrees with my ideas, what is more, you’ve got something of great interest to tell me... That is a great help to me, isn’t it? So, what would you like to tell me?”

“I am a poor student,” I said, with a silly smile. “At the same time, I think that you were a little unfriendly to some other scientists.”

“Unfriendly? Well, I think you know,” he said, “that the cranial index is a constant factor?”

“Naturally,” said I.

“And that telegony is still sub judice?”

“Certainly, sir.”

“And that the germ plasma is different from the parthenogenetic egg?” That the cranial index is a constant factor?”<sup>3</sup>

“Why, surely!” I cried.

“But what does that prove?” he asked, in a gentle voice.

<sup>1</sup> **Oh, dear!** — Боже мой!

<sup>2</sup> **it makes him very angry** — он непременно сильно рассердится

<sup>3</sup> Профессор Челленджер специально использует бессмысленные, заумные выражения.

“Ah, what indeed?” I murmured. “What does it prove?”

“Shall I tell you?” he said in a low voice.

“If you please, sir.”

“It proves,” he roared with a sudden anger, “that you are the journalist, who has no more science in his head than he has truth in his reports!”

He jumped to his feet.

“Nonsense!” he cried. “That’s what I told you, sir. Scientific nonsense! Did you think you could play a trick on me<sup>1</sup>? You played a dangerous game, and I think that you have lost it.”

“Look here, sir,” I said, “you can be as angry as you like. But you will not attack me.”

“Will I not?”<sup>2</sup> He was slowly coming to me. “I have thrown some journalists out of the house. You will be the fourth. Get out of here!”

“Don’t be such a fool, Professor!” I cried.

That moment he jumped at me. The door was opened and I was lucky not to go through it. We went to the front steps<sup>3</sup>.

“Enough?” he asked when we went outside.

We shouted at each other and used the worst words we knew. Soon a policeman came to us.

“What’s all this?” asked the policeman.

“This man attacked me,” said I.

“Did you attack him?”

The Professor said nothing.

“It’s not the first time,” said the policeman. “You were in trouble last month for the same thing. Do you give him in charge, sir?”<sup>4</sup>

“No,” said I, “I do not because he gave me a warning.”

<sup>1</sup> **you could play a trick on me** — вы могли провести меня

<sup>2</sup> **Will I not?** — Неужели?

<sup>3</sup> **went to the front steps** — покатались вниз по ступенькам

<sup>4</sup> **Do you give him in charge, sir?** — Вы предъявляете ему обвинение?

The policeman closed his notebook and with the words of good-bye left.

The Professor looked at me, and there was something humorous in his eyes.

“Come in!” said he. “I’ve not done with you yet.”



## Chapter Two

# It's Just the Very Biggest Thing in the World



“Now, Mr. Malone,” he continued, “you are at my house... Your answer to the policeman was a surprise to me. It was so unnatural to a person of your profession. I really felt some good feeling on you. So I decided to continue our talk.”

He turned away and started looking for something among papers on his desk. Then I saw a very old sketch-book in his hand.

“Now, I am going to tell you what happened to me in South America,” said he. “You must stay quiet and listen carefully. And remember it is our private talk. Is that clear?”

“I can see it<sup>1</sup> and I have no choice.”

“Well, you know that two years ago I visited South America. The banks of the Amazon are unknown land, and I had to

explore them and examine its fauna<sup>1</sup>. On my way back I spent a night at a small Indian village. The native people were Cucama Indians, very friendly indeed. They were really glad to see me back because I had helped some ill natives successfully. They explained to me that somebody needed my help. I followed the chief to one of his houses. When I came in, I found that the poor man was dead. It surprised me a lot that he was a white man, not an Indian. Some days ago he came to their village. He was dying of hunger. The man's bag was near him, and I examined it. His name was written on it — Maple White, Lake Avenue, Detroit. The man was an artist. There were some pictures, a paint-box, a box of coloured chinks, some brushes, that big bone, which you can see on my desk and a gun. Suddenly I saw something in his pocket. It was this sketch-book. I give it to you, and I ask you to examine it carefully.”

I opened the book. On the first page there was a picture of a very fat man in a green jacket. Then small sketches of Indians and animals followed. I looked at Professor in surprise.

“Try the next page,” said he.

It was a full-page sketch. I could see high hills covered with light-green trees. Above the hills there were dark red cliffs. They looked like an unbroken wall. Near the cliffs there was a pyramidal<sup>2</sup> rock. There was a great tree in its top. Above it all — a blue tropical sky.

“It looks nice,” I said “but I can't say it is wonderful.”

“Wonderful!” he cried. “Nobody on the earth has ever seen such a place. Now the next.”

I turned the page, and gave a cry of surprise. There was a full-page picture of the most extraordinary<sup>3</sup> creature. It was a wild dream! The head was like that of a bird, the body that of a

<sup>1</sup> **fauna** — all the animals that live in the place

<sup>2</sup> **pyramidal** — in the form of a pyramid

<sup>3</sup> **extraordinary** — so unusual or surprising that nobody believes it to be real

<sup>1</sup> I can see it — Я понимаю это очень хорошо

large lizard. The tail was covered with sharp spikes. In front of this creature there was a little man who stood looking at it.

"Well, what do you think of that?" cried the Professor.

"It is monstrous!"

"But why did the artist draw such an animal?"

"Alcohol, I think."

"Oh, any more ideas?"

"Well, sir, what do you think of it?"

"The creature exists. The artist saw it with his own eyes."

"It is so difficult to agree with you but I think you are right."

I said. I remembered our fight quite well. "However, this little man puzzles me."

"Look here!" he cried and pointed at the picture with a great hairy finger. "You see that plant behind the animal? It's not a small flower. It is a huge palm-tree. Don't you see that the artist sketched the man to give a scale<sup>1</sup>?"

"Oh dear!" I cried. "Then you think the monster was real..."

I turned over the pages but there was nothing more in the book.

"But we have got only one sketch by an American artist. And he is dead now. It proves nothing, does it?"

For an answer the Professor took a book from a shelf.

"There is a picture of great interest in this book. Ah, yes, here it is! Can you see the words: 'The Jurassic Dinosaur Stegosaurus. His leg is twice as tall as a man.' Well, what do you think of that?"

He gave me the book. The animal looked very much alike the monster from the sketch-book.

"Maybe, the American saw the same picture and carried it in his memory. Later, it appeared to him when he was ill."

"Very good," said the Professor, "I will now ask you to look at this bone."

<sup>1</sup> to give a scale — чтобы показать масштаб

He showed me the bone from the dead man's bag. It was about six inches long<sup>1</sup> and thicker than my finger.

"Whose bone is it?" asked the Professor.

I looked at it carefully.

"You don't need to be ashamed<sup>2</sup>, young man. I think there is no zoologist who could name it," the Professor showed me a very little bone. "Look, this human bone looks the same but it is much smaller. Does it give you any idea of the size of the creature?"

"An elephant..."

"Don't! Don't talk of elephants in South America... Believe me, this is not a bone of a tapir or of any other living creature. It belongs to a very large, a very strong animal. You don't believe it, do you?"

"I am just very interested."

"Let's go on with my story. You see, I couldn't leave that land without getting an answer. I knew where the American came from. In Indian legends I found some stories of a strange land. You have heard of Curupuri? It is a terrible creature from the woods. Nobody can describe it, but it means terror along the Amazon. Now all natives name the same place where Curupuri lives. It was the same place from which the American came. I had to find out what it was."

"What did you do?"

"First, the natives didn't want to talk to me about that strange land. But with the help of presents, I got two natives to help me. After many adventures, we came to an unknown land. Would you look at this?"

He gave me a photograph.

"It's not good because on our way back the boat was turned. This is the only photo I have got now."

<sup>1</sup> six inches long — примерно 17 сантиметров (один дюйм равен 2,5 см)

<sup>2</sup> You don't need to be ashamed — Вам нечего стыдиться





The photo was very bad and off-coloured<sup>1</sup>. I could hardly see anything in it. It was a dull grey landscape with a long and high wall of cliffs.

“I believe it is the same place as the picture from the sketch-book,” I said.

“It is the same place,” the Professor answered. “Now look here.”

The next photo was very bad too. I could see a thin tall rock with a tall tree on its top. It was like the picture from the sketch-book.

“Now, will you please look at the rock more carefully? Do you see anything there, on the tree?”

“A large bird with a very big beak. Is it a pelican?”

“It is not a pelican. It’s not a bird. You know, I shot that creature.”

“You have it, then?”

“I had it. It was lost when our boat turned over. But I have got the part of its wing. Have a look!”

It looked like the wing of a large bat with a membrane<sup>2</sup>.

“A monstrous bat!” I cried.

“Nothing of the sort,” said the Professor. “The bats have three very long fingers with membranes between. Now, there is only one membrane here. So it cannot be a bat. But what is it?”

“I really do not know,” said I.

“Here,” he said and pointed to the picture of a flying monster, “is a nice picture of the pterodactyl, a flying reptile of the Jurassic period. Compare it with the picture in your hand.”

The sketch, the photographs, the story, and now the bone.

<sup>1</sup> **off-coloured** — тусклый, бесцветный

<sup>2</sup> **membrane** — a very thin piece of skin that covers or connects parts of the body

“It’s just the very biggest thing that I ever heard of!” cried I. “You are a Columbus of science<sup>1</sup> who has discovered a lost world. And then, sir, what did you do next?”

“It was the wet season, Mr. Malone, and I couldn’t stay there longer. I explored some low parts of this cliff, but I couldn’t find any way up. But I climbed the pyramidal rock. From its top I had a better idea of the plateau<sup>2</sup>. It was very large; I saw no end of it. Below, it is a jungly region, full of snakes and insects.”

“Did you see any other living creatures?”

“No, sir, I did not; but at night we heard some very strange noises.”

“But the creature that the American drew? How do you explain it?”

“We decided that he climbed the pyramidal rock and watched it from there. I am sure that it must be a very difficult way up. That’s why we can’t see the monsters walking around the country.”

“But how did they come up there?”

“I’ll try to explain it to you. South America is a granite continent. In this place, long time ago, there was a great, sudden volcanic upheaval. A large territory went up with all living creatures. What is the result? The laws of Nature stopped working. Those creatures still live there.”

“You are absolutely right. Did you tell about your discovery to the scientists?”

“I did,” said the Professor, “And their stupidity shocked me. I am not going to prove anything. When men like you came to me I couldn’t meet them with a smile. I’m afraid you have noticed it,” he smiled and continued.

<sup>1</sup> **Columbus of science** — Колумб науки (человек, совершивший важнейшее открытие)

<sup>2</sup> **plateau** — a large area of land that is higher than the land around it

“You know, tonight I’m going to try again. Mr. Waldron, a naturalist, will lecture at the Zoological Institute. They invited me to say some words of thanks to him. I hope I will be able to give a few ideas. Maybe, they would like to discuss them.”

When I left Professor Challenger, I believed all his words. Besides, I knew I could make a sensational report for my newspaper.

When I arrived at the Institute, I could see a lot of people in the Great Hall. There were white-bearded professors, medical students and just ordinary people among them. It was rather noisy there, but what a roar of welcome broke<sup>1</sup> when Professor Challenger appeared!

Then Mr. Waldron, the famous lecturer, came onto the platform and the meeting began. That evening he spoke about the creation of the Earth. He told us of the Earth in its early days — a huge mass of hot gas high up the skies. Then he spoke of the cooling of our planet, the formation of the mountains and oceans. He told us of the mysterious origin of life. Did it appear from the elements of the planet? Did it arrive from outside? Even the best scientists knew nothing.

Then the lecturer told of animal life. He started with mollusks, other primitive sea creatures and fishes. He pictured the dramatic past: the drying of the seas, the lagoons full of sea animals, the first sea creatures coming out from the sea.

“That was the time, ladies and gentlemen, when a frightening family of monstrous reptiles came to life<sup>2</sup>. But they fortunately became extinct long before the first people.”

“Question!” came a voice from the platform.

It surprised Mr. Waldron and he stopped his lecture for a moment, and then repeated slowly the words: “Which became extinct before the coming of man.”

<sup>1</sup> **a roar of welcome broke** — разразился гром приветствий

<sup>2</sup> **came to life** — появилось

“Question!” he heard the voice again.

Waldron looked along the line of professors on the platform until he saw Professor Challenger.

“I see!” said Waldron, with a smile. “It is my friend Professor Challenger.” And he went on and on. But when he spoke about extinct creatures, the audience heard the angry voice of the Professor.

“I must ask you to stop that!” said the lecturer and the hall got absolutely quiet.

Challenger stood up slowly.

“I must ask you, Mr. Waldron,” the Professor said, “to stop saying what is against the facts<sup>1</sup>. Ladies and gentlemen, first of all I must thank Mr. Waldron for an interesting lecture, which we have just listened. But there are some ideas against the facts. He thinks some types of animal became extinct. Mr. Waldron is very wrong because he has never seen a prehistoric animal. They are not extinct. How do I know, you ask me? I know because I have visited their secret home. I know because I have seen some of them. Am I a liar? Did I hear someone say that I was a liar?”

Then the time of chaos came. The Professor cried:

“Well, you disagree with me. Will you choose one or more of you to go out and test my words? Would Mr. Summerlee take part in it?”

Mr. Summerlee, an old and famous Professor of Zoology, agreed.

I saw it was the right moment to take my chance. Suddenly I saw a tall, thin man, with dark red hair. He looked back at me with hard angry eyes.

“I will go, Mr. Chairman,” I said. “My name is Edward Dunn Malone. I am the reporter of the Daily Gazette.”

“What is your name, sir?” the chairman asked the man with dark red hair.

<sup>1</sup> **against the facts** — противоречит фактам

“I am Lord John Roxton. I have spent some years on the banks of the Amazon...”

“Lord John Roxton is a world-famous traveller,” said the chairman; “at the same time we would like to have a member of the Press upon such an expedition.”

“Then I can see,” said Professor Challenger, “that these three gentlemen will start the expedition to test my words.”

That was the end of the meeting and in a few minutes I left the hall. I was walking under the silvery lights of Regent Street, full of thoughts of Gladys and of my future, when suddenly somebody touched my shoulder. I turned and saw the tall, thin man, my companion on this strange expedition.

“Mr. Malone,” said he. “Now we are companions. Perhaps you will visit me. There are one or two things that I’d like to discuss with you.”

When I came into his house, I saw rich furs and strange carpets on the floor, expensive old and modern pictures, the heads of animals from every part of the world on the walls. Lord John Roxton was one of the greatest travellers of his day.

He sat opposite me and looked at me with his eyes of a cold light blue, the color of a mountain lake.

“By the way,” he said, “what do you know of this Professor Challenger?”

“I never saw him till today.”

“Well, neither did I<sup>1</sup>. It’s funny that we will follow the orders from a man we don’t know. He seemed an old bird.<sup>2</sup> His brothers of science don’t like him. What is your interest in the expedition?”

I told him what had happened in the morning at the Professor’s house. Roxton listened very carefully. Then he drew out a map of South America and put it on the table.

<sup>1</sup> **neither did I** — я тоже

<sup>2</sup> **He seemed an old bird.** — Я думаю, он стреляный воробей.

“I believe every word he said to you,” said he. “South America is the greatest, richest, most wonderful land on this planet. People don’t know it yet. I’ve been up and down it.<sup>1</sup> Well, I heard some Indian legends. Anything is possible in that country. There are some narrow waterways along which people travel. Outside that it is all darkness.<sup>2</sup> As the Professor said tonight, there are fifty thousand miles of waterway running through a forest. And that forest is as big as Europe. Why shouldn’t something new and wonderful hide in such a country? And why shouldn’t we find it out? Besides, there’s a risk in every mile of it. We’re all getting too soft nowadays. Give me the great land, with a gun in my hand and something to look for and I’ll be the happiest man in the world!”

We had a long talk at his place. But I had to leave for work. When I came to the newspaper office, McArdle was waiting for me. We agreed that I should write at home full reports of my adventures.



<sup>1</sup> I’ve been up and down it. — Я исходил ее вдоль и поперек.

<sup>2</sup> Outside that it is all darkness. — Все, что за их пределами, — полная неизвестность.

## Chapter Three

# We Disappear into the Unknown



It was a wet, foggy morning in the late spring. Three people were walking to the big ship. Professor Summerlee walked slowly. He was already very sorry for himself.<sup>1</sup> Lord John Roxton walked bravely. His thin face looked really happy. As for myself, I hoped I looked happy too. Suddenly, there was a loud cry behind us.

It was Professor Challenger, he ran after us, red-faced and very angry.

“I have some words to tell you,” he said. “Here is a letter. You will open it in the town Manaos, but not until the date and the hour written on it. Is that clear? Mr. Malone, I am not against your reports but I tell you to give no detail. You mustn’t publish anything until your return. Good-bye.”

<sup>1</sup> He was already very sorry for himself. — Ему уже было себя очень жаль.

We crossed the Atlantic without any problem. Then we started our way up the Amazon, a wide, slow river. At the town of Manaos we stayed at a hotel until the day marked on the letter. Before I reach the surprising events of that date I would like to say some words about my companions.

Professor Summerlee is a well-known scientist. He is tall and thin but he is never tired. He took part in some scientific expeditions, and the life of the camp and the canoe is not new to him. He is sixty-six but he is as strong as I am. In character he is always skeptical. From the beginning of our expedition he never stopped saying that Professor Challenger is an absolute liar. But when we landed from the ship, he forgot about Professor Challenger. He spends all days exploring the insect and bird world around. He is absolutely devoted to science.

Lord John Roxton always dresses very carefully and shaves at least once a day. Like most men of action, he is short in speech<sup>1</sup>. But he is always quick to answer a question or join a conversation. He talks in a quick and humorous way. His knowledge of South America is great. He believes Professor Challenger absolutely. He spoke little of his visits to Brazil and Peru, so I was very surprised that natives knew and loved him. They even told legends about him.

Lord John Roxton was a South Americomaniac<sup>2</sup>. He could not speak of that great country without great love, and this love was infectious<sup>3</sup>.

“What is there?” he cried, pointing to the North. “Wood and swamps and jungle. Who knows what is over there? No white man has ever been there. The unknown is on every side. Who will say what is possible in such a country? Why should Challenger not be right?”

So, that's enough about my two white companions. Now

<sup>1</sup> **is short in speech** — говорит немного

<sup>2</sup> **was a South Americomaniac** — был абсолютно помешан на Южной Америке

<sup>3</sup> **infectious** — feelings that spread quickly

I'm going to tell you about the others. The first is a gigantic Negro named Zambo. He is a black Hercules, as strong as a horse, and about as intelligent<sup>1</sup>. At the town of Para two natives, Gomez and Manuel, joined us. They looked like two panthers: active and frightening. Both of them spent their lives in those places, which we were going to explore.

At last, after a week, the day had come and the hour. We were sitting round the table with the letter on it. Lord John put his watch on the table.

“We have seven more minutes,” he said.

“Let's open it now!” said Summerlee.

“Oh, come, there must be rules in every game!” said Lord John. “It's old man Challenger's show!”<sup>2</sup>

“I don't know what is inside this letter. If there is nothing important, I would catch the first ship and go back to England. I wouldn't like to follow the instructions of a London lunatic<sup>3</sup>. Now, Roxton, it is time.”

Lord John opened the letter and took out a paper. It was as white as snow. Not a word on it. We looked at each other and Professor Summerlee went laughing.

“So,” he cried. “he is a liar! We are returning home. Then we will report him as a champion liar.”

“May I come in?” came a voice from the door. That voice! Professor Challenger, in a round, boyish hat — Challenger, with his hands in his pockets — came into the room.

“I'm sorry I am some minutes late,” said he, looking at his watch. “But I was sure you would never open it<sup>4</sup>. I wanted to join you before the hour. Professor Summerlee, have you got a chance to laugh at me?”

<sup>1</sup> **about as intelligent** — почти такой же умный

<sup>2</sup> **It's old man Challenger's show!** — Парадом командует старик Челленджер!

<sup>3</sup> **lunatic** — someone who behaves in a crazy and stupid way

<sup>4</sup> **you would never open it** — вы не откроете его

Professor Challenger shook hands with me and Lord John, said "Hello" to Professor Summerlee, and sat into an arm-chair.

"As to the small trick, which I played on you... From the very beginning I decided to join you. I didn't tell you about it because I didn't want to travel with you. But from now on you are in safe hands. I'll be your guide. Get ready! We make an early start in the morning."

So we did. For three days we sailed up the Amazon. It was so wide that from its center we couldn't see its banks. On the fourth day we turned into a smaller river. After two days' voyage we came to an Indian village. Then the Professor sent back our ship, because there were rapids ahead. He also told us that we were coming to the door of the unknown country.

The very next day we made our start on two canoes. For two days we made our way up a river, dark in colour, but very clear. We could see the river bottom. Twice we came across rapids, and had to carry our luggage.

How shall I ever forget its mystery? The trees were the highest. They looked like Gothic cathedrals. Their branches formed the green roof. Sometimes golden sunshine went downwards among the darkness. We walked quietly on the thick, soft carpet of fallen leaves. We felt important as we feel in Westminster Abbey. The effect was as a dream of fairyland.

In these great woods the dark means death. And every plant makes its way up. Everything tries to get sunshine. Climbing plants are monstrous, but the others learn the art of climbing, too.

The animal life was rather poor. But above our heads there was a world of snake and monkey and bird. They lived in the sunshine, and looked down in wonder at our little dark figures. Early in the morning and in the evening the monkeys and parrots cried together. But during the hot hours of the day only the buzz of insects filled our ears.

About three o'clock in the afternoon we came to a very dangerous rapid. It was the place where the canoe of Professor

Challenger turned over.

Then we went more than ten miles. Suddenly Professor Challenger showed us a tree on the opposite bank of the river.

"What do you think of that?" he asked.

"It is a palm," said Summerlee.

"You are right. But it is not just a palm, it is my landmark<sup>1</sup>. There is a secret opening on the other side of the river. There is no break in the trees. That is the wonder and the mystery of it. That is my private gate into the unknown."

It was indeed a wonderful place. We went through that gate. We found ourselves<sup>2</sup> in a small quiet river, running over a sandy bottom.

The thick branches met over our heads, and through this tunnel in a golden light flowed the green, shiny river. It was as clear as crystal. It went under its leafy archway<sup>3</sup>. It was an avenue to a land of wonders.

Now we could see animals more often. We met hundreds of little black monkeys, with snow-white teeth and smiling eyes. Once a dark funny tapir looked at us from the bushes. Then he run away through the forest. Once the yellow puma appeared among the trees, and its green hateful eyes quickly looked at us. There were thousands of birds. Blue, red, and white, they were sitting on every branch along the river. For three days we went through the tunnel of green sunshine. The deep peace of this strange waterway was fantastic!

On the third day the river became so small that we couldn't go on our journey in the canoes. We drew the canoes up and hid them among the bushes. Then we packed our food and started on our way on foot.

Soon the small river disappeared in a great green swamp. Clouds of mosquitoes filled the air around. But we went on

<sup>1</sup> **landmark** — something that is easy to recognise, it will help you know where you are

<sup>2</sup> **We found ourselves** — Мы оказались

<sup>3</sup> **archway** — a passage under an arch

walking. On the second day after leaving our canoes we found that the country had changed. Our road was all way up, and the woods became thinner and lost their tropical beauty. The tall trees of the Amazonian forest gave place to<sup>1</sup> the coco palms.

On the ninth day, the trees became even smaller. The bamboo was so thick that we had to cut our way through it. It was very tiring and monotonous. Even at the most open places, I could only see the back of Lord John's cotton jacket in front of me. Yellow walls of bamboos were on either side. I do not know what kind of creatures lived there. Sometimes we heard large, heavy animals near us. Just as night fell we went out of bamboos, and formed our camp.

Early next morning we found that the character of the country had changed again. Tree ferns<sup>2</sup> were growing everywhere.

Suddenly Professor Challenger stopped and pointed to the right. And at the distance of a mile we saw something. It looked like a great grey bird. It was flying very low. Then it disappeared among the tree-ferns.

"Did you see it?" cried Challenger. "Summerlee, did you see it?"

"What it was?" he asked.

"A pterodactyl."

Summerlee laughed. "It was a stork!"

Challenger was too angry to speak. Lord John came to me and said:

"I am not sure, but it wasn't a bird."

Next day we came into a place covered with palm-trees, and then we could see the line of high red cliffs.

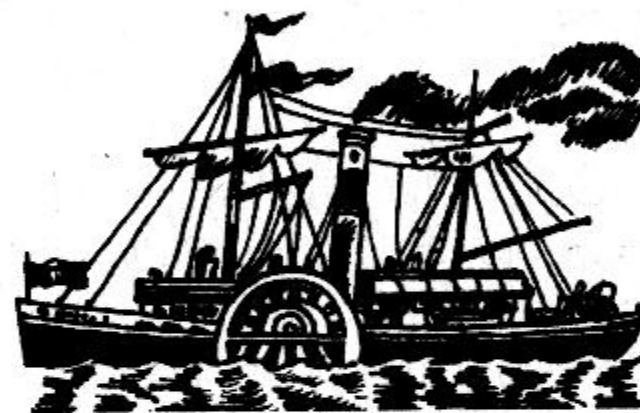
There it lies in front of my eyes. There can be no question that it is the same. Challenger looks proud, and Summerlee is silent, but still skeptical.

<sup>1</sup> **gave place to** — уступили место

<sup>2</sup> **Tree ferns** — древовидные папоротники

## Chapter Four

### Who Could Have Foreseen It?



A terrible thing has happened to us. I think our troubles will never end. We are as far from any human help as if we were on the moon. My three companions are men of great courage. There lies our one and only hope.<sup>1</sup>

When I finished my last letter, we were seven miles from red cliffs. That night we made our camp near them. The cliffs above us were too dangerous and high, so the way up was out of the question<sup>2</sup>. Close to us was the high thin rock. It was as high as the plateau, and there grew one large tree.

"That is the tree," said Professor Challenger, "where the pterodactyl was sitting. I climbed half way up the rock before I shot him."

<sup>1</sup> **There lies our one and only hope.** — В этом, и только в этом, вся наша надежда.

<sup>2</sup> **the way up was out of the question** — о подъеме мы и не думали

When Challenger was speaking of the pterodactyl, I looked at Professor Summerlee. For the first time I didn't see any skepticism in his eyes.

"Of course," said Challenger, "Professor Summerlee will understand that when I speak of a pterodactyl I mean a stork. You know, it is the kind of stork which has membranous wings and teeth in its beak."

All the morning we spent thinking over the way to climb the plateau.

"I think we will travel along the cliff to the west," said Challenger. "We shall travel round it until we find an easy way up it, or come back to our camp. I told you that there must be the way up."

"How do you know that, sir?" asked Summerlee.

"Because the American Maple White actually climbed it. Or where could he see the monster?"

"I have not seen any living monsters there."

The ground at the foot of the cliff was rocky and broken<sup>1</sup>. Suddenly we came up on an old camp.

"It must be Maple White's," said Challenger.

Along the cliff there grew a high bamboo. It was twenty feet high, with sharp, strong tops. It looked like a wall of spears. Suddenly I saw something white. I looked inside and found myself near a skeleton. There were only small pieces of clothes left, but it had boots on its bony feet. It was very clear that the dead man was a European.

"Who can he be?" asked Lord John. "Poor devil! Every bone in his body is broken."

"I know who he was — Maple White's companion, an American. And we are now looking at him," said Professor Challenger.

"And we know," said Lord John, "how he met his death."

<sup>1</sup> **rocky and broken** — каменистое и неровное

We stood silently round the skeleton and realized the truth of Lord John Roxton's words. No doubt, he had fallen from the top. But had he fallen? Or ..?

We continued our way along the cliffs in silence. In five miles we saw no break and no hole in them. And then suddenly we noticed something on the rocks. It filled us with new hope. That was an arrow drawn in chalk. It pointed westwards.

"Maple White again," said Professor Challenger. "He was sure the others would follow him."

In five more miles we saw another white arrow on the rocks. It pointed upward. We had had no food for many hours, and were very tired, but we couldn't stop now and started our way up the narrow tunnel. Suddenly we saw an opening of a cave.

When we reached it, we found another arrow near it. No doubt, here was the place, where Maple White and his companion started their way up. We were too excited to return to the camp and made our first exploration at once. Lord John had an electric light and we followed him. First the cave ran straight into the rock. Finally we found ourselves<sup>1</sup> climbing upon our hands and knees. Suddenly we heard a voice of Lord Roxton.

"It's blocked!" said he. "The roof has fallen in!"

The way of Maple White didn't exist any more. So we had to get out of the cave. And yet, as we looked up at that beautiful green world only a few hundreds of feet above our heads, nobody thought of returning to London.

In our camp we discussed the situation and decided to continue our way round the plateau. We hoped to find some other way to the top. We made a long march that day but found nothing.

We noticed a great change both in the temperature and in the plants. Some of those horrible tropical insects disappeared. We could see few palms but many tree-ferns.

<sup>1</sup> **we found ourselves** — очутились





That night — I am still speaking of the first day near the plateau — it happened for the first time.

Well, that night Lord John killed an ajouti — which is a small, pig-like animal. We were sitting round the fire and cooking it. It was rather cold after dark and we got close to the fire. The night was moonless. Well, suddenly out of the darkness, out of the night, there appeared something with a sound like an aeroplane. We were covered for a moment by something. We felt leathery wings on our faces. I saw a long, snake-like neck, an angry, red, hungry eye, and a great sharp beak, filled with little teeth. The next moment it was gone — and so was our dinner. A huge black shadow flew up into the air. For a moment the monster wings covered the stars, and then it disappeared behind the cliff. We all sat in silence round the fire. It was Summerlee who was the first to speak.<sup>1</sup>

“Professor Challenger,” said he, “sir, I hope that you will forget what is past<sup>2</sup>.”

And the two men for the first time shook hands. We were so happy to see them smiling at each other. Soon we forgot about our stolen supper.

During the next three days we didn't see any prehistoric animals. We went on and on across the stony desert. Then it turned into green-grey swamps full of many wild birds. We saw many Jaracaca snakes, the most poisonous and aggressive in South America. They always attack man at first sight. Again and again these horrible creatures came towards us across the swamp and we could feel safe from them only because we kept our guns ready all the time. I will never forget the terrible place. There were too many of them, so we ran as fast as we could. I shall always remember as we looked back how far behind we

<sup>1</sup> It was Summerlee who was the first to speak. — Именно Саммерли заговорил первым.

<sup>2</sup> you will forget what is past — вы предадите прошлое забвению

could see the heads and necks of our horrible snakes among the reeds. Jaracaca Swamp we named it in the map.

On the sixth day we found ourselves back at the first camp, near the high thin rock. We were tired and unhappy. It was clear that there was no way up the plateau.

What should we do now? Our food will come to an end one day. In two or three months the rains will start and we will have to leave our camp. No wonder that we spent a sleepless night. I remember that when I was falling asleep I saw Challenger sitting by the fire. He was in the deepest thought. He didn't turn his head to my "good-night".

But it was a very different Challenger who said "good-morning" to us. His eyes were shining. He looked very excited and absolutely happy.

"Eureka!" he cried. "Gentlemen, the problem is solved."

"You have found a way up?"

For answer he pointed to the high thin rock. Challenger told us that it was possible to climb that rock. But a horrible abyss was between it and the plateau.

"We can never get across," I said.

"We can at least reach the top of the rock," said he. "When we are up, I will show you that the resources<sup>2</sup> of my mind are endless."

After breakfast we started our way up. It was not a very difficult task, though there were moments that made my hair move on my head. I had never climbed rocks before. Challenger was a great help to us. He was the first to reach the top. Then he fixed the rope round the big tree. It helped us to climb that stony wall until we found ourselves upon the small grassy platform.

<sup>1</sup> **eureka** — you say this word to show how happy you are that you have discovered the answer to a problem, or found something

<sup>2</sup> **resources** — ability in dealing with practical problems

We were standing up there and looking around. There were endless tropical forests around us. The plateau was as high as the rock we were standing on. It seemed to be very near to us. But it was impossible to reach it.

"Just look at it," said Professor Summerlee.

I turned, and found that he was examining the tree with great interest. Its trunk, branches and small dark-green leaves.

"It is our one and only hope," said Challenger.

"A bridge!" cried Lord John, "a bridge!"

"Exactly, my friends, a bridge! I have already told to our young friend here that Challenger is at his best when his back is to the wall<sup>1</sup>. That's the best way to find the way out. We needed a bridge. Here it is!"

It was a brilliant idea. I made some deep cuts in the tree and the tree fell with a loud crash. That was our bridge to the unknown!

It didn't take Professor Challenger long to cross the abyss. As soon as he was at the other side, he cried: "At last!" Everything around him was quiet, only a strange, many-coloured bird flew up from under his feet and disappeared among the trees.

Summerlee was the second. I came next, and tried hard not to look down into the horrible abyss over which I was passing. As to Lord John, he walked across — actually walked! He must have nerves of iron.

And there we were, the four of us, in the dreamland, the lost world of Maple White. To all of us it seemed to be the moment of our triumph.

We started our way inside the thick bushes, when there came a terrible crash from behind us. We ran back. The bridge was gone!

Far down at the bottom of the cliff we saw it broken to pieces. In a moment we saw the face of Gomez, our servant.

<sup>1</sup> **when his back is to the wall** — когда его припирают к стенке

He was standing on the grassy platform across the abyss. But there was no smile but hatred on his face.

“Lord Roxton!” he shouted. “Lord John Roxton!”

“Well,” said our companion, “here I am.”

Laughter came across the abyss.

“Yes, there you are, you English dog, and there you will stay for ever! I have waited and waited, and now has come my chance. You found it hard to get up; you will find it harder to get down. When you are dying<sup>1</sup>, think of Lopez, whom you shot five years ago. I am his brother.” These were his last words, he disappeared and all was quiet.

We could see him getting down the rock; but before he could reach the ground Lord John had run along the abyss with the gun in his hands. Then we heard a sound of his gun and then the sound of the falling body.

“I have been a fool,” Roxton said, “I have brought you all into this trouble. I have forgotten that these people have long memories.”

Gomez was dead but we were in the greatest trouble. We had been natives of the world<sup>2</sup>; now we were natives of the plateau. We could see the way, which led to the canoes. Beyond the violet horizon was the river, which led back to civilization. But there was no bridge between them, between us and our past lives.

For the moment we could only sit among the bushes and wait for the coming of Zambo, our true servant. At last his figure appeared on the top of the rock. “What must I do now?” he cried. “Whenever you come, you will always find me here. But I can’t keep Indians. They say Curupuri live here, and they will go home.”

First of all, Zambo threw one end of the rope across the abyss. Then he brought up some food and some other necessary things. We got it across the abyss with the help of the rope.

We made our camp and had a cold supper. We decided not to make any fire. The next day we would start the exploration of this strange land. Our position is hopeless. I only hope you will get this letter one day.



<sup>1</sup> **When you are dying** — Когда ты будешь умирать

<sup>2</sup> **We had been natives of the world** — Когда-то мы были частью целого мира

## Chapter Five

# The Most Wonderful Things Have Happened



The most wonderful things have happened and are happening to us. I have only one pencil and five old note-books. But as long as I can move my hand, I will go on writing everything down. We are the only men to see such things.

Our first morning on the plateau came. First we had to choose the right place for our future camp. We found a small clearing with thick trees around. There were some big rocks in the center, with a small river near by. We cut down some bushes and tree branches and put them round in a circle. This was our camp. Fort Challenger, we called it.

It was before noon when we finished, but it wasn't very hot. One huge ginkgo<sup>1</sup> tree, the tallest of all, shot its great branches<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> **ginkgo** — a kind of a tropical tree

<sup>2</sup> **shot its great branches** — раскинуло свои огромные ветви

over our fort. In its shade we continued our discussion. Lord John gave us his ideas.

"We are safe, till nobody sees us," said he. "From the time they know we are here, our troubles will begin. So our game is to stay quiet for a time and explore the land. We should have a good look at our neighbours before they notice us."

"But we must go forward," I said.

"Oh yes, my boy! We will. But we must never go so far that we can't get back to our camp. And we must never, unless it is life or death<sup>1</sup>, fire off our guns."

"But you fired yesterday," said Summerlee.

"Well, I had no choice. By the way, what shall we call this place? I think we must give it a name."

There were some ideas, more or less happy, but Challenger's was final. "It can only have one name," said he. "It is called after the man who discovered it. It is Maple White Land." Maple White Land it became, and so it is named in that map, which has become my special task.

We knew that some unknown creatures lived there, and the pictures from Maple White's sketch-book showed that more terrible and more dangerous monsters could appear. We also remembered the skeleton with broken bones and the bamboos gone through them<sup>2</sup>. Perhaps, there were some human beings here, on the plateau.

We left our camp and followed the little river, and very soon we came across some real wonders. We went through a thick forest, and the trees were unknown to me. Summerlee recognized them as forms, which disappeared long time ago.

Suddenly Lord John, who was walking first, stopped us.

"Look at this!" said he. "This must be the track of the father of all birds! And it is fresh! See, here is the track of a little one!"

<sup>1</sup> **unless it is life or death** — если только не идет речь о жизни и смерти

<sup>2</sup> **the bamboos gone through them** — пронзивший их бамбук

We saw a huge three-toed track in the soft ground before us. We all stopped to examine it. The foot was much larger than an ostrich's and the size of the monstrous creature must be enormous. We also saw smaller tracks of the same form running parallel to the large ones.

"But what do you think of this?" cried Professor Summerlee, pointing to the huge track.

"Wealden!" cried Challenger, in an ecstasy. "I've seen them in the Wealden clay<sup>1</sup>. This creature walks on three-toed feet, and from time to time puts one of its five-fingered front-feet on the ground. Not a bird, my dear Roxton — not a bird."

"A beast?"

"No; a reptile — a dinosaur."

His words died away, and we all stood silently. We followed the tracks and came to an opening, and in the middle there were five of the most extraordinary creatures. We hid among the bushes and watched the creatures with greatest interest.

There were five of them, two were big and three very young. The babies were as big as elephants. The large animals were much bigger. All five were sitting up, balancing on their wide, powerful tails and their huge three-toed hind-feet<sup>2</sup>. They pulled down the branches with their small five-fingered front-feet. They ate the leaves with great appetite. They looked like monstrous kangaroos, twenty feet in length, and with skins like black crocodiles.

