

Alice's Adventures in Wonderland

by Lewis Carroll

Книга для чтения на английском языке

Оригинальный текст

Перевод и комментарии Романа Зинзера

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Итак, вы решили прочитать «Алису» в оригинале, и поэтому сначала несколько фактов. Во-первых, «Алисе» больше ста пятидесяти лет, она полна отсылок к английскому фольклору, который, скорее всего, и вам, и мне неизвестен (Например, в викторианской Англии шляпники частенько бывали не в себе, потому что травились парами ртути на работе. Есть даже такая поговорка «безумен как шляпник»). Еще в «Алисе» есть несколько стихов, и они также являются аллюзией на стихи авторов тех лет. Их имена сейчас вам ничего не скажут. Этим я хочу подчеркнуть, что та «Алиса», которую вы видели в кинотеатре или читали в русском переводе — это совсем не то, что имел в виду Льюис Кэрролл и не то, что понимали его современники.

Во-вторых, точно перевести «Алису» на русский язык нельзя. И дело не в плохих переводчиках. Просто «Алиса» — это сплошная игра слов, которая при переводе пропадает вместе с вкладываемым в эту игру смыслом. Поэтому вновь отмечу, та «Алиса», которую вы читали на русском, это не то, что написал Льюис Кэрролл.

В-третьих, Льюис Кэрролл был профессором математики в Оксфорде и скорее всего, как говорят многие умные люди, в «Алисе» пытался выразить математические фантазии множественности миров, искривления пространства и «кротовых нор», всего того (почти всего), что в начале двадцатого века убедительно докажет Альберт Эйнштейн. Впрочем, подробнее об этом вам расскажет Википедия.

И, наконец, настоящее имя Льюиса Кэрролла — Чарльз Доджсон. Мне это кажется важным, ибо псевдонимы псевдонимами, а героев нужно знать в лицо.

Текст в этой книге устроен следующим образом: жирным шрифтом выделены сложные грамматические конструкции, слова, метафоры (которые, возможно, вам и не покажутся сложными), и игра слов, коей в книге полно. Сразу за жирным текстом в скобках курсивом будет мой перевод и, если надо, его пояснение. Да, мой текст всегда в скобках и всегда курсивом. Иногда в прямых скобках вы увидите фразу «буквально —» и фразу «лучше —» или «здесь —». Это значит, что я привожу прямой, буквальный перевод отрывка, а затем тот, который более уместен в этом конкретном контексте.

В книге я перевел только трудные места текста. Остальное же — ваша работа. Вам точно потребуется словарь и место, куда вы будете записывать новые слова и обороты. Тогда с каждой прочитанной главой ваш английский будет становиться лучше. Я уверен, что учебные книги с полным переводом текста, будь он построчный или кусками — это плохие учебные книги. Также, как и двуязычные издания, где на одной странице идет английский текст, а на соседней — его дословный перевод. Почему это плохо? Это слишком облегчает задачу читателя. Когда вы не работаете, не ищете в словаре новые слова, не думаете над переводом всего предложения, а просто подсматриваете в готовое, вы не учитесь, не привыкаете к структуре английского языка, а просто считываете. Чтение на английском должно быть достаточно сложным, чтобы оно было полезным. По той же причине в конце книги нет словаря, как это обычно бывает. Это ваша работа, а не моя записывать новые слова, переводить

их и запоминать. Да, времени уйдет больше, это скучно, но, если вы не поленитесь и сделаете это, ваши знания и навыки станут лучше. А словарь в конце книги будет заброшен сразу же после прочтения.

Приятного чтения, главное, установите на вашем телефоне хороший словарь, записывайте новые слова и составляйте с ними предложения, которые тоже лучше записывать. Тогда все запомнится. Удачи и спасибо за чтение.

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CHAPTER I. Down the Rabbit-Hole

Alice was beginning to get very tired of sitting by her sister **on the bank** |на берегу реки|, and of having nothing to do: once or twice she **had peeped into** |заглянула| the book her sister was reading, but it had no pictures or conversations in it, “and what is the use of a book,” thought Alice “without pictures or conversations?”

So she **was considering** |размышляла| in her own mind (**as well as** |настолько насколько| she could, for the hot day made her feel very sleepy and stupid), **whether the pleasure of making a daisy-chain would be worth** |стоило ли удовольствие от плетения венка из маргариток| the trouble of getting up and picking the daisies, when suddenly a White Rabbit with pink eyes ran close by her.