I do not know how long we stayed looking at this wonderful spectacle. I looked at my friends. Lord John was standing near me. His hunter's soul was shining from his eyes. The two professors were silent. They took each other by the hand, and stood like two little children in the presence of a wonder.

"What will they say in England of this?" Summerlee cried at last.

<sup>1</sup> **Wealden clay** — Вельдский слой

<sup>2</sup> **three-toed hind-feet** — трехпалые задние ноги

"My dear Summerlee, I will tell you exactly what they will say in England," said Challenger. "They will say that you are a liar and a scientific charlatan, exactly as you and others said of me."

"Photographs?"

"They would call them fakes, Summerlee!"

"Species?"

"Ah, there we may have them!<sup>1</sup> August the twenty-eighth — the day we saw five live iguanodons in an opening of Maple White Land. Write it down in your diary, my young friend, and send it to your newspaper."

"*What* did you say they were?" asked Lord John.

"Iguanodons," said Summerlee. "You can find their foot-marks in Kent, and in Sussex. The South of England was full of them when there were a lot of green leaves there. The climate has changed, and the monsters died out. Not here."

"I'd like to have its head on my wall," said Lord John. "My God, how some of my friends will turn beautiful peagreen<sup>2</sup> when they see it!"

I had the feeling of mystery and danger around us. Those monstrous creatures — iguanodons — were not dangerous at all. But in this world of wonders what other creatures live? Peaceful ones? Or dangerous? I knew little of prehistoric life, but I remembered one book. It spoke of creatures that lived on our lions and tigers as a cat lives on mice.

In our first morning in the new country we learnt about great dangers around us. It was a dreadful adventure — the swamp of pterodactyls.

We went very slowly through the woods. Every moment our professors fell down with a cry of wonder, before some flower or insect of a new type. We travelled about two or three miles,

<sup>1</sup> **Ah, there we may have them!** — А, вот тут-то они не отвернутся!

<sup>2</sup> **will turn beautiful peagreen** — позеленеют от зависти

and then we came upon a large opening in the trees. Behind thick trees we could see a lot of grey rocks. We slowly started towards them, and suddenly heard a strange low sound. It came from some place right in front of us. Lord John held up his hand as a signal to stop. Then he came up to the rocks. I looked at his face and understood that he saw something wonderful but dangerous.

When we looked over the rocks we could see hundreds of pterodactyls. Some hundreds of yards below we noticed their young ones. Terrible mothers were sitting on their leathery, yellowish eggs<sup>1</sup>. From this noisy mass of dreadful reptiles came the shocking noise. It filled the air. The horrible smell turned us sick. But above, sitting on their own stone, tall, grey, more like dead and dried than alive, sat their horrible fathers, absolutely silent. From time to time they moved their red eyes and caught a dragon-fly with their sharp beaks. Their large, membranous wings were closed and they sat like gigantic old women covered with awful grey coats. Large and small, not less than a thousand of these ugly creatures were there.

Our professors would like to stay there all day. They got a chance to study the life of a prehistoric age. They pointed out the fish and dead birds lying about among the rocks. I heard them saying they had found at last why the bones of this flying dragon are found in such great numbers in the certain areas. It was now seen that, like penguins, they lived in great companies.

But the moment Challenger showed his head over the rock, he nearly brought the most terrible death on us all<sup>2</sup>. In a second the nearest creature gave a cry and flew up into the air. In a moment the whole circle of pterodactyls rose one after the other and sailed off into the sky. It was wonderful to see about a hun-

<sup>1</sup> **leathery, yellowish eggs** — кожистые, желтоватые яйца

<sup>2</sup> **he nearly brought the most terrible death on us all** — он едва не навлек на всех нас большую беду

dred of dreadful creatures above our heads. Soon we realized the danger. At first the pterodactyls flew round in a circle. Then, the flight grew lower and the circle was getting smaller, until the dry loud sound of their grey wings filled the air. The wings of those nearest to us nearly touched our faces. They attacked us. Summerlee gave a cry and put his hand to his face. I felt a strong pain at the back of my neck. At the same moment I heard the sound of Lord John's gun, and saw one of the creatures with a broken wing on the ground. With a wide-opened beak and bloody eyes it looked like a devil in an old picture. Other pterodactyls flew higher at the sound, and were circling above our heads.

"Now," cried Lord John, "now for our lives!"<sup>1</sup>

We ran through the wood, and the pterodactyls attacked us again and again. Summerlee was tired out and fell on the ground. We put him up and ran to the trees. There we were safe, because the creatures couldn't fly among the trees. On our way back to the camp, we saw them for a long time. They were flying in the deep blue sky, round and round. Their eyes were following us.

"I was sorry to fire my gun," said Lord John. "But now, we should get back to our camp. I wonder if the monsters have poison in their beaks."

At last we reached our camp. We thought that our adventures were over. The entrance of Fort Challenger and the walls were unbroken, but we understood at once that some strange and powerful creature had visited it. All our things were around.<sup>2</sup> Again the feeling of horror came on us, and we looked round at the dark shadows. How good it was when we heard the voice of Zambo and saw him sitting and smiling at us.

<sup>1</sup> **now for our lives!** — бегите изо всех сил!

<sup>2</sup> **All our things were around.** — Все наши вещи были раскиданы повсюду.

“Everything is OK, Mr. Challenger!” he cried. “I will stay here. You will always find me when you want.”

Late in the evening the professors started their scientific dispute again. I didn’t want to listen to it and moved away. I was sitting smoking on a fallen tree, when Lord John came up to me.

“I say, Malone,” he said, “Do you remember that place where those flying monsters live?”

“Very clearly.”

“Did you notice ground round the water?”

“It was of blue colour. It looked like clay. What of that?” I asked.

“Oh, nothing, nothing,” said he. Once again that night I heard him talking to himself: “Blue clay, blue clay!”



## *Chapter Six*

### **For Once I Was the Hero**



Lord John Roxton was right about the poison in pterodactyl’s beaks. Next morning Summerlee and I were in great pain<sup>1</sup>. Challenger’s leg hurt and he couldn’t walk. We stayed in our camp all day. All day long Lord John was making our camp walls thicker and stronger. I remember that during the whole long day I felt somebody watching us. I was sure that something terrible was going to happen.

That night (our third night in Maple White Land) we were all sleeping round our fire when suddenly the most terrible cry woke us. It was as loud as the sound of train. It was filled with agony and horror. And then, under this high, ringing sound there was another, a low laugh. For three or four minutes the

<sup>1</sup> **Summerlee and I were in great pain** — Саммерли и я чувствовали себя полностью разбитыми

frightening duet<sup>1</sup> continued. Then it stopped as suddenly as it began. For a long time we sat in silence.

"What was it?" I asked.

"We shall know in the morning," said Lord John. "It happened near to our camp."

"A prehistoric tragedy has just finished. The greater dragon killed the smaller one," said Challenger.

Summerlee raised his hand. "Hush!" he cried. "Can you hear it?"

There came a deep sound. We could hear soft but heavy steps. An animal was slowly coming to our camp. Then it stopped near us.

In the deep shadow of the tree there was a deeper shadow. It was no higher than a horse, but we understood it was a monster. Once, I thought I saw two terrible, greenish eyes.

"I believe it is going to jump!" I said.

"Don't fire! Don't fire!" told Lord John. He picked up a burning branch, and ran towards it. He threw the burning wood into its face. For one moment I noticed a horrible mask of a giant toad. Its open mouth was covered with fresh blood. In a moment our terrible visitor was gone.

"I was sure it was afraid of the fire," said Lord John, laughing, as he came back.

"Well, I think that we are lucky! What was he, then?"

Our professors looked at each other. They couldn't name the creature but they were sure it was a meat-eater.

We decided to go to our broken sleep but from that time on we never did it without a watchman.

In the morning we discovered the reason of the dreadful cry. The iguanodon glade was the scene of a horrible tragedy. There was blood and great pieces of meat all over the green grass. We decided that some animals were killed, but

<sup>1</sup> **duet** — two people acting together

later we understood that one aggressive animal killed the weaker creature. All this blood and meat came from one iguanodon.

"These can be the marks of a sabre-toothed tiger, but that night we saw a creature of a larger size and more reptilian in character<sup>1</sup>. I think it was allosaurus," said Professor Challenger.

"Sh-h! The less noise the better," said Lord Roxton. "We don't know who or what is near us."

I have told you about the terrors of Maple White Land; but there was another side of this land<sup>2</sup>. In the morning we walked among lovely flowers. In many places the ground was covered with them. We walked on that wonderful flower carpet and the smell was so strong that we felt sick with its sweetness. Many of the trees had their branches filled with sweet juicy fruit. In the jungle we saw strange footmarks of the iguanodon. Once in a glade we saw some of these great creatures.

One evening we talked about our future.

"We must find a way out of this land. That's what we must be doing now<sup>3</sup>, tomorrow and all the time," Summerlee said, "But I can see that you are all thinking about getting into this country. I am sure that we should be trying to get out of it<sup>4</sup>."

"I am surprised, sir," said Challenger, "that a man of science has such ideas. You are in a land, which is new to the whole world. Do you want to leave it before we have explored it? Shame on you, Professor Summerlee."

"I think," Lord John said, "it's not the right time for going back to London."

<sup>1</sup> **more reptilian in character** — похож скорее на рептилию

<sup>2</sup> **but there was another side of this land** — но было и нечто другое

<sup>3</sup> **That's what we must be doing now** — Вот чем мы сейчас должны быть заняты

<sup>4</sup> **that we should be trying to get out of it** — что нам следует попытаться выбраться отсюда





"I will never walk into the office of my paper," said I. "I won't leave this land behind me. But why are we discussing it? We can't get down, even if we wanted."

"There is no reason to go on exploration," Summerlee said. "Can you remember that we came here on a special mission? We know that Professor Challenger was right about the prehistoric animals. That means we have finished our work. As to the detail... I am sure that only a large expedition can be successful at it. Should we try to do it ourselves? The only result must be that we shall never return back home. We will never bring the important information to science. Professor Challenger found a way for getting us on to this plateau. Let's ask him to get us back to the world."

He was right and everybody knew it, even Challenger nodded his head.

"I agree with our colleague that we should think about our return. But I absolutely refuse to leave the Maple White land before we make its map."

"We have spent two long days here," Professor Summerlee said, "but we don't know anything about its geography. We know that it is covered with thick woods. It will take us months to cross it and to explore it. There is no mountain to climb and see the whole land."

Then a brilliant idea came to my mind. The large ginkgo tree was growing near us. It was the highest — so it was a watch-tower! I have always been a good tree-climber.

"My God, young boy, you are a genius!" said Lord John. "Be quick! It will get dark in an hour. Don't forget to take your notebook. You will get a chance to make a sketch of the place."

It wasn't very difficult to climb that tree. There were a lot of thick branches and soon I was high up the tree and my friends were far below. There was nothing but green leaves around me. The tree was a real giant. I looked up and saw nothing but leaves above my head.

Suddenly I saw something thick and bush-like<sup>1</sup> on the branch. I tried to have a more careful look at it, and I nearly fell out of the tree in my surprise and horror.

A face was looking at me. It was a human face. It was a long, whitish face with a flat nose. The eyes were angry and frightening. For a moment I read hatred in its eyes, then fear followed. There came a crash of broken branches because the creature jumped wildly down the tree. I saw a hairy body like that of a pig.

"What's the matter?" shouted Roxton from below. "Anything wrong with you?"

"Did you see it?" I cried.

"We heard a sound. What was it?"

I was so shocked with that ape-man that I wanted to climb down and tell everything to my friends. But then I decided to go on my way up. The leaves were getting thinner around me. I learned, from the wind upon my face, that I was above all the trees. I looked down and saw the most wonderful panorama of this strange country.

The evening was bright and clear, so I could see the whole plateau. It was oval, about thirty miles long and twenty miles wide. There was a lake in the centre. It was green and beautiful in the evening light. The sandbanks looked golden in the soft sunshine. I saw something long and dark, too large for alligators and too long for canoes. With my glass I could see that they were alive.

In the wood I could see the glade of the iguanodons and the swamp of the pterodactyls. On the opposite side, the plateau looked different. There were basalt cliffs and along the base of these red cliffs I could see many dark holes, which looked like caves. At the opening of one of these there was something white. I sat on the branch making the plan. Then I climbed down to my friends.

<sup>1</sup> **bush-like** — похожее на куст

For once I was the hero<sup>1</sup> of the expedition. I had the plan, which would save us a month's blind walking among unknown dangers. Each of them shook my hand.

But before they discussed the details of my map I told them of the ape-man among the branches.

"He has been there all the time," I said.

"How do you know that?" asked Lord John.

"Because I have always had a feeling that something was watching us. I told you about it, Professor Challenger."

"Our young friend certainly said something of the kind. Tell me, now," he added, "did you notice if the creature had a tail?"

"No."

"Did it use its feet as hands?"

"I do not think it could move so fast among the branches without it..."

"In South America there are some thirty-six kinds of monkeys. But the ape is unknown here. It is clear that you have seen it. The question is whether he is more closely to the ape or the man. Maybe it is the 'missing link'<sup>2</sup>. This problem is of great importance."

"It is nothing of the sort," said Summerlee. "Now that, thanks to Mr. Malone, we have got our map. And now we must get out of this terrible place. We must leave the further exploration<sup>3</sup> to others."

"Well," said Challenger, "I'll feel much better when the results of our expedition reach England. I have no idea how we will get down. But I have never had any problem, which my brain couldn't solve. I promise you that tomorrow I will find the way out."

<sup>1</sup> **For once I was the hero** — Вот когда я стал героем

<sup>2</sup> **'missing link'** — an animal similar to humans that may have existed at the time when apes developed into humans

<sup>3</sup> **further exploration** — дальнейшее исследование

That evening the first map of the lost world was made. Every detail, which I had noticed from my watch-tower, was put down. Challenger's pencil stopped near the great spot — the lake.

"What shall we call it?" he asked. "It's up to you, young friend, to name the lake. You saw it first, and, if you choose to put 'Lake Malone' on it, no one has a better right."

"Then, let it be named Lake Gladys."

Challenger looked at me smiling, and shook his great head. "Boys will be boys<sup>1</sup>," said he. "Lake Gladys let it be."



## *Chapter Seven*

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# **It Was Dreadful in the Forest**



I was very excited by the adventure of the tree, and I couldn't fall asleep. The full moon was shining brightly, and the air was pleasantly cold. What a night for a walk! And then suddenly came the thought, "Why not to go down to the central lake and be back at breakfast with some new facts?" I thought of Gladys, with her "There are heroisms all round us." I seemed to hear her voice as she said it. I thought also of McArde. What a three-column article for the paper! What a career! I took a gun and quickly went away.

In some minutes I realized how dreadful it was in the forest. The trees grew so thick that I could not see the moonlight. I thought of the dreadful scream of the iguanodon. I thought of that terrible monster near our camp. At any moment it could jump on me from the dark — this nameless and horrible monster.

<sup>1</sup> **Boys will be boys** — зд. Ах, молодость, молодость!

The darkness of the forest was frightening, but even worse was the white moonlight in the open glade of the iguanodons. I hid among the bushes and looked out at it. There were no monsters there. Perhaps they all had gone. In the silvery night I could see no living thing. I found the small river and decided to follow it. It could lead me to the lake. It could also help me to find my way back.

On the way to the lake I tried not to get under the great moonlight. I was going in the dark. When I heard the crash of breaking branches my heart stopped beating. Now and then great shadows appeared for a moment and were gone — great, soundless shadows which seemed to walk on soft feet.

At last (my watch showed that it was one in the morning) I saw water, and ten minutes later I was on the banks of the central lake. I was very thirsty, so I lay down and drank fresh and cold water of the prehistoric lake. There was a wide path with many tracks on it. It was a drinking-place! Near the water there was a huge rock of lava. Up this I climbed, and, lying on the top, I looked around.

I was very surprised when I saw the mouths of caves<sup>1</sup>. Now, I saw light in every cave. Suddenly I realized that they were the fires burning inside the caves. The men lit them! There were people on the plateau! Here was news to bring back to London!

For a long time I watched the lights. What race was that?

Lake Gladys — my own lake — lay before me. It was not deep, in many places I could see signs of life, sometimes little rings in the water, sometimes a great silver fish in the air, sometimes the black back of a monster. Once on a yellow sand I saw a creature like a huge swan, with a high neck. For some time I could see it swimming. Then it dived, and I saw it no more.

Then I saw what was going near the water. Two creatures like large armadillos came to the drinking-place. A huge deer,

<sup>1</sup> the mouths of caves — входы в пещеру

with branching horns, a beautiful creature, which carried itself like a king, came down with its family and drank crystal water. Suddenly it gave a warning cry, and was off. A newcomer, a most monstrous animal, was coming down the path.

For a moment I thought: "Where did I see that back, that strange bird-like head?" It was the stegosaurus — the very creature that Maple White had in his sketch-book! There he was — perhaps the very creature which the American artist had met. The ground shook under him. Now he was so close to me that I could touch his back. He drank water and disappeared among the rocks.

I looked at my watch and saw that it was half-past two o'clock. It was high time to start on my way back. I was going to tell fine news to my friends.

I was on my way home, when I heard a strange noise behind me. It was low, deep, and frightening. A strange creature was near me, but I saw nothing. I walked faster. In some minutes I heard the sound again, but louder and more frightening. The beast was after *me*. My skin grew cold and my hair rose at the thought. I remembered the dreadful bloody face, which we saw near our camp. My knees were shaking. I stopped and looked down the moonlit path. All was quiet in a dream landscape. Then there came that low, throaty sound<sup>1</sup>, far louder and closer. Something was hunting me.

Then suddenly I saw it. Something was moving in the bushes. A great dark shadow hopped out into the moonlight. The beast moved like a kangaroo. It was of great size and power. When I saw its shape, I thought it was an iguanodon, but I soon saw that it was a very different creature. Instead of the gentle, deer-shaped head of the great three-toed leaf-eater, this beast had a broad toad-like face. It looked like the monster that had frightened us in our camp. It was a meat-eating dinosaur,

<sup>1</sup> throaty sound — горловой звук

the most terrible beast, which had ever walked this earth. From time to time the huge monster brought its nose to the ground. It was smelling out me.<sup>1</sup>

What could I do? I looked round for some rock or tree, but there was no one around. I threw my useless gun away and ran. At last I stopped, I thought that I was safe. And then suddenly the monster was near me. He was just behind my back. I was lost.

The moonlight shone on his huge eyes and sharp teeth in his open mouth. With a cry of terror I turned and ran wildly down the path. Behind me the thick breathing of the creature sounded louder and louder. And then suddenly there came a crash. I was falling down.

When I opened my eyes, I felt the most dreadful smell. I stood upon my feet and came upon a big piece of meat. Then my hand touched a large bone. Up above me there was dark-blue sky. I realized that I was at the bottom of a deep pit. I was sore from head to foot<sup>2</sup>, but my arms and legs were not broken. Then I looked up in terror. There was no sign of the monster and I began to walk slowly round. I tried to find out what this strange place was.

It was a pit. The bottom was covered with great pieces of meat. The atmosphere was poisonous and horrible. Suddenly I came against something hard, and I found that it was an upright post<sup>3</sup> in the center of the pit. It was so high that I could not reach the top of it with my hand.

Suddenly I remembered about a box of matches in my pocket. I lit the match and had a better look. It was a trap and it was made by the hand of man.

I remembered that Challenger said that man could not live on the plateau. With his weak weapons he could not survive

<sup>1</sup> It was smelling out me. — Он вынюхивал меня.

<sup>2</sup> I was sore from head to foot — Все тело у меня ныло

<sup>3</sup> upright post — вертикальный кол

among the monsters. But now I knew how they survived. In their caves the natives lived safe. With their developed brains they could make the traps to hunt monsters. Man was always the master.

I wasn't afraid to meet the monster. I remembered that both professors said that the monsters were very stupid. I was sure the monster wasn't waiting for me. I got out of the pit and started on my way back to the camp.

And suddenly I heard the sound of a gun. I stopped and listened, but there was nothing more. For a moment I was shocked at the thought of some sudden danger. So I hurried back home as fast as possible.

I was tired out, so I couldn't run very fast. At last I reached the places, which I knew. I shouted the names of my friends but no answer came back to me. I ran faster. Finally I reached the camp but the gate was open. I ran in. My friends disappeared, and near the fireplace there was blood.

I was so shocked that for a time I nearly lost my reason<sup>1</sup>. I ran all round the empty camp, calling for my friends. No answer came back. The horrible thought came: "I will never see them again. I will be left alone in that dreadful place. I will never return into the world below. I will live and die in that nightmare country." I realized that without my friends I was like a child in the dark, helpless and powerless. I did not know which way to turn or what to do first.

Some hours passed and I tried to discover what had happened to my friends. I was sure that somebody had attacked them. I heard only one gun shot. It showed that it had been all over in a moment<sup>2</sup>. The blankets of Challenger and of Summerlee near the fire showed that they had been asleep at the time. Our guns, cameras were in the right places but no food

<sup>1</sup> I nearly lost my reason — я едва не лишился рассудка

<sup>2</sup> it had been all over in a moment — все закончилось мгновенно

was left. They were animals, then, and not natives, who had made the attack.

But what happened to my friends? Did a monster kill them? There was a pool of blood. The monster that followed me during the night could carry away a person as easily as a cat could carry a mouse.

Suddenly a thought came to me. I was not alone in the world. Down at the bottom of the cliff was Zambo. I went to the edge of the plateau. Zambo was sitting near the fire in his little camp. But a second man was sitting in front of him. He was an Indian. I shouted loudly and Zambo looked up and climbed the rock. In a short time he was standing close to me and listening to the story, which I told him.

“Devil got them, Mister,” he said. “You got into the devil’s country and he will take you all to himself. Take my advice, Mister Malone, and come down quick, else he will get you as well.”

“How can I come down, Zambo?”

“Send for ropes, Mister Malone.”

“Who can I send, and where?”

“Send to Indian villages. There is an Indian down below. He is one of our Indians. Other ones beat him and took away his money. He came back to us. Ready now to take letter, bring rope — anything.”

A letter! Why not? Perhaps he will bring help; and the news can reach our friends at home. I had two finished letters. The Indian could take them to the world. I told Zambo to come again in the evening, and I spent my lonely day writing down my own adventures the night before. I threw the papers to Zambo in the evening, and also all English money I had.



## *Chapter Eight*

# **I Shall Never Forget It**



In the evening sun I watched an Indian until he disappeared. It was quite dark when I came to the camp. Now I felt happier. Our names would not die with our bodies.

But I couldn’t fall asleep for a long time. I didn’t feel safe so I made three fires and then fell into a heavy sleep. What a nice awakening I had in the morning! A hand touched my arm. I jumped up. In the cold grey light I saw Lord John Roxton.

But he looked different. Now his face was white and covered with blood. His eyes were wild, his clothes were dirty, and his hat was gone. I looked at him in surprise, but he gave me no chance for questions.

“Quick, young boy!” he cried. “Get our guns, both of them. Now, some food. That’s all right! Quick, or we are done!”

I didn’t understand anything. In a moment we were running through the wood. Suddenly he fell on the ground and pulled me down.

“What is going on?” I asked. “Where are the professors? Who is hunting us?”

“The ape-men,” he cried. “My God, what creatures! Speak in a low voice, because they have long ears and sharp eyes. I don’t think they can smell us out because they have no power of smell. Where have you been, young boy?”

In a few sentences I told him about my night adventure.

“Oh dear!” said he, when he had heard of the dinosaur and the pit. “It isn’t quite the place for holidays.”

“What happened in the camp?” I asked.

“Early in the morning we were sleeping peacefully. Suddenly it rained apes<sup>1</sup>. They came down as thick as apples out of a tree. I call them apes, but they carried sticks and stones in their hands. They talked to each other. They are cleverer than any creature that I have seen in my life. When I shot one of them, they carried him off. Then they sat around us. I saw death in their faces. They were big creatures, as big as a man and much stronger. Curious glassy grey eyes they have, under red eyebrows, and they just sat and looked carefully at us. Challenger is no chicken<sup>2</sup>, but even he was frightened.”

“Well, what did they do?”

“I thought it was the end of us. Suddenly they all started talking together. Then one of them came up to Challenger. You’ll smile, young boy. This old ape-man — he was their chief — looked like Challenger. He had short body, big shoulders, no neck, a great red beard, large eyebrows, and the ‘What do you want, damn you!’<sup>3</sup> look. Summerlee laughed till he cried. The ape-men laughed too. Then they took us and carried through the forest. Soon we were in their town near the cliffs. There were about a thousand houses. There we lay under

<sup>1</sup> **it rained apes** — обезьяны посыпались как из ведра

<sup>2</sup> **chicken** — зд. трус

<sup>3</sup> **‘What do you want, damn you!’** — «Что тебе надо, черт побери!»

the tree, while a great ape-man stood near us with a thick stick in his hand. When I say ‘we’ I mean Summerlee and myself.

“Old Challenger was up in the tree. He was eating fruit and having the time of his life. Well, now, young boy, I’ll tell you what will surprise you. You say you think there are people here. Well, we have seen the natives. Poor devils they were!<sup>1</sup>

“I think one side of this plateau is theirs but this part of the plateau is ape-men’s side. There is bloody war between them all the time. That’s the situation, as I can see it. Well, yesterday the ape-men caught about ten natives.”

Lord Roxton went on with his story.

“Of course, as you said, they watched us from the beginning. You remember the great bamboos where we found the skeleton of the American? Well, that is just under the ape-town, and that’s the jumping-off place of their prisoners. I think there are hundreds of skeletons there. The ape-men have a parade ground in their town. They have a special ceremony there. One by one they push the poor prisoners down and see if the prisoners are broken to pieces or if they get the bamboos through them<sup>2</sup>.

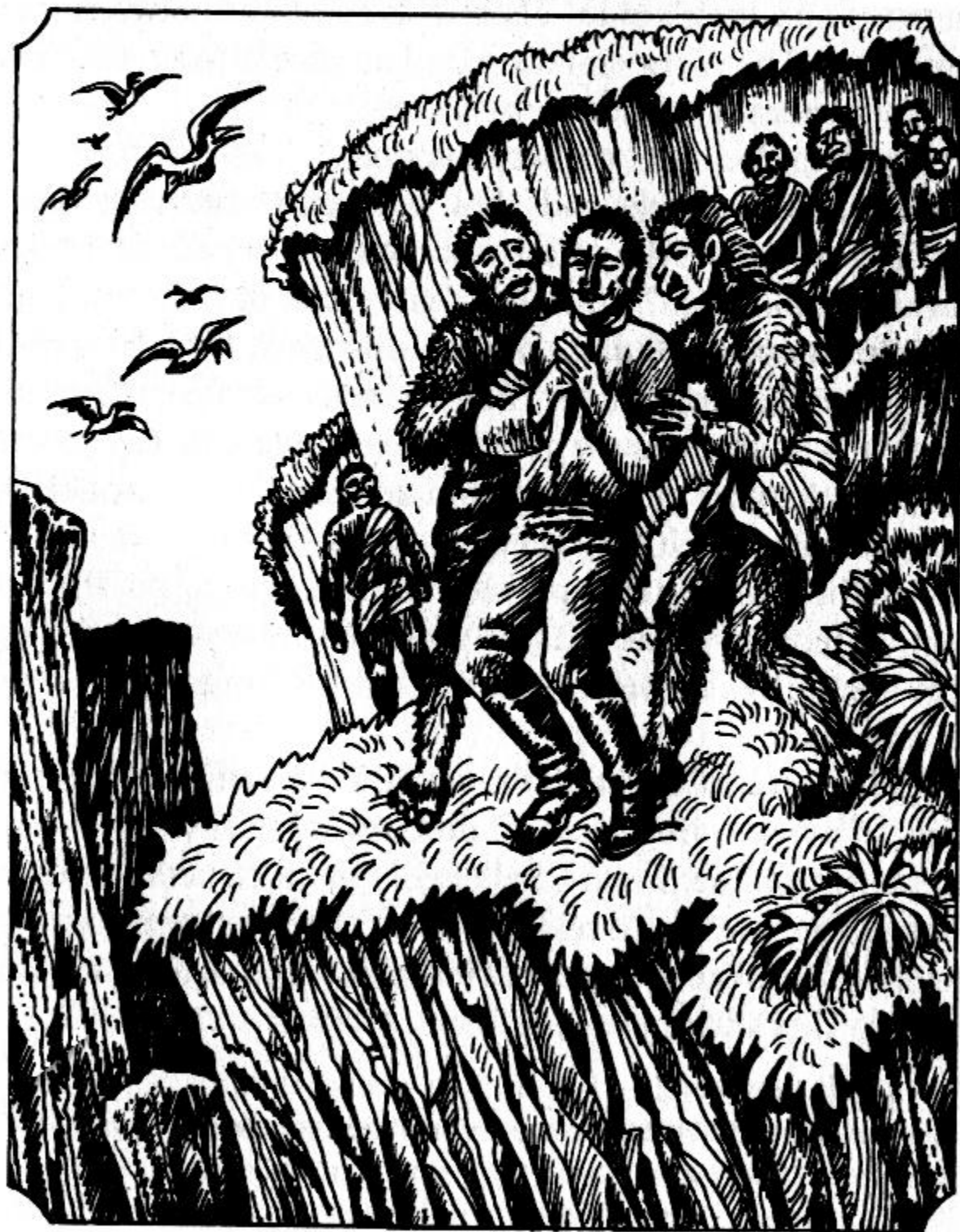
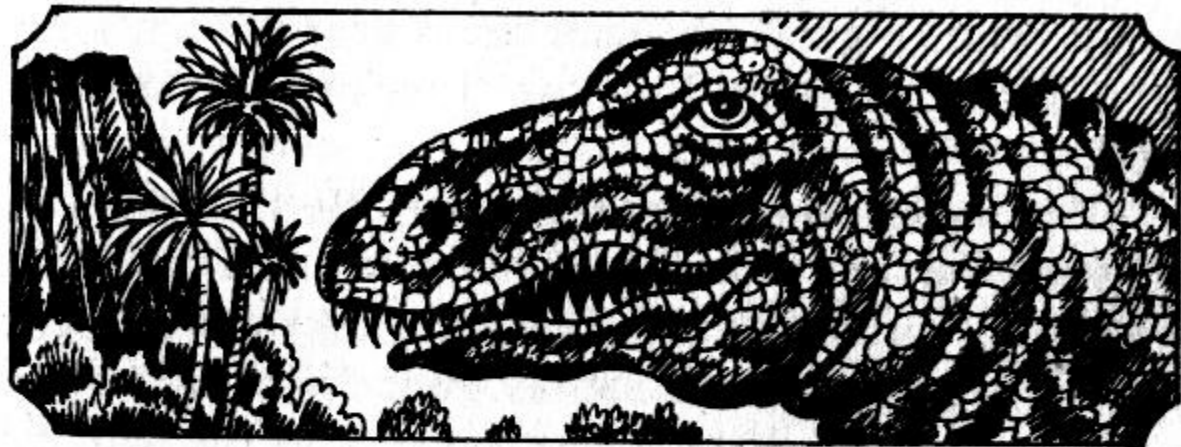
“In the morning the ape-men came to the edge of the cliff. They pushed four of the Indians, and the bamboos went through them like knives through butter. It was horrible — but it was exciting too.

“Then we realized that we would be the next. It was time for us to escape. But I had to do everything myself, because Summerlee was weak and Challenger not much better. Besides, they still thought about science! They were having disputes all the time!<sup>3</sup> Were the ape-men a kind of dryopithecus of Java or a kind of pithecanthropus? Madness, I call it!

<sup>1</sup> **Poor devils they were!** — Какими же жалкими они были!

<sup>2</sup> **if the prisoners are broken to pieces or if they get the bamboos through them** — разобьются ли пленники или напорются на бамбук

<sup>3</sup> **They were having disputes all the time!** — Они постоянно спорили!



“Well, I learnt some good things about the ape-men. They can’t run as fast as we can. They have short legs and heavy bodies. They knew nothing about guns...”

Then I ran away early this morning, got you and the guns, and here we are.”

“But the professors!” I cried.

“Well, I couldn’t bring them with me. Challenger was up the tree, and Summerlee was too weak for the escape. I had to get the guns. Of course, ape-men can kill them. I don’t think they would touch Challenger, but I am not sure about Summerlee. Now we must go back and save them.”

We went in silence until we came to the cliff near the old camp. There we stopped, and Lord John told me his plan.

“When we are in the wood, ape-men are our masters,” he said. “They can see us but we cannot see them. But in the open<sup>1</sup> it is different. There we can move faster. So we must keep ourselves to the open. The edge of the plateau has fewer trees. So that’s our way. Go slowly; keep your eyes open and your gun ready. Above all, never let them get you prisoner — that’s my last word to you, young boy.”

The woods were full of the ape-men. Again and again we heard their voices. We hid among the bushes and walked very carefully. It took us about two hours to get to the ape-men town.

“Come!” said Lord John. “Come quick! I hope we are not too late already!”

I shall never forget it — so impossible it was! It was a wide, open place covered with green grass. There were a lot of small houses. They were built of branches. I could see ape-mothers with their babies.

Near the edge of the cliff, there were those red-haired creatures, many of them of great size, and all of them horrible to

<sup>1</sup> **in the open** — на открытой местности



look on<sup>1</sup>. They were standing in a line. A small group of Indians were standing in front of them. The Indians were little people and their skins looked like polished bronze in the strong sunlight. A tall, thin white man was standing among them. That was Professor Summerlee.

Around this group of prisoners were some ape-men, who watched them. Near the edge of the cliff, there were two funny figures. One of them was our Professor Challenger. His shirt was dirty, he had lost his hat, and his hair was flying wildly. Close to him stood the king of the ape-men. They looked very much alike. The same short figure, the same heavy shoulders, the same long arms, the same hairy chest. He was an absurd parody of the Professor.

A drama was in progress. Two of the ape-men took one of the Indians out of the group and brought him to the edge of the cliff. The king gave a signal. They caught the man by his leg and arm, and threw him down the cliff. As he disappeared, the ape-men ran up to the cliff. There was a long pause of absolute silence. A mad cry followed! They jumped and clapped their long, hairy hands.

Summerlee was the next. Two ape-men caught him by the hands, Challenger turned to the king and asked to save his friend's life. But the ape-man just shook his head and it was his last movement. Lord John's gun fired, and the king fell down on the ground.

"Shoot, son, shoot!" cried my companion.

You know, I'm not aggressive by nature. But now I jumped on my feet and fired my gun again and again. Both guards were shot dead and Summerlee was walking about. He couldn't realize that he was free. The ape-men were running about in horror. They couldn't understand where this storm of death was coming from. They all ran to the trees.

<sup>1</sup> **all of them horrible to look on** — все они без исключения были отвратительны

Challenger took Summerlee by the arm, and they both ran towards us. Summerlee was at the end of his strength.<sup>1</sup> He could hardly walk. Challenger and I took Summerlee, one at each side. Lord John fired his gun again and again. We could see the ape-men's heads looking at us out of the bushes. For a mile or more they followed us. But finally they learned our power<sup>2</sup>. When we reached the camp, we looked back and found ourselves alone.

But we were mistaken. When we closed our gates, we heard somebody coming up and then a gentle crying from outside. Lord Roxton opened the gate and there, on the ground, lay the little red figures of the four Indians. One of them got up and pointed to the woods. He tried to explain that they were full of danger. He threw his arms round Lord John's legs.

"Oh dear!" cried Lord John, "What should we do with these people?"

"We must help them," said Summerlee. "I think we should take them home, but we don't know the way."

"There is no difficulty about that," said I. "They live in the caves on the other side of the central lake."

That moment, from the dark of the woods we heard a far-away cry of the ape-men. The Indians got very frightened.

"We must move, and move quick!" said Lord John. "You help Summerlee, young boy. The Indians will carry our food, cameras and everything. Now, come along before they can see us."

Deep in the wood we found a hiding place. All day we heard the cries of the ape-men, but none of them came our way, and we had a long, deep sleep.

<sup>1</sup> **Summerlee was at the end of his strength.** — У Саммерли заканчивались силы.

<sup>2</sup> **they learned our power** — они убедились в нашем превосходстве

## Chapter Nine

# Those Were the Great Victories



We thought that the ape-men knew nothing of our hiding-place, but we were wrong. I shall never be nearer death than I was that morning.

We woke tired out. Summerlee was very weak. It was difficult for him even to stand but he was full of courage. We decided to have our breakfast first, and then make our way across the plateau and round the central lake to the Indian caves. We hoped that the Indians would give us a warm welcome.

Then, we would think of our return. Even Challenger was sure that our mission was finished and we had to carry our discoveries to the civilization.

The Indians were small people, fit, active, and well-built, with straight black hair. Their faces were hairless, well formed, and good-humored. They pointed to each other and repeated

the word "Accala" many times. So we decided that it was the name of their people. From time to time, when their faces went white with fear and hatred, they pointed their hands at the wood and cried: "Doda! Doda!" It was their word for the ape-men.

"What do you think of them, Challenger?" asked Lord John. "The young man is a chief among them, isn't he?"

The young man was the youngest, but he looked very proud and when Challenger touched his head, he moved away from the Professor with a quick look of his dark eyes. Then he said the word "Maretas" some times.

Then Professor Challenger took the nearest Indian by the shoulder and started to lecture on him. "We must place these natives higher than many South American tribes. We can't explain the evolution of such a race in this place. But it is clear that all of them couldn't develop on the plateau."

"Then where did they come from?" asked Lord John.

"I am sure that we will discuss the question in Europe and America," the Professor answered. "In this unusual country old types of animals live in company with newer ones. So we find such modern creatures as the tapir, the great deer and the reptilian forms of Jurassic type. And now come the ape-men and the Indians. I believe they came from outside. Perhaps, there existed ape-men in South America. A long time ago they found the way to this place, and developed into these terrible creatures. As to the Indians, I think they are later immigrants. But we don't know what made them come up here. When they met dreadful creatures, living in this country, they hid in the caves. Now they have endless fights with them. That's why there are not many of them."

When the lecture was over I found that one Indian had left our hiding place.

"He has gone to bring some water," said Lord Roxton.

"To the old camp?" I asked.

"No, to the river. It's among the trees there."

"I'll go and look after him," said I.

I was making my way through the bushes, when I saw something red. When I came up to it, I found the dead body of the Indian. I gave a cry to warn my friends, and ran towards the body. The next moment, out of the thick green leaves two long muscular arms covered with reddish hair came out. I jumped backwards, but quick as I was<sup>1</sup>, those hands were quicker. One hand caught the back of my neck and the other got my face. I looked up and saw a frightful face with cold light blue eyes. There was something hypnotic in those terrible eyes. The next moment the huge paw coved my face and little silvery bells sounded in my ears. Far off I heard the sound of a gun.

I woke up in our hiding place.

"You are safe, young boy," said Lord Roxton. "When I heard your cry I ran forward. But when I saw your head in its paws, I thought it was too late. The ape-man dropped you and was quickly off."

It was clear now that the ape-men knew our hiding place. So the sooner we got away from their neighbourhood, the better.

It was in the early afternoon that we started on our journey. The young chief was our guide. Behind him came the two Indians. Then we walked with our guns ready. As we started, we heard a sudden chorus of the ape-men. Looking back we saw only the trees, but that long cry told us how many of our enemies hid among the trees. They didn't follow us. Soon we got into more open country.

In the late afternoon we reached the lake and our native friends cried happily. Over the glassy water there was a great flotilla of canoes. They were coming straight for the shore. In a moment a cry of happiness came from the people in them. They flew across the water, took their boats on the sand and ran up to us. Finally one of them, an old man, with a bracelet of shiny

<sup>1</sup> **but quick as I was** — каким бы быстрым я ни был

glass and a skin of some beautiful yellow-coloured animal over his shoulders, ran forward and kissed the young man. He looked at us and asked some questions. Then he kissed each of us. Then all natives fell with their faces down. I felt uncomfortable, and I read the same feeling in the faces of Roxton and Summerlee, but Challenger looked like a flower in the sun<sup>1</sup>.

The Indians were ready for the battle. Every man carried his spear and arrows. Their dark, angry looks at the woods, and the word "Doda," made it clear that this was a rescue party. The young man was the old chief's son.

In the evening they sat in a circle and had a council. Two or three natives spoke, and finally our young friend spoke. He used gestures and we could understand it all clearly.

"What is the use of returning home?" he said. "Sooner or later we'll have to do it. I have returned safe but there is no safety for any of us. We are armed now and ready." Then he pointed to us. "These strange men are our friends. They are great fighters, and they hate the ape-men as we do. They command," here he pointed up to the sky, "the thunder and the lightning. When shall we have such a chance again? Let us go forward, and either die now or live for the future in safety<sup>2</sup>!"

The red men listened to him very carefully. When he finished, the old chief came to us, and asked us some questions. He was pointing to the woods. Lord John made a sign to wait for an answer. Then he turned to us.

"Well, what are you going to do?" said he; "I will go with the Indians. What do you say, young boy?"

"Of course I will come."

"And you, Challenger?"

"I will."

<sup>1</sup> **Challenger looked like a flower in the sun** — Челленджер расцвел

<sup>2</sup> **either die now or live for the future in safety** — либо мы умрем, либо завоюем спокойную жизнь

“And you, Summerlee?”

“If you are all going, I hardly see how I can not.”

“Then we are ready,” said Lord John, and he nodded and touched his gun.

It was too late for a start that night, so the Indians made a camp. On all sides their fires began to smoke. Some Indians disappeared into the jungle and came back with a young iguanodon before them. When they killed the reptile, we understood that these great creatures were their domestic animals. In a few minutes great pieces of meat were cooking over a dozen fires.

Summerlee fell asleep on the sand, but we decided to have a walk near the lake. We wanted to learn something more of this strange country. Twice we found pits of blue clay that for some reason excited Lord John. Challenger got very interested in a geyser, where some strange gas formed great bubbles.

“Gas, lighter than the air. The resources of Professor Challenger are not limited, my young friend. I’ll show you how a great mind puts all Nature to its use<sup>1</sup>.” He smiled at us with some secret purpose, but would say no more.

There was nothing interesting for me on the shore. Our noises frightened all living creatures away. But it was different out on the water. It was full of strange life. Great black backs came up, and then down into the water. The sand banks were filled with ugly huge turtles, strange crocodiles, and one great flat creature like a moving carpet of black shiny leather. Here and there high snake heads went out of the water, rising and falling in graceful, swan-like movements. One of these creatures appeared on the sand bank a few hundred yards away and we could see its ball-like body behind the long snake neck.

“Plesiosaurus! A fresh-water plesiosaurus!” cried Summerlee. “We are the happiest zoologists!”

<sup>1</sup> a great mind puts all Nature to its use — великий ум заставляет Природу служить себе

Early in the morning we started on our expedition. Often in my dreams I wanted to be a war correspondent. But I have never imagined it would be such a war!

At night many natives joined us. There were four or five hundred of us when we started in the morning. A small group went first, and behind them in a column we made our way up. Near the forest we divided into spearmen and bowmen.

We didn’t have to wait long for our enemy. A wild cry came from the wood and the ape-men ran out with sticks and stones. It was a foolish move, because the ape-men were slow of foot. The Indians were as active as cats. It was horrible to see the dreadful creatures with open mouths and shiny red eyes. They were running at their enemies, while arrow after arrow buried itself in their bodies<sup>1</sup>.

But we were not so lucky when we came among the trees. The ape-men jumped out from the trees so quickly that the Indians often didn’t have time to spear them. One of the ape-men broke Summerlee’s gun into pieces and was going to attack Professor again. An Indian speared him into the heart. Other ape-men in the trees above us dropped down stones and wood.

Our guns were a great help to the natives. Then came the panic. Screaming wildly, the great creatures ran away in the wood. The natives cried in their wild voices and followed their enemies.

The ape-men were too slow to escape from the Indians, and from every side of the woods we heard their cries.

“It’s over,” said Lord John. “I think we can leave the tidying up to the Indians. Perhaps the less we see of it, the better we shall sleep.”

When we were walking through the woods, we found the dead bodies of the ape-men.

<sup>1</sup> while arrow after arrow buried itself in their bodies — в то время как стрелы вонзались в них одна за другой

All the males were killed. The ape-town was destroyed, the females and the young were driven away, and the long war reached its bloody end.

For us the victory was very important. We visited our camp and talked with Zambo.

“Go away, Misters, go away!” he cried. “The devil will get you if you stay up there.”

“It is the voice of a clever one!” said Summerlee. “We have had adventures enough. From now on you should use all your energy to get us out of this horrible country and back to civilization.”



## Chapter Ten

### Escape



The victory over the ape-men was very important to us. We became the masters of the plateau. We were like gods for the Indians. As far as we could understand<sup>1</sup> their language, there was a tunnel down the cliffs. That was the way the ape-men, the Indians and Maple White with his friend reached the plateau. But the year before there was an earthquake, and a part of the tunnel fell in.

We returned with the Indians to their city and made our camp at the foot of their cliffs. The Indians were friendly but we had our guns ready.

We visited their caves, which were most wonderful places. We couldn't understand if the caves were made by man or by Nature. The openings were about eighty feet above the ground. And a large animal couldn't climb the long stone stairs that led

<sup>1</sup> As far as we could understand — Насколько мы могли понять

to the caves. Inside they were warm and dry with grey walls decorated with many pictures of different animals.

We knew the huge iguanodons were kept as domestic animals and we decided that man was the master of the plateau. Soon we discovered that it was not so.

The tragedy happened on the third day. Challenger and Summerlee went together to the lake where some of the natives were fishing. Lord John and I had stayed in our camp, while a number of the Indians were busy with their everyday business<sup>1</sup>. Suddenly there was a loud cry. We heard the word "Stoa" and saw men, women and children running wildly for their homes.

We looked up and saw the Indians waving their arms and asking us to come up to their caves. We took our guns and ran out to see what the danger could be.

Suddenly from the nearest trees there came a group of twelve or fifteen Indians, running for their lives<sup>2</sup>, and after them two dreadful monsters. They were the monsters that came to our camp and frightened me on my night journey. They looked like horrible toads. They had ugly fish-like skins and moved in great jumps, but in size they were bigger than the largest elephant. We had never before seen them in the daylight. We stood shocked.

We had little time to watch them, because in a moment they got some Indians and killed them. The Indians were helpless.

We fired our guns but it had no effect on the monsters. They were reptiles and didn't care for pain<sup>3</sup>. But the noise of our guns slowed them and we had a little time to reach the stone steps leading to the caves.

When the two monsters reached the stairs, a rain of arrows came from every cave. In a minute they were feathered with

<sup>1</sup> **everyday business** — повседневные дела

<sup>2</sup> **running for their lives** — бегущих изо всех сил

<sup>3</sup> **didn't care for pain** — не обращали внимание на боль

them, but they didn't feel any pain and went on climbing the stairs. But at last the poison worked. One of the monsters gave a deep cry and dropped to the ground. Then the other followed it. With cries of triumph the Indians came down from their caves and had a dance of victory round the dead bodies. That night they cut up the bodies, but they were not going to eat the meat, because the poison was still active. The great reptilian hearts lay there, beating slowly in horrible independent life. It was only on the third day that<sup>1</sup> the dreadful things stopped beating.

We spent seven days in the Indian village. We never stopped thinking about the escape to the outer world. One fact we had discovered very quickly: the Indians didn't want to help us. In every other way they were our friends but when we asked them for help, we were met by a gentle "no". They smiled and shook their heads, and there was the end of it. It was only Maretas, the chief's son, who looked sadly at us and told us by his gestures that he wanted to help us. Since their triumph with the ape-men the Indians looked on us as supermen.

Challenger went walking every morning and returned only in the evening. One day he led us down to his secret place and told us about his plans.

It was a small clearing in the center of a palm forest. There was a geyser there. Near it we saw a large balloon — that was the dried stomach of a great fish lizard. It took Professor Challenger about half an hour to fill it with natural gas.

Challenger was like a happy father looking at his first-born child. It was Summerlee who first broke the silence<sup>2</sup>.

"You don't mean us to go up in that thing, Challenger?"

"I'd like to see how it works," said Lord John.

"So you will," said Challenger. "Well, we cannot climb down and there is no tunnel. We cannot construct any kind of

<sup>1</sup> **It was only on the third day that** — Только на третий день

<sup>2</sup> **broke the silence** — нарушил тишину



bridge. Once I found some free hydrogen coming from the geyser. Then I had an idea of a balloon. It took me some time to find a bag for the gas, but finally I found the solution! I will demonstrate my balloon.”

Never was our expedition in greater danger.<sup>1</sup> The balloon flew up. In a moment Challenger went up after it. I had just time to throw my arms round his body. So I flew up into the air too. Lord John got my legs, but I felt that he also was coming off the ground. For a moment I imagined the four of us flying like sausages over the plateau. Then we heard a sharp crack, and we fell on the ground. When we got up, we saw our balloon far away in the deep blue sky.

I tried to write down all events as they happened. Now I am finishing my story from the old camp in company with Zambó. We came down in a most unexpected way.

It was in the evening of our risky adventure with Challenger's balloon. I told you that the young boy was the only person who wanted to help us. That evening he came down to our little camp. Suddenly he gave me a small piece of bark, and pointed up at the caves. Then he put his finger to his lips as a sign of secrecy<sup>2</sup>.

I took the bark and we examined it together. It looked like a puzzle.

“My God!” Lord John cried. “I believe I've got it. See here! How many marks are on that paper? Eighteen. There are eighteen cave openings above us!”

“He pointed up to the caves when he gave it to me,” said I.

“Well, this is a plan of the caves. What! Eighteen of them, some short, some deep, some branching. It's a map, and here's a cross on it. What's the cross for? I think it shows the deepest.”

“Or one that goes through,” I cried.

<sup>1</sup> Never was our expedition in greater danger. — Никогда еще наша экспедиция не была в большей опасности.

<sup>2</sup> as a sign of secrecy — в знак молчания

"I believe our young friend is right," said Challenger. "If the cave does not go through, I do not understand why the boy has drawn it. But if it does go through and comes out, we will have about a hundred feet way down<sup>1</sup>."

"Well, our rope is still more than a hundred feet long," I cried. "Surely we could get down."

"How about the Indians in the cave?" Summerlee asked.

"There are no Indians in any of the caves above our heads," said I. "They don't use those caves for living. Let's go up there now!"

We made our way up to the cave that was marked in the drawing. It was a beautiful dry tunnel. The grey walls were covered with native symbols. There was white sand on the floor. We went on and on until we came to a wall. There was no escape for us there.

"Never mind, my friends," said Challenger. "You have still my promise of a balloon."

"Not a word about the balloon! Can we be in the wrong cave?" I asked.

"No," said Lord John, with his finger on the plan. "Seventeenth from the right and second from the left. This is the right cave."

I looked at the mark to which his finger pointed, and I gave a sudden cry.

"I think I've got it! Follow me! Follow me! Look, it is marked as a forked cave<sup>2</sup>, and in the darkness we didn't see it."

We went about thirty yards and a great black opening appeared in the wall. We turned into it and came into a much larger corridor. We went our way and suddenly, in the black

<sup>1</sup> we will have about a hundred feet way down — нам надо будет спуститься примерно на 30 метров вниз

<sup>2</sup> a forked cave — a cave that has one end divided into two or more parts

darkness in front of us we saw a dark red light. No sound, no warmth, no movement came from it, but still the great light was ahead.

"The moon!" cried Lord John. "We are through, boys! We are through!"

The full moon shone down on us. It was a small opening, not larger than a window. As we looked down, we could see that the way down was not very difficult. We understood that with the help of our rope we could find our way down. Then we returned to our camp.

We had to do everything quickly and secretly. We couldn't take everything we had, but Challenger had something that he wanted to take with him. When the darkness fell, we got our things up. Then we looked back and took one last long look at that strange land, our dreamland, a land where we had done much, suffered much, and learned much — *our* land, as we shall ever call it. When we were looking back, a call of some wild animal rang clear out of the darkness. It was the very voice of Maple White Land saying us good-bye. We turned and came into the cave that led to the outer world.

Two hours later, we were at the foot of the cliff. In the early morning we reached it and saw about ten fires, not just one. There were twenty Indians who came to save us. The next day we began our way back to the Amazon.

And so I finish my story. Our eyes have seen great wonders and each of us has become better in his own way. My dear Mr. McArdle, I hope very soon to shake you by the hand.



<sup>1</sup> We are through! — Мы вышли!



## Chapter Eleven

### A Procession! A Procession!



We couldn't imagine that we were so popular in Europe. On our way to England we started to get radio messages. They wanted to pay a lot of money for a short report about our expedition. But we decided to give no information to the Press before the meeting at the Zoological Institute.

And now I'm going to tell you about the last exciting moment of our adventure. I mean the meeting at the Zoological Institute. In front of me there is a newspaper report. I'll give you a chance to read it:

THE NEW WORLD  
GREAT MEETING AT THE QUEEN'S HALL  
WHAT WAS IT?  
DEMONSTRATION IN REGENT STREET  
(SPECIAL)

"The meeting at the Zoological Institute was held last night. It has become a red letter date<sup>1</sup> in the history of Science. Last year the Institute sent an expedition to South America. They had to test Professor Challenger's words about the existence of prehistoric life. The meeting was a sensation. Nobody will forget it.

"The Great Hall were full that night. About five thousand people came to see the travellers. At last they appeared and took their places in the front of a platform. In the Hall you could see the faces of famous scientists from all over the world.

"I'm not going to describe the heroes because their photographs are in all newspapers. When the audience took their seats, the Chairman addressed the meeting. He said: 'Professor Summerlee is going to tell us about the results. I know that the expedition was very successful. Fortunately the age of romance is not dead. Now the wildest imagination met the scientific results.'

"Professor Summerlee told the audience how it all began. He also said some nice and hearty words<sup>2</sup> about Challenger. Then he described their way from the Amazon to the base of the cliffs. It was very difficult to find the way up the plateau. The fall of their bridge was a real tragedy. Then the Professor described the horrors and the wonders of the Lost World. He told of the wonderful animal and plant life. The audience was very interested in the larger extinct animals. The Professor read a long list of their names. He and his companions saw about twenty creatures.

"He told about a snake, the skin of which, deep purple in colour, was fifty-one feet long. Professor told about a white creature which gave bright phosphorescence in the darkness; also a large black butterfly, the bite of which was deadly poisonous.

<sup>1</sup> It has become a red letter date — Это стало значительным событием

<sup>2</sup> hearty words — сердечные слова

The plateau was very rich in prehistoric forms of early Jurassic times. He also told about the gigantic stegosaurus (Malone had met the monster at a drinking-place near the lake); the iguanodon and the pterodactyl (two of the first of the wonders, which they had met); the terrible meat-eating dinosaurs (which had hunted them); about the huge and dreadful bird, the phororachus, and the great deer which still lives there. But the mysteries of the central lake were unbelievable! The Professor described the monstrous three-eyed fish-lizards and the huge water snakes, which live in this mysterious lake.

“Next he told about the Indians, and the colony of apemen. Finally he described the genius but very dangerous invention of Professor Challenger. Finally he told about their way back to civilization.

“Some people thought that that was the end of the meeting. But suddenly Dr. James Illingworth stood up. First Dr. Illingworth thanked Professor Challenger and Professor Summerlee. But then he asked for the proofs. Some photographs. But they may be fakes. What more? A story of a quick escape by ropes. It was exciting, but it proves nothing. The audience heard that Lord John Roxton had the skull of a phororachus. Can the audience have a look at it?

“It is difficult to describe that chaos. A large part of the audience was shouting. Suddenly Professor Challenger was on his feet:

‘I think you can remember, that the same foolish scenes happened at the last meeting. Now I’m going to show you some proofs. As Professor Summerlee explained, the apemen destroyed our cameras. We couldn’t bring a lot of luggage with us but we have Professor Summerlee’s collections of butterflies and insects. There are many new species. Was it not a proof?’ (Several voices, ‘No.’) ‘Who said no?’

“Dr. Illingworth (rising): ‘We think that you could make such a collection in any place.’

“Professor Challenger: ‘I can show you a picture of pterodactyl taken from life...’

“Dr. Illingworth: ‘No picture.’

“Professor Challenger: ‘You would like to see the prehistoric thing with your own eyes?’

“Dr. Illingworth: ‘Yes, Sir.’

“Professor Challenger: ‘And then you will believe it?’

“Dr. Illingworth (laughing): ‘You are right, sir.’

“It was the sensation! Professor Challenger gave a signal and at once Mr. Malone stood up and went to the back of the platform. A moment later two men carried in a large box. Finally they put it in front of the Professor. All sound stopped. Professor Challenger opened the box. He looked down into the box and said, ‘Come, then, pretty, pretty!’ in a sweet voice. A moment later, a most horrible creature appeared from it and sat on the box. Nobody noticed the fall of the Duke of Durham into the orchestra... The face of the creature was like the wildest dream. It was horrible, with two small red eyes. Its long half-opened beak was full of shark-like teeth. It was the devil of our childhood! Someone cried, two ladies fell from their chairs. For a moment there was danger of a general panic.

“Professor Challenger tried to quiet the audience, but his movement frightened the creature. The strange shawl round its shoulders suddenly spread. It was a pair of leathery wings. The Professor tried to catch it by its legs, but it was too late. The monster was flying slowly round the Hall with a dry, leathery sound of its wings. A dreadful smell filled the hall. The cries of the people frightened the creature. Faster and faster it flew. It got afraid and was beating against the walls and lamps. It was trying to escape. ‘The window! Shut that window!’ cried the Professor. But it was too late! In a moment the creature, like a huge butterfly, came to the open window and was gone.

“Then — oh! How can I describe what happened then — everyone was on his feet. Everyone was moving and shouting.

‘Up with them! up with them!’ cried a hundred voices. In a moment the four travellers were above the crowd. ‘Regent Street! Regent Street!’ cried the voices. The audience left the Hall, carrying the four on their shoulders. Out in the street a hundred thousand people were waiting. ‘A procession! A procession!’ was the cry. The whole central traffic of London was stopped. Finally, the four travellers were near Lord John Roxton’s house. It was one of the most wonderful evenings!”

Some words about the London pterodactyl. Two women saw it sitting on the roof of the Great Hall. The creature stayed there like a statue for some hours. The next day a newspaper article told about an officer. He had left his post, and was sent to prison. He said that he had dropped his gun and left his post because he suddenly saw the devil between him and the moon. The judges didn’t believe the poor. There is one more report. The captain of the “Start Point”, an American ship, reported that when they had just left the port something between<sup>1</sup> a flying goat and a monstrous bat was flying very quickly southwest. The scientists believe that somewhere in the waters of the Atlantic the last European pterodactyl found its end.

And Gladys — oh, my Gladys! — Gladys of the mystic lake! Let me tell it in a few words. No letter or telegram waited for me, and I went to her house at my first night in England. Was she dead or alive? Where were all my dreams of the open arms, the smiling face, her sweet words for me? I ran down the garden, knocked at the door, heard the voice of Gladys inside, and ran into the sitting-room. She was sitting in the armchair.

“Gladys!” I cried, “Gladys!”

Her face was new to me.

“What do you mean?” she said.

“Gladys!” I cried. “What is the matter? You are my Gladys, are you not — little Gladys Hungerton?”

<sup>1</sup> something between — нечто среднее между

“No,” said she, “I am Gladys Potts. Let me introduce you to my husband.”

How absurd life is! I said “How do you do?” to a little red-haired man.

“You didn’t get my letter at Para, then?” she asked.

“No, I got no letter.”

“Oh, what a pity! Well, I told William all about you,” said she. “We have no secrets. I am so sorry about it. But I think your feeling was not so deep. You left me and went to the other end of the world. You’re not angry with me, are you?”

“No, no, not at all. I think I’ll go.”

I had already left the room but suddenly I came up to that little man.

“Will you answer a question?” I asked. “How did you do it? Have you found hidden treasure, or discovered a pole, or flown the Channel, or what? Where is the romance? How did you get it?”

He looked at me with a hopeless little face.

“Well, just one question,” I cried. “What are you? What is your profession?”

“I am a clerk,” said he. “Second man at Johnson and Merivale’s, 41 Chancery Lane.”

“Good-night!” said I, and came out, with hatred and laughter.

One more episode. Last night we all met at Lord John Roxton’s house, and sitting together we talked our adventures over. It was strange to see the old, well-known faces in the old English house. After supper Lord John Roxton had something to say to us. From a cupboard he took an old cigar-box and put it on the table.

“There’s one thing,” said he, “that I would like to tell you. Can you remember the day we found the lake of pterodactyls? Well, something in that place seemed strange to me. It was blue clay.”

The Professors nodded.

“Well, in the whole world I remembered only one place where you could find blue clay. That was the great Diamond Mine of Kimberley — what? So I risked my life and one night I spent with a spade in my hand among pterodactyls. This is what I got.”

He opened his cigar-box, and we could see about twenty or thirty stones. They were of different sizes — from the size of beans to that of eggs.

“I brought them back, and on the first day in England I consulted about its price. It is minimum of two hundred thousand pounds. Of course they belong to all of us. Well, Challenger, what will you do with your fifty thousand?”

“I would like to found a private museum.”

“And you, Summerlee?”

“I would retire from teaching.”

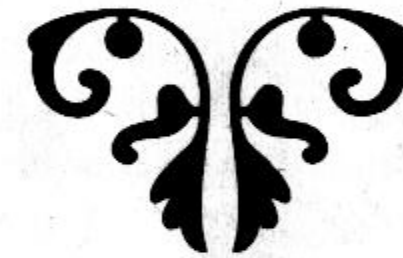
“I’ll start a new expedition,” said Lord John Roxton, “to having another look at the dear old plateau. As to you, young boy, you will spend your money in getting married, won’t you?”

“Not just yet,” said I. “I think, I would go with you.”



## The Stories about Sherlock Holmes

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# The Adventure of the Speckled Band

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## Helen Stoner Tells Her Story

I studied the methods of my friend Sherlock Holmes during the last eight years and I was sure that he did his work for the love of his art — not for the love of money. Many cases were tragic, some were comic, some mysterious, but they were never ordinary. Of all cases this one was the most exciting.

It all began in those early days when I was living at Sherlock Holmes's flat in Baker Street in London.

It was early in April in the year 1883. I woke one morning and saw Sherlock Holmes standing, fully dressed, near my bed. He was a late riser and as the clock showed me that it was only a quarter past seven, I looked at him in some surprise.

"Very sorry to wake you up, Watson," said he.

"What is it ... a fire?"

"No, a client. I think this young lady has arrived too excited. She is waiting now in the sitting room. Now, when young ladies walk around London at this early hour, and knock sleepy people up out of their beds, I think that it is something very important which they have to tell. It is going to be a very interesting case! Would you like to come and listen to what she has got to say."

"My dear friend, I'll be down in a minute."

When I came into the sitting room, I saw a lady dressed in black standing by the window.

"Good-morning, madam," said Holmes. "My name is Sherlock Holmes. This is my true friend Dr. Watson. So, you can speak as freely as before myself<sup>1</sup> I can see that you are very cold. Move close to the fire and I'll ask to bring you a cup of hot coffee."

"I am not cold," said the woman in a low voice.

"What, then?"

"I'm afraid! Afraid to death!" She looked very tired and unhappy, and her face was very white. She had frightened eyes, like those of some hunted animal. She was a young woman of about thirty, but her hair was grey.

"Don't be afraid of anything in my house, just tell us everything you have got," said Sherlock Holmes. "We will help you. You have come by train this morning, I see."

"You know me, then?"

"No, but I noticed the second half of a return ticket in your hand when you took off your glove. You started your way early in the morning."

The lady looked at Holmes surprisingly.

"Whatever your reasons are, you are absolutely right," said she. "I started from home before six. Sir, I shall go mad if I get no

<sup>1</sup> you can speak as freely as before myself — вы можете говорить совершенно откровенно.

help. I have heard of you, Mr. Holmes from Mrs. Farintosh, whom you helped a lot. It was from her that I had your address. Oh, sir, do you not think that you could help me, too? Can you explain some mysteries to me? Now I can't pay you but in a month or six weeks I shall be married, and will have my own money."

Holmes turned to his desk and opened it and looked through some papers.

"Farintosh," said he. "Ah yes, I can remember her case. I think it was before your time, Watson. I can only say, madam, that I shall be happy to do my best to help you as I did to your friend. As for paying, you can do at the time, which you choose. And now tell us your story."

"Oh dear!" answered our visitor, "the very horror of my situation is that I have no facts to tell you. Nothing that will be of any help to you. I'm afraid you can think that I am just a nervous woman... But I have heard, Mr. Holmes, that you can see deeply into the human heart. You may advise me how to walk among the dangers around me."

"Tell me all you know, madam."

"My name is Helen Stoner, and I am living with my stepfather. He is the last member of one of the oldest Saxon families in England, the Roylotts of Stoke Moran."

"I know the name," said Holmes.

"The family was one of the richest in England but in the last century the family lost all their power. When my stepfather was born they had no money. Now nothing is left, only a small piece of land and an old house. When my stepfather was young he became a doctor, because he had to work. He went to India and worked there successfully. But one day a tragedy happened. Somebody got into his house and stole many things. My stepfather got so angry that beat his servant to death<sup>1</sup>. My stepfather spent many years in prison and returned to England an

<sup>1</sup> **beat his servant to death** — забил своего слугу до смерти



unhappy and angry man. When Dr. Roylott was in India he married my mother, Mrs. Stoner. Her husband — my father was dead at that time. My sister Julia and I were twins, and we were only two years old at the time of my mother's second marriage. After our return to England my mother died and left all her money to Dr. Roylott, our stepfather. He decided not to work any more and took us to live with him in the old country house. My mother ordered that when we got married he should give each of us money each year.

"But a terrible change came over our stepfather about this time. Instead of making friends with our neighbours, he shut himself up in his house and seldom came out. But when he did, he became very angry and violent. At last he became the terror of the village.

"Now he is more and more violent, and sometimes has fights with the people from the village. Everybody is afraid of him now, and they run away when they see him. His only friends are gypsies. My stepfather loves them and they can do whatever they want in our house.

"And he also loves Indian animals. His friend sends them to him from India. Now he has a cheetah and a baboon, which walk freely in our garden.

"You can imagine from what I say that my poor sister Julia and I had very unhappy lives. No servant stayed with us, and for a long time we did all the work in the house. She was thirty at the time of her death, and her hair was already grey, like my hair now."

"Your sister is dead, then?"

"She died two years ago, and that's why I'm here. Two years ago at Christmas time we were staying at our aunt's in London. There Julia met a young man who asked to marry her. My stepfather agreed. But two weeks before the wedding day a tragedy happened."

Sherlock Holmes was listening with his eyes closed but now he opened them and looked at Helen.

"Please tell us everything about her death in detail," said he.

"It is easy for me to do so, because I can remember it all very well. It was a terrible time. But first I'd like to tell you about our house. You can live only in one part of it, because it is very old and not comfortable. Our bedrooms are on the ground floor, the first is Dr. Roylott's bedroom, the second is my sister's, and the third is my bedroom. The rooms all have windows into the garden and their doors open into the corridor. Do you understand me?"

"Yes, madam."

"That terrible night Dr. Roylott went to his room early. Later we went to our bedrooms but suddenly my sister came into my room. She couldn't get to sleep because of the smell of the strong Indian cigars. My stepfather liked to smoke them. At eleven o'clock she left me, but she stopped at the door and looked back.

'Tell me, Helen,' said she, 'have you ever heard a whistle at night?'

'Never,' said I.

'It is strange, but about three in the morning, I hear a low whistle. I am a light sleeper<sup>1</sup> and it always wakes me. I cannot tell where it comes from, perhaps from the next room.'

'Gypsies?'

She smiled back at me, closed my door, and a few moments later I heard her key turn in the lock."

"Why did you lock your doors at night?" said Holmes.

"Our stepfather kept a cheetah and a baboon. We were afraid of them and of gypsies."

"Please go on."

"I could not sleep that night. It was a wild stormy night. The wind was blowing hard. Suddenly I heard the wild scream of a terrified woman. I knew that it was my sister's voice. I

<sup>1</sup> I am a light sleeper — Я очень чутко сплю

jumped from my bed, and ran into the corridor. When I opened my door I think I heard a low whistle, and a few moments later the sound of falling metal.

“I ran to my sister’s door. By the light of the corridor-lamp I saw my sister appear, her face white with terror, her hands asking for help. I ran to her, but at that moment she fell to the ground. She was in terrible pain. She was crying: ‘Help me, Helen! I am dying!’ and then ‘Oh, my God! Helen! It was the band! The speckled band!’ She wanted to say something else, but she couldn’t, only pointed her finger to the stepfathers’ room. I called loudly for my stepfather, and he ran out of his room to help her. But we could do nothing. Such was the terrible end of my dear sister.”

“One moment,” said Holmes, “are you sure about this whistle and metallic sound?”

“I think I heard it, but the night was so stormy... Perhaps I made a mistake.”

“Was your sister dressed?”

“No, she was in her night-dress. In her right hand there was found a match.”

“It means that she tried to look about her. That is important. And what did the police find?”

“They tried but they couldn’t understand why my sister had died. Nobody could get into her room and they didn’t find any poison in her body.”

“What do you think this unfortunate lady died of, then?”

“I think that she died of fear and nervous shock. What frightened her? I cannot imagine.”

“Were there gypsies in the house?”

“Yes, they are always there.”

“Ah, and what is ‘speckled band’?”

“Perhaps she meant some band of people — gypsies. Perhaps she was talking about those bands which gypsies wear round their heads.”

Holmes shook his head.

“Please go on your story.”

“That was two years ago and I have been very lonely without my sister. A month ago a dear friend asked me to marry me. We are going to get married soon. Two days ago my stepfather asked me to move into my sister’s room. He wanted to mend the bedroom wall and I had to sleep in my sister’s bed.

“Can you imagine my terror when last night I suddenly heard the same low whistle? I jumped up and lit the lamp, but saw nothing. I was too afraid to go to bed again, so I dressed and ran out of the house and came to London to ask for your help.”

“This is a very deep business.<sup>1</sup>” said my friend. “But we must act as quickly as possible. Can we look at all these rooms if we go to your house today, Miss Stoner? But your stepfather must not know.”

“He is meeting some important people in London today, so he is out all day long.”

“Excellent. You will come with me, Watson?”

“Thank you, sir.”

## Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson Visit the House

“And what do you think of it all, Watson?” asked Sherlock Holmes when Helen Stoner left the room.

“Dark, mysterious and frightening. What about low whistles and strange words of her dying sister?”

“If you think about the whistles at night and a band of gypsies who are friends to her stepfather, you will understand that we have every reason to believe<sup>2</sup> that the doctor doesn’t want his stepdaughter’s marriage.”

<sup>1</sup> **This is a very deep business.** — Это очень сложное дело.

<sup>2</sup> **we have every reason to believe** — у нас есть все основания полагать



“But what, then, did the gypsies do?”

“I don’t know. We cannot give answer to many questions, that’s why we are going to visit the doctor’s house today. What’s that noise?”

Our door suddenly opened and a tall man came in.

“Which of you is Holmes?” he asked.

“My name, sir,” said my friend.

“I am Dr. Grimesby Roylott of Stoke Moran.”

“Will you sit down, Doctor?” said Holmes.

“I know that my stepdaughter has been here. What did she tell you?”

“It is a little cold for the time of the year,” said Holmes.

“What did she tell you?” cried the doctor angrily.

“The flowers are starting to grow,” said Holmes.

“I know you, Holmes trouble-maker! You try to look like a policeman and to work like a policeman, but you are just a trouble-maker!”

My friend smiled.

“When you go out close the door, there is a strong wind outdoors.”

“I will go when I have finished. It’s better for you to leave me alone. Remember I am a dangerous man!”

He left the room quickly.

“We mustn’t be late. Now I see that Miss Stoner is in great danger. And now, Watson, we shall have breakfast, and then I try to find out more about this man.”

It was nearly one o’clock when Sherlock Holmes came back.

“I have seen the will of his wife,” said he. “Our dangerous friend needs the girls’ money, because he has only 750 pounds a year from his dead wife. If the girls marry, they will ask for their money and he will have too little of it. And now the doctor knows that we are interested in him. So if you are ready, we are leaving for Stoke Moran. Don’t forget to take your gun with

you, Watson. And the toothbrush — we are going to stay there for the night.”

When we got to Stoke Moran, Miss Stoner met us and showed the house. The building was made of grey stone. One part of it was nearly ruined but the other was much better. Helen showed us the three bedrooms.

“Everything is OK with your bedroom, Miss Stoner! It doesn’t need any mending, as I can see,” said Holmes.

“I think my stepfather wanted me to move into my sister’s room. It was his plan,” said Helen.

“It sounds possible,” said Holmes and looked at the windows carefully. “When you lock the windows, can anybody get inside from the garden?”

“No.”

Holmes went into Julia’s room and watched it. There was a table, two chairs and a bed there.

“Why is that bell-rope there, over the bed?” he asked.

“It goes into the servant’s room. They put it here two years ago. But we never had servants here.”

Holmes came up to the bell-rope and pulled it.

“But it doesn’t work! This is very interesting! Look There is an air-vent near it! Isn’t it strange too? Why have you got an air-vent that goes into another room, and not outside, Miss Stoner?”

“Very strange!” said Helen. “The bell-rope that doesn’t ring, and a ventilator that does not ventilate.”

We all went to the doctor’s bedroom. There was not much furniture there. But Holmes looked at it very carefully. There was a bed, a round table, a comfortable arm-chair, and a big metal safe near the wall.

“What’s in here?” he asked, touching the safe.

“My stepfather’s business papers.”

“Oh! you have seen inside, then?”

“Only once, some years ago. I remember that it was full of papers.”

“There isn’t a cat in it, for example?”

“No. What a strange idea!”

“Well, look at this!” He pointed at a small plate of milk on the top of the safe.

“No; we don’t keep a cat. But there is a cheetah and a baboon but they don’t drink from such small plates.”

“Now, Miss Stoner,” said Holmes. “I see that your life is in danger. It is very important and you must follow my advice. Tonight my friend Watson and I spend the night in your room.”

Both Miss Stoner and I looked at him in surprise.

“Yes, we must. Let me explain. We will take a room in the village hotel. When your stepfather goes to bed, turn on the lamp in your sister’s room as a signal to us. Then go to your bedroom and don’t forget to leave the windows open. We’ll get into your sisters’ room and wait for the sound of falling metal and the whistle. I think we won’t wait for a long time.”

“Oh, Mr. Holmes, now I see that you know how my sister died. Tell me how it happened. Do you know?”

“I must get some more information but I think that I know. Now be brave and good-bye. Remember, if you do what I tell you, Miss Stoner, you will be out of danger for ever.”

Holmes and I went to the village and took a room in a small hotel. From our window we could see the house well. Holmes said to me:

“It is going to be dangerous there, Watson. Doctor is an angry and clever man.”

“My dear friend, if I can be of help, I will come with you.”

“Thank you, Watson. I’ll really need your help. Did you see the bell-rope and air-vent in the room? It means there is a hole between two bedrooms. I knew about it from the very beginning. Do you remember Helen told us about the smell of Dr. Roylott’s cigarettes?”

“There is an air-vent between the bedrooms, there is a bell-rope that doesn’t work and there is a lady who is in danger. I still cannot see...”

“What is more, the lady’s bed is fixed to the floor<sup>1</sup>. It stays there, near the bell-rope and under the air-vent.”

“Holmes!” I cried. “I begin to understand! We must stop him!”

## Terrible Death

All was dark at the house. We were watching the windows and then suddenly we saw bright light.

“That is our signal,” said Holmes. “It comes from the right window.”

We left the hotel and went to the house. We walked quietly through the garden, and climbed into the bedroom through the open window.

When we were in Julia’s bedroom, we closed the window and looked around the room. It looked just the same as before. Holmes said in a low voice, “We must make no noise.” I showed him that I had heard. “We must sit without a light. He could see it through the air-vent.”

I took out my pistol and put it on the corner of the table.

Holmes brought a long thin stick with him and put it near him — with a box of matches. Then he turned off the light and we were left in darkness<sup>2</sup>.

How shall I ever forget those terrible hours?

I could not hear anything but I knew Holmes sat near, with open eyes, listening and watching.

<sup>1</sup> the lady’s bed is fixed to the floor — кровать прикреплена к полу

<sup>2</sup> we were left in darkness — мы оказались в темноте

From outside we heard the cry of a night bird, and far away the church clock striking every quarter of an hour. Twelve o'clock — one — two and three, and still we sat waiting silently.