There was nothing so very remarkable in that; **nor** did Alice think it **so very much out of the way** |не то чтобы... так удивительно было| to hear the Rabbit say to itself, “Oh dear! Oh dear! I shall be late!” (when she thought it over afterwards, **it occurred to her** |ей пришло в голову| that **she ought to have wondered** |ей следовало бы удивиться| at this, but at the time it all seemed quite natural); but when the Rabbit actually **took a watch out** |вытащил часы| of its waistcoat-pocket, and looked at it, and then hurried on, Alice **started** |здесь — встала| to her feet, **for it flashed across her**

mind |*ее осенило*| that she had never before seen a rabbit with either a waistcoat-pocket, or a watch to take out of it, and **burning with curiosity** |*сгорая от любопытства*|, she ran across the field after it, and fortunately was just in time to see **it pop down** |*как кролик прыгнул*| a large rabbit-hole under the hedge.

In another moment down went Alice after it, **never once considering** |*даже не думая*| how in the world she was to get out again.

The rabbit-hole went straight on like a tunnel for some way, and then **dipped** |*нырнула*| suddenly down, so suddenly that Alice had not a moment to think about stopping herself before she found herself falling down a very deep **well** |*a well — колодец, отверстие в земле*|.

Either the well was very deep, **or** |*Или... или*| she fell very slowly, for she had plenty of time as she went down to look **about** |*вокруг*| her and to wonder what was going to happen next. First, she tried to look down and **make out** |*разобраться*| what she was coming to, but it was too dark to see anything; then she looked at the sides of the well, and noticed that they were filled with cupboards and bookshelves; here and there she saw maps and pictures **hung upon pegs** |*которые висели на крючках*|. She took down a jar from one of the shelves as she passed; it was labelled “ORANGE MARMALADE”, but to her great disappointment it was empty: she did not like **to drop** |*ронять*| the jar for fear of killing somebody **underneath** |*внизу*|, so managed to put it into one of the cupboards as she fell past it.

“Well!” thought Alice to herself, “after such a fall as this, I shall think **nothing of tumbling down stairs** |*скатиться со ступеней — суцая ерунда*! How brave they’ll all think me at home! Why, I wouldn’t say anything about it, **even if I fell off the top of the**

house |даже если я свалюсь с крыши дома|!” (Which was very likely true.)

Down, down, down. Would the fall never come to an end? “I wonder how many miles I’ve fallen by this time?” she said aloud. “I **must be getting somewhere** |должно быть я приближаюсь| near the centre of the earth. Let me see: that would be four thousand miles down, I think —” (for, you see, Alice **had learnt** |уже выучила| several things of this sort in her lessons in the schoolroom, and though this was not a very good opportunity **for showing off** |чтобы блеснуть| her knowledge, as there was no one to listen to her, still it was good practice **to say it over** |повторить|) “— yes, that’s about the right distance — but then I wonder what **Latitude or Longitude** |широта и долгота| I’ve got to?” (Alice had no idea what Latitude was, or Longitude either, but thought they were nice **grand** |внушительные| words to say.)

Presently she began again. “I wonder if I shall fall right through the earth! How funny **it’ll seem to come out** |это будет| among the people that walk with their heads **downward** |вверх ногами|! The **Antipathies** |антипатии. Алиса предполагает, как бы назывались люди на той стороне Земли|, I think —” (she was **rather** |весьма, скорее| glad there was no one listening, this time, as it didn’t sound at all the right word) “— but I **shall have to** |буду должна спросить| ask them what the name of the country is, you know. Please, **Ma’am** |мэм|, is this New Zealand or Australia?” (and she tried **to curtsey** |сделать реверанс| as she spoke — **fancy curtsey-ing** |представьте выполнение реверанса| as you’re falling through the air! Do you think you could manage it?) “And what an **ignorant** |невежественная| little girl she’ll think me for asking! No, **it’ll**

never do |не будет пользы| to ask: perhaps I shall see it written up somewhere.”