Suddenly there was a light showing through the air-vent. There was a sound of movement, and then another very small sound. Holmes jumped up from the bed, struck a match, and beat wildly with his stick.

"You see it, Watson?" he called. "You see it?"

I saw nothing. I heard a low whistle. But I could see that Holmes's face was white with terror.

I came up to the lamp and turned it on. Holmes looked at the air-vent. Suddenly there was the most terrible cry I have ever heard.

Then the house was silent again.

"What does it mean?" I asked.

"It means that it is all over," Holmes answered. "Take your pistol. We must go into Dr Roylott's room."

We took the lamp and came into the doctor's room. There was a lamp on the table. The iron safe was open. The doctor sat on a chair. His head was up and his eyes were fixed on the air-vent. Round his head there was a yellow band with brown spots. He did not move as we came in the room. He was dead.

"The band! The speckled band!" said Holmes in a low voice.

I took a step forward. At once the band moved, and I saw it was a snake.

The snake moved and began to turn its head.

"It's a very dangerous Indian snake. Its poison can kill anybody. Roylott died quickly. We must put the snake back in the safe." Very, very carefully, Holmes took the snake and threw it into the metal safe and quickly closed it.

These are the true facts of the death of Dr. Grimesby Roylott.

We went to Miss Stoner and told her everything. There was no danger for her but the next day she left for her aunt who

lived in Harrow. We called the police and they decided that the doctor met his death playing with his dangerous pet.

On our way back to London, I asked Holmes how he learned about the snake.

"At first, Watson, I thought that it was gypsies. But the danger couldn't get into the room through the window or the door. So I understood that the danger was in the ventilator and the bell rope — something came through the ventilator and down the rope. When I saw the milk I understood that it was a snake. It was easy for the doctor to get Indian animals. Of course, he knew that it was very difficult to find this snake's poison in the dead body. This clever and cruel man used his Indian knowledge to kill. He taught the snake to obey the whistle and return to its master. It was easy to put it through the ventilator. It climbed down the rope on the bed, and it bit the person there as soon as he or she moved. He kept the snake in the metal safe. The sound of falling metal was the door of the safe. Perhaps the snake came through the air-vent many times before it killed Julia. Helen, too, nearly dies because of this snake. But tonight when I beat the snake with his stick, it got afraid and went back through the air-vent. So I think I killed the doctor, but I can't say that I am sorry about it!" said Holmes.



# The Five Orange Pips



## Uncle Elias's Story

It is not easy to choose one of Sherlock Holmes's cases to tell you because they all are interesting or strange or mysterious. There is one of his last cases, which was so interesting in its details and surprising in its results that I'm going to tell you the story now.

It was the end of September 1887. My wife was visiting her aunt, so I was staying with my friend Sherlock Holmes in Baker Street. The weather was terrible that day. All the day the wind was blowing hard and it was raining heavily outside. Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson were spending a quiet evening together.

"Was that the door bell?" I asked. "Who can this be? Some friend of yours, perhaps?"

"No, I'm sure. If he comes on business in this weather, it's very important. Come in!" said Holmes.

A good-looking young man came in. He was wet, tired and worried.

"You have come far?"<sup>1</sup> asked Holmes.

"Yes, from Horsham. I have come for advice."

"You get it easily."

"And help."

"Ah — that is not always so easy."

"I have heard of you, Mr. Holmes, and a friend has sent me to you. He says that you know everything..."

"He said too much. Well, sit down and tell me, if you can, all I need to know."

The young man sat down, and put his wet feet near the fire.

"My name is John Openshaw. I think it is better to begin my story from some facts of my family. My father, Joseph, had a brother, Elias, who went to live in America when he was young. He became a planter in Florida and at the time of war he fought in Jackson's army. He didn't like the black Americans, but during the Civil War he fought against the men from the North, and with those from the South. When the war was over he returned to his plantation for three or four years. But the South lost the war, and there was equality for black people. About 1869 or 1870 he came back to England with a lot of money and bought a comfortable house near Horsham.

"He had no family and was a strange, unhappy man. He didn't want any friends and he often drank a lot. But he was kind to me and when I was twelve, I came to live with him. When I was sixteen, I was quite a master of the house. I kept all the keys and could go where I liked and do what I liked.

But there was one room in the house which was always locked. Nobody could go there. Sometimes I looked through the keyhole and could see nothing but old boxes<sup>2</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> **You have come far?** — Вы приехали издалека?

<sup>2</sup> **could see nothing but old boxes** — не видел ничего, кроме старых ящиков

“One day Uncle Elias got a letter from the town of Pondicherry in India. ‘Pondicherry stamp! What can this be? I have no friends there,’ he said and opened the letter. Out there jumped five little dried orange pips. They fell on his plate. I began to laugh at this and stopped suddenly because I saw my uncle’s white face. ‘K.K.K.!’ he cried. ‘Oh my God, my God, they have found me!’ ‘What is it, uncle?’ I cried. ‘Death,’ he said and ran upstairs.

“I looked at the envelope. It had three Ks on its back. There was no letter inside. Who sent it? And why was my uncle so frightened?

“I left the breakfast table. When I was going upstairs, I met my uncle coming down. He had a large key in one hand, and a small black box in the other.

‘They may do what they like, but I will win in the end,’ he said angrily. ‘Tell Mary’ — she was his servant — ‘that I want her to light a fire in my room today, and send for Fordham, my lawyer.’

“When Fordham arrived, they both went up to uncle’s bedroom. They spent there a lot of time and at last asked me to come in. The fire was burning brightly, and all around it there was black burnt paper. The small box with three Ks on it was open and there was nothing inside.

‘John,’ my uncle said, ‘I know that I’m going to die soon. My brother, your father, will have all my money and my house after my death, and you will have it when he dies. I hope you can enjoy it. If you find you cannot, take my advice and leave everything to your worst enemy. I don’t know what is going to happen... I’m afraid that my money brings death with it.’

“I couldn’t understand what he meant, but I felt the danger. Surprisingly, nothing dangerous happened for a few weeks. Nothing happened to change our lives and we lived our usual quiet life. But I saw a change in my uncle. He started to drink a

lot and every day he shut himself away in his room, he didn’t want to see anyone. One day he drank too much and ran wildly out of the house. He was running about the garden with a gun in his hand, shouting out that he was afraid of no man. Then, suddenly frightened, he ran back into the house, and into his room, locking himself in again.

“One night I heard a cry. I got up out of my bed and ran to my uncle’s room. The door was open, the room was empty.

“In the morning we found him at the far end of the garden, face downwards<sup>1</sup>, in a very small lake. He was dead. The police said he killed himself but I knew he was afraid to die, so I didn’t think it was true.”

Holmes stopped the young man for a minute.

“One moment,” he said. “When did your uncle get a letter from India and when did he die?”

“The letter arrived on March 10, 1883. He died seven weeks later, upon the night of May 2nd.”

“Thank you. Please, go on.”

“After my uncle’s death, my father moved into the house. Of course I asked him to look carefully at the locked room but we didn’t find anything important. All we found was the small box. It was empty, and had a piece of paper with three Ks and the words ‘Letters and Receipts’ written on it.”

## Five More Pips

“So we lived in the uncle’s house. On the fourth day after the New Year I heard my father’s cry of surprise when we were sitting at the breakfast-table. I looked at him and saw five orange pips in his hand and an open letter.

<sup>1</sup> **face downwards** — ЛИЦОМ ВНИЗ



“He always laughed at my story of Elias and the five orange pips, but now he looked puzzled and even frightened.

“What does it mean, John?” he said in a low voice. His face was white.

“Look! There’s K. K. K. on the letter,” he said. We were afraid.

“So the letter says. Here are the letters K. K. K. It also tells me to leave the papers in the garden. What papers?”

“The papers in the Uncle Elias’s box. But he burnt them!”

“Well, where does the letter come from? From Dundee in Scotland,” he said. “Why do they write to me about papers?” said my father.

“You must tell the police.”

“No, they will laugh at me. Let’s forget about it.”

“Three days later my father went to see his friend who lived some miles away. I thought he would be safer away from home. But I was wrong.

“On the second day I got a letter from his friend asking me to come at once. The police said that my father was walking home in the dark when he fell down a hill. He was badly hurt and died soon after. They decided it was an accident, but I didn’t agree.

“But I was sure it was not. I thought it was a murder, and I couldn’t forget the five orange pips and the strange letters to my uncle and my father.

“Now I was the one to own the house. I have lived alone in that house for nearly three years now. Then yesterday I got this.”

“The young man showed us the letter with K.K.K. on it and five small orange pips inside.

“You see? It comes from London, and it says ‘Leave the papers in the garden.’ Those are the words that were in the letter to my father.”

“What did you do next?” asked Holmes.

“Nothing,” answered John. “I don’t know what to do. I am too afraid.”

“Nothing?” cried Holmes. “Young man, you are in greatest danger!”

“I have talked to the police,” said Openshaw sadly. “But they laughed at me. They say there is nothing to worry about.”

“How stupid they are!” cried Holmes. “Why did you come to me and why did you not come at once? Haven’t you found anything which can help us?”

“Well, I found this paper in the locked room,” said John and gave us a small piece of half-burnt paper. It said:

4th. Hudson came. Same old platform.

7th. Set the pips on McCauley, Paramore, and John Swain, of St. Augustine.

9th. McCauley cleared.

10th. John Swain cleared.

12th. Visited Paramore. All well.

“Thank you,” said Holmes as he gave the paper back to John. “And now, we haven’t got time even to talk. You must go home at once and act.”

“What shall I do?”

“There is only one thing to do. You must put this piece of paper that you’ve shown us into the box. You must also put in a note to say that your uncle burned all the other papers. Then leave the box in the garden. Do you understand?”

“Yes, yes.”

“We must first get you out of danger.”

“Thank you,” said John. “I shall do as you say. I shall see you at Horsham, then?” said John.

“No. Your secret hides in London. It is there that I shall look for it.”

“Then I shall call on you in a day, or in two days, with news of the box and papers.” And with those words, John went out into the dark night, the wind and the rain.

## Some More Deaths

Sherlock Holmes sat for some time in silence and watched the fire. Then he smoke his pipe and watched the blue smoke-rings as they came up to the ceiling.

“I think, Watson,” he said at last, “that of all our cases, this is the most fantastic.”

“Well, yes, John Openshaw is walking among great dangers, and we cannot say what these dangers are. Who is this K. K. K. and why does he hate this unhappy family?”

Holmes closed his eyes and said slowly: “The ideal reasoner<sup>1</sup> can guess what happens next after he studies just one episode carefully. He can also guess the result which would follow. He can work in his study but he has to use all the knowledge he can get from around. If I remember right, in the early days of our friendship, you made a document...”

“Yes, it was a wonderful document. Philosophy, astronomy, and politics were marked at zero, I remember. Botany — a little better, geology — rather deep (you know where each mud-stain comes from), chemistry — eccentric, anatomy — unsystematic, sensational literature and crime records<sup>2</sup> — unique, violin-player, boxer, lawyer, and smoker. Those, I think, were the main points.”

Holmes smiled and said:

“Well, I say now, as I said then, that a man should keep in his head the information he needs every day, but the other knowledge he should put away, where he can get it if he wants it. Now, for this case we should use all our resources. Can you give me the American Encyclopedia which stands on the shelf

<sup>1</sup> **reasoner** — (зд.) человек, способный восстановить ход событий, понять причины происходящего

<sup>2</sup> **sensational literature and crime records** — уголовная литература и судебные отчеты

over there? First of all we may guess that Elias Openshaw had some very strong reason for leaving America. Men of his age do not change their way of life and leave the warm climate of Florida for the English one. It means that he was afraid of something. That's why he lived a lonely life and locked all his doors so carefully. But what was he afraid of? The only things that can help us are the letters. Now where did those letters come from? Did you see?"

"The first was from Pondicherry, the second from Dundee, and the third from London."

"Does that tell you anything?"

"They are all sea ports. Probably the writer was on a ship."

"Very good, my dear Watson. Elias got a letter from Pondicherry in India and seven weeks later he was killed. John's father got a letter from Dundee in Scotland and he was killed only three or four days later. What does that mean?"

"I can't see, my dear Watson."

"Well, I think that the letter came by steamship, but a sailing ship (that is much slower) brought the killer."

"It's possible," said I.

"Do you see why I'm worried now? And now you see the danger that John Openshaw is in. This letter comes from London and it means the killer is in London too."

"Oh!" cried I. "What can it mean, this endless killing?"

"The papers Elias Openshaw brought with him from America are very important to the killer or killers. I think that there are two or three people, and they want to get the papers back. So I think K. K. K. belong to the name of an organization, not the name of a person..."

"But of what organization?"

"Have you never..." Sherlock Holmes was talking in a low voice — "have you never heard of the Ku Klux Klan?"

"I never have."

Holmes opened the American Encyclopedia and said: "Here it is:

Ku. Klux. Klan. It sounds like the rifle getting ready to fire. This terrible secret organization started in the Southern States after the Civil War. They didn't want black Americans to have the same rights as white Americans. They killed anyone who didn't agree with them. To anyone who made them angry, they sent a warning. It usually was melon or orange pips. From then on he wasn't safe anywhere. He was waiting for death. Their way of working was so good that they were always successful. The American government couldn't end the years of terror until 1869."

"Yes," said I, "and 1869 was the year before Elias Openshaw came to England. He brought all their papers with him in the black box, so the organization could not go on. Of course they wanted to get the papers back. The burnt piece of paper we have seen, with its dates and names of when and to whom the orange pips were sent, are a great danger to the person who has it."

Holmes said, "We can do no more tonight. I believe that the only chance that Openshaw has is to do what I have told him."

The next morning the sun was shining, and Sherlock Holmes was at breakfast when I came down to him. I sat at the table and opened the newspaper.

"Holmes!" I cried and read to him:

"Between nine and ten last night a policeman heard a cry for help near Waterloo Bridge. Then he heard someone fall into the river. The people tried to help the poor but the night was too dark. Later the police took a body from the river. A letter found in his pocket showed that it was a man named Openshaw."

We sat in silence.

"That hurts me, Watson," Holmes said at last. "It really hurts me. That young man came to me for help, and I sent him away to his death! Now I'm going to find them, if it's the last thing I do!"

He walked up and down the room. Finally he went out of the house in a hurry and I didn't see him till evening. When Holmes came in, he was very tired and hungry but very pleased.



“Watson! I know the names of Openshaw’s enemies! I’m going to send them a surprise! It will frighten them!”

“What do you mean?”

He had an orange in his hand. Holmes took out the pips and put five of them in a letter. On it he wrote:

*Captain James Calhoun Sailing Ship “Lone Star”, Georgia.*

“And who is this captain?” I asked.

“He is the leader of these devils. I shall get the others too, but he is the first. I have spent all the day at the port of London and studied hundreds of the ship’s papers. Only the ‘*Lone Star*’ was in the three ports at the right times, and this morning she left London to sail back to Georgia. There are three Americans on board, I also found out that all three of them were away from the ship last night. They are the killers.”

“When they arrive in Georgia, the steamship will be there and the American police will get the other letter and get them.”

Poor Sherlock Holmes! His plans came to nothing. He could do nothing about the weather. The winter storms were worse than ever, so the “*Lone Star*” never arrived in America. And the killers of John Openshaw never got the orange pips, but, in the end, death came to them.



## The Adventure of the Beryl Coronet<sup>1</sup>

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### New Visitor Tells His Story

“Holmes,” I said looking out of the window down the road, “here is a madman coming along.”

My friend left his armchair and came up to the window. It was a bright cold February morning. The snow was shining brightly in the winter sun. The strange man was coming along the road. He was about fifty years old and was wearing expensive clothes. He was running in a great hurry and his hands were moving up and down. He was shaking his head and making mad faces.

“What on earth is the matter with him?” I asked. “He is looking up at the number of the houses.”

“I believe he is coming here, my dear Watson,” said Holmes.

<sup>1</sup> **beryl coronet** — берилловая диадема

“Here?”

“Yes; I think he is coming to consult me professionally. Ha! Did I not tell you?”

As he spoke, the man ran up to our door and rang the bell, making a great noise.

A few minutes later he was in the room. He looked so worried and his face was so white that we were filled with pity. He was out of breath and for some time he could not speak. Sherlock Holmes made him sit down on the chair near the fire.

“Sir, you’ve come to tell me your story, haven’t you?” he said. “You were in a hurry and have tired yourself. Have a rest and then I’ll be most happy to look into your problem.”

The man sat for a minute looking down, then he turned his face to us.

“You think I am mad, don’t you?” he said.

“As far as I can see, you have some great trouble,” answered Holmes.

“God knows I have! The trouble is so sudden and terrible. And it is not I alone. The most noble in the country will have great problems if I cannot find an answer to this terrible problem. You are my last hope, Mr. Holmes.”

“Tell me who you are and what your problem is, sir, and I will try to help you,” said Holmes.

“My name,” answered the visitor, “is Alexander Holder. I am the head of the Bank of Holder and Stevenson in London.”

The name was well known and we waited for an unusual story.

“I feel that there is no time to lose and that’s why I was in a hurry on the way here. The police inspector advised me to come to you. Now when I feel better, I’m going to tell you my story as short and clear as I can.

“Yesterday morning I was sitting in my office. A bank officer came to say that a visitor wanted to see me. I was surprised

to hear the visitor’s name: it was a very famous one, known all over the world — one of the highest and most noble names in England. When he came in I understood that he was in a hurry, and rather worried.

‘Mr. Holder!’ he said. ‘I know that you often lend money to people. It is most important to have fifty thousand pounds at once.’

‘Can you leave with me something of value<sup>1</sup> to keep until you bring the money back?’ I said.

‘Yes. Perhaps you have heard of the Beryl Coronet?’

‘One of the most expensive things in the country? Certainly I have.’

“The visitor opened his case. Inside there lay the most beautiful piece of jewellery.

‘There are thirty-nine large beryls,’ he said. ‘Its price is... I think it is twice more. So I will leave it with you.’

“I took the coronet in my hands and looked at the man.

‘Ah, you think it is not mine. Well, I would certainly not do so if I were not sure that I shall be able to ask you for it in four days’ time, when I am able to repay you the money. All I ask is that it be secret, and that you take care of the crown. There will be great trouble if anything wrong happens to it.’

“I called for his bank officer and ordered him to pay out fifty thousand pounds to the visitor. When this visitor left the bank, I looked at the coronet and thought: ‘Why did I agree to keep it?’ But it was too late to change anything, so I locked it up in my safe. When the evening came I decided that it was not clever to leave it at the bank. ‘I’ll carry the coronet in the case with me for the next few days,’ I thought. So I went home, carrying the Beryl Coronet in the case. When I came home I took it upstairs and locked it in the desk of my dressing room.

“You know, Mr. Holmes, I am not a married man but in my house I have my son Arthur and a young girl Mary — my

<sup>1</sup> **God knows I have!** — Одному только богу известно!

<sup>1</sup> **something of value** — что-нибудь ценное



niece. There are two servants, who don't sleep in the house, and three women servants who I believe absolutely. My son is the only trouble-maker. People tell me I have spoiled him<sup>1</sup>. When my wife died he was all I had to love.

"Arthur doesn't want to work in the bank. He has an easy life with his rich friends. He enjoys parties and horses and playing cards. His friends are rich, and so he spends more money than I give him.

"Sir George Burnwell is one of his friends and he often comes to our house. He is much older than Arthur, one who has been everywhere and seen everything. He is a brilliant talker, and a man of great personal beauty. But I don't trust him.

"Mary is the daughter of my brother who died five years ago. She is sweet, loving and beautiful, and as quiet and gentle as a woman should be. I don't know what I would do without her. Twice Arthur asked her to marry him, but twice she said 'no' to him.

"Now, Mr. Holmes, you know the people who live under my roof, and I shall go on with my story.

"When we were having coffee that night after dinner, I told Arthur and Mary about the Beryl Coronet. 'What a day I've had! I have to look after it until next week. It's too expensive to leave at the bank, so I must keep it with me for a few days.' 'Where have you put it?' asked Arthur. 'In my dressing room upstairs, it is locked in the desk.' 'Well, I hope thieves won't get inside our house at night,' said Arthur. 'Oh, any old key will open it. When I was young, I often opened it myself.' When our dinner was over, Arthur followed me into my room.

'Look, father,' he said, 'can you let me have two hundred pounds?'

'No, I can't,' I answered angrily.

'You have been very kind,' said Arthur, 'but I must have the money, or I won't be able to meet my friends again.'

<sup>1</sup> I have spoiled him — я избаловал его

‘I hope you will not!’

‘All right, but you don’t want me to bring shame on your name. I *must* have the money, and if you won’t give it to me, I’ll try to find it.’

“I was very angry because it was the third time during the month. Arthur left the room and I opened the desk, saw that the coronet was safe and closed it again. Then I started to go round the house and make sure that every door and every window was closed. Downstairs I saw Mary. She was standing near the window. When I came up to her she quickly closed and locked it.

‘Tell me, dad,’ said she, looking a little worried, ‘did you let Lucy go out tonight?’

‘Certainly not.’

‘She came in just now by the back door. I am sure that she has been out to see someone, but I think that it is hardly safe and should be stopped.’

‘You must speak to her in the morning, or I will. Are you sure that everything is locked?’

‘Quite sure, dad.’

‘Then, good-night.’ I kissed her and went up to my bedroom again, where I was soon asleep.”

## Arthur! The Thief!

“I am not a heavy sleeper and about two o’clock in the morning I woke up. I was listening with all my ears. Suddenly I heard a small noise, there were footsteps about in the sitting room. Quietly I got up and went there.

‘Arthur! You thief! How can you touch the crown!’ My unhappy son was dressed only in shirt and trousers. He had the coronet in his hands. When he heard my words, he dropped the coronet and his face turned white.

‘You have destroyed it! You have brought shame on me forever! Where are the beryls you have stolen?’

‘Stolen!’ cried Arthur.

‘Yes, you thief! My own son is a thief!’

‘But there is nothing missing<sup>1</sup>, beryls cannot be missing.’

‘There are three missing. And you know where they are. You are a liar as well as a thief! I saw it with my own eyes.’

‘You have called me enough bad names. I won’t say another word. I’ll leave your house in the morning and you will never see me again.’

‘You will get in the hands of the police!’

“At that time everyone in the house woke up. Mary was the first to run into the room, and when she saw the crown and Arthur, she went white and fell on the floor. I sent for the police. When they arrived, Arthur asked me if I wanted to ask the police to take him away. But I explained him that the Beryl Coronet belonged to the country.

‘Let me leave the house for five minutes. It will help both of us — please believe me.’

‘Then you will run away, or hide what you have stolen. Tell me what you have done with the beryls and I can save you from the shame. I have caught you with the coronet.’

“But all I could do then was to let the police take my son away. The police spent a lot of time looking for stolen beryls but they found nothing. They were puzzled, and did not know what to do.

‘My advice to you, sir,’ said the officer, ‘is to go to Mr. Sherlock Holmes, who lives in Baker Street. He is a great detective, and this is the sort of case he has often helped the police with.’

“You can ask for as much money as you like. My God, what shall I do! I have lost my honour and my son in one night! Oh, what shall I do!”

<sup>1</sup> **But there is nothing missing** — Все на месте, ничего не исчезло

## Holmes Asks Questions

Sherlock Holmes sat silent for some minutes watching the fire.

“Do many friends come to your house?” Holmes asked.

“Very few. They are my partner with his family and a friend of my son Arthur, Sir George Burnwell. No one else, I think.”

“Well, do you often go out?”

“Arthur does. Mary and I always stay at home.”

“That is not usual for a young girl.”

“She is a quiet girl. Not so very young. She is twenty-four.”

“That night was a shock to her, wasn’t it?”

“Terrible! I think she feels worse than I do.”

“Then you are both sure that your son has stolen the beryls?”

“I saw him myself, with the coronet in his hands.”

“God bless you! You are trying hard to help him, and me. But it is too difficult. What was he doing there? And why didn’t he make up a lie?<sup>1</sup> What did the police think about the noise that woke you?”

“They thought it was the noise of the Arthur’s closing door.”

“I don’t think so. A thief never makes a noise loud enough to wake up all the people in the house. The beryls — what are the police doing about them?”

“They are looking everywhere — under the floors — in the furniture — hoping to find them in the house.”

“Have they thought of looking outside the house?”

“Yes. In the garden.”

“Now, my dear sir,” said Holmes, “don’t you see that this case is not so simple as you and the police think? You think

<sup>1</sup> **And why didn’t he make up a lie?** — И почему он не придумал что-нибудь?

that your son came down from his bed, went to your dressing room, found the coronet, broke off a piece of it, then went somewhere to hide this piece — so cleverly indeed that no one can find it — and then returned to the room. Do you really believe it? I’d like to go with you to your house, and see everything with my own eyes.”

Holmes asked me to go with them. I followed them with great pleasure because I wanted to see Holmes at work. When I was listening to Mr. Holder, I believed that Arthur had stolen the beryls. But deep in my heart I trusted Sherlock Holmes, and I was sure there was some hope for the boy, and another explanation for the missing beryls.

Mr. Holder was glad to have that small hope too.

## Holmes Gets Answers

The house where Mr. Holder lived was made of white stone and rather big. A wide road led to the house, and on the right side there was a small path, leading from the road to the kitchen door. The other small path led to the stables. It was winter and white deep snow covered the big garden.

Holmes walked slowly all round the house again and again, and then he went down the small kitchen path, and through the garden to the back of the house. He walked so long that Mr. Holder and I went into the dining room and waited for him by the fire. We were sitting there in silence when the door opened and a young lady came in. She was not very tall, slim, with dark hair and dark eyes. I don’t think I have ever seen such a pale white face. Her lips were colourless too and her eyes were red with crying. She didn’t look at me but came up to her uncle.

“Have you told them to free Arthur, dad?”

“No, no, Mary. The police...”

“But I’m sure he has done nothing. I know it, and I know you’ll be sorry for it.”

“Why is he silent, then, if he didn’t steal the beryls?”

“Who knows?”

“But I saw him with the coronet in his hand!”

“Oh, but perhaps he just wanted to look at it. It is so terrible to think of our dear Arthur in prison.”

“Not until they find the beryls. I have brought a gentleman from London to look more deeply into the case.”

“This gentleman?” she asked, looking at me.

“No. His friend. He wanted us to leave him alone. He is in the stable lane<sup>1</sup> now.”

“What can he hope to find there? Ah! This, I think, is he. I believe, sir, that you will be able to prove that Arthur hasn’t done anything.”

“I agree with you, young lady and I think that we can prove it. I believe you must be Miss Mary Holder. May I ask you one or two questions?”

“Please do, sir, if it may be of any help.”

“You heard nothing yourself last night?”

“Nothing, until my uncle here began to speak loudly. I heard that and came down.”

“You locked the windows and doors the night before. Did you lock all the windows?”

“Yes.”

“Were they all locked in the morning?”

“Yes.”

“You have a girl servant who has a sweet-heart? I think that you told your uncle last night that she went to see him?”

“Yes, and she was the girl who waited in the drawing-room and who could hear uncle’s story about the coronet.”

<sup>1</sup> in the stable lane — на дорожке, ведущей к конюшне

“I see. You think that perhaps she went out to tell her sweet-heart, and that the two had a plan.”

“But what is the good of all these theories,” cried the banker, “when I told you that I saw Arthur with the coronet in his hands?”

“Wait a little, Mr. Holder. We must come back to that. About this girl, Miss Holder. You saw her return by the kitchen door?”

“Yes; when I went to see if the door was locked for the night I saw her. I saw the man, too.”

“Do you know him?”

“Oh, yes! he is the green-grocer who brings our vegetables. His name is Francis Prosper.”

“He stood,” said Holmes, “to the left of the door up the path.”

“Yes, he did.”

“And he is a man with a wooden leg?”

They saw something like fear in the young lady’s expressive black eyes. “Why, you are like a magician,” said she. “How do you know that?” She smiled, but there was no answering smile in Holmes’s thin face and he said:

“I would like to go upstairs, then to go over the outside of the house again. But first I’ll take a look at the windows on the ground floor.”

Holmes walked quickly from window to window. He opened the large one which looked from the hall to the stable lane. He was watching outside.

“Now let’s go upstairs,” he said at last.

In the banker’s sitting room, he came up to the case where the crown was. He studied the lock. He opened the case and took out the coronet. It was bent and one corner was missing.

“Now, Mr Holder,” said Holmes, “will you try to break off the other corner of the coronet?”

The banker looked very surprised.

"I won't try," he said.

"Then I will." Holmes suddenly tried to break the coronet, but with no result.

"I feel it move a little," he said, "but I can't break it. I don't think anyone could."

"I don't know what to think. It is all dark to me<sup>1</sup>," said Holder.

"Your son had no shoes on when you saw him?"

"He had his trousers and a shirt."

"Thank you. Well, I think, now I'll go outside. Stay here because some extra footprints will make the task more difficult."

When Sherlock Holmes came back, about an hour later, his feet were white with snow, but he had nothing much to say.

"I think I have seen now all that there is to see, Mr. Holder. I'm going home now."

"But the beryls, Mr. Holmes. Where are they?"

"I cannot tell."

The banker looked very unhappy.

"I shall never see them again!" he cried. "And my son? Can you give me any hope?"

"I think he hasn't done anything."

"Then what happened in my house last night?"

"If you come to me tomorrow morning I'll be happy to do what I can to help you. Are you ready to spend a large sum of money?"

"Anything to get the beryls back!"

I was sure that Holmes knew the answer to all Holder's questions but what it was — that was a mystery to me. On our way home I tried to get the answer but Holmes was quiet and didn't say a word. When we were back home, he hurried to his room and was down again in a few minutes dressed like a beggar wearing old dirty clothes.

<sup>1</sup> **It is all dark to me** — Я совершенно ничего не понимаю

I was having my tea when he came back. He looked very pleased.

"I haven't finished yet. I'm going out again in a minute."

"Where to?"

"Oh, the other side of London. I'll be back late, so don't wait up for me."

"How are you getting on?<sup>1</sup> Are you having any luck?" I asked.

"Oh, so-so. I have been to Holder's house. Now I must change back to my own clothes." And off he went again dressed in his usual way.

I waited for him up to the midnight and then I went to my room. In the morning when I came down for breakfast in the morning, there he was with a cup of coffee in one hand and a newspaper in the other. He was quite fresh and pleased.

## The Missing Beryls

In a minute Mr. Holder came into the room. I was shocked by the change, which had come over him. He looked very ill and tired out.

"I don't know what I have done to be so tired," he said. "Only two days ago I was a happy man without a trouble in the world. Now I am alone. My son is a thief and he is in prison and my niece Mary has left me too."

"Left you?"

"Yes. Her room was empty in the morning, and there was a letter for me on the hall table"

He gave the letter to Holmes and he read:

*My dearest uncle:*

*I feel that I have brought trouble on you. Why did I not act differently? I can't, with this thought in my mind, stay in your*

<sup>1</sup> **How are you getting on?** — Как идут дела?

house, so I must leave you forever. Don't worry about me. I can look after myself. Please don't look for me. In life or death I am your loving,

Mary

"What can she mean?" asked Holder.

"I don't know, sir, but I think it is very good that she has gone. Soon your troubles will end."

"Have you heard something, Mr. Holmes? You have learned something! Where are the beryls?"

"Are you ready to pay one thousand pounds for each of them?" Holmes asked quietly.

"I've got ten thousand with me."

"No. Three thousand will do, and I would like the money now."

When Holmes got the money, he came up to his desk and took out a little piece of gold with three beryls in it, and put it in front of Holder.

"You have it!" he cried. "I am saved! I am saved! Then it was not Arthur who took them? Then let us hurry to him at once, and let him know the truth."

"He knows it. I have told him. He didn't want to tell me, so I told him what had happened."

"What *is* this mystery, then?"

"First of all, I must tell you something that will hurt you very much. Your Mary and Sir George Burnwell have run away together."

"My Mary? Impossible!"

"It is true. You and your son did not know the true character of the man. He is one of the most dangerous men in England — a man without heart. Mary knew nothing of such men. She believed him when he told her that he loved her. The devil knows what he told her but she followed all his orders. They met every evening."

"I cannot believe you, I will not believe it!" cried the banker. His face was pale.

"I will tell you what happened in your house that night. When you went to bed, Mary came to the hall. She opened the big window and talked to Sir George Burnwell, who was outside. I saw his deep footmarks in the snow, and I am sure he was there for a long time. She told him about the coronet. He orders her to steal the coronet. Your son Arthur didn't sleep well that night, because of his quarrel with you. Then, in the middle of the night, he heard someone go quietly in the corridor. He looked out and saw Mary going into your dressing room. He waited in the dark watching.

"When Mary came out of the room with the coronet in her hands, he could hardly believe his eyes. He followed her quietly. She went downstairs, opened the window, and gave the coronet to someone outside. Then she closed the window and ran back to her room. At that moment your son was hiding behind the curtain.

"He loved Mary and he could do no harm to her. But when she left, he opened the window and jumped into the snow, where he could see a figure of a man in the moonlight. It was Sir George Burnwell. He tried to get away but Arthur caught him and there was a fight between them. Suddenly the coronet broke, and Arthur had it in his hands. He ran back, closed the window and went to your dressing room. He was going to put the coronet back into your desk when you found him there."

"Is it possible?" asked Mr. Holder.

"You made him angry. You called him bad names, when he saved the coronet, and he decided not to tell you the truth."

"So that was why Mary went white and fell down on the floor when she saw the coronet! What a fool I am! When Arthur asked to go out into the garden for five minutes, he wanted to go and find the missing piece of it."

Holmes said, "When I arrived at the house, I at once went into the garden, I watched the footprints in the snow. I saw Arthur's footmarks without shoes on. I saw the place where they



had a fight, so I knew I was right. Sir George Burnwell's footmarks went to the end of the lane."

"But how did you find out that it was Sir George?"

"You told me that you did not have many visitors in your house. I remembered only Sir George. I knew his name. I knew enough of him so at night I went to his house as a beggar, and asked his servant for some old clothes. What luck! He gave me some shoes (they were wet) and told me that his master had thrown them out that day. Then I took the shoes to your house and found they were the same size as the footmarks in the snow."

"I saw a beggar in my garden yesterday evening," said Mr. Holder.

"It was me. I found that I had my man. So I came home and changed my clothes. Now, I had to get the beryls back from him! At first he didn't want to listen to me. But when he saw that I knew everything, he took up a heavy stick and wanted to have a fight with me. I pointed my pistol at him and told that I could give him a lot of money for the beryls. That's how I got them back!

"Then I visited your son in the prison, and at last got to bed at two o'clock in the morning. A really hard day's work!"

"A day which has saved England from a great public shame," said the banker, and he rose from his chair. "Sir, I can't find the words to thank you. You are a greater detective than people have told me. I must go at once to my dear son. As for Mary, it goes to my very heart, but even you cannot tell me where she is now."

"I think that we may say," said Holmes, "that she is with Sir George Burnwell. And that, poor girl, is her punishment."



## The Crooked Man



### Colonel's Death

One summer night I was sitting near the fire and smoking. I was very tired after the busy day. Suddenly there was a bell. I looked at the clock. It was about midnight. Too late for a visitor. I went out into the hall and opened the door.

It was Sherlock Holmes.

"Ah, Watson," said he, "I hoped that you were not in bed."

"My dear friend, please, come in."

"You look surprised, and no wonder! Could you put me up tonight?"<sup>1</sup>

"With pleasure."

"You told me that you had a guest room. I see that you have no gentleman visitor tonight. Not a hat, not a coat in the hall."

"I'll be happy if you stay."

<sup>1</sup> Could you put me up tonight? — Вы меня приютите сегодня?

“Thank you. If you are not going to sleep right now, I’ll smoke a pipe with you.”

We sat down in the arm-chairs and smoked in silence. I knew that only a very important business could bring him to me at such an hour. So I waited. Suddenly Holmes said:

“Now, my dear Watson, I’m working at a very interesting case. I’ll solve the problem, I am sure. But... Can I ask you for help? Could you go to Aldershot tomorrow?”

“Certainly,” I answered.

“Then, if you are not too sleepy, I will give you a sketch of what has happened. And of what we are going to do. Have you read about murder of Colonel Barclay at Aldershot? I am investigating the case.<sup>1</sup>”

“I have heard nothing of it.”

“The facts are only two days old. James Barclay was a brave and talented commander in India. Many years ago Colonel Barclay married a young and beautiful woman — Nancy Devoy. They were a happy family. Nobody heard of any misunderstanding between them. But some people say that Colonel loved his wife more than she loved him. But there was absolutely nothing to prepare people for the tragedy. Usually Colonel Barclay was a kind and pleasant man. Sometimes he became angry and aggressive, sometimes he was sad and silent. But he was never angry with his wife. When depression came on him, he spent all his days at home and never stayed in the dark room.

“Colonel Barclay and his wife lived in a big and nice house. There is a big garden around it. One side of the house is near the road. They had few servants and no children. They didn’t often have visitors at their house.

“Mrs. Barclay was Catholic and she was often busy at the church meetings. She helped poor people to get clothes and

<sup>1</sup> **I am investigating the case.** — Я расследую дело.

food. Last Monday Mrs. Barclay was in a hurry for the meeting. She had a quick dinner and left home. Then she visited Miss Morrison, a young lady who lives in the next house. Then the two ladies went together to their meeting. It lasted forty minutes. At a quarter-past nine Mrs. Barclay returned home.

“Their sitting-room faces the road and has a large glass door. The big green lawn is in front of the house. It was into this room that<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Barclay came first. Then she asked her servant to bring a cup of tea there. When the Colonel heard his wife’s voice, he came to the sitting room. The servant was the last person who saw the Colonel alive.

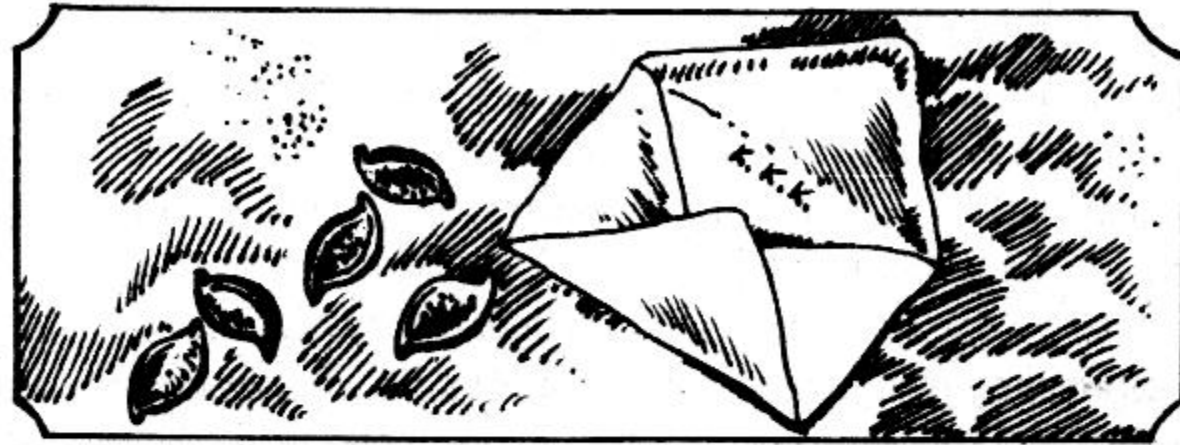
“Ten minutes later the tea was ready and the servant was on her way to the sitting-room. When she came up to the door, she heard the loud and angry voices of the Colonel and his wife. She knocked at the door but there was no answer. The servant wanted to open the door but it was locked. Naturally she ran down to tell the cook, and the two women with a man-servant came up into the hall. They could hear two angry voices — of Barclay and of his wife. Barclay’s words were quick and quiet. The lady’s words were clear and loud. ‘You coward!’ she said again and again. ‘What can be done now?’<sup>2</sup> What can be done now? Give me back my life.’ Then there was a sudden dreadful man’s cry, a crash, and a woman’s scream. The man-servant understood that some tragedy had happened. The door was locked and he decided to get into the sitting room from outside — through the glass door.

“It was open. The servant ran inside and saw the lady lying on the sofa. Her eyes were closed but she was alive. On the floor, with his legs on the arm-chair, in the pool of blood, there lay the Colonel. He was dead.

“The servant couldn’t do anything for his master, so he tried to open the room door. But he couldn’t find the key. So

<sup>1</sup> **It was into this room that** — Именно в эту комнату

<sup>2</sup> **What can be done now?** — Что же теперь делать?



he went out again through the glass window and called a policeman and a doctor.

“The doctor asked the servants to carry the lady in the bedroom. She was still unconscious.<sup>1</sup> Then they put the Colonel’s body on the sofa and examined it carefully.

“At the back of the Colonel’s head there was a long cut. On the floor, near the body, was lying a club of hard wood with a bone handle<sup>2</sup>. The Colonel had a big collection of weapons. He brought them from different countries. But that club was not from his collection. The police found nothing interesting in the room. They also didn’t find the key — it was gone.

“These are the facts I got on the Tuesday morning when I came to Aldershot.”

## Crooked Man and Strange Animal

“You can see, dear Watson, that the case is rather interesting, but when I learned the details I realized that it was extraordinary<sup>3</sup>!

“First I questioned the servants, but they told me nothing new. Only one servant — Jane Stewart — remembered an interesting detail. She heard that the lady said the name ‘David’ twice. The colonel’s name, you remember, was James.

“There was one more thing in the case. The servants and the police were shocked by the colonel’s face. It had the most dreadful expression of fear and horror! The police had a theory that the Colonel’s wife had killed him.

<sup>1</sup> **She was still unconscious.** — Она все еще была без сознания.

<sup>2</sup> **a club of hard wood with a bone handle** — дубинка из твердого дерева с костяной ручкой

<sup>3</sup> **extraordinary** — the most unusual

“But the poor woman couldn’t explain anything. She was absolutely ill and nearly out of reason<sup>1</sup>.”

“From the police I learned that Miss Morrison said that she had no idea why Mrs. Barclay got angry with the Colonel.

“I had to smoke some pipes before I could put all the facts in order. The missing door key! That was the most important point. It didn’t disappear, somebody had taken it. It means there was a third person in the room. And that third person came in through the window. You know my methods, Watson. I examined the traces on the lawn. Now I know there was a man in the room. I found his footmarks: one on the road, two on the lawn, and two near the window. But it was not the man who surprised me. It was his companion.”

“His companion!” I cried.

Holmes took some cloth out of his pocket.

“What do you make of that?” he asked.

The paper was covered with footmarks of some small animal. It had long nails on its feet.

“It’s a dog,” said I.

“Did you ever hear of a dog running up a curtain? I found its marks on the curtains.”

“A monkey, then?”

“But it is not the print of a monkey.”

“What can it be, then?”

“Neither dog nor cat nor monkey nor any creature that people keep as a pet. I think the creature is about two feet long<sup>2</sup>. Maybe it has a tail. The animal has a long body and very short legs. What a pity I haven’t found any of his hair! And it is a meat-eater.”

“Why do you think so?”

“Because it ran up the curtain. A bird’s cage was in the window, and it wanted to get the bird.”

<sup>1</sup> **nearly out of reason** — на грани безумия

<sup>2</sup> **two feet long** — около 60 см длиной (один фут равен 30,48 см)

“Then what was the beast?”

“Ah, that’s the problem.”

“But why is it so important to you, Holmes?”

“I don’t know the answer but I am sure of it. We have learnt a lot. We know that a man stood in the road. He was looking at the quarrel between the Barclays. We know, also, that he ran across the lawn, got into the room, had a strange animal with him. Then... Did he strike the colonel with his club? Did the Colonel fall down when he saw the stranger? I don’t know yet. Finally we have the fact that the man carried away the key.”

“I think your discoveries made the case more difficult, than it was before,” said I.

“You are right. But it means that the case is much more difficult than I thought first. But really, Watson, it is too late. I’ll tell you my ideas on our way to Aldershot tomorrow.”

“Thank you, my dear friend. But you have stopped at the most interesting place. Can you tell me some more now?”

“Well, I am sure that when Mrs. Barclay left the house at half-past seven, she wasn’t angry with her husband at all. The servants say that she was never angry and always spoke with her husband in a friendly way. But when she returned home, she went to the sitting room. It means she didn’t want to see her husband. She asked for tea. It means she was unhappy. When the Colonel came into the sitting room, the scandal began. I can see that something happened between seven-thirty and nine o’clock. She turned into a different woman — angry and aggressive.

“But Miss Morrison was with the lady all the evening. She knew something but didn’t want to tell. So I decided to talk to Miss Morrison. I was sure she knew something and explained to the young woman that Mrs. Barclay was in great danger. She is ill and even can’t help herself.

‘I promised my friend that I would say nothing, and a promise is a promise,’ said she; ‘but if I can really help her... I will tell you what happened on Monday evening.’

'We were returning from the meeting. On our way we had to pass through Hudson Street. It is a very quiet place. There is only one lamp in it. When we came up to the lamp, I saw a man. He was coming to us with his back very bent<sup>1</sup>. He was carrying a box. His back was so deformed that we couldn't see his face and he could hardly walk. Suddenly he looked at us. He stopped and screamed in a dreadful voice, 'My God, it's Nancy!' Mrs. Barclay turned as white as death. I was going to call for the police, but she, to my surprise, spoke to the man.

'I thought you had been dead this thirty years, Henry,' she said in a shaking voice.

'So I have,' said he. He had a very dark face like in a bad dream. His hair were grey, and he looked like a very old man.

'Can you walk on a little way, dear?' said Mrs. Barclay to me; 'I want to have a word with this man. There is nothing to be afraid of.' She tried to speak quietly, but she was still white and trembling.

'I did as she asked me, and they talked together for a few minutes. She didn't say a word on our way home. At my door she took me by the hand and asked me not to tell what had happened.'

'I have known him for a long time. He has been so unlucky!' said she. I promised her I would say nothing. She kissed me, and I have never seen her since.'

'As you see, Watson, it was like a light on a dark night. I had to find the man. But was he still in Aldershot? I spent a day and by evening — this very evening, Watson, — I found him. His name is Henry Wood. He has only been five days in the town. The man is a travelling magician. In the evening he performs in the cafes and restaurants. He carries some strange creature in his box. He uses it in some of his tricks. Sometimes he speaks in a strange language and for the last two nights he had

<sup>1</sup> **with his back very bent** — сильно согнувшись

been heard crying<sup>1</sup> in his bedroom. The maid said he paid a strange coin for the room. It was an Indian rupee<sup>2</sup>, Watson.

'So now, my dear friend, you know everything. You can see that after the ladies went home, this man followed them. He saw the quarrel between husband and wife through the window. Then he ran into the room and that creature escaped from the box. That is all very certain.<sup>3</sup> But he is the only person in this world who can tell us exactly what happened in that room.'

'And are you going to ask him?'

'Yes, and I need a witness.'

'But how do you know he'll be there?'

'I told one of my Baker Street boys to watch him. We shall find him in Hudson Street tomorrow, Watson. Now, let's go to sleep!'

## Providence

We came to the town in the afternoon and at once went to Hudson Street.

'This is the street,' said he at last. A boy ran up to us and said, 'He's in, Mr. Holmes.'

'Come along, Watson. This is the house.'

In a moment we were face to face with the man. It was a warm day but he was sitting near the burning fire. The man's back was deformed and crooked. His face was worn<sup>4</sup> and dark, but it was clear that it was of great beauty long time ago. He pointed at two chairs.

<sup>1</sup> **he had been heard crying** — слышали, как он плачет

<sup>2</sup> **an Indian rupee** — индийская рупия (*национальная валюта Индии*)

<sup>3</sup> **That is all very certain.** — Все это не вызывает сомнений.

<sup>4</sup> **worn** — зд. изможденное

“Mr. Henry Wood, late of India<sup>1</sup>, I believe,” said Holmes.

“I want to ask you some questions about Colonel Barclay’s death.”

“What should I know about that?”

“That’s what I want to find out. I think you know that Mrs. Barclay will be tried for murder<sup>2</sup>.”

“I don’t know who you are,” the man cried, “nor how you know about me, but will you tell me if it is true?”

“Why, the police are waiting for her to come to her senses<sup>3</sup>. Then they will arrest her.”

“She didn’t kill him.”

“Then you did.”

“No, I did not.”

“Who killed Colonel James Barclay, then?”

“Nobody. It was the just Providence<sup>4</sup> that killed him. You want me to tell the story? Well, you see me now with my back like a camel. But there was a time when Corporal Henry Wood was handsome. That time we were in India. Barclay was sergeant in the same company. The most beautiful girl was Nancy Devoy. There were two men that loved her. She loved the one who is sitting in front of you. Well, I had her heart. But her father wanted her to marry Barclay. He was rich and well-educated. One day we got into a great trouble. It was a trap. In a week we ran out of water. We couldn’t fight any more and the only chance was to get out of siege<sup>5</sup> and ask for help. I had to do my best. I talked it over with Sergeant Barclay, because he knew the country very well. He drew a map for me to follow. At ten o’clock I started on my journey. In ten minutes I walked into

<sup>1</sup> **late of India** — недавно прибывший из Индии

<sup>2</sup> **will be tried for murder** — будет обвинена в убийстве

<sup>3</sup> **waiting for her to come to her senses** — ждет, пока она придет в сознание

<sup>4</sup> **Providence** — провидение, судьба, злой рок

<sup>5</sup> **to get out of siege** — выбраться из осады

our enemies. They were waiting for me. I became their prisoner. From their words I understood that my friend had betrayed me<sup>1</sup>. I tried to get away, but they caught me. They tortured me again and again. My back and all my bones were broken. I could hardly learn to walk. Finally I got my chance and escaped. I went north and found myself in Afghanistan. There I travelled and learnt the art of travelling magicians. I didn’t want to return to England. My friends and my family thought I was dead.

“But when you get old, you start thinking about home. I remembered the bright green fields of England and decided to see them. I saved some money, and then I came here. I know what soldiers like and can make enough money for living.”

“Your story is most interesting,” said Sherlock Holmes. “I have already heard of your meeting with Mrs. Barclay. Then you followed her home and saw the quarrel through the window. She told him everything she knew. You ran across the lawn and ran into the room.”

“I did, sir, and when he saw me, his face turned into the mask of horror and he fell down. But he was dead before he fell. I read death on his face.”

“And then?”

“Then Nancy fell unconscious, and I took the door key from her hand. I wanted to unlock it and get help. But then I decided to get away. I didn’t want my secret to come out. In a hurry I put the door key in my pocket and lost my stick. Teddy ran up the curtain and I got him down. When I got him into his box, I was off as fast as I could run.”

“Who’s Teddy?” asked Holmes. The man opened the box and we saw a beautiful reddish-brown creature, thin and quick, with a long, thin nose, and a pair of the finest red eyes that ever I saw in an animal’s head.

“It’s a mongoose,” I cried.

<sup>1</sup> **my friend had betrayed me** — мой друг предал меня

“Well, some call them that,” said the man. “Snake-catcher is what I call them, and Teddy is quick on cobras. I have one, and Teddy catches it every night on the performance.”

“Well, can we come to you again if Mrs. Barclay is in serious trouble?”

“In that case, of course.”

We left him. When we were walking along the street a policeman came up to us.

“Ah, Holmes,” he said, “I think you have heard about the case. It has come to nothing!” “What then?” “The doctors say he died of heart attack. You see it was a very simple case after all.” “Oh, yes,” said Holmes, smiling. “Come, Watson, I don’t think we can return to London.” “There’s one thing,” said I as we walked down to the station. “The husband’s name was James, and the other was Henry, why did she say ‘David’?” “She told about David from the Bible<sup>1</sup>!”



<sup>1</sup> **David from the Bible** — библейский Давид (согласно библейской легенде, царь Давид, чтобы взять себе в жены Вирсавию, послал ее мужа-военачальника на верную смерть)

## A Scandal in Bohemia



### Holmes' Method and the King's Mistake

To Sherlock Holmes she was always the Woman. He never told about her in any other words. Sherlock Holmes didn't feel any love for Irene Adler. He didn't feel love for anybody. He had too cold and too balanced mind. Sometimes he looked like a machine. He never spoke of love seriously. But there was one woman to him, and that woman was Irene Adler.

When I got married, I didn't see Holmes. My friend Sherlock Holmes went on living in his house in Baker Street. The study of crime — that interested him! Sometimes I heard about his work and success from the newspapers but I really knew little of my dear friend.

One night — it was on the 20<sup>th</sup> of March 1888 — I was coming home and my way led me through Baker Street. Suddenly I decided to see Holmes again. From the dark street I could see

that his windows were bright. I saw his tall figure in one of them. He was walking around the room quickly, with his head down and his hands behind him. He was at work again! I rang the bell and came in.

I couldn't say he was very happy to see me, but he was glad, I think. He pointed at the armchair near the fire and at the box of cigars. Then he stood before the fire and looked at me carefully, in his own special way.

"You are happy with your wife, Watson, aren't you?" he said at last. "I think that you have put on seven and a half pounds<sup>1</sup> since I saw you."

"Seven!" I answered.

"No, a little more. And you work again, I see. You did not tell me that you wanted to work."

"Then, how do you know?"

"I see it, I deduce it.<sup>2</sup> How do I know that you got very wet a day or two ago, and that your servant is not a good one?"

"My dear Holmes," said I, "this is too much. It is true that I had a country walk on Thursday. I came home absolutely wet. But now I am wearing different clothes. How do you deduce it? As to Mary Jane, my servant... my wife told me many times, but again I can't understand how you work it out<sup>3</sup>."

He smiled and rubbed his long, nervous hands together.

"It is easy, believe me," said he, "there are some parallel cuts on your left shoe. It means that the person who cleaned the shoes was careless. How did I work out that you started medical practice? Well, a gentleman walks into my rooms smelling of medicine, with a hidden stethoscope<sup>4</sup> in his hat. Who is he? It's not a difficult question."

<sup>1</sup> you have put on seven and a half pounds — вы поправились на 3,5 кг

<sup>2</sup> I see it, I deduce it. — Я вижу это, я делаю выводы.

<sup>3</sup> how you work it out — как вы догадались об этом

<sup>4</sup> stethoscope — стетоскоп (медицинский прибор для прослушивания легких)

I smiled because his explanation of his famous process of deduction was fantastic! "When I listen to you," I said, "I always think that it is very easy. And each next time I am always shocked with the way it works."

"You are right," he answered and sat down into an armchair with a cigarette. "You see, but you do not observe.<sup>1</sup> For example, you have often seen the steps from the hall to this room."

"Very often."

"How often?"

"Well, some hundreds of times."

"Then how many are there?"

"How many? I don't know."

"You have seen, but you have not observed. They are seventeen! You are interested in these little problems, aren't you? I think it will interest you." He gave me a thick, pink letter. "It came by the last post," said he. "Read it aloud."

It was a letter without a date, a name and an address.

"Tonight somebody will visit you, at a quarter to eight o'clock," it said, "a gentleman wants to consult you on a very secret business. You have helped some important people of royal families. You have shown that you are a noble man. We hope, you can help us, too. Get ready to see your visitor wearing a mask."

"This is a mystery," I said. "What do you think it means?"

"I have no idea because I have no facts. What do you deduce from it?"

I looked at the writing and the paper on which it was written.

"The man is rich," I said. "The paper is not cheap. It is very strong and white. It's strange paper. I have never seen such paper."

"It is not English paper at all. Look at it in the light! Can you see that it was made in Bohemia? I think that a German

<sup>1</sup> You see, but you do not observe. — Вы видите, но не наблюдаете.



wrote the letter. The word order is wrong, he put the words in the German way. Ah, here comes our visitor now.”

“Shall I leave, Holmes?”

“No, no, I need your help. I think we’ll hear something very interesting,” said Holmes and we heard a strong knock at the door.

“Come in!” called Holmes.

A tall and strong man came into the room. He looked like Hercules in rich dress. “For an Englishman his dress is too rich and too bright,” I thought. Besides, he was wearing a black mask.

“Have you got my letter?” he asked with a strong German accent.

“Please, take a seat,” said Holmes. “I’m Sherlock Holmes. And this is my friend, Dr. Watson. He helps me a lot in my cases. How can I call you, please?”

“You can call me Count Von Kramm. I come from Bohemia. My case is a secret one and very important. Will you and your friend keep it in a secret?”

“I will,” we said together.

“A noble and important person from a royal family has sent me to you. He asks for help. I’m wearing a mask because nobody must know about my visit. If you can’t help, there will be a great scandal in the Bohemian Royal Family.”

“I know, Your Majesty,” said Holmes. He was sitting in his arm-chair smoking a cigarette.

Our visitor jumped up from his chair. He started to go up and down the room<sup>1</sup>, then stopped, took off his mask and threw it on the floor.

“You are right,” he cried, “I am the King. But how do you know who I am? Yes, I am the King of Bohemia. I have come to consult you.”

<sup>1</sup> to go up and down the room — ходить взад-вперед по комнате

“Very well. Go on,” said Holmes. He was sitting with his eyes closed and listening carefully.

“Five years ago I met Irene Adler. I think you know this name...”

“Let me see!” said Holmes. “Hum! Born in 1858. Famous singer, very beautiful, lives in London. Your Majesty, as I understand, loved her and wrote her some letters. Now you want to get them back.”

“You are right. But how...”

“Did you marry here secretly?”

“No.”

“I think, you can always say that you didn’t write those letters, if she shows them.”

“But my writing...”

“Copied.<sup>1</sup>”

“My paper.”

“Stolen.”

“My photograph.”

“Bought.”

“We were both in the photograph.”

“Oh, dear!<sup>2</sup> That is very bad! That was a mistake, Your Majesty.”

“I was madly in love, I was so young... But now I must get it back.”

“Did you try to buy it?”

“She will not sell.”

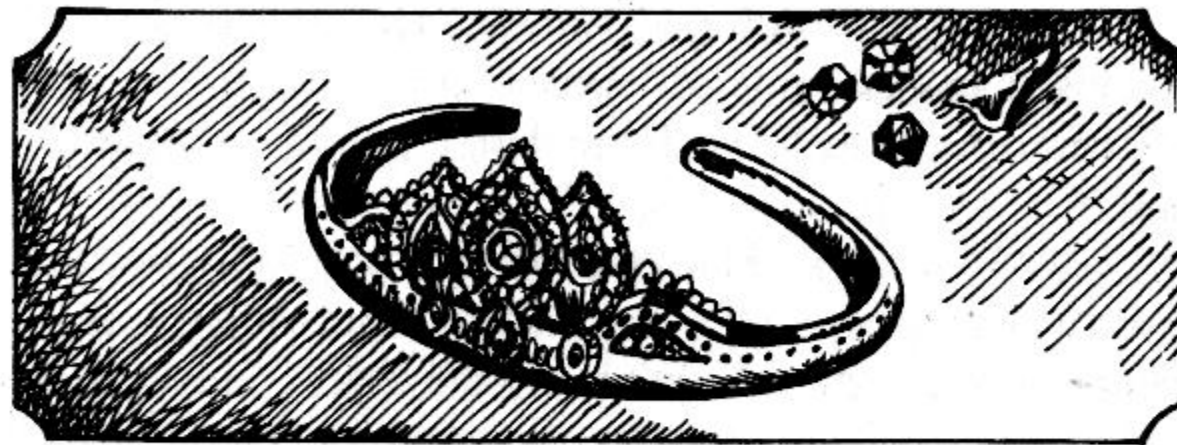
“Did you try to steal it?”

“We tried five times. But my men didn’t find it.”

Holmes laughed. “It is a very nice problem. What is she going to do with the photo?” said he.

<sup>1</sup> Copied. — зд. Подделан (и далее stolen, bought — причастия прошедшего времени — украдена, куплена).

<sup>2</sup> Oh, dear! — Боже мой!



“You know, when I left Irene Adler, she was very angry with me. Now she has a chance to ruin me. Soon I am going to marry Clotilde Lothman. She is the second daughter of the King of Scandinavia. This marriage is very important because we are from the most important royal families in Europe. If Clotilde knows about Irene and me, that will be a great scandal.”

“And Irene Adler?”

“She says she will send the photograph to Clotilde’s family. I am afraid she will keep her promise. We must find the photo before she sends it! We have three days yet.”<sup>1</sup>

“Oh, I am sure that we will find,” said Holmes with a yawn. “Your Majesty will, of course, stay in London?”

“Certainly. You will find me at the Langham Hotel under the name of Count Von Kramm.”

“Then I’ll write to you to tell you what happens. And her address?” Holmes asked.

“Is Briony Lodge, Serpentine Avenue, St. John’s Wood.”

“Then, good-night, Your Majesty,” said Holmes. The King left and Holmes turned to me “Good-night, Watson. Please, come back tomorrow at 3 o’clock in the afternoon.”

## Secret Marriage

At 3 o’clock I was at Baker Street, but Holmes was not at home. So I waited him in his study. It was about 4 o’clock when the door opened and a very strange person walked into the room. He was an old man with a red face and he looked drunk. He was wearing poor and rather old clothes. He came up to me but I had to look at him three times before<sup>2</sup> I saw it was my friend — Holmes!

<sup>1</sup> We have three days yet. — У нас есть еще три дня.

<sup>2</sup> I had to look at him three times before — мне пришлось присмотреться, прежде чем

He smiled and went to the bathroom to change his clothes. Ten minutes later an English gentleman was sitting in front of the fire and telling me his story.

“It’s very funny. I’ve had a nice time, really! I left home at 8 o’clock this morning. I was wearing a servant’s dress. I wanted to become friends with her servants. Servants are always happy to talk. Soon I found her house and walked round it. It is a lovely big house, with a garden at the back. Large sitting-room on the ground floor, with long windows which are easy to open. I found some horsemen and heard a lot about the young woman — Miss Adler.

“And what of Irene Adler?” I asked.

“Oh, she lives quietly, sings at concerts. She doesn’t go out often but she has got a friend. He is Godfrey Norton, the lawyer. He is dark and handsome and visits her every day. Is she his client or his friend? Do they love each other? If he is her lawyer, perhaps she has given him the photograph. If they are in love, she won’t show it to him. I want you to know the story in detail.”

“Very interesting, Holmes!” I said.

“When I was there, a cab drove up to Miss Adler’s house. Mr. Norton jumped out of it. He was in a great hurry, shouted to the cabman to wait and came in the house. He was in the house about half an hour, and then came out even in a greater hurry. ‘Drive like the devil,’ he shouted, ‘to the Church of St. Monica!’ Some minutes later Miss Adler ran out of her home and jumped into a cab. ‘To the Church of St. Monica!’ she cried. I had to follow them and jumped into a cab. When I arrived, I came into the church. There were three people there: Mr. Norton, Miss Adler and a churchman. When Mr. Norton saw me he ran up to me.

“Thank God,” he cried. “Come! Come!”

“What then?” I asked.

“Come, man, come, only three minutes.”

“So I helped Mr. Norton to marry Miss Adler. They had to find a witness and they found him. It was me, my dear Watson. A servant, a poor man was the best witness for their secret marriage. When they left the church he went to his work and she returned to her house. ‘I’ll be in the park at five as usual,’ she said as she left him.”

“So she married him! What shall we do now?” I said.

“First, we’ll have something to eat. We are going to be very busy tonight. And I need your help, Watson. It is about 5 now. At 7 we must be there, near her house. Miss Irene returns from her drive at that time and we will meet her.”

“And what then?”

“I’ll do everything. But, remember, you must not interfere, come what may<sup>1</sup>. You understand?”

“Perhaps something unpleasant will happen. Do not join in it. Then I’ll get inside her house. You must wait outside near the sitting-room window. Then the sitting-room window will open.”

“Yes.”

“You must watch me.”

“Yes.”

“When I raise my hand — so — you will throw IT into the room and shout ‘Fire!’”

I took the small thing out of his hand.

“What is it, Holmes?” I asked.

“Don’t be afraid, it’s not a bomb, just a smoke-stick. The room will quickly be full of smoke. Then you walk to the end of the street and wait for me there. Do you understand me?”

“OK, I’ll do what you want,” I said.

<sup>1</sup> you must not interfere, come what may — вам нельзя вмешиваться, что бы ни случилось

## Fire! Fire!

That evening Holmes again was wearing different clothes. He had churchman clothes and a big black hat on. He changed his face, his hair, his manners — he was a different man! The stage lost a fine actor, when he became a detective.

At about 6 o'clock we were near Miss Adler's house. The street was rather busy. A lot of people were smoking, talking and laughing there.

"You see," said Holmes to me, "the case has become less difficult after their marriage. I don't think Irene wants her husband to see the photo, so it is in a secret place in her house. Now the question is, 'Where?' I am sure it is in her house."

"But the King's men tried to find it..."

"Yea, but they did not know how to look."

"But how will you look?"

"I will not look. She will show me. She will have to."

Then he suddenly stopped and pointed to the coming cab. One of the men in the street ran up to open the door. Perhaps, he wanted to get some money. Then another man ran up and pushed him away. They started shouting and fighting. Irene was in the middle of the fight. Holmes ran up to help the lady but suddenly he cried and fell to the ground. The blood was running down his face. Irene hurried to her house, but then stopped and looked back.

"How is the poor gentleman?" she asked.

"He is dead," cried some people.

"No, no, he is alive!" cried the others.

"Bring him into the sitting-room. There is a comfortable sofa. This way, please!" said Irene.

Some people carried Holmes into the sitting-room and put him on the sofa. I could see him through the window. I was watching him with the smoke stick in my hand.

Suddenly Holmes sat up on the sofa. He looked like a man who was in need of air. A servant ran to open the window. At

the same moment Holmes raised his hand and I threw the smoke-stick into the room with a cry of "Fire!" The people in the street joined the cry: "Fire!" Thick clouds of smoke filled the room. I walked away to the corner of the street. In ten minutes Holmes came to meet me there.

"You did it very nicely, Doctor," he said.

"You have the photograph?"

"I know where it is. She showed me."

"But why did she show it to you?"

"It is easy," said he, laughing. "You, of course, saw that everyone in the street was helping me. I paid them some money for their help."

Now I could see.

"It wasn't a real fight. It wasn't real blood — just some red paint. It is an old trick. Then I got in her sitting-room, asked for some fresh air and you had your chance."

"How did that help you?"

"You see, when a woman thinks that her house is on fire, she runs to the most important things — her baby, her gold, her... photo. That's where she ran.<sup>1</sup> The photograph is in a cupboard in her sitting-room. I saw the photo. But I couldn't take it because I wasn't alone in the sitting-room. I had nothing to do but<sup>2</sup> say some excuses and leave the house."

"And now?" I asked.

"I must send a telegram to the King right now. Tomorrow we'll come to the house with the King. We will come early when the lady is still in bed. When we are in the sitting room, the King will take the photo with his own hands. Then we will leave the house."

That time we were walking along Baker Street. When we stopped near Holmes' door, a thin young man was passing by<sup>3</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> **That's where she ran.** — Именно туда она и побежала.

<sup>2</sup> **I had nothing to do but** — Мне ничего не оставалось делать, как

<sup>3</sup> **was passing by** — проходил мимо

“Good-night, Mister Sherlock Holmes,” he said and hurried away.

“I’ve heard that voice before,” said Holmes looking down the street. “But who was it?”

## Photo

I slept at Baker Street that night, and we were having our toast and coffee in the morning when the King of Bohemia ran into the room.

“You have really got it!” he cried, happily.

“Not yet.”

“But you have hopes?”

“I have hopes.”

“Then, come!”

On the way to Irene’s house Holmes said to the King:

“Irene Adler is married.”

“Married! When?”

“Yesterday. Her husband is Mr. Norton, an English lawyer.”

“But I hope she doesn’t love him.”

“I do hope that she does.<sup>1</sup>”

“I don’t understand why.”

“If the lady loves her husband, she does not love Your Majesty. If she does not love Your Majesty, she will not ruin Your Majesty’s plan.”

A servant opened the door and asked:

“Mr. Sherlock Holmes?”

“I am Mr. Holmes,” answered my friend. He looked very surprised.

“Mrs. Norton told me that you were going to come. She left this morning with her husband for the Continent.”

<sup>1</sup> I do hope that she does. — *зд. Я очень надеюсь, что любит.*

“What!” Sherlock Holmes cried out. “Do you mean that she has left England?”

“You are right.”

“What about the photo? All is lost!” cried the King.

“We shall see,” said Holmes and we ran into the sitting-room. Holmes opened the cupboard and took out a photo and a letter. The photograph was of Irene Adler herself in evening dress, the letter was addressed to “Sherlock Holmes”. My friend opened it and we read it together.

“My Dear Mr. Sherlock Holmes,

You really did it very well. I thought that it was a real fire, and that you were a kind old man. But when I ran up to the cupboard and opened it to take the photo out... I began to think. I remembered those wonderful stories that my friends told me about you, the famous detective in London. I thought it was your trick! You know, I had your address and decided to find everything out myself. I dressed like a young man. I followed you to your door. I wanted to find out if you were Mr. Sherlock Holmes. Then I said ‘good-night’ to you outside your door!

“My husband and I decided to leave England. The photo? Please, tell the King I will never show it to anybody. I love my husband and he loves me. Here is a different photo. The King can keep it, if he likes.

Irene Norton”

“What a woman!” cried the King of Bohemia, when we finished reading the letter. “Why didn’t I marry her?”

“She is a very clever woman,” said Holmes coldly. “I am sorry that I have not finished the case.”

“No, no,” cried the King. “The photo is safe now. I know that she never breaks her promises. I need nothing more than her word.”

“I am glad to hear it.”

“How can I thank you, dear Mr. Holmes?”

“Your Majesty, I would like to have just one thing,” said Holmes.

“Tell me what it is.”

“This photograph!”

The King looked at Holmes in surprise.

“Irene’s photograph!” he cried. “Certainly, it is yours.”

“I thank Your Majesty,” Holmes turned away and we left. And there was no scandal in the kingdom of Bohemia.

Holmes stopped telling jokes about woman’s wit<sup>1</sup>. He always remembers Irene Adler — the woman who was cleverer than he was. And when he speaks of Irene Adler, he says she is the woman.



## Activities

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<sup>1</sup> about woman’s wit — о женском уме

## Before Reading

- 1) What do you know about prehistoric life? About dinosaurs? Are there any mysteries about them?
- 2) What were dinosaurs like? Were they alike? Were they different?
- 3) Have you seen any films or cartoons about dinosaurs? What are they? Were the creatures angry or friendly there?

## While Reading

1) Read Chapter One "Try Your Luck With Professor Challenger". Do you know who said it? Gladys? Mr. McArdle? Mr. Malone? Professor Challenger? Mrs. Challenger? Why did this person say it?

1. "I am a poor student."
2. "Well, I think you know that the cranial index is a constant factor."
3. "You can be as angry as you like. But you will not attack me."
4. "Chances are around you."
5. "What about a modern Munchausen? You can show him up as a liar!"
6. "It proves that you are a journalist."
7. "Something wonderful happened or the man is a champion liar."
8. "Professor Challenger, the famous zoologist! But I don't quite understand why I must interview this gentleman. What has he done?"

9. "Challenger? He is the man who came with some silly stories from South America. As far as I can remember it was about some strange animals."
10. "Then I must tell you that he is an impossible person. Get quickly out of the room if he gets aggressive."

2) Read Chapter One "Try Your Luck With Professor Challenger" and Chapter Two "It's Just the Very Biggest Thing in the World". Can you prove that...? Say as much as you can.

1. Gladys was beautiful.
2. Malone loved Gladys.
3. Professor Challenger was an impossible man.
4. Professor Challenger's appearance was unusual.
5. Professor Challenger hated journalists.
6. Professor Challenger was a famous scientist and an explorer.
7. Malone didn't believe Professor Challenger at first.
8. Professor Challenger had enough proofs to make Malone believe his story.
9. The audience in the Zoological Institute didn't believe Professor Challenger.
10. Malone was happy to have Lord John Roxton as a companion in the expedition.

3) Read Chapter Three "We Disappear into the Unknown" and find the right answers.

1. How did the travellers — Professor Summerlee, Lord John and Malone — feel at the day of their departure?
  - a) They looked happy and excited.
  - b) Professor Summerlee was sorry for himself but the other two were happy.
  - c) They were very sorry for themselves.
  - d) Lord John and Professor Summerlee were happy to have an adventure ahead but Malone didn't want to leave the girl he loved.

2. Why did Professor Challenger come to the port when the expedition was sailing off?
  - a) He wanted to wish good luck and say “good-bye” to the travellers.
  - b) He brought them a detailed map of the Lost World.
  - c) He came there to tell Malone that he was against Malone’s reports.
  - d) He gave the letter with directions to the travellers to be opened at Manaos.
3. What is the wrong sentence about Malone’s companions?
  - a) Professor Summerlee was as old as Malone.
  - b) Lord John liked nice clothes.
  - c) Professor Summerlee had never been on expeditions before.
  - d) Lord John had visited South America before.
4. Why did Lord John believe Challenger’s words?
  - a) He had known Professor Challenger for a long time.
  - b) He knew the unknown was everywhere in South America.
  - c) He had visited the Lost World before.
  - d) He believed every word of a man of science.
5. Which of the following is not about Challenger?
  - a) London lunatic
  - b) champion liar
  - c) South Americomaniac
  - d) prize peacock
6. What was written in the letter that Challenger had given to the travellers in the port?
  - a) detailed directions
  - b) a map of the Lost World
  - c) nothing
  - d) some wishes of good luck
7. What sentence is not true about the days the four were travelling in canoes?

- a) The expedition came across rapids several times.
  - b) The travellers enjoyed the beauty of the tropical forest.
  - c) For three days the explorers made their way along a quiet stream that looked like a tunnel of green sunshine.
  - d) The travellers never left canoes and walked into the tropical forest full of dangerous animals.
8. What place did they pass on their way to the plateau since the day they left their canoes?
    - a) Indian village
    - b) a great green swamp
    - c) an open place covered with tree ferns
    - d) the thickets of bamboos
  9. Who was sure that the huge grey flying creature was a pterodactyl?
    - a) Challenger
    - b) Lord John
    - c) Summerlee
    - d) Malone
  10. Why was Summerlee silent at the end of the Chapter?
    - a) He got very tired after a long journey.
    - b) He saw that the scenery looked like one in the picture.
    - c) He was so surprised by the beauty of the place that he couldn’t speak.
    - d) He was either angry or sorry with himself.

**4) Read Chapter Four “Who Could Have Foreseen It?” and say if the sentences are *True (T)* or *False (F)*. Correct the false ones.**

1. Professor Challenger was sure there was a way up the plateau.
2. On their way round the plateau the expedition found a skeleton of an Indian.



3. Everybody was afraid of the skeleton because they were sure that somebody had pushed the poor man down from the plateau.
4. The four found no signs of Maple White's expedition while they were on their way round the plateau.
5. The expedition followed the marks in the shape of arrows to find the way up.
6. They found the way of Maple White but it didn't exist any more.
7. For the first time the travellers saw a prehistoric animal early in the morning. It came up quietly to their camp near the plateau.
8. When Summerlee saw the flying dinosaur he lost his skepticism towards Challenger and they shook hands.
9. The expedition made the round-plateau journey but found no possible way up.
10. It was Lord John who had an idea to climb the high thin rock and make a bridge across the abyss.
11. All travellers were experienced mountain-climbers.
12. The tree on the top of the thin rock was too short to make a bridge.
13. The moment Challenger put his foot on the plateau a terrible monster came out of the forest.
14. They didn't hear the sound of the falling bridge. When they saw no bridge across the abyss, they were shocked.
15. The travellers had no idea why their bridge was gone.

**5) Read Chapter Five "The Most Wonderful Things Have Happened" and put the sentences in the right order.**

\_\_\_\_\_ They made a bridge across the abyss and reached the plateau without any troubles.

\_\_\_\_\_ Their bridge was gone and they were trapped.

\_\_\_\_\_ Some powerful creature visited the camp.

\_\_\_\_\_ The explorers found unusual tracks and Lord John decided that they belonged to an enormous bird.

\_\_\_\_\_ Lord John shot their enemy dead but their position was hopeless.

\_\_\_\_\_ On their first morning they made a camp and called it Fort Challenger.

\_\_\_\_\_ The expedition climbed the high thin rock that was near the plateau.

\_\_\_\_\_ In the opening they saw five iguanodons having their meal.

\_\_\_\_\_ They found a swamp of pterodactyls and had a good chance to study their way of life.