Down, down, down. There was nothing else to do, so Alice soon began talking again. “Dinah’ll miss me very much to-night, I should think!” (Dinah was the cat.) “I hope they’ll remember her **saucer** |миску| of milk at tea-time. Dinah my dear! I wish you were down here with me! There are no **mice** |мышей| in the air, I’m afraid, but you might catch a bat, and **that’s very like** |очень похожа| a mouse, you know. But do cats eat bats, I wonder?” And here Alice began to get rather sleepy, and went on saying to herself, in a dreamy sort of way, “Do cats eat bats? Do cats eat bats?” and sometimes, “Do bats eat cats?” for, you see, as she couldn’t answer **either** |любой из| question, it didn’t much matter **which way she put it** |как бы она это не произносила|. She felt that she was **dozing off** |засыпала|, and had just begun to dream that she was walking hand in hand with Dinah, and saying to her very **earnestly** |серьезно|, “Now, Dinah, tell me the truth: did you ever eat a bat?” when suddenly, **thump! thump!** |треск| down she **came upon a heap of sticks** |упала на кучу веток| and dry leaves, and the fall was over.

Alice was **not a bit hurt** |совсем не поранилась|, and she jumped up on to her feet in a moment: she looked up, but it was all dark overhead; before her was another long passage, and the White Rabbit was still **in sight** |в поле зрения|, hurrying down it. There was not a moment to be lost: away went Alice like the wind, and was just **in time** |вовремя| to hear it say, as it turned a corner, “Oh my ears and **whiskers** |усы|, how late it’s getting!” She was **close behind** |прямо позади| it when she turned the corner, but the Rabbit was no longer to be seen: she found herself in a long, low hall, which **was lit up** |подсвечивался| by a row of lamps hanging from the roof.

There were doors all round the hall, but they were all locked; and when Alice had been all the way down one side and up the other, **trying** |*пробуя открыть*| every door, she walked sadly down the middle, wondering how she was ever to get out again.

Suddenly she came upon a little three-legged table, all made of **solid** |*прочного*| glass; there was nothing on it except a tiny golden key, and Alice's first thought was that it might belong to one of the doors of the hall; but, **alas!** |*увы*| either the locks were too large, or the key was too small, but **at any rate** |*в любом случае*| it would not open any of them. However, **on the second time round** |*сделав второй круг*|, she came upon a low curtain she had not noticed before, and behind it was a little door about fifteen **inches** |*дюймов*| high: she tried the little golden key in the lock, and to her great delight it fitted!

Alice opened the door and found that it led into a small passage, not much larger than a rat-hole: she **knelt down** |*встала на колени*| and looked along the passage into the loveliest garden you ever saw. **How she longed** |*Как же ей хотелось*| to get out of that dark hall, and **wander** |*побродить*| about among those **beds of bright flowers** |*клумб ярких цветов*| and those **cool** |*прохладных*| fountains, but she could not even get her head through the doorway; “and even if my head would go through,” thought poor Alice, “it would be of very little use without my shoulders. Oh, how I wish I could **shut up** |*здесь — складываться*| like a telescope! I think I could, if I only knew how to begin.” For, you see, so many **out-of-the-way** |*удивительных*| things had happened lately, that Alice had begun to think that **very few things indeed** |*очень мало вещей действительно*| were really impossible.

There seemed to be **no use** |нет смысла| in waiting by the little door, so she went back to the table, **half hoping** |буквально — надеясь наполовину, лучше — смутно надеясь| she might find another key on it, or at any rate a book of rules for shutting people up like telescopes: this time she found a little bottle on it, (“which certainly was not here before,” said Alice,) and **round the neck** |вокруг горлышка| of the bottle was a paper label, with the words “DRINK ME,” beautifully printed on it in large letters.

It was all very well to say “Drink me,” but the wise little Alice was not going to do that in a hurry. “No, I’ll look first,” she said, “and see whether it’s marked ‘**poison**’ |яд| or not”; for she had read several nice little histories about children who had got burnt, and **eaten up** |съеден| by wild beasts and other unpleasant things, all because they would not remember the simple rules their friends had taught them: such as, that a red-hot **poker** |кочерга| will burn you if you hold it too long; and that if you cut your finger very deeply with a knife, it usually **bleeds** |пойдет кровь|; and she had never forgotten that, if you drink much from a bottle marked “poison,” it is almost certain **to disagree with you** |не пойдет на пользу|, sooner or later.

However, this bottle was not marked “poison”, so Alice **ventured** |осмелилась| to taste it, and finding it very nice, (it had, in fact, a sort of mixed flavour of cherry-tart, **custard** |крем|, pine-apple, roast turkey, toffee, and hot buttered toast,) she very soon **finished it off** |выпила полностью|.

“What a curious feeling!” said