\_\_\_\_\_ The monsters attacked the explorers but the four fortunately escaped.

**6) Read Chapter Six "For Once I Was the Hero" and complete the sentences.**

1. In the morning the explorers felt bad because \_\_\_\_\_.
  - a) they had a flu
  - b) the bites of the pterodactyls were poisonous
  - c) they had no food
  - d) the situation was hopeless
2. The whole day Malone had the feeling that \_\_\_\_\_.
  - a) somebody was watching them
  - b) they would find a way down
  - c) something wonderful was going to happen that day
  - d) somebody would die
3. At night \_\_\_\_\_ woke them up.
  - a) a sound of train
  - b) pterodactyls' songs
  - c) an iguanodon's steps
  - d) a nerve-shaking scream

4. \_\_\_\_\_ visited their camp that night.
  - a) A giant toad
  - b) A meat-eating dinosaur
  - c) A peaceful iguanodon
  - d) An Indian with greenish eyes
5. In the morning the expedition went to the iguanodon glade. They saw \_\_\_\_\_ there.
  - a) a megalosaurus
  - b) pools of blood and large pieces of meat
  - c) a sabre-toothed tiger
  - d) an allosaurus
6. \_\_\_\_\_ inhabited the Maple White Land.
  - a) Only unknown types of prehistoric animals
  - b) Only frightening reptilian monsters
  - c) Different types of extinct and present-day animals
  - d) No man-like creatures
7. The explorers agreed that their first task was \_\_\_\_\_.
  - a) to find the way down
  - b) to explore the Lost World carefully
  - c) to kill all monstrous dinosaurs
  - d) to strengthen their camp
8. Malone climbed the tree \_\_\_\_\_.
  - a) to get the ape-man hiding among the branches
  - b) to get some sketch of the Lost World
  - c) to get some juicy fruit
  - d) to find the way out of the thick forest
9. When Malone saw an ape-man among the branches, he \_\_\_\_\_.
  - a) was shocked and frightened
  - b) fell down from the tree
  - c) dived wildly down the tree
  - d) was a little surprised
10. Malone couldn't see \_\_\_\_\_ from the top of the gingko tree.
  - a) his friends

- b) the whole plateau
- c) the swamp of pterodactyls
- d) any lake

**7) Read Chapter Seven "It Was Dreadful in the Forest" and join the halves of the sentences from Malone's story.**

1. I had not gone a hundred yards before \_\_\_\_\_.
2. The darkness of the forest was frightening, but \_\_\_\_\_.
3. I found a small river and \_\_\_\_\_.
4. There were many tracks there and I understood that \_\_\_\_\_.
5. I realized that people were living on the plateau, because \_\_\_\_\_.
6. Suddenly a huge deer gave a warning cry and \_\_\_\_\_.
7. For five minutes the stegosaurus was so close to my hiding place that \_\_\_\_\_.
8. A strange creature was near me, but nothing could be seen, so \_\_\_\_\_.
9. My skin grew cold and \_\_\_\_\_.
10. I hoped that it was a peaceful iguanodon, but \_\_\_\_\_
  - a) \_\_\_\_\_ even worse was the white flood of moonlight.
  - b) \_\_\_\_\_ it was one of the drinking places of the animals.
  - c) \_\_\_\_\_ was off among the trees.
  - d) \_\_\_\_\_ by stretching out my hand I could touch his back.
  - e) \_\_\_\_\_ I realized how dreadful it was in the forest.
  - f) \_\_\_\_\_ fires could only be lit by the hand of a man.
  - g) \_\_\_\_\_ decided to follow it.
  - h) \_\_\_\_\_ I walked faster.
  - i) \_\_\_\_\_ I soon saw that it was a very different creature.
  - j) \_\_\_\_\_ my hair rose at the thought.

**8) Read Chapter Eight "I Shall Never Forget It" and answer the questions. Try to say three sentences at least.**

1. Why did Malone make three fires before going to sleep?
2. Who woke Malone up in the morning?
3. Who attacked the camp?
4. Could the ape-men talk to each other?
5. How did the ape-men look like?
6. Challenger looked like the king of the ape-men. Was it of great help for the explorers?
7. How did the native people look like?
8. What do you know about the ape-men town?
9. What special ceremony was held in that ape-men town?
10. How did Lord John escape?
11. How did Lord John and Malone rescue their friends?
12. Why did the Indians follow the expedition?

**9) Read Chapter Nine "Those Were the Great Victories" and put the sentences in the right order.**

\_\_\_\_\_ The explorers decided to take the Indians to their town because they hoped for their warm welcome.

\_\_\_\_\_ When they reached the lake, they saw a great flotilla of Indian canoes coming towards them.

\_\_\_\_\_ The explorers learned that the natives kept iguanodons as domestic animals.

\_\_\_\_\_ One Indian left the camp to bring some water and was killed by an ape-man.

\_\_\_\_\_ The Indians had a battle with the ape-men, won it and turned the ape-men into their slaves.

\_\_\_\_\_ The natives were ready for the battle and the explorers decided to join them in their war against the ape-men.

\_\_\_\_\_ Challenger found geysers and he got very excited.

\_\_\_\_\_ The explorers were watching the unusual life of the pre-historic lake.

\_\_\_\_\_ In the early morning the whole company started on their way to the Indian village.

\_\_\_\_\_ Malone was nearly killed by an ape-man near the river.

**10) Read Chapter Ten "Escape" and explain why:**

1. the victory of the Indians over the ape-men was very important for the explorers.
2. the expedition didn't use Maple White's way to come down.
3. the Indians didn't want to help the expedition to come down.
4. the explorers' guns had no effect on the monstrous reptiles.
5. the Indians didn't eat the reptile's meat.
6. Challenger made the balloon.
7. the young boy decided to help them.
8. the Indians didn't notice the expedition escape.
9. the explorers didn't take everything they had down.
10. there were many fires (not one) at the foot of the cliffs.

**11) Read Chapter Eleven "A Procession! A Procession!" and do the final test.**

1. Professor Challenger was \_\_\_\_\_.
  - a) very polite
  - b) an impossible person
  - c) a real English gentleman
  - d) a professional journalist
2. When Challenger returned from his first expedition, his words were doubted because \_\_\_\_\_.
  - a) he had no proofs
  - b) his proofs were not enough to make the scientists believe his unusual story
  - c) South America was a fully explored region
  - d) he was a well-known champion liar

3. Challenger was sure that the Lost World existed because he \_\_\_\_\_.
  - a) had seen the plateau with his own eyes and had shot a pterodactyl
  - b) believed the drawings of Maple White absolutely
  - c) had found some stories of a strange land in Indian legends
  - d) had already visited it
4. The explorers started the expedition \_\_\_\_\_.
  - a) to test Professor Challenger's words
  - b) to find the best place for hunting
  - c) to make a map of South America
  - d) to bring back a live pterodactyl
5. Before the explorers reached the Lost World, \_\_\_\_\_.
  - a) they hadn't seen any signs of prehistoric life
  - b) they hadn't faced any troubles
  - c) they had seen no signs of Maple White's expedition
  - d) they had enjoyed the beauty of the tropical forests and streams
6. What is not true about iguanodons?
  - a) They lived on grass and leaves and tree branches.
  - b) They walked upright on three-toed hind-feet and from time to time put their five-fingered front-feet on the ground.
  - c) They had powerful tails and balanced on them while eating.
  - d) They were monstrous kangaroos.
7. What is true about pterodactyls?
  - a) They lived in small families.
  - b) They were of dark-red colour.
  - c) They had sharp teeth in their beaks.
  - d) They were birds.
8. What was the place where the explorers had a pleasant experience?

- a) the glade of iguanodons
  - b) the swamp of pterodactyls
  - c) the ape-men town
  - d) the hunting-pit made by the natives
9. When did all the explorers agree that it was their first task to find the way down?
    - a) after they finished all their food
    - b) after the toad-faced bloody monster visited their camp
    - c) after they escaped from the ape-men
    - d) the moment their feet touched the plateau
  10. The explorers learned about the ape-men when \_\_\_\_\_.
    - a) Malone was up the tallest gingko tree
    - b) their camp was attacked by the ape-men
    - c) the Indians defeated the ape-men and turned them into their slaves
    - d) the expedition crossed the bridge over the abyss
  11. What is true about the native Indians?
    - a) They were red-haired.
    - b) They were red-skinned.
    - c) They couldn't run fast in the open.
    - d) They couldn't make fires.
  12. Who were the masters of the Lost World?
    - a) ape-men
    - b) Indians
    - c) reptilian toad-faced monsters
    - d) iguanodons
  13. How did the explorers escape into the outer world?
    - a) They travelled on the balloon that Challenger had constructed.
    - b) They crossed the bridge over the abyss that had been made by the ape-men.
    - c) They followed the stream that led them out.
    - d) They followed the map the chief's son had given them.

14. What was the proof the explorers had shown at the meeting at the Zoological Institute?
- a) the live pterodactyl
  - b) the diamonds
  - c) the insect collections
  - d) some photos

### *After Reading*

**Read the names of the Chapters and try to match them with short summaries:**

- Chapter One. **“Try Your Luck With Professor Challenger”**
- Chapter Two. **“It’s Just the Very Biggest Thing in the World”**
- Chapter Three. **“We Disappear into the Unknown”**
- Chapter Four. **“Who Could Have Foreseen It?”**
- Chapter Five. **“The Most Wonderful Things Have Happened”**
- Chapter Six. **“For Once I Was the Hero”**
- Chapter Seven. **“It Was Dreadful in the Forest”**
- Chapter Eight. **“I Shall Never Forget It”**
- Chapter Nine. **“Those Were the Great Victories”**
- Chapter Ten. **“Escape”**
- Chapter Eleven. **“A Procession! A Procession!”**

\_\_\_\_\_ Finally the expedition found the way up the plateau that looked like the one from the picture by the dead American. That was the beginning of their troubles and wonders. Their bridge was gone — that was their first tragedy! They became the natives of the plateau because they had no way down.

\_\_\_\_\_ Professor Challenger was very rude and aggressive. In one of his interviews he told about prehistoric animals that he had discovered in South America. A journalist came to interview him. Wasn’t that visit dangerous?

\_\_\_\_\_ The expedition made its way across the Atlantic, up the Amazon and through the tropical jungle. They enjoyed its beauty and faced some troubles. The further they went, the more proofs of the Professor’s words they found. Did they see a pterodactyl flying above? They were not sure that time.

\_\_\_\_\_ The expedition started the exploration of the Lost World. They saw iguanodons having their peaceful meal. They were attacked by the dreadful pterodactyls. At the end of their first day they learned that an unknown powerful creature had visited their camp.

\_\_\_\_\_ The expedition made their camp near an Indian village. They spent all their days studying the natives’ way of life, the great wonders of the Lost World but never stopped thinking about finding their way to the outer world. A boy, whom they had rescued, gave them a map; they followed it and found the way out of the Lost World.

\_\_\_\_\_ After a great fight, Professor told the journalist about his wonderful discoveries. His story about the dead American artist, the drawing of dinosaur, the pterodactyl’s bone and some photographs made the journalist believe the Professor. He called Challenger “a Columbus of science” and made a decision to follow the expedition to the unknown land.

\_\_\_\_\_ The explorers decided to make a map of the Lost World. It was the journalist’s idea to climb the highest tree to get the whole view of the plateau. It was the journalist who did it. At last the expedition had the general idea of the plateau and the journalist was very proud of what he had done. What was the terrible creature that he had seen up the tree — an ape or a human?

\_\_\_\_\_ Two of the explorers were free, but the others were prisoners in the ape-town. No doubt they were going to face the death. They were rescued at the moment that might be their last one. A hundred of large red-haired ape-men stood near the edge of the plateau. In front of them there was a group of Indians. The

ape-men took the prisoners in turn and threw them down the cliff. A mad cry of delight followed the tragedy — the ape-men enjoyed the performance. One of the explorers was to be the next...

\_\_\_\_\_ It was the most dreadful experience of his life! He left the camp at night to get some new facts about the Lost World. He got them (the humans lived on the plateau!) but nearly lost his life. A monstrous meat-eating dinosaur followed him until he found himself in a deep hunting pit. When he reached the camp, he was shocked: the whole company had disappeared! His position was hopeless!

\_\_\_\_\_ When the expedition reached London, the time of their triumph had come! They had photos, insect collection, even a live pterodactyl with them. The whole central traffic of London was stopped and the explorers were carried around London streets.

\_\_\_\_\_ The members of expedition escaped and some Indians were rescued with the help of the guns. They decided to take the Indians home and with the help of natives to defeat the ape-men completely. And so they did. But first they had a great battle. Many dead bodies were left behind but the ape-men were turned into slaves. At last man became the master of the Lost World.



## *The Stories* *about Sherlock Holmes*

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### *Before Reading*

#### **How much do you know about detective stories?**

1. Have you read any stories about famous detectives? Who are they?
2. Have you seen any films about detectives? Which ones? Which film do you like best and why?
3. Does the detective always catch the criminal? Is the detective always “good” and the criminal always “bad”?
4. Have you ever heard about Sherlock Holmes? What is he like?

### *While Reading*

#### **The Speckled Band**

##### **1) Can you say who and why...**

1. woke Dr. Watson
2. came to see Sherlock Holmes
3. lived in India
4. died two years before
5. rushed into Holmes’s office
6. was frightened
7. stayed in Julia’s room at night
8. frightened the snake
9. killed Dr. Roylott

2) Can you say which of the characters — Dr. Roylott, Mr. Holmes, Dr. Watson, Helen Stoner — was...

1. serious
2. rude
3. dangerous
4. strong
5. large
6. famous
7. unhappy
8. angry
9. frightened
10. unkind

### The Five Orange Pips

Choose the best answer to each question:

1. What did Elias Openshaw get one day?
  - a) five oranges
  - b) five letters
  - c) a letter with an orange
  - d) a letter from India
2. Where did Elias Openshaw live after the Civil War?
  - a) in England
  - b) in America
  - c) in India
  - d) in Scotland
3. How did Elias Openshaw die?
  - a) He was killed.
  - b) He was poisoned.
  - c) He fell down from a hill.
  - d) He died in a fire.

4. Who got Elias's house after his death?
  - a) his son
  - b) his nephew
  - c) his brother
  - d) his wife
5. What happened to John's father during his visit to a friend?
  - a) He died.
  - b) He returned to his house.
  - c) He visited Sherlock Holmes.
  - d) He wrote a letter to his son.
6. Who or what made John go and see Sherlock Holmes?
  - a) the police
  - b) his father's death
  - c) his uncle's and his father's deaths
  - d) his anger
7. What were Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson doing when John came to their house?
  - a) They were smoking.
  - b) They were looking out of the window.
  - c) They were spending a quiet evening together.
  - d) They were talking about Openshaw's family.
8. What did John show to Sherlock Holmes?
  - a) the American Encyclopedia
  - b) a letter with five orange pips
  - c) a piece of burnt paper with some words in it
  - d) a photo of the K. K. K.
9. What did Sherlock Holmes advise John to do?
  - a) to stay at his house in Baker Street
  - b) to return home
  - c) to go to America
  - d) to look for a job on board the ship
10. How did the killers of Openshaw die?
  - a) Sherlock Holmes killed them.
  - b) They got five orange pips and died of fear.

- c) They died in the storm.
- d) They died in prison.

### **The Adventure of the Beryl Coronet**

**1) Answer the following questions in detail. Some of you can have different points of view.**

1. Was Mr. Holder a noble man?
2. Was Mr. Holder a madman?
3. Did Arthur spend much money?
4. Was Sir George a man without heart?
5. Did Mary love her uncle?
6. Did Mary love Sir George?
7. Did Arthur love Mary?
8. Was Mr. Holder a kind and loving father?
9. Was Dr. Watson a great help to Holmes?
10. Will Mary be punished?

**2) Put the sentences in the right order.**

1. Sherlock Holmes visited Mr. Holder's house.
2. At night Holmes solved the problem and got the beryls back.
3. Mr. Holder called the police and they arrested Arthur.
4. In the morning when Mr. Holder came to Sherlock Holmes, the detective returned him the missing part of the Beryl Coronet
5. The police didn't find beryls in the house and Mr. Holder went to Sherlock Holmes.
6. An unusual visitor came to Mr. Holder's office to ask for money.
7. Sir George took the piece of the golden coronet with three beryls and ran away.

8. Mr. Holder woke up at night and found Arthur in his dressing room with the coronet in his hand.
9. Mr. Holder brought the coronet to his house.
10. Mary stole the coronet from her uncle's desk.
11. Arthur jumped out of the open window and had a fight with Sir George.
12. Mr. Holder told his son and his niece about the Beryl Coronet.
13. Mary told Sir George about the Beryl Coronet.

### **The Crooked Man**

**1) Who in this story...**

1. spent most of his life in India
2. killed Colonel Barclay
3. loved Nancy Devoy
4. carried the door key
5. was crooked
6. was called David
7. told Holmes about the crooked man
8. performed in cafes
9. watched the quarrel between the Colonel and his wife through the window

**2) Choose the right answer to the questions.**

1. Why did Holmes visit Watson that night?
  - a) Holmes needed a place to stay.
  - b) Holmes got lost.
  - c) Holmes needed a witness.
  - d) Holmes didn't see Watson for a long time.
2. What is true about Colonel Barclay?
  - a) He had a son and a daughter.
  - b) He kept a mongoose as a pet.



- c) He was married to a beautiful and kind woman.  
d) He was never aggressive and angry.
3. Why did the servant get no answer from Mrs. Barclay when she brought her tea?  
a) Nancy and her husband were talking too loud to hear the knock.  
b) Nancy lay unconscious on the sofa and the Colonel was dead.  
c) There was nobody in the room.  
d) Nancy and her husband were listening to the crooked man's story.
4. What is true about Nancy?  
a) The Colonel Barclay was the only man she loved.  
b) She was a very angry and aggressive woman and they often had quarrels.  
c) She thought Henry Wood had been dead for a long time.  
d) She never lived in India.
5. Why could nobody find the door key?  
a) Nancy gave the key to the crooked man.  
b) Henry Wood carried the key away.  
c) The servant lost the key in the garden.  
d) The mongoose carried the key under the sofa and left it there.
6. What is true about the crooked man?  
a) He never left England.  
b) His name was David.  
c) He spoke several languages.  
d) He died in India.
7. How did it happen that Henry became crooked?  
a) Barclay broke his back in a fight.  
b) He fell down from a horse.  
c) He was born with his back bent.  
d) He became crooked after the tortures.

8. Why did the Colonel die?  
a) Henry Wood shot him dead.  
b) The mongoose killed him.  
c) He died of a heart attack.  
d) Nancy struck him with a wooden club.

### A Scandal in Bohemia

1) Can you remember the characters of the story? Choose the true sentence about each one.

1. Sherlock Holmes \_\_\_\_\_  
a) loved Irene Adler.  
b) never met a woman cleverer than he was.  
c) wanted to be a theatre actor.  
d) could change his manners.
2. Dr. Watson \_\_\_\_\_  
a) lived in a house in Baker street.  
b) wasn't married.  
c) was a great help to Sherlock Holmes.  
d) was a detective.
3. The King of Bohemia \_\_\_\_\_  
a) married Irene Adler secretly some years before.  
b) was going to marry Irene.  
c) was tall and strong.  
d) finally got his photo back.
4. Irene Adler \_\_\_\_\_  
a) loved nobody but the King of Bohemia.  
b) was cleverer than Sherlock Holmes.  
c) was a famous ballet dancer.  
d) left England because she was afraid of Dr. Watson.

2) What were they like? How did they look like? Try and say as much as you can about the following things and characters. The words below can help you.

cold and balanced mind	a famous singer
married	both in the photo
put on seven pounds	a chance to ruin him
medical practice	a great scandal
process of deduction	lived quietly
thick pink paper	didn't see Holmes much
a mask	didn't have to interfere
rich clothes	changed his clothes and his
wrong word order	manners
strong German accent	left England
tall and strong man	keeps her photo
a royal family	cleverer
very beautiful	the woman

1. Sherlock Holmes
2. Holmes's method
3. The letter Holmes got from the King of Bohemia
4. The King of Bohemia
5. The photo the King of Bohemia wanted to get back
6. Irene Adler
7. Dr. Watson

3) Put the sentences in the right order.

1. Holmes promised to help the King.
2. The King left Irene and she got angry with him.
3. Irene found out whom was the poor man whom she had saved.
4. Holmes changed his clothes and found out as much as he could about Irene and her house.
5. Holmes helped Mr. Norton to marry Irene.
6. The King was going to marry a girl from a royal family.

7. The King of Bohemia and Irene Adler were in love.
8. Holmes got Irene's photo.
9. Holmes asked Dr. Watson to help him with his plan.
10. Holmes found out where Irene kept the photo.
11. The King came to consult Holmes.
12. Irene and her husband left England.

### *After Reading*

1) What do you think about Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson?

1. Do you think Sherlock Holmes was a real man or just an imaginary character?
2. Do you think Sherlock Holmes is a clever detective?
3. Why do people ask Holmes for help? Does he always get them out of danger?
4. Do you think Sherlock Holmes was a kind man? Was money important for him?
5. Did Holmes want to help people or was it his way of life?
6. What do you think about Dr. Watson? Is he as clever as Holmes? Does Holmes really need him?
7. Is Holmes ready to kill anyone who killed another person (like Dr. Roylott)? Is Holmes a killer himself?
8. Does Holmes always find the answer? Is he always cleverer than the other people in the stories?
9. Why do you think the stories about Sherlock Holmes are popular nowadays?

2) Which story did you like best and which did you like least? Can you explain why? Write a short review of one of the stories. Use these words in your review.

I liked / I didn't like this story because \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_ nobody died

- \_\_\_\_\_ could / couldn't guess the answer  
 \_\_\_\_\_ the murderer(s) was (were) killed  
 \_\_\_\_\_ a good person was murdered  
 \_\_\_\_\_ somebody was cleverer than Sherlock Holmes  
 \_\_\_\_\_ happy / unhappy ending



# Vocabulary

## Принятые сокращения

*a* adjective — имя прилагательное  
*adv* adverb — наречие  
*cj* conjunction — союз  
*int* interjection — междометие  
*n* noun — имя существительное  
*num* numeral — числительное

*p.p.* past participle — причастие прошедшего времени  
*pl* plural — множественное число  
*prep* preposition — предлог  
*pron* pronoun — местоимение  
*v* verb — глагол  
 зд. здесь

## A

**able** ['eɪb(ə)l] *a* умелый, умеющий, способный  
**above** [ə'bvʌ] *prep* над  
**absolute** ['æbsəlu:t] *a* абсолютный, беспримерный  
**absolutely** [æbsə'lu:tli] *adv* полностью, абсолютно  
**abyss** [ə'bis] *n* пропасть, бездна  
**accident** ['æksɪd(ə)nt] *n* случай, случайность; несчастный случай  
**across** [ə'krɒs] *prep* сквозь, через  
**act** [ækt] *v* действовать, поступать; вести себя  
**action** ['ækʃ(ə)n] *n* действие, поступок  
**active** ['æktɪv] *a* активный  
**actual** ['æktʃʊəl] *a* действительный  
**actually** ['æktʃ(ʊ)əli] *adv* на самом деле

**add** [æd] *v* добавить  
**address** [ə'dres] *n* адрес  
**adventure** [əd'ventʃə] *n* приключение  
**advice** [əd'vaɪs] *n* совет  
**aeroplane** ['e(ə)rəpleɪn] *n* самолет  
**afraid** [ə'freɪd] *a* испуганный  
**afternoon** [ɑ:ftə'nu:n] *n* день (время после полудня)  
**afterwards** ['ɑ:ftəwəd(z)] *adv* впоследствии, позже  
**again** [ə'geɪn] *adv* снова; опять  
**against** [ə'geɪnst] *prep* против  
**age** [eɪdʒ] *n* возраст; долгий срок  
**aggressive** [ə'ɡresɪv] *a* агрессивный; настойчивый  
**ago** [ə'ɡəʊ] *adv* тому назад  
**long ago** давно  
**agony** ['æɡəni] *n* агония  
**agree** [ə'ɡri:] *v* соглашаться

**ahead** [ə'hed] *adv* вперед  
**air** [eə] *n* воздух  
**air-vent** ['eəvent] *n* зд. вентиляционное отверстие  
**alcohol** ['ælkəhɒl] *n* алкоголь  
**alive** [ə'laɪv] *a* живой  
**alligator** ['æliɡeɪtə] *n* аллигатор  
**alone** [ə'ləʊn] *a* одинокий  
**along** [ə'lɒŋ] *prep* вдоль  
**aloud** [ə'laʊd] *adv* громко, вслух  
**already** [ɔ:l'redɪ] *adv* уже  
**always** ['ɔ:lw(e)ɪz] *adv* всегда  
**Amazon** ['ætməz(ə)n] *n* Амазонка (величайшая река в Южной Америке)  
**among** [ə'mɒŋ] *prep* среди, между  
**anatomy** [ə'nætəmi] *n* анатомия  
**anger** ['æŋɡə] *n* гнев  
**angry** ['æŋɡri] *a* сердитый  
**animal** ['ænim(ə)l] *n* животное  
**anybody** ['eni,bɒdɪ] *pron* кто-нибудь  
**anyone** ['eniwʌn] *pron* кто-нибудь  
**anything** ['eniθɪŋ] *pron* что-нибудь  
**anywhere** ['eniweə] *adv* где-нибудь  
**ape-man** ['eɪp,mæn] *n* обезьяно-человек  
**appear** [ə'piə] *v* появляться, показываться  
**appetite** ['æpɪtaɪt] *n* аппетит  
**archway** ['ɑ:tʃweɪ] *n* проход в виде арки  
**arm-chair** ['ɑ:mtʃeə] *n* кресло  
**army** ['ɑ:mi] *n* армия

**around** [ə'raʊnd] *adv* всюду; вокруг  
**arrival** [ə'raɪv(ə)l] *n* прибытие, проезд  
**arrive** [ə'raɪv] *v* прибывать, приезжать  
**arrow** ['ærəʊ] *n* стрела  
**art** [ɑ:t] *n* искусство  
**article** ['ɑ:tɪk(ə)l] *n* статья  
**artist** ['ɑ:tɪst] *n* художник  
**as** [æz] *adv* как; *conj* в то время как  
**as ... as** так же ... как  
**as soon as** как только  
**as far as I know** насколько я знаю  
**ask** [ɑ:sk] *v* спрашивать; осведомляться  
**to ask for** просить  
**astronomy** [ə'strɒnəmi] *n* астрономия  
**ate** *past om eat*  
**Atlantic (Ocean)** [ət'læntɪk] *n* Атлантический океан  
**atmosphere** ['ætməsfiə] *n* атмосфера  
**attack** [ə'tæk] *n* нападение, атака; *v* нападать, атаковать  
**audience** ['ɔ:diəns] *n* публика, зрители (в театре)  
**aunt** [ɑ:nt] *n* тетья  
**avenue** ['ævinju:] *n* авеню (широкая улица)  
**awake (awoke, awoken)** [ə'weɪk] ([ə'wəʊk], [ə'wəʊkən]) *v* разбудить  
**awful** ['ɔ:f(ə)l] *a* ужасный, страшный

**B**

**baboon** [bə'bu:n] *n* бабуин (вид обезьяны)  
**back** [bæk] *n* спина; обратная сторона  
**badly** ['bædli] *adv* сильно  
**baggage** ['bæɡɪdʒ] *n* багаж  
**balance** ['bæləns] *n* баланс  
**balloon** [bə'lu:n] *n* воздушный шар  
**bamboo** [bæm'bu:] *n* бамбук  
**band** [bænd] *n* зд. лента  
**bang** [bæŋ] *v* ударить; стукнуть  
**bank** [bæŋk] *n* банк; берег (реки)  
**banker** ['bæŋkə] *n* банкир  
**bark** [bɑ:k] *n* кора (дерева)  
**bat** [bæt] *n* летучая мышь  
**bath** [bɑ:θ] *n* ванна  
**to have a bath** принимать ванну  
**battle** ['bætl] *n* битва; сражение  
**be (was, were; been)** [bi:] ([wɒz], [wɜ:]; [bi:n]) *v* быть, являться  
**to be afraid of** бояться чего-л.  
**to be angry with** сердиться на кого-л.  
**to be ashamed** стыдиться кого-л.  
**to be fond of** любить  
**to be good at** быть способным к  
**to be interested in** интересоваться  
**to be late for** опаздывать  
**to be lost** потеряться  
**to be out** быть не дома

**to be sorry** сожалеть  
**to be up and down** ходить туда-сюда  
**beak** [bi:k] *n* клюв  
**bean** [bi:n] *n* бобовое зернышко, боб  
**beard** [biəd] *n* борода  
**beast** [bi:st] *n* зверь; животное  
**beat (beat, beaten)** [bi:t] ([bi:t], [bi:tn]) *v* ударять, колотить; бить  
**beautiful** ['bjʊ:tɪf(ə)l] *a* красивый, прекрасный; превосходный  
**beauty** ['bjʊ:ti] *v* красота  
**became** *past om become*  
**because** [bi'kɒz] *conj* потому что, так как  
**become (became, become)** [bi'kʌm] ([bi'keɪm], [bi'kʌm]) *v* становиться  
**bedroom** ['bedru:m] *n* спальня  
**been** *p.p. om be*  
**beetle** ['bi:tl] *n* жук  
**before** [bi'fɔ:] *adv* впереди; вперед; раньше; *conj* прежде чем; скорее чем  
**began** *past om begin*  
**beggar** ['begə] *n* нищий  
**begin (began, begun)** [bi'ɡɪn] ([bi'gæn], [bi'gʌn]) *v* начинать  
**beginning** [bi'ɡɪnɪŋ] *n* начало  
**begun** *p.p. om begin*  
**behind** [bi'haɪnd] *prep* позади, сзади  
**believe** [bi'li:v] *v* верить

**bell** [bel] *n* колокольчик; звонок  
**belong** [bi'lɒŋ] *v* принадлежать  
**below** [bi'ləʊ] *prep* под, ниже  
**beryl** ['berɪl] *n* берилл (*драгоценный камень*)  
**beside** [bi'saɪd] *prep* рядом  
**besides** [bi'saɪdz] *adv* кроме того, сверх того  
**better** ['betə] *adv* лучше  
**between** [bi'twi:n] *prep* между  
**bird** [bɜ:d] *n* птица  
**bit** *past om bite*  
**bite** (**bit, bitten**) [baɪt] ([bɪt], [bɪtn]) *v* кусать  
**bitten** *p.p. om bite*  
**blanket** ['blæŋkɪt] *n* одеяло  
**blew** *past om blow*  
**blind** [blaɪnd] *a* слепой  
**block** [blɒk] *v* блокировать, закрывать, преграждать  
**blood** [blʌd] *n* кровь  
**bloody** ['blʌdɪ] *a* кровавый  
**blow** (**blew, blown**) [bləʊ] ([blu:], [bləʊn]) *v* дуть  
**blown** *p.p. om blow*  
**blow up** ['bləʊ'ʌp] *v* надувать; взрываться  
**board** [bɔ:d] *n* борт (*корабля*)  
**on board** на борту  
**boat** [bəʊt] *n* лодка  
**body** ['bɒdɪ] *n* тело; туловище  
**bone** [bəʊn] *n* кость  
**bony** ['bəʊnɪ] *a* костлявый  
**boot** [bu:t] *n* ботинок, сапог  
**boring** ['bɔ:ɪŋ] *a* скучный  
**boss** [bɒs] *n* босс, начальник

**botany** ['bɒtəni] *n* ботаника  
**both** [bəʊθ] *pron* оба  
**bottle** ['bɒtl] *n* бутылка  
**bought** *past u p.p. om buy*  
**bowman** ['bəʊtmən] *n* лучник  
**box** [bɒks] *n* коробка  
**boxer** ['bɒksə] *n* боксер  
**bracelet** ['breɪslɪt] *n* браслет  
**brain** [breɪn] *n* ум; мудрость; мозг  
**branch** [brɑ:ntʃ] *n* ветка, ветвь; отделение, филиал  
**branching horns** ветвистые рога  
**brave** [breɪv] *a* храбрый, смелый  
**break** (**broke, broken**) [breɪk] ([brəʊk], [brəʊkən]) *v* ломать, разрушать  
**breakfast** ['breɪkfəst] *n* завтрак  
**breath** [breθ] *n* дыхание  
**to be out of breath** задыхаться, запыхаться  
**bridge** [brɪdʒ] *n* мост  
**bright** [braɪt] *a* яркий; блестящий; светлый; умный, смелый  
**brilliant** ['brɪljənt] *a* блестящий, великолепный, сверкающий  
**bring** (**brought, brought**) [brɪŋ] ([brɔ:t], [brɔ:t]) *v* приносить  
**broad** [brɔ:d] *a* широкий; обширный, просторный  
**broke** *past om break*  
**broken** *p.p. om break*  
**bronze** [brɒnz] *n* бронза  
**brought** *past u p.p. om bring*

**brush** [brʌʃ] *v* чистить  
**bubble** ['bʌb(ə)l] *n* пузырь; *v* пузыриться; бить ключом  
**build** (**built, built**) [bɪld] ([bɪlt], [bɪlt]) *v* строить  
**built** *past u p.p. om build*  
**bump** [bʌmp] *n* глухой шум, удар; *v* ударить, биться о что-л.  
**burn** (**burnt, burnt**) [bɜ:n] ([bɜ:nt], [bɜ:nt]) *v* сжигать; гореть, пылать  
**burnt** *past u p.p. om burn*  
**bury** ['berɪ] *v* хоронить; зарывать  
**bush** [buʃ] *n* куст  
**business** ['bɪznɪs] *n* дело, занятие, профессия  
**on business** по делам, в командировке  
**busy** ['bɪzi] *a* занятой  
**buy** (**bought, bought**) [baɪ] ([bɔ:t], [bɔ:t]) *v* покупать, приобретать  
**butterfly** ['bʌtəflaɪ] *n* бабочка  
**buzz** [bʌz] *v* жужжать

## С

**cab** [kæb] *n* кеб, повозка, экипаж  
**cabbage** ['kæbɪdʒ] *n* капуста  
**call** [kɔ:l] *v* звать, окликать; называть  
**came** *past om come*  
**camera** ['kæm(ə)rə] *n* фотоаппарат

**camp** [kæmp] *n* лагерь  
**can** (**could**) [kæn] ([kʌd]) *v* мочь, уметь  
**candle** ['kændl] *n* свеча  
**canoe** [kə'nu:] *n* каноэ (*лодка*)  
**captain** ['kæptɪn] *n* капитан  
**card** [kɑ:d] *n* карта (*игральная*)  
**care** [keə] *n* забота, попечение, уход; внимательность, осторожность  
**to take care of** заботиться  
**career** [kə'pɪə] *n* карьера  
**carefully** ['keəf(ə)li] *adv* внимательно, тщательно  
**carelessly** ['keəlisli] *adv* небрежно  
**carpet** ['kɑ:pɪt] *n* ковер  
**carry** ['kæri] *v* носить; возить  
**case** [keɪs] *n* случай, дело; судебное дело; ящик, футляр  
**in any case** в любом случае  
**catch** (**caught, caught**) [kætʃ] ([kɔ:t], [kɔ:t]) *v* ловить; поймать, схватить  
**caught** *past u p.p. om catch*  
**cave** [keɪv] *n* пещера  
**ceiling** ['si:lɪŋ] *n* потолок  
**center** ['sentə] *n* центр  
**century** ['sentʃəri] *n* век, столетие  
**ceremony** ['serɪməni] *n* церемония  
**chair** [tʃeə] *n* стул  
**chairman** ['tʃeətmən] *n* председатель  
**chalk** [tʃɔ:k] *n* мел  
**champion** ['tʃæmpɪən] *n* чемпион

**chance** [tʃɑ:ns] *n* случай; шанс, возможность, вероятность  
**change** [tʃeɪndʒ] *v* менять(ся)  
**to change clothes** переодеться  
**chaos** [ˈkeɪɒs] *n* хаос  
**character** [ˈkærɪktə] *n* характер  
**charge** [tʃɑ:dʒ] *n* *зд.* обвинение; поручение  
**to give smb. in charge** сдавать кого-л. в руки полиции  
**charlatan** [ˈʃɑ:lət(ə)n] *n* шарлатан  
**cheer** [tʃiə] *v* приветствовать  
**cheese** [tʃi:z] *n* сыр  
**cheetah** [ˈtʃi:tə] *n* гепард  
**chemistry** [ˈkemɪstri] *n* химия  
**chest** [tʃest] *n* грудная клетка; ящик  
**chicken** [ˈtʃɪkɪn] *n* цыпленок  
**chief** [tʃi:f] *n* *зд.* вождь  
**child** [tʃaɪld] *n* ребенок  
**childhood** [ˈtʃaɪldhʊd] *n* детство  
**choice** [tʃɔɪs] *n* выбор  
**choose (chose, chosen)** [tʃu:z] ([tʃəʊz], [ˈtʃəʊz(ə)n]) *v* выбирать  
**chorus** [ˈkɔ:rəs] *n* хор  
**chose past om choose**  
**church** [tʃɜ:tʃ] *n* церковь  
**cigar** [sɪˈgɑ:] *n* сигара  
**circle** [ˈsɜ:k(ə)l] *n* круг  
**civilization** [ˌsɪv(ə)laɪˈzeɪʃ(ə)n] *n* цивилизация  
**clap** [klæp] *v* хлопать  
**clay** [kleɪ] *n* глина  
**clean** [kli:n] *a* чистый

**clear** [kliə] *v* очищать; убирать  
**clearing** [ˈkli(ə)rɪŋ] *n* просека, просветление  
**clerk** [kla:k] *n* клерк  
**clever** [ˈklevə] *a* умный  
**client** [ˈklaɪənt] *n* клиент  
**cliff** [klɪf] *n* утес  
**climate** [ˈklaɪmɪt] *n* климат  
**climb** [klaɪm] *v* лазить, взбираться  
**clock** [klɒk] *n* часы  
**close** [kləʊz] *v* закрывать  
**clothes** [kləʊ(ð)z] *n* одежда  
**cloud** [klaʊd] *n* облако  
**club** [klʌb] *n* клуб  
**coat** [kəʊt] *n* пальто  
**colleague** [ˈkɒli:ɡ] *n* коллега  
**collect** [kəˈlekt] *v* собирать  
**collection** [kəˈleɪʃ(ə)n] *n* коллекция  
**colour** [ˈkʌlə] *n* цвет, оттенок, тон  
**colourless** [ˈkʌlələs] *a* бесцветный  
**column** [ˈkɒləm] *n* колонна; колонка, столбец (*в газете*)  
**come (came, come)** [kʌm] ([keɪm], [kʌm]) *v* приходить; прибывать, приезжать; происходить  
**to come across** встретить  
**to come back** вернуться  
**to come out** выходить  
**to come over** приезжать, приходить  
**to come up** подходить  
**comfort** [ˈkʌmfət] *n* комфорт

**comfortable** [ˈkʌmf(ə)təb(ə)l] *a* удобный  
**command** [kəˈmɑ:nd] *v* приказывать; командовать  
**companion** [kəmˈpæniən] *n* компаньон  
**compare** [kəmˈpeə] *v* сравнивать  
**complete** [kəmˈpli:t] *a* полный; завершённый  
**conference** [ˈkɒnf(ə)rəns] *n* конференция  
**construct** [kənˈstrʌkt] *v* сооружать  
**consult** [kənˈsʌlt] *v* советоваться, консультироваться  
**contain** [kənˈteɪn] *v* содержать  
**contents** [ˈkɒntents] *n* содержание; содержимое  
**continent** [ˈkɒntɪnənt] *n* континент  
**continue** [kənˈtɪnju:] *v* продолжать  
**conversation** [ˌkɒnvəˈseɪʃ(ə)n] *n* разговор  
**cook** [kʊk] *v* готовить (пищу)  
**cooling** [ˈku:lɪŋ] *n* охлаждение  
**corner** [ˈkɔ:nə] *n* угол  
**coronet** [ˈkɒrənɪt] *n* корона; диадема  
**correspondent** [ˌkɒrɪˈspɒnd(ə)nt] *n* корреспондент  
**corridor** [ˈkɒrɪdɔ:] *n* коридор  
**cotton** [ˈkɒtɒn] *n* хлопок  
**cough** [kɒf] *v* кашлять  
**could past om can**  
**council** [ˈkaʊns(ə)l] *n* совет (*организация*)

**count** [kaʊnt] *v* считать  
**courage** [ˈkʌrɪdʒ] *n* мужество  
**cousin** [ˈkʌz(ə)n] *n* двоюродный брат  
**cover** [ˈkʌvə] *v* покрывать  
**crack** [kræk] *n* треск; трещина; щель; *v* раскалывать; трескаться  
**crash** [kræʃ] *n* грохот, треск; *v* падать, рушиться с треском  
**creation** [kriˈeɪʃ(ə)n] *n* создание, сотворение  
**creature** [ˈkri:tʃə] *n* существо, создание  
**crime** [kraɪm] *n* преступление  
**critical** [ˈkrɪtɪk(ə)l] *a* критический  
**crook** [krʊk] *v* сгибаться, искривляться  
**cross** [krɒs] *n* крест; *v* переходить, пересекать  
**crowd** [kraʊd] *n* толпа  
**crown** [kraʊn] *n* корона  
**cry** [kraɪ] *n* крик; *v* кричать; плакать  
**cry out** выкрикивать  
**crystal** [ˈkrɪstl] *a* хрустальный; кристаллический  
**cunning** [ˈkʌnɪŋ] *a* хитрый  
**cupboard** [ˈkʌpbɔ:d] *n* шкаф  
**curious** [ˈkjʊ(ə)riəs] *a* любопытный  
**curtain** [ˈkɜ:tn] *n* занавеска; штора  
**cut (cut, cut)** [kʌt] ([kʌt], [kʌt]) *v* резать; рубить; *n* порез

## D

**dance** [da:ns] *v* танцевать  
**danger** ['deɪndʒə] *n* опасность  
**dangerous** ['deɪndʒərəs] *a* опасный, рискованный  
**dark** [da:k] *a* темный  
**darkness** ['da:kni:s] *n* темнота  
**dash** [dæʃ] *n* порыв; удар; *v* бросать; разбивать; ринуться, броситься  
**date** [deɪt] *n* дата, число  
**dawn** [dɔ:n] *n* рассвет  
**dead** [ded] *a* мертвый; умерший  
**death** [deθ] *n* смерть  
**decide** [dɪ'saɪd] *v* решать, принимать решение  
**decorate** ['dekəreɪt] *v* украшать, наряжать  
**deduce** [dɪ'dʒu:s] *v* выводить (умозаключение)  
**deep** [di:p] *a* глубокий; низкий (о голосе)  
**deer** [diə] *n* олень  
**defeat** [dɪ'fi:t] *v* поражать, побеждать  
**deform** [dɪ'fɔ:m] *v* деформировать  
**demonstrate** ['demənstreɪt] *v* демонстрировать  
**depend** [dɪ'pend] *v* зависеть  
**depression** [dɪ'preʃ(ə)n] *n* депрессия, подавленное состояние  
**describe** [dɪs'kraɪb] *v* описывать, изображать  
**desert** ['dezət] *n* пустыня

**destroy** [dɪs'trɔɪ] *v* разрушать; портить; уничтожать  
**detail** ['di:teɪl] *n* деталь, подробность  
**detective** [dɪ'tektɪv] *n* детектив  
**develop** [dɪ'veləp] *v* развивать  
**devil** ['devl] *n* дьявол  
**devotion** [dɪ'vəʊʃ(ə)n] *n* преданность  
**diagram** ['daɪəgræm] *n* диаграмма  
**diamond** ['daɪəmənd] *n* бриллиант; алмаз  
**diary** ['daɪəri] *n* дневник  
**die** [daɪ] *v* умереть, скончаться  
**difference** ['dɪf(ə)rəns] *n* отличие; разница  
**different** ['dɪf(ə)rənt] *a* другой; непохожий  
**difficult** ['dɪfɪk(ə)lɪt] *a* трудный  
**difficulty** ['dɪfɪk(ə)lɪti] *n* трудность  
**dig (dug, dug)** [dɪg] ([dʌg], [dʌg]) *v* копать, рыть  
**dining room** ['daɪnɪŋru(:)m] *n* столовая (комната в доме)  
**dinosaur** ['daɪnəsɔ:] *n* динозавр  
**direction** [d(a)'rɛkʃ(ə)n] *n* направление  
**in the direction of** по направлению к чему-л.  
**dirty** ['dɜ:ti] *a* грязный  
**disagree** [dɪsə'grɪ:] *v* не соглашаться  
**disappear** [dɪsə'pɪə] *v* исчезать  
**discover** [dɪs'klʌvə] *v* открывать, обнаруживать, раскрывать

**discovery** [dɪs'klʌv(ə)rɪ] *n* открытие  
**discuss** [dɪs'kʌs] *v* обсуждать, дискутировать  
**dispute** [(')dɪs'pjʊ:t] *n* диспут  
**distance** ['dɪst(ə)ns] *n* расстояние; дистанция  
**in the distance** вдали  
**dive** [daɪv] *v* нырять  
**divide** [dɪ'vaɪd] *v* делить  
**document** ['dɒkjʊmənt] *n* документ  
**domestic** [də'mestɪk] *a* домашний (о животных)  
**donkey** ['dɒŋki] *n* осел  
**door** [dɔ:] *n* дверь  
**doubt** [daʊt] *n* сомнение; *v* сомневаться, колебаться, быть неуверенным  
**no doubt** без сомнения  
**downwards** ['daʊnwədz] *adv* вниз  
**dragon** ['dræɡən] *n* дракон  
**dragon-fly** ['dræɡənflaɪ] *n* стрекоза  
**drama** ['drɑ:mə] *n* драма  
**dramatically** [drə'mætɪk(ə)li] *adv* драматично  
**drank past om drink**  
**draw (drew, drawn)** [drɔ:] ([dru:], [drɔ:n]) *v* рисовать  
**drawing** ['drɔ:ɪŋ] *n* рисунок  
**drawn p.p. om draw**  
**dreadful** ['dredf(ə)l] *a* страшный, ужасный  
**dream (dreamt, dreamt)** [dri:m] ([dremt], [dremt]) *v* видеть во сне; мечтать; *n* сон; мечта

**dreamland** ['dri:mlænd] *n* сказочная страна; царство грез  
**dress** [dres] *n* платье; *v* одеваться, наряжаться  
**dressing room** ['dresɪŋru(:)m] *n* гардеробная, комната для одевания  
**drew past om draw**  
**drink (drank, drunk)** [drɪŋk] ([dræŋk], [dɾŋk]) *v* пить  
**drive** [draɪv] *v* ехать; управлять  
**drop** [drɒp] *n* капля; *v* капать; падать; ронять  
**drunk p.p. om drink**  
**dry** [draɪ] *a* сухой; *v* сушить; высушивать  
**duet** [dju(:)'et] *n* дуэт  
**dug past u p.p. om dig**  
**dull** [dʌl] *a* скучный, пасмурный  
**during** ['djuəɪŋ] *prep* в течение; во время  
**duty** ['dju:ti] *n* долг; обязанность

## E

**each** [i:tʃ] *pron* каждый  
**each other** друг друга  
**ear** [ɪə] *n* ухо  
**early** ['ɜ:li] *adv* рано  
**earth** [z:θ] *n* земля  
**earthquake** ['z:θkweɪk] *n* землетрясение  
**easy** ['i:zi] *a* легкий  
**eat (ate, eaten)** [i:t] ([et], ['i:tn]) *v* есть

**eaten** *p.p. om eat*  
**eccentric** [ɪk'sentɹɪk] *a* эксцент-  
 ричный  
**edge** [edʒ] *n* край, кромка  
**educate** ['edʒukeɪt] *v* давать об-  
 разование  
**effect** [ɪ'fekt] *n* эффект  
**egg** [eg] *n* яйцо  
**electric** [ɪ'lektrɪk] *a* электриче-  
 ский  
**element** ['elɪmənt] *n* элемент  
**elephant** ['elɪfənt] *n* слон  
**empty** ['emptɪ] *a* пустой, бессод-  
 держательный  
**encyclopedia** [ɪn,sɑɪklə'pi:diə] *n*  
 энциклопедия  
**end** [end] *n* конец, окончание  
**endless** ['endlɪs] *a* бесконечный  
**enemy** ['enəmi] *n* враг, против-  
 ник  
**enjoy** [ɪn'dʒɔɪ] *v* получать удо-  
 вольствие; наслаждаться  
**enormous** [ɪ'nɔ:məs] *a* огром-  
 ный  
**enough** [ɪ'nʌf] *adv* довольно;  
 достаточно  
**enthusiasm** [ɪn'θju:ziæz(ə)m] *n*  
 энтузиазм  
**entrance** ['entrəns] *n* вход  
**envelope** ['envələʊp] *n* конверт  
**episode** ['epɪsəʊd] *n* эпизод  
**equality** [ɪ'kwɒlɪti] *n* равенство  
**escape** [ɪ'skeɪp] *v* бежать (*из*  
*тюрьмы*); вырваться  
**especially** [ɪ'speʃ(ə)li] *adv* осо-  
 бенно  
**Europe** ['ju(ə)rəp] *n* Европа

**European** [ˌju(ə)rə'piən] *a* евро-  
 пейский  
**even** ['i:v(ə)n] *adv* даже  
**event** [ɪ'vent] *n* событие; случай  
**everything** ['evriθɪŋ] *pron* всё  
**everywhere** ['evriweə] *adv* везде  
**evolution** [ˌi:və'lu:ʃ(ə)n] *n* эво-  
 люция  
**exactly** [ɪg'zæktli] *adv* точно  
**examine** [ɪg'zæmɪn] *v* осматри-  
 вать; исследовать  
**excellent** ['eks(ə)lənt] *a* отлич-  
 ный, великолепный  
**except** [ɪk'sept] *prep* исключая,  
 кроме  
**excitedly** [ɪk'saɪtɪdli] *adv* воз-  
 бужденно; взволнованно  
**exciting** [ɪk'saɪtɪŋ] *a* волную-  
 щий, захватывающий  
**exist** [ɪg'zɪst] *v* существовать  
**existence** [ɪg'zɪst(ə)ns] *n* суще-  
 ствование  
**expedition** [ˌeksprɪ'dɪʃ(ə)n] *n* эк-  
 спедиция  
**expensive** [ɪk'spensɪv] *a* дорогой  
**explain** [ɪk'spleɪn] *v* объяснять  
**exploration** [ˌeksplə'reɪʃ(ə)n] *n*  
 исследование, изучение  
**explore** [ɪk'splɔ:] *v* исследовать  
**explorer** [ɪk'splɔ:rə] *n* исследо-  
 ватель  
**expression** [ɪk'spreʃ(ə)n] *n* выра-  
 жение  
**expressive** [ɪk'spresɪv] *a* вырази-  
 тельный  
**extinct** [ɪk'stɪŋkt] *a* вымерший;  
 исчезнувший

**eye** [aɪ] *n* глаз; взгляд  
**eyebrow** ['aɪbraʊ] *n* бровь

## F

**face** [feɪs] *n* лицо; *v* сталкивать-  
 ся лицом к лицу  
**fairyland** ['fe(ə)rɪlənd] *n* ска-  
 зочная страна  
**faithful** ['feɪθf(ə)l] *a* верный,  
 преданный  
**fake** [feɪk] *n* подделка  
**fall (fell, fallen)** [fɔ:l] ([fel],  
 ['fɔ:lən]) *v* падать  
**to fall asleep** уснуть  
**to fall in** провалиться внутрь  
**fallen** *p.p. om fall*  
**family** ['fæm(ə)li] *n* семья  
**famous** ['feɪməs] *a* знаменитый,  
 известный  
**fantastic** [fæn'tæstɪk] *a* нереаль-  
 ный; удивительный  
**fast** [fɑ:st] *a* быстрый  
**fat** [fæt] *a* жирный; толстый  
**fault** [fɔ:lt] *n* ошибка; вина  
**favourite** ['feɪv(ə)rɪt] *a* люби-  
 мый  
**fear** [fiə] *n* страх, боязнь; *v* бо-  
 яться  
**feather** ['fedə] *n* перо  
**feel (felt, felt)** [fi:l] ([felt], [felt])  
*v* чувствовать  
**to feel important** ощущать  
 собственную значимость  
**feeling** ['fi:lɪŋ] *n* чувство  
**feet** [fi:t] *pl om foot*  
**fell** *past om fall*

**felt** *past u p.p. om feel*  
**female** ['fi:meɪl] *n* самка  
**fern** [fɜ:n] *n* папоротник  
**few** [fju:] *a* немногие, мало,  
 немного  
**a few** несколько  
**quite a few** довольно много  
**field** [fi:ld] *n* поле  
**fight (fought, fought)** [faɪt] ([fɔ:t],  
 [fɔ:t]) *v* бороться; драться;  
 сражаться; *n* борьба; схват-  
 ка; драка  
**figure** ['fɪgə] *n* фигура, вне-  
 шний вид; цифра  
**fill** [fɪl] *v* наполнять, заполнять  
**final** ['faɪn(ə)l] *a* окончатель-  
 ный; последний  
**finally** ['faɪnəli] *adv* наконец, в  
 заключение  
**find (found, found)** [faɪnd]  
 ([faʊnd], [faʊnd]) *v* находить  
**to find out** выяснить  
**fine** [faɪn] *a* отличный, замеча-  
 тельный  
**finger** ['fɪŋgə] *n* палец (*руки*)  
**finish** ['fɪnɪʃ] *v* заканчивать; за-  
 вершать  
**fire** ['faɪə] *n* пожар; огонь; *v*  
 стрелять  
**to fire a gun** выстрелить из  
 ружья  
**fireplace** ['faɪəpleɪs] *n* камин,  
 очаг  
**first** [fɜ:st] *a* первый  
**fish** [fɪʃ] *n* рыба  
**fit** [fɪt] *v* совпадать; соответ-  
 ствовать



**fix** [fiks] *v* укреплять; устанавливать  
**flap** [flæp] *v* махать, взмахивать  
**flat** [flæt] *a* плоский  
**flew past om fly**  
**float** [fləʊt] *v* парить (*в воздухе*); плыть  
**floor** [flɔ:] *n* пол  
**flotilla** [flə'tilə] *n* флотилия  
**flower** ['flaʊə] *n* цветок  
**flown p.p. om fly**  
**fly (flew, flown)** [flaɪ] ([flu:], [fləʊn]) *v* летать  
**foggy** ['fɒɡɪ] *a* туманный  
**follow** ['fɒləʊ] *v* следовать  
**fond** [fɒnd] *a* нежный; любящий  
**food** [fu:d] *n* еда  
**fool** [fu:l] *a* глупый  
**foot** [fʊt] (*pl feet*) *n* нога; фут (*англ. мера длины*)  
**footmark** ['fʊtmɑ:k] *n* след  
**footsteps** ['fʊtstɛps] *n* шаги  
**forest** ['fɒrɪst] *n* лес  
**forget (forgot, forgotten)** [fə'get] ([fə'gɒt], [fə'gɒtn]) *v* забывать  
**forgot past om forget**  
**forgotten p.p. om forget**  
**form** [fɔ:m] *v* формировать  
**formation** [fɔ:'meɪʃ(ə)n] *n* образование  
**fortunately** ['fɔ:tʃ(ə)nətli] *adv* к счастью  
**fought past u p.p. om fight**  
**found past u p.p. om find**  
**France** [fra:ns] *n* Франция  
**free** [fri:] *a* свободный  
**fresh** [frefʃ] *a* свежий

**friend** [frend] *n* друг  
**friendly** ['frendli] *a* дружелюбный  
**friendship** ['frendʃɪp] *n* дружба  
**frightened** ['fraɪnd] *a* испуганный  
**frightening** ['fraɪnɪŋ] *a* пугающий, страшный  
**front** [frʌnt] *a* передний  
**in front of** впереди  
**front-feet** передние ноги  
**full** [fʊl] *a* полный  
**funny** ['fʌni] *a* забавный  
**fur** [fɜ:] *n* мех  
**furniture** ['fɜ:nɪtʃə] *n* мебель  
**future** ['fju:tʃə] *n* будущее

## G

**game** [geɪm] *n* игра  
**gas** [gæs] *n* газ  
**gate** [geɪt] *n* ворота; калитка  
**gave past om give**  
**genius** ['dʒi:niəs] *n* гений  
**gentle** [dʒentl] *a* мягкий, добрый; тихий, спокойный; нежный  
**gentleman** ['dʒentlmən] *n* господин, джентльмен  
**geography** [dʒɪ'ɒɡrəfi] *n* география  
**geology** [dʒɪ'ɒlədʒɪ] *n* геология  
**Germany** ['dʒɜ:məni] *n* Германия  
**gesture** ['dʒestʃə] *n* жест  
**get (got, got)** [get] ([gɒt], [gɒt]) *v* получать; становиться, стать  
**to get across** перебраться

**to get away** уходить, выбираться  
**to get down** спуститься  
**to get lost** потеряться  
**to get off** снимать  
**to get out** выходить  
**to get out of** выбираться  
**to get up** вставать  
**geyser** ['gi:zə] *n* гейзер  
**giant** ['dʒaɪənt] *n* гигант, великан  
**gigantic** [dʒaɪ'ɡæntɪk] *a* гигантский  
**give (gave, given)** [ɡɪv] ([geɪv], [ˈɡɪv(ə)n]) *v* давать  
**to give a party** устраивать вечеринку; приглашать гостей  
**given p.p. om give**  
**glad** [glæd] *a* довольный; радостный, веселый  
**glade** [ɡleɪd] *n* полянка  
**glassy** ['glɑ:si] *a* стеклянный  
**gloomy** ['ɡlu:mi] *a* грустный, мрачный, печальный  
**glove** [ɡlɒv] *n* перчатка  
**go (went, gone)** [ɡəʊ] ([went], [ɡɒn]) *v* ходить; уходить, уезжать  
**to go away** уходить  
**to go off** уходить  
**to go on** продолжать  
**goat** [ɡəʊt] *n* коза; козел  
**God** [ɡɒd] *n* Бог  
**gold** [ɡəʊld] *n* золото; *a* золотой (*о цвете*)  
**golden** ['ɡəʊld(ə)n] *a* золотой (*о цвете*)

**good** [ɡʊd] *a* хороший  
**good-humoured** [ˌɡʊd'hju:məd] *a* веселый  
**good-looking** [ˌɡʊd'lʊkɪŋ] *a* красивый, симпатичный  
**got past u p.p. om get**  
**graceful** ['ɡreɪsf(ə)l] *a* изящный  
**granite** ['ɡræɪnɪt] *n* гранит  
**grass** [ɡrɑ:s] *n* трава  
**grassy** ['ɡrɑ:si] *a* травянистый  
**great** [ɡreɪt] *a* великий; большой; замечательный, прекрасный  
**green-grocer** ['ɡri:n,ɡrəʊsə] *n* продавец фруктов  
**grew past om grow**  
**grey** [ɡreɪ] *a* серый; седой (*о волосах*)  
**grip** [ɡrɪp] *v* схватить  
**ground** [ɡraʊnd] *n* земля  
**ground floor** первый этаж  
**grow (grew, grown)** [ɡrəʊ] ([ɡru:], [ɡrəʊn]) *v* расти; выращивать  
**grown p.p. om grow**  
**guard** [ɡɑ:d] *n* охранник  
**guess** [ges] *v* догадаться; угадать, отгадать  
**guide** [ɡaɪd] *n* гид; проводник  
**gun** [ɡʌn] *n* ружье  
**Gypsy** ['dʒɪpsɪ] *n* цыган; цыганка

## H

**had past u p.p. om have**  
**hairy** ['he(ə)rɪ] *a* волосатый  
**half** [hɑ:f] *n* половина

**hall** [hɔ:l] *n* холл, прихожая  
**hand** [hænd] *n* рука (*кисть*)  
**hang (hung, hung)** [hæŋ] ([hæŋ], [hæŋ]) *v* вешать, подвешивать; развешивать; висеть  
**happen** ['hæpən] *v* случаться, происходить  
**happy** ['hæpi] *a* счастливый; довольный  
**hard** [hɑ:d] *a* твердый; усердный, упорный; жесткий; *adv* настойчиво, упорно; тяжело, трудно  
**hardly** ['hɑ:dlɪ] *adv* едва  
**harm** [hɑ:m] *n* вред, ущерб  
**hate** [heit] *v* ненавидеть  
**hateful** ['heitf(ə)l] *a* ненавидящий, полный ненависти  
**hatred** ['heitrid] *n* ненависть  
**have (had, had)** [hæv] ([hæd], [hæd]) *v* иметь  
**to have smth. for breakfast** есть что-л. на завтрак  
**head** [hed] *n* голова  
**hear (heard, heard)** [hiə] ([hɜ:d], [hɜ:d]) *v* слышать  
**heard** *past u p.p. om hear*  
**heart** [hɑ:t] *n* сердце  
**by heart** наизусть  
**heavy** ['hevi] *a* тяжелый, трудный; сильный  
**height** [hait] *n* высота; рост  
**held** *past u p.p. om hold*  
**help** [help] *v* помогать  
**here** [hiə] *adv* здесь; тут; сюда  
**hero** ['hi(ə)gəʊ] *n* герой  
**heroic** [hi'gəʊɪk] *a* героический

**hid** *past om hide*  
**hidden** *p.p. om hide*  
**hide (hid, hidden)** [haɪd] ([hɪd], [hɪdn]) *v* прятаться  
**hiding-place** ['haɪdɪŋpleɪs] *n* потайное место  
**high** [haɪ] *a* высокий  
**high voice** громкий голос  
**hill** [hɪl] *n* холм, горка  
**hind-feet** ['haɪndfi:t] *n* задние ноги  
**history** ['hɪst(ə)rɪ] *n* история (*наука*)  
**hit (hit, hit)** [hɪt] ([hɪt], [hɪt]) *v* ударить  
**hold (held, held)** [həʊld] ([held], [held]) *v* держать; проводить (*о собрании*)  
**hole** [həʊl] *n* дыра; нора  
**honey** ['hʌni] *n* мед  
**honeycomb** ['hʌnɪkəʊm] *n* соты  
**honour** ['ɒnə] *n* честь; *v* почитать, чтить  
**hop** [hɒp] *v* прыгать  
**hope** [həʊp] *n* надежда; *v* надеяться; уповать; предвкушать  
**horizon** [hə'raɪz(ə)n] *n* горизонт  
**horn** [hɔ:n] *n* рог  
**horrible** ['hɒrəb(ə)l] *a* ужасный  
**horror** ['hɒrə] *n* ужас  
**hot** [hɒt] *a* жаркий, горячий; разгоряченный  
**hotel** [həʊ'tel] *n* гостиница  
**hour** ['aʊə] *n* час  
**house** [haʊs] *n* дом  
**how** [haʊ] *adv* как? каким образом?

**however** [haʊ'evə] *conj* однако  
**huge** [hju:dʒ] *a* огромный  
**human** ['hju:mən] *a* человеческий  
**humorous** ['hju:m(ə)rəs] *a* юмористический  
**hundred** ['hʌndrəd] *num* сто  
**hung** *past u p.p. om hang*  
**hunger** ['hʌŋgə] *n* голод  
**hungry** ['hʌŋgrɪ] *a* голодный  
**hunt** [hʌnt] *v* охотиться  
**hurry** ['hʌrɪ] *n* спешка; *v* торопиться, торопить  
**hurt (hurt, hurt)** [hɜ:t] ([hɜ:t], [hɜ:t]) *v* болеть; причинять боль  
**husband** ['hʌzbənd] *n* муж  
**hush** [hʌʃ] *int* тише!  
**hydrogen** ['haɪdrədʒ(ə)n] *n* водород (*газ, легче воздуха*)  
**hypnotic** [hɪp'nɒtɪk] *n* гипнотический

## I

**ice** [aɪs] *n* лед  
**idea** [aɪ'diə] *n* идея; понятие, представление  
**ideal** [aɪ'diəl] *n* идеал  
**ignore** [ɪg'nɔ:] *v* игнорировать  
**ill** [ɪl] *a* больной, нездоровый  
**imagine** [ɪ'mædʒɪn] *v* воображать, представлять себе  
**immigrant** ['ɪmɪgrənt] *n* иммигрант  
**importance** [ɪm'pɔ:t(ə)ns] *n* важность

**important** [ɪm'pɔ:t(ə)nt] *a* важный, значительный  
**impossible** [ɪm'pɒsəb(ə)l] *a* невозможный, невыполнимый  
**impulse** ['ɪmpʌls] *n* импульс  
**inch** [ɪntʃ] *n* дюйм (*английская мера длины*)  
**incident** ['ɪnsɪd(ə)nt] *n* случай, происшествие  
**indeed** [ɪn'di:d] *adv* действительно, в самом деле  
**independent** [ɪn'dɪ'pendənt] *a* независимый  
**Indian** ['ɪndiən] *a* индийский  
**infectious** [ɪn'fekʃəs] *a* инфекционный; заразный  
**insect** ['ɪnsekt] *n* насекомое  
**inside** [ɪn'saɪd] *adv* внутри, изнутри  
**instant** ['ɪnstənt] *n* момент  
**institute** ['ɪnstɪtju:t] *n* институт  
**instruction** [ɪn'strʌkʃ(ə)n] *n* инструкция  
**intelligent** [ɪn'telɪdʒ(ə)nt] *a* умный  
**interested** ['ɪntrɪstɪd] *a* заинтересованный  
**interesting** ['ɪntrɪstɪŋ] *a* интересный  
**interview** ['ɪntəvju:] *n* интервью; *v* брать интервью  
**introduce** [ɪn'trə'dju:s] *v* представлять, знакомить  
**invention** [ɪn'venʃ(ə)n] *n* изобретение  
**invitation** [ɪnvi'teɪʃ(ə)n] *n* приглашение

**invite** [in'vait] *v* приглашать  
**iron** ['aɪən] *n* железо; *a* желез-  
 ный  
**island** ['aɪlənd] *n* остров

## J

**jacket** ['dʒækɪt] *n* куртка  
**jewellery** ['dʒu:əlɪ] *n* драгоцен-  
 ности; ювелирные изделия  
**join** [dʒɔɪn] *v* присоединяться  
**joke** [dʒəʊk] *n* шутка  
**journalist** ['dʒɜ:n(ə)lɪst] *n* жур-  
 налист  
**journey** ['dʒɜ:nɪ] *n* поездка; пу-  
 тешествие  
**judge** [dʒʌdʒ] *n* судья  
**jump** [dʒʌmp] *v* прыгать, под-  
 прыгивать  
**jungle** ['dʒʌŋg(ə)l] *n* джунгли  
**just** [dʒʌst] *adv* точно, как раз,  
 именно

## K

**kangaroo** [kæŋgə'ru:] *n* кенгуру  
**keep** (**kept, kept**) [ki:p] ([kept],  
 [kept]) *v* держать, сохранять,  
 хранить  
**kept** *past* и *p.p.* **om keep**  
**key** [ki:] *n* ключ  
**keyhole** ['ki:həʊl] *n* замочная  
 скважина  
**kill** [kɪl] *v* убивать  
**killer** ['kɪlə] *n* убийца  
**kind** [kaɪnd] *a* добрый; *n* вид,  
 разновидность

**king** [kɪŋ] *n* король  
**kiss** [kɪs] *v* целовать  
**kitchen** ['kɪtʃɪn] *n* кухня  
**knee** [ni:] *n* колено  
**knew** *past* **om know**  
**knife** [naɪf] *n* нож  
**knock** [nɒk] *v* ударять; бить;  
 стучать  
**know** (**knew, known**) [nəʊ] ([nju:],  
 [nəʊn]) *v* знать; быть знако-  
 мым; узнавать; отличать  
**knowledge** ['nɒlɪdʒ] *n* знание  
**known** *p.p.* **om know**

## L

**lady** ['leɪdɪ] *n* дама, леди; гос-  
 пожа  
**lagoon** [lə'ɡu:n] *n* лагуна  
**lake** [leɪk] *n* озеро  
**land** [lənd] *n* земля  
**landscape** ['lændskeɪp] *n* пейзаж  
**lane** [leɪn] *n* проход  
**language** ['læŋgwɪdʒ] *n* язык  
**large** [lɑ:dʒ] *a* огромный  
**last** [lɑ:st] *a* последний  
**at last** наконец  
**last year** в прошлом году  
**late** [leɪt] *a* поздний, запозда-  
 лый  
**laugh** [lɑ:f] *v* смеяться  
**laughter** ['lɑ:ftə] *n* смех  
**law** [lɔ:] *n* закон  
**lawn** [lɔ:n] *n* газон  
**lawyer** ['lɔ:jə] *n* юрист  
**lay** *past* **om lie**  
**lazy** ['leɪzɪ] *a* ленивый

**lead** (**led, led**) [li:d] ([led], [led])  
*v* вести; руководить  
**leaf** [li:f] (*pl* **leaves**) *n* лист  
**leafy** ['li:fi] *a* покрытый листь-  
 ями  
**learn** (**learnt, learnt**) [lɜ:n] ([lɜ:nt],  
 [lɜ:nt]) *v* учить; узнавать  
**learnt** *past* и *p.p.* **om learn**  
**least** [li:st] *a* малейший; *adv*  
 менее всего  
**at least** по крайней мере  
**leather** ['leðə] *n* кожа (*mate-  
 риал*)  
**leathery** ['leð(ə)ɪ] *a* кожистый  
**leave** (**left, left**) [li:v] ([left],  
 [left]) *v* покидать; оставлять  
**lecture** ['lektʃə] *n* лекция  
**lecturer** ['lektʃ(ə)r] *n* лектор  
**led** *past* и *p.p.* **om lead**  
**left**<sup>1</sup> [left] *a* левый  
**left**<sup>2</sup> *past* и *p.p.* **om leave**  
**legend** ['ledʒ(ə)nd] *n* легенда  
**lend** [lend] *v* давать взаймы,  
 давать на время  
**length** [leŋθ] *n* длина  
**let** (**let, let**) [let] ([let], [let]) *v*  
 оставлять; позволять, разре-  
 шать  
**to let go** отпустить  
**let us (let's us)** давайте, дайте  
**letter** ['letə] *n* письмо; буква  
**liar** ['laɪə] *n* лгун  
**lie**<sup>1</sup> [laɪ] *v* лгать; обманывать  
**lie**<sup>2</sup> (**lay, lain**) ([leɪ], [leɪn]) *v* ле-  
 жать  
**lift** [lɪft] *v* поднимать  
**light** [laɪt] *a* легкий; светлый

**lightning** ['laɪtnɪŋ] *n* молния  
**like** [laɪk] *v* любить, нравиться  
**to like best** любить больше  
 всего  
**like you** как ты  
**limit** ['lɪmɪt] *n* предел; *v* огра-  
 ничивать  
**lion** ['laɪən] *n* лев  
**lip** [lɪp] *n* губа  
**listen** ['lɪs(ə)n] *v* слушать  
**little** ['lɪtl] *a* маленький, не-  
 большой; незначительный;  
*adv* мало  
**live** [laɪv] *a* живой  
**live** [lɪv] *v* жить  
**live on** ['lɪv'ɒn] *v* питаться  
**lizard** ['lɪzəd] *n* ящерица  
**lock** [lɒk] *n* замок; *v* закрывать  
**lonely** ['ləʊnli] *a* одинокий; гру-  
 стный  
**long** [lɒŋ] *a* длинный; долгий  
**look** [lʊk] *v* смотреть  
**to look after** присматривать  
**to look at** смотреть на  
**to look for** искать  
**to look like** быть похожим  
**to look very much alike** быть  
 очень похожим  
**lose** (**lost, lost**) [lu:z] ([lɒst],  
 [lɒst]) *v* терять  
**lost** *past* и *p.p.* **om lose**  
**lot of** ['lɒt 'ɒv] *adv* очень много  
**loud** [laʊd] *a* громкий  
**lovely** ['lʌvli] *a* чудесный  
**loving** ['lʌvɪŋ] *a* любящий  
**low** [ləʊ] *a* низкий; тихий (*o  
 голосе*)

**luck** [lʌk] *n* удача; везение  
**good luck!** удачи!  
**lucky** ['lʌki] *a* везучий, удачный  
**luggage** ['lʌɡɪdʒ] *n* багаж  
**lunatic** ['lu:nætɪk] *a* сумасшедший

**М**

**mad** [mæd] *a* сумасшедший, безумный  
**made** *past* и *p.p.* от **make**  
**madman** ['mædmən] *n* сумасшедший, безумец  
**madness** ['mædnɪs] *n* безумие  
**magician** [mə'dʒɪʃ(ə)n] *n* волшебник  
**main** [meɪn] *a* главный  
**make (made, made)** [meɪk] ([meɪd], [meɪd]) *v* делать  
**to make smb. do smth.** заставлять кого-л. делать что-л.  
**to make faces** корчить гримасы, строить рожи  
**to make up** сочинять  
**male** [meɪl] *n* самец  
**map** [mæp] *n* карта, план  
**march** [mɑ:tʃ] *v* маршировать  
**mark** [mɑ:k] *n* след, отметка; *v* отмечать  
**marriage** ['mæɪdʒ] *n* брак, замужество  
**mask** [mɑ:sk] *n* маска  
**mass** [mæs] *n* масса; груда, куча  
**master** ['mɑ:stə] *n* хозяин, владелец

**match** [mætʃ] *n* спичка  
**matter** ['mætə] *n* дело, суть; *v* значить, иметь значение  
**what's the matter?** в чем дело?  
**may (might)** [meɪ] ([maɪt]) *v* мочь, иметь возможность  
**meal** [mi:l] *n* еда (*прием пищи*)  
**mean (meant, meant)** [mi:n] ([ment], [ment]) *v* значить  
**what do you mean?** что ты хочешь этим сказать?  
**meant** *past* и *p.p.* от **mean**  
**meat-eater** ['mi:t,i:tə] *n* зд. хищник  
**medicine** ['meds(ə)n] *n* лекарство  
**meet (met, met)** [mi:t] ([met], [met]) *v* встречаться; знакомиться  
**meeting** ['mi:tiŋ] *n* встреча; собрание  
**melon** ['melən] *n* дыня  
**member** ['membə] *n* член (*семьи*)  
**membrane** ['membreɪn] *n* мембрана  
**memory** ['mem(ə)rɪ] *n* память, воспоминание  
**mend** [mend] *v* чинить  
**mention** ['menʃ(ə)n] *n* упоминание; *v* упоминать, ссылаться на что-л.  
**message** ['mesɪdʒ] *n* сообщение; письмо, послание; поручение  
**met** *past* и *p.p.* от **meet**  
**method** ['meθəd] *n* метод

**microbiologist** [ˌmaɪkrə(ʊ)baɪ-  
 'ɒlədʒɪst] *n* микробиолог  
**middle** ['mɪdl] *n* середина  
**midnight** ['mɪdnait] *n* полночь  
**mile** [maɪl] *n* миля; расстояние  
**milk** [mɪlk] *n* молоко  
**mind** [maɪnd] *n* ум, рассудок; *v* возражать, иметь что-л. против  
**mine** [maɪn] *pron* мой, моя, мое  
**minute** ['mɪnɪt] *n* минута  
**miss** [mɪs] *v* промахнуться; пропустить что-л.  
**missing link** ['mɪsɪŋ 'lɪŋk] *n* отсутствующее звено  
**mission** ['mɪʃ(ə)n] *n* миссия; задание  
**mistake<sup>1</sup>** [mɪ'steɪk] *n* ошибка  
**mistake<sup>2</sup> (mistook, mistaken)** [mɪ'steɪk] ([mɪ'stʊk], [mɪ'steɪkən]) *v* ошибаться  
**misty** ['mɪstɪ] *a* туманный  
**misunderstanding** [ˌmɪsʌndə-  
 'stændɪŋ] *n* неправильное понимание  
**modern** ['mɒdn] *a* современный  
**mollusk** [mɒ'lʌsk] *n* моллюск  
**money** ['mʌni] *n* деньги  
**mongoose** ['mʌŋgu:s] *n* мангуст  
**monkey** ['mʌŋki] *n* обезьяна  
**monotonous** [mə'nɒt(ə)nəs] *a* монотонный  
**monster** ['mɒnstə] *n* монстр  
**monstrous** ['mɒnstrəs] *a* монстрообразный  
**moon** [mu:n] *n* луна

**moonless** ['mu:nlɪs] *a* безлунный  
**moonlight** ['mu:nlaɪt] *n* лунный свет  
**more** [mɔ:] *adv* больше  
**what is more** более того  
**morning** ['mɔ:nɪŋ] *n* утро  
**mosquito** [mə'ski:təʊ] *n* комар  
**mountain** ['maʊntɪn] *n* гора  
**mouth** [maʊθ] *n* рот  
**mouth of the cave** вход в пещеру  
**move** [mu:v] *v* двигаться; шевелиться; сдвинуться с места  
**movement** ['mu:vmənt] *n* движение  
**muddy** ['mʌdi] *a* грязный  
**murder** ['mɜ:də] *n* убийство  
**murmur** ['mɜ:mə] *v* бормотать  
**muscular** ['mʌskjʊlə] *a* мускулистый  
**museum** [mju:'ziəm] *n* музей  
**must** [mʌst] *v* должен  
**mysterious** [mɪ'sti(ə)rɪəs] *a* таинственный  
**mystery** ['mɪst(ə)rɪ] *n* тайна, секрет

**N**

**nail** [neɪl] *n* ноготь  
**name** [neɪm] *v* называть  
**narrow** ['nærəʊ] *a* узкий; тесный  
**native** ['neɪtɪv] *n* коренной житель

**natural** ['nætʃ(ə)rəl] *a* естественный  
**it was very natural** это было совершенно естественно  
**naturalist** ['nætʃ(ə)rəlist] *n* натуралист  
**nature** ['neɪtʃə] *n* природа  
**nearly** ['niəli] *adv* близко; почти  
**necessary** ['nesɪs(ə)ri] *a* необходимый  
**neck** [nek] *n* шея  
**need** [ni:d] *v* нуждаться  
**neighborhood** ['neɪbəhʊd] *n* соседство  
**neighbour** ['neɪbə] *n* сосед  
**nervous** ['nɜ:vəs] *a* нервный  
**never** ['nevə] *adv* никогда  
**new** [nju:] *a* новый  
**newcomer** ['nju:kʌmɚ] *n* новичок  
**next** [nekst] *a* следующий  
**niece** [ni:s] *n* племянница  
**night-dress** ['naɪtdres] *n* ночная рубашка  
**nightmare** ['naɪtmɛə] *n* ночной кошмар  
**noble** ['nəʊb(ə)l] *a* благородный  
**nobody** ['nəʊbədɪ] *pron* никто  
**nod** [nɒd] *v* кивать  
**noise** [nɔɪz] *n* шум  
**noisy** ['nɔɪzi] *a* шумный  
**nonsense** ['nɒns(ə)ns] *n* бессмыслица; чепуха  
**noon** [nu:n] *n* полдень  
**north** [nɔ:θ] *a* северный  
**North pole** Северный полюс

**note** [nəʊt] *n* записка; заметка, запись  
**notebook** ['nəʊtbʊk] *n* тетрадь для записей  
**nothing** ['nʌθɪŋ] *pron* ничто; ничего  
**notice** ['nəʊtɪs] *n* объявление, вывеска; *v* замечать, примечать  
**nowadays** ['naʊədeɪz] *adv* в наши дни  
**nowhere** ['nəʊweə] *adv* нигде; никуда  
**number** ['nʌmbə] *n* номер; число; *v* нумеровать

**О**

**obey** [ə(v)'beɪ] *v* подчиняться, слушаться  
**ocean** ['əʊʃ(ə)n] *n* океан  
**office** ['ɒfɪs] *n* офис, учреждение, кабинет  
**once** [wʌns] *adv* один раз, однажды  
**at once** немедленно, сразу же  
**once more** еще раз  
**only** ['əʊnli] *adv* только  
**the only** единственный  
**opposite** ['ɒpəzɪt] *prep* напротив  
**orange** ['ɒrɪndʒ] *n* апельсин  
**orchestra** ['ɔ:kɪstrə] *n* оркестр  
**order** ['ɔ:də] *n* приказ; *v* приказывать  
**ordinary** ['ɔ:d(ə)nri] *a* обычный  
**organization** [ɔ:gənaɪ'zeɪʃ(ə)n] *n* организация

**organize** ['ɔ:gənaɪz] *v* организовывать  
**origin** ['ɒrɪdʒɪn] *n* происхождение  
**ostrich** ['ɒstrɪtʃ] *n* страус  
**other** ['ʌðə] *a* другой, иной  
**outside** [aʊt'saɪd] *adv* снаружи  
**oval** ['əʊv(ə)l] *n* овал  
**ovation** [əʊ'veɪʃ(ə)n] *n* овация  
**over** ['əʊvə] *prep* над; через  
**to be over** закончиться  
**own** [əʊn] *a* собственный; *v* владеть, иметь, обладать

**Р**

**pack** [pæk] *v* складывать, упаковывать  
**page** [peɪdʒ] *n* страница  
**pain** [peɪn] *n* боль; страдание  
**paint** ['reɪnt] *n* краска; *v* красить; рисовать красками  
**pale** [peɪl] *a* бледный  
**palm-tree** ['pɑ:mtri:] *n* пальма  
**panic** ['pænik] *n* паника  
**panorama** [ˌpænə'ɡɑ:mə] *n* панорама  
**panther** ['pænθə] *n* пантера  
**paper** ['peɪpə] *n* бумага; документ; газета  
**parallel** ['pærəlel] *a* параллельный; *n* параллель  
**parasite** ['pærəsəɪt] *n* паразит  
**parody** ['pærədi] *n* пародия  
**parrot** ['pærət] *n* попугай  
**part** [pɑ:t] *n* часть  
**partner** ['pɑ:tnə] *n* партнер

**party** ['pɑ:ti] *n* вечеринка  
**pass** [pɑ:s] *v* проводить время; проходить, проезжать  
**past** [pɑ:st] *n* прошлое  
**path** [pɑ:θ] *n* тропинка; дорожка  
**pause** [pɔ:z] *n* пауза; *v* останавливаться; делать паузу  
**paw** [pɔ:] *n* лапа (животного)  
**pay (paid, paid)** [peɪ] ([peɪd], [peɪd]) *v* платить  
**peaceful** ['pi:sf(ə)l] *a* мирный  
**peacock** ['pi:kɒk] *n* павлин  
**pelican** ['pelɪkən] *n* пеликан  
**pencil** ['pens(ə)l] *n* карандаш  
**penguin** ['penɡwɪn] *n* пингвин  
**perhaps** [pə'hæps] *adv* возможно, может быть  
**person** ['pɜ:s(ə)n] *n* человек  
**philosophy** [fɪ'lɒsəfi] *n* философия  
**photo** ['fəʊtəʊ] *n* фотография  
**pick** [pɪk] *v* подбирать; собирать; срывать  
**picture** ['pɪktʃə] *n* картина; зрелище  
**piece** [pi:s] *n* кусочек  
**pink** [pɪŋk] *a* розовый  
**pip** [pɪp] *n* косточка; зернышко  
**pipe** [paɪp] *n* трубка  
**pit** [pɪt] *n* яма  
**pity** ['pɪti] *n* жалость  
**what a pity!** как жаль!  
**place** [pleɪs] *n* место  
**plant** [plɑ:nt] *v* сажать (о растениях)  
**plantation** [plæn'teɪʃ(ə)n] *n* насаждения; плантация

**planter** ['plɑ:ntə] *n* плантатор  
**plate** [pleit] *n* тарелка  
**plateau** ['plætəʊ] *n* плато  
**platform** ['plætfɔ:m] *n* платформа  
**pleasantly** ['plez(ə)ntli] *adv* приятно, мило  
**please** [pli:z] *v* нравиться; угождать, доставлять удовольствие  
**plesiosaurus** [pli:siə'sɔ:ɡəs] *n* плезиозавр (динозавр)  
**pocket** ['pɒkɪt] *n* карман  
**poem** ['pəʊɪm] *n* стихотворение  
**poetry** ['pəʊɪtri] *n* поэзия  
**point** [pɔɪnt] *n* пункт, вопрос; *v* указывать  
**poison** ['pɔɪz(ə)n] *n* яд  
**poisonous** ['pɔɪz(ə)nəs] *a* ядовитый  
**pole** [pəʊl] *n* столб  
**police** [pə'li:s] *n* полиция  
**policeman** [pə'li:smən] *n* полицейский  
**politics** ['pɒlɪtɪks] *n* политика  
**poor** [pʊə] *a* бедный, нищий; несчастный  
**popular** ['pɒpjələ] *a* популярный  
**porridge** ['pɒrɪdʒ] *n* каша  
**port** [pɔ:t] *n* порт  
**portrait** ['pɔ:trɪt] *n* портрет  
**post** [pəʊst] *n* почта; *v* отправлять по почте  
**pot** [pɒt] *n* горшок  
**pound** [paʊnd] *n* фунт (мера веса); фунт стерлингов (денежная единица Великобритании)

**power** ['paʊə] *n* власть, сила, мощь  
**powerful** ['paʊəf(ə)l] *a* сильный, мощный  
**practical** ['præktɪk(ə)l] *a* практичный  
**practise** ['præktɪs] *v* тренироваться, упражняться  
**prehistoric** [pri:hi'stɔ:ɪk] *a* доисторический  
**presence** ['prez(ə)ns] *n* присутствие  
**present** ['prez(ə)nt] *n* подарок  
**pretty** ['prɪti] *a* хорошенький  
**price** [praɪs] *n* цена  
**primitive** ['prɪmɪtɪv] *a* примитивный  
**print** [prɪnt] *v* печатать  
**prisoner** ['prɪz(ə)nə] *n* заключенный  
**private** ['praɪvɪt] *a* частный; личный  
**prize** [praɪz] *n* приз, награда  
**probably** ['prɒbəbli] *adv* возможно  
**profession** [prə'feʃ(ə)n] *n* профессия  
**professor** [prə'fesə] *n* профессор  
**progress** ['prɒʊɡres] *n* прогресс  
**to be in progress** развиваться  
**promise** ['prɒmɪs] *v* обещать  
**proof** [pru:f] *n* доказательство  
**proud (of)** [praʊd] *a* гордый  
**prove** [pru:v] *v* доказывать  
**providence** ['prɒvɪd(ə)ns] *n* провидение, судьба, рок

**pterodactyl** [terə'dæktɪl] *n* птеродактиль (летающий ящер)  
**publish** ['pʌblɪʃ] *v* опубликовать  
**pull** [pʊl] *v* тянуть, тащить; вытаскивать  
**puma** ['pju:mə] *n* пума  
**punishment** ['pʌnɪʃmənt] *n* наказание  
**purpose** ['pɜ:pəs] *n* цель  
**push** [pʊʃ] *v* толкать  
**put (put, put)** [put] ([put], [put]) *v* положить, поставить  
**puzzle** ['plʌz(ə)l] *n* загадка

## Q

**quarrel** ['kwɒrəl] *n* ссора; *v* ссориться  
**quarter** ['kwɔ:tə] *n* четверть  
**queen** [kwɪ:n] *n* королева  
**question** ['kwɛstʃ(ə)n] *n* вопрос  
**quickly** ['kwɪkli] *adv* быстро  
**quiet** ['kwaɪət] *a* тихий  
**quite** [kwaɪt] *adv* вполне; совершенно

## R

**race** [reɪs] *n* раса  
**rain** [reɪn] *n* дождь  
**raise** [reɪz] *v* поднимать; повышать  
**rang past om ring**  
**rapid** ['ræpɪd] *n* порог (реки)  
**rather** ['rɑ:ðə] *adv* достаточно

**reach** [ri:tʃ] *v* достигать, добираться  
**ready** ['redi] *a* готовый  
**realize** ['ri:əlaɪz] *v* осознавать  
**really** ['ri(ə)li] *adv* действительно  
**reason** ['ri:z(ə)n] *n* причина; повод  
**recognize** ['rekəɡnaɪz] *v* узнавать  
**red** [red] *a* красный  
**reed** [ri:d] *n* тростник, камыш  
**region** ['ri:dʒ(ə)n] *n* регион  
**relation** [ri'leɪʃ(ə)n] *n* родственник  
**remain** [ri'meɪn] *v* оставаться  
**remember** [ri'membə] *v* помнить  
**remind** [ri'maɪnd] *v* напоминать  
**repeat** [ri'pi:t] *v* повторять  
**report** [ri'pɔ:t] *n* доклад; *v* сообщать  
**reporter** [ri'pɔ:tə] *n* репортер  
**reptile** ['reptail] *n* рептилия  
**rescue** ['reskjʊ:] *n* спасение; *v* спасать  
**resources** [ri'zɔ:sɪz] *n* ресурсы  
**rest** [rest] *v* отдыхать  
**result** [ri'zʌlt] *n* результат  
**retire** [ri'taɪə] *v* уходить на пенсию  
**return** [ri'tɜ:n] *v* возвращать(ся)  
**return ticket** [ri'tɜ:n,tɪkɪt] *n* обратный билет  
**rhyme** [raɪm] *n* рифма; маленькое рифмованное стихотворение

**rhythm** ['rɪð(ə)m] *n* ритм  
**rich** [rɪtʃ] *a* богатый  
**rifle** ['raɪf(ə)l] *n* винтовка  
**right** [raɪt] *a* правый; правильный; *n* право  
**that's right!** верно!  
**ring (rang, rung)** [rɪŋ] ([ræŋ], [rɪŋ]) *v* звонить; звенеть  
**rise (rose, risen)** [raɪz] ([rəʊz], ['rɪz(ə)n]) *v* подниматься; вставать; возвышаться  
**risk** [rɪsk] *n* риск  
**risky** ['rɪski] *a* рискованный  
**river** ['rɪvə] *n* река  
**road** [rəʊd] *n* дорога  
**roar** [rɔ:] *n* рычание; *v* рычать  
**rock** [rɒk] *n* большой камень; скала  
**roll** [rɔ:l] *v* катиться  
**roof** [ru:f] *n* крыша  
**room** [ru:m] *n* комната  
**rope** [rəʊp] *n* веревка  
**rose** *past om rise*  
**round** [raʊnd] *a* круглый  
**rub** [rʌb] *v* тереть; растирать  
**rubber** ['rʌbə] *n* резинка  
**ruin** ['ru:ɪn] *v* разрушать; разорять; губить  
**rule** [ru:l] *n* правило  
**run (ran, run)** [rʌn] ([ræn], [rʌn]) *v* бежать  
**rung** *p.p. om ring*

## S

**sabre-toothed tiger** [ˌseɪbə'tu:θt 'taɪgə] *n* саблезубый тигр

**sad** [sæd] *a* грустный, печальный  
**safe** [seɪf] *a* безопасный; *n* сейф  
**said** *past u p.p. om say*  
**sail** [seɪl] *n* парус; плавание под парусами; *v* плыть (*o корабле*); управлять судном  
**sand** [sænd] *n* песок  
**sandwich** ['sænwɪdʒ] *n* бутерброд  
**sandy** ['sændɪ] *a* песчаный  
**sang** *past om sing*  
**sausage** ['sɒsɪdʒ] *n* колбаса  
**save** [seɪv] *v* спасать; экономить; сохранять  
**saw** *past om see*  
**say (said, said)** [seɪ] ([sed], [sed]) *v* сказать  
**scale** [skeɪl] *n* чешуйка, чешуя; масштаб  
**scandal** ['skændl] *n* скандал  
**scarf** [skɑ:f] *n* шарф  
**scene** [si:n] *n* сцена; место действия  
**science** ['saɪəns] *n* наука  
**scientific** [ˌsaɪən'tɪfɪk] *a* научный  
**scientist** ['saɪəntɪst] *n* ученый  
**scream** [skri:m] *n* крик, вопль; *v* пронзительно кричать, визжать  
**sea** [si:] *n* море  
**search** [sɜ:tʃ] *v* искать; обыскивать  
**season** ['si:z(ə)n] *n* время года; сезон  
**secret** ['si:krit] *n* секрет

**see (saw, seen)** [si:] ([sɔ:], [si:n]) *v* видеть  
**seem** [si:m] *v* казаться  
**seen** *p.p. om see*  
**seldom** ['seldəm] *adv* редко  
**send (sent, sent)** [send] ([sent], [sent]) *v* отправлять, посылать  
**sensation** [sen'seɪʃ(ə)n] *n* сенсация  
**sensational** [sen'seɪʃ(ə)nəl] *a* сенсационный  
**sentence** ['sentəns] *n* предложение; изречение  
**separate** ['sep(ə)reɪt] *a* отдельный; особый; *v* разделять; отделять; разлучать  
**serious** ['si(ə)riəs] *a* серьезный  
**servant** ['sɜ:v(ə)nt] *n* слуга  
**serve** [sɜ:v] *v* служить; обслуживать  
**shade** [ʃeɪd] *n* тон, оттенок  
**shadow** ['ʃædəʊ] *n* тень  
**shake (shook, shaken)** [ʃeɪk] ([ʃʊk], ['ʃeɪkən]) *v* трести  
**shake hands** пожать руку, здороваться  
**shaken** *p.p. om shake*  
**shame** [ʃeɪm] *n* стыд; позор; *v* пристыдить  
**shame on you!** тебе должно быть стыдно!  
**shape** [ʃeɪp] *n* форма, очертание  
**shark** [ʃɑ:k] *n* акула  
**sharp** [ʃɑ:p] *a* острый  
**shave** [ʃeɪv] *v* бриться

**shawl** [ʃɔ:l] *n* шаль, большой платок  
**sheet** [ʃi:t] *n* простыня; большой лист (*бумаги*)  
**shelf** [ʃelf] *n* полка  
**shine (shone, shone)** [ʃaɪn] ([ʃaʊn], [ʃaʊn]) *v* светить; сверкать  
**ship** [ʃɪp] *n* корабль  
**shirt** [ʃɜ:t] *n* рубашка  
**shock** [ʃɒk] *n* шок, потрясение; *v* шокировать, поражать, потрясать  
**shoe** [ʃu:] *n* ботинок  
**shone** *past om shine*  
**shook** *past om shake*  
**shoot (shot, shot)** [ʃu:t] ([ʃɒt], [ʃɒt]) *v* стрелять; застрелить  
**shore** [ʃɔ:] *n* берег (моря)  
**short** [ʃɔ:t] *a* короткий  
**for short** короче, для краткости  
**shot** [ʃɒt] *n* выстрел  
**shot** *past u p.p. om shoot*  
**shoulder** ['ʃəʊldə] *n* плечо  
**shout** [ʃaʊt] *v* кричать  
**show** [ʃəʊ] *n* зрелище, показывание; *v* показывать, демонстрировать  
**shut (shut, shut)** [ʃʌt] ([ʃʌt], [ʃʌt]) *v* закрывать  
**sick** [sɪk] *a* больной, чувствующий тошноту  
**side** [saɪd] *n* сторона  
**sight** [saɪt] *n* вид, зрелище  
**sign** [saɪn] *n* знак  
**signal** ['sɪgn(ə)l] *n* сигнал  
**silence** ['saɪləns] *n* тишина

**silent** ['saɪlənt] *a* тихий; молчаливый  
**silly** ['sɪli] *a* глупый  
**silvery** ['sɪlv(ə)rɪ] *a* серебристый  
**sing (sang, sung)** [sɪŋ] ([sæŋ], [sɑŋ]) *v* петь  
**sit (sat, sat)** [sɪt] ([sæt], [sæt]) *v* сидеть  
**sitting room** ['sɪtɪŋru:m] *n* гостиная  
**situation** [sɪtʃu'eɪʃ(ə)n] *n* ситуация  
**size** [saɪz] *n* размер  
**skeleton** ['skelɪtn] *n* скелет  
**skeptical** ['skeptɪk(ə)l] *a* скептический  
**skepticism** ['skeptɪsɪz(ə)m] *n* скептицизм  
**sketch** [sketʃ] *n* набросок  
**sketch-book** ['sketʃbʊk] *n* альбом для зарисовок  
**skin** [skɪn] *n* кожа, шкура  
**skip** [skɪp] *v* прыгать  
**skull** [skʌl] *n* череп  
**sky** [skaɪ] *n* небо  
**sleep (slept, slept)** [sli:p] ([slept], [slept]) *v* спать  
**sleepy** ['sli:pɪ] *a* сонный  
**slept past u p.p. om sleep**  
**slope** [sləʊp] *n* склон  
**slow** [sləʊ] *a* медленный  
**slowly** ['sləʊli] *adv* медленно  
**smell (smelt, smelt)** [smel] ([smelt], [smelt]) *v* нюхать; пахнуть  
**to smell out** вынюхивать

**smile** [smɑɪl] *n* улыбка  
**smoke** [sməʊk] *n* дым; *v* курить; дымить  
**smoke-stick** ['sməʊkstɪk] *n* дымовая шашка  
**smoker** ['sməʊkə] *n* курильщик  
**snake** [sneɪk] *n* змея  
**sneeze** [sni:z] *v* чихать  
**snow** [snəʊ] *n* снег  
**so** [səʊ] *adv* так, таким образом  
**so as** чтобы  
**so that** для того чтобы  
**soap** [səʊp] *n* мыло  
**soft** [sɒft] *a* мягкий  
**solution** [sə'lu:ʃ(ə)n] *n* решение  
**solve** [sɒlv] *v* решать  
**some** [sʌm] *pron* несколько; некоторое количество  
**somebody** ['sʌmbədi] *pron* кто-то, кто-нибудь  
**sometimes** ['sʌmtaɪmz] *adv* иногда  
**somewhere** ['sʌmweə] *adv* где-то; куда-нибудь  
**song** [sɒŋ] *n* песня  
**soon** [su:n] *adv* вскоре  
**sore** [sɔ:] *a* болезненный; больной; воспаленный  
**sorry** ['sɒrɪ] *a* полный сожаления  
**I'm so sorry!** мне так жаль!  
**soul** [səʊl] *n* душа  
**sound** [saʊnd] *n* звук; *v* звучать, издавать звук  
**South America** ['sauθə'merɪkə] Южная Америка

**south-west** [sau(θ)'west] *n* юго-запад  
**spade** [speɪd] *n* лопата  
**speak (spoke, spoken)** [spi:k] ([spəʊk], ['spəʊkən]) *v* говорить  
**spear** [spɪə] *n* копье  
**special** ['speʃ(ə)l] *a* особенный  
**species** ['spi:ʃi:z] *n* вид, разновидность  
**speckle** ['spek(ə)l] *n* пятнышко  
**speckled** ['spek(ə)ld] *зд.* пестрая  
**spectacle** ['spektək(ə)l] *n* спектакль  
**speech** [spi:tʃ] *n* речь  
**spelling** ['spelɪŋ] *n* орфография, правописание  
**spend (spent, spent)** [spend] ([spent], [spent]) *v* тратить; проводить  
**spent past u p.p. om spend**  
**spike** [spaɪk] *n* острие; шип  
**splash** [splæʃ] *n* всплеск; *v* плескаться, плескаться  
**spoil (spoilt, spoilt)** [spɔɪl] ([spɔɪlt], [spɔɪlt]) *v* портить  
**spoilt past u p.p. om spoil**  
**spoke past om speak**  
**spot** [spɒt] *n* пятно; место  
**spread (spread, spread)** [spred] ([spred], [spred]) *v* распространять (*информацию*)  
**spring** [sprɪŋ] *n* весна  
**squeak** [skwi:k] *v* пищать; пропихивать  
**stable** ['steɪb(ə)l] *n* конюшня  
**stair** ['steə] *n* лестница

**stamp** [stæmp] *n* марка; штамп; топанье; *v* штамповать; топтать (*ногой*)  
**stand (stood, stood)** [stænd] ([stud], [stud]) *v* стоять  
**star** [stɑ:] *n* звезда  
**start** [stɑ:t] *n* начало; *v* начинать  
**statue** ['stætʃu:] *n* статуя  
**stay** [steɪ] *v* оставаться  
**steal (stole, stolen)** [sti:l] ([stəʊl], ['stəʊlən]) *v* красть  
**steamship** ['sti:m,ʃɪp] *n* пароход  
**stegosaurus** [stegə'sɔ:ɾəs] *n* стегозавр  
**step** [step] *n* шаг; ступенька; *v* отступить, шагнуть  
**stepfather** ['step,fɑ:ðə] *n* отчим  
**stick<sup>1</sup>** *n* палка  
**stick<sup>2</sup> (stuck, stuck)** [stɪk] ([stæk], [stæk]) *v* застрять; торчать  
**stole past om steal**  
**stolen p.p. om steal**  
**stomach** ['stʌmək] *n* желудок; живот  
**stone** [stəʊn] *n* камень  
**stony** ['stəʊni] *a* каменный  
**stood past u p.p. om stand**  
**stork** [stɔ:k] *n* журавль  
**storm** [stɔ:m] *n* шторм  
**stormy** ['stɔ:mi] *a* штормовой  
**story** ['stɔ:ri] *n* рассказ  
**straight** [streɪt] *a* прямой; *adv* прямо  
**strange** [streɪndʒ] *a* странный  
**strength** [streŋθ] *n* сила



**strike (struck, struck)** [straɪk] ([straɪk], [straɪk]) *v* ударять, бить  
**string** [striŋ] *n* веревка; шнур  
**strong** [strɒŋ] *a* сильный  
**stuck** *past u p.p. om stick*  
**student** ['stju:d(ə)nt] *n* студент  
**study** ['stʌdi] *n* кабинет  
**stupid** ['stju:pid] *a* глупый  
**stupidity** [stju:'pɪdɪti] *n* глупость  
**successful** [sək'sesf(ə)l] *a* удачный  
**such** [sʌtʃ] *a* такой  
**sudden** ['sʌdn] *a* внезапный  
**suddenly** ['sʌd(ə)nli] *adv* вдруг  
**suffer** ['sʌfə] *v* страдать  
**sum** [sʌm] *n* сумма  
**sung** *p.p. om sing*  
**sunset** ['sʌnsɛt] *n* закат  
**sunshine** ['sʌnʃaɪn] *n* солнечный свет  
**sure** [ʃʊə] *a* верный, надежный; уверенный  
**surprise** [sə'praɪz] *n* сюрприз; *v* удивлять  
**surround** [sə'raʊnd] *v* окружать  
**survive** [sə'vaɪv] *v* выживать  
**swam** *past om swim*  
**swamp** [swɒmp] *n* болото  
**swan** [swɒn] *n* лебедь  
**Sweden** ['swi:dn] *n* Швеция  
**sweet** [swi:t] *a* сладкий; милый  
**sweetheart** ['swi:tha:t] *n* дорогой, любимый  
**swim (swam, swum)** [swɪm] ([swæm], [swʌm]) *v* плавать  
**swum** *p.p. om swim*  
**symbol** ['sɪmb(ə)l] *n* символ

**T**  
**tablecloth** ['teɪb(ə)lkloʊθ] *n* скатерть  
**tail** [teɪl] *n* хвост  
**take (took, taken)** [teɪk] ([tʊk], ['teɪkən]) *v* брать, взять  
**to take away** уносить; уводить  
**to take hold** держать  
**to take medicine** принимать лекарство  
**to take part in smth** принимать участие в чем-л.  
**to take smb home** отводить кого-л. домой  
**taken** *p.p. om take*  
**talk** [tɔ:k] *n* разговор, беседа; *v* разговаривать, беседовать  
**tall** [tɔ:l] *a* высокий  
**tapir** ['teɪpə] *n* тапир  
**task** [tɑ:sk] *n* задача, задание; *v* давать задание  
**taste** [teɪst] *n* вкус; *v* пробовать на вкус  
**taxi** ['tæksi] *n* такси  
**teach (taught, taught)** [ti:tʃ] ([tɔ:t], [tɔ:t]) *v* учить  
**to teach smb. a lesson** проучить кого-л.  
**tell (told, told)** [tel] ([təʊld], [təʊld]) *v* рассказывать  
**temperature** ['temp(ə)rətʃə] *n* температура  
**terrible** ['terəb(ə)l] *a* страшный  
**terrify** ['terɪfaɪ] *v* ужасать  
**territory** ['terɪt(ə)rɪ] *n* территория

**terror** ['terə] *n* террор  
**test** [test] *n* проверка, испытание; *v* проверять, испытывать; тестировать  
**thank** [θæŋk] *v* благодарить  
**that** [ðæt] *pron* тот, та, то  
**these** [ði:z] *pron* те  
**thick** [θɪk] *a* толстый  
**thief** [θi:f] *n* вор  
**thin** [θɪn] *a* тонкий  
**thing** [θɪŋ] *n* вещь; предмет  
**think (thought, thought)** [θɪŋk] ([θɔ:t], [θɔ:t]) *v* думать  
**to think over** обдумывать  
**thirsty** ['θɜ:sti] *a* испытывающий жажду  
**this** [ðɪs] *pron* этот, эта, это  
**thistle** ['θɪs(ə)l] *n* чертополох  
**those** [ðəʊz] *pron* те  
**though** [ðəʊ] *conj* хотя  
**thought<sup>1</sup>** [θɔ:t] *n* мысль  
**thought<sup>2</sup>** *past u p.p. om think*  
**thousand** ['θaʊz(ə)nd] *n* тысяча  
**threw** *past om throw*  
**throaty** ['θrəʊti] *a* гортанный  
**through** [θru:] *prep* сквозь  
**throw (threw, thrown)** [θrəʊ] ([θru:], [θrəʊn]) *v* бросать, кидать  
**thrown** *p.p. om throw*  
**thunder** ['θʌndə] *n* гром  
**Thursday** ['θɜ:zdi] *n* четверг  
**tiger** ['taɪgə] *n* тигр  
**tight** [taɪt] *a* тугой; тесный  
**time** [taɪm] *n* время  
**tired** ['taɪəd] *a* уставший  
**tired out** очень уставший

**tiring** ['taɪ(ə)rɪŋ] *a* утомительный  
**toad** [təʊd] *n* жаба  
**toadstool** ['təʊdstu:l] *n* поганка  
**toe** [təʊ] *n* палец ноги  
**together** [tə'geðə] *adv* вместе, сообща  
**told** *past u p.p. om tell*  
**tomorrow** [tə'mɒrəʊ] *adv* завтра  
**tonight** [tə'naɪt] *adv* сегодня вечером  
**took** *past om take*  
**tooth** [tu:θ] (*pl* teeth) *n* зуб  
**top** [tɒp] *n* вершина; верхушка  
**torture** ['tɔ:tʃə] *v* пытаться  
**touch** [tʌtʃ] *v* дотронуться  
**towards** [tə'wɔ:dz] *prep* по направлению к  
**towel** ['təʊəl] *n* полотенце  
**trace** [treɪs] *n* след  
**track** [træk] *n* след  
**traffic** ['træfɪk] *n* дорожное движение  
**tragedy** ['trædzɪdi] *n* трагедия  
**tragic** ['trædzɪk] *a* трагический  
**train** [treɪn] *n* поезд  
**tremble** ['tremb(ə)l] *v* дрожать  
**trap** [træp] *n* ловушка  
**travel** ['træv(ə)l] *v* путешествовать  
**traveller** ['træv(ə)lə] *n* путешественник  
**treasure** ['trezə] *n* сокровище  
**tree** [tri:] *n* дерево  
**tribe** [traɪb] *n* племя  
**trick** [trɪk] *n* хитрость, обман  
**to play a trick on smb.** сыграть с кем-л. шутку

**triumph** ['traɪəmf] *n* триумф  
**tropical** ['trɒpɪk(ə)l] *a* тропический  
**trouble** ['trʌb(ə)l] *n* огорчение, беспокойство  
**to be in trouble** попасть в беду  
**trouble-maker** ['trʌb(ə)l, meɪkə] *n* нарушитель спокойствия; смутьян  
**trousers** ['traʊzəz] *n* брюки  
**true** [tru:] *a* правдивый, настоящий  
**trust** [trʌst] *n* вера, доверие; *v* доверять, верить  
**truth** [tru:θ] *n* правда  
**try** [traɪ] *v* пытаться, стараться  
**Tuesday** ['tju:zdeɪ] *n* вторник  
**tunnel** ['tʌnl] *n* туннель  
**turn** [tɜ:n] *n* поворот; *v* поворачивать  
**to turn into** превратиться  
**to turn round** обернуться; повернуться  
**to turn to** обратиться к кому-л.  
**to turn white** побелеть  
**turtle** ['tɜ:tl] *n* черепаха  
**twenty** ['twenti] *num* двадцать  
**twice** [twɑɪs] *adv* дважды  
**twin** [twɪn] *n* близнец

**U**

**ugly** ['ʌɡli] *a* безобразный; уродливый  
**umbrella** [ʌm'brɛlə] *n* зонтик  
**underground** [ˌʌndə'graʊnd] *adv* под землей

**understand (understood, understood)** [ˌʌndə'stænd] - ([ˌʌndə'stʌd], [ˌʌndə'stʌd]) *v* понимать  
**understood** *past u p.p. om understand*  
**unfavourable** [ʌn'feɪv(ə)rəb(ə)l] *a* неблагоприятный; невыгодный  
**unique** [ju:'ni:k] *a* уникальный  
**unknown** [ʌn'nəʊn] *a* неизвестный  
**unnatural** [ʌn'nætʃ(ə)rəl] *a* неестественный  
**until** [ʌn'tɪl] *conj* до тех пор, пока  
**upheaval** [ʌp'hi:v(ə)l] *n* зд. поднятие, смещение пластов  
**upright** ['ʌpraɪt] *a* прямой; вертикальный; *adv* стоймя  
**upstairs** [ʌp'steəz] *adv* наверху (в доме)  
**upwards** ['ʌpwədz] *adv* наверх, вверх  
**useful** ['ju:sf(ə)l] *a* полезный  
**useless** ['ju:sɪs] *a* бесполезный  
**usual** ['ju:ʒʊəl] *a* обычный

**V**

**vary** ['ve(ə)ri] *v* отличаться; различаться  
**vase** [va:z] *n* ваза  
**vegetable** ['vedʒ(ɪ)təb(ə)l] *a* растительный  
**ventilator** ['ventɪleɪtə] *n* вентилятор

**very** ['veri] *adv* очень  
**the very** тот самый  
**victory** ['vɪkt(ə)rɪ] *n* победа  
**village** ['vɪlɪdʒ] *n* деревня  
**violent** ['vaɪələnt] *a* жестокий  
**violet** ['vaɪələɪt] *a* фиолетовый  
**violin** [vaɪə'li:n] *n* скрипка  
**visit** ['vɪzɪt] *n* визит; *v* посещать  
**voice** [vɔɪs] *n* голос  
**volcanic** [vɒl'kænɪk] *a* вулканический  
**voyage** ['vɔɪdʒ] *n* поездка; путешествие

**W**

**wait** [weɪt] *v* ждать  
**wake (woke, woken)** [weɪk] ([wəʊk], ['wəʊkən]) *v* просыпаться  
**walk** [wɔ:k] *v* ходить, идти; гулять  
**walk into** натолкнуться  
**wall** [wɔ:l] *n* стена  
**want** [wɒnt] *v* хотеть  
**war** [wɔ:] *n* война  
**warm** [wɔ:m] *a* теплый  
**warning** ['wɔ:nɪŋ] *n* предупреждение  
**was past om-be**  
**wash** [wɒʃ] *v* мыть  
**to wash one's face** умываться  
**waste** [weɪst] *v* тратить, расточать  
**watch** [wɒtʃ] *n* дозор; наблюдение; часы (наручные); *v* наблюдать, следить

**watchman** ['wɒtʃmən] *n* сторож (ночной, в дозоре)  
**watchtower** ['wɒtʃ,taʊə] *n* сторожевая башня  
**water** ['wɔ:tə] *n* вода  
**waterways** ['wɔ:təweɪz] *n* водные пути  
**wave** [weɪv] *n* волна; *v* размахивать  
**way** [weɪ] *n* путь, дорога; способ  
**it is a good way to do smth** неплохой способ сделать что-л.  
**on the way** по пути  
**a way out** выход  
**weak** [wi:k] *a* слабый  
**weapon** ['wepən] *n* оружие  
**wear (wore, worn)** [weə] ([wɔ:]; [wɔ:n]) *v* носить (об одежде)  
**weather** ['weðə] *n* погода  
**went past om go**  
**west** [west] *n* запад  
**westwards** ['westwədz] *adv* на запад  
**wet** [wet] *a* сырой, влажный  
**whatever** [wɒ'tevə] *pron* какой бы ни; что бы ни  
**whenever** [we'nevə] *conj* когда бы ни  
**whistle** ['wɪs(ə)l] *v* свистеть  
**white** [waɪt] *a* белый  
**whole** [həʊl] *a* целый, весь  
**whom** [hu:m] *pron* кого; кому  
**why** [waɪ] *adv* почему  
**wide** [waɪd] *a* широкий  
**wife** [waɪf] *n* жена  
**wild** [waɪld] *a* дикий

**will** [wil] *n* завещание  
**win (won, won)** [win] ([wʌn], [wɒn]) *v* побеждать; выигрывать  
**wind** [waɪnd] *n* ветер  
**window** ['wɪndəʊ] *n* окно  
**wing** [wɪŋ] *n* крыло  
**winter** ['wɪntə] *n* зима  
**without** [wɪ'daʊt] *prep* без  
**witness** ['wɪtnɪs] *n* свидетель; *v* выступать в роли свидетеля  
**woke past om wake**  
**woken p.p. om wake**  
**woman** ['wʊmən] *n* женщина  
**won past u p.p. om win**  
**wonder** ['wʌndə] *v* удивляться; интересоваться  
**wonderful** ['wʌndəf(ə)l] *a* удивительный  
**wood** [wʊd] *n* лес  
**wooden** ['wʊdn] *a* деревянный  
**word** [wɜ:d] *n* слово  
**world** [wɜ:ld] *n* мир

**worried** ['wʌrɪd] *a* обеспокоенный  
**write (wrote, written)** [raɪt] ([rəʊt], ['rɪtɪn]) *v* писать  
**to write down** записывать  
**written p.p. om write**  
**wrong** [rɒŋ] *a* неправильный, неверный  
**wrote past om write**

## Y

**year** [jɪə] *n* год  
**yellowish** ['jeləʊɪʃ] *a* желтоватый  
**yesterday** ['jestədi] *adv* вчера  
**young** [jʌŋ] *a* молодой

## Z

**zero** ['zi(ə)rəʊ] *n* ноль, худшая оценка в школе  
**zoologist** [z(ə)'ɒlədʒɪst] *n* зоолог

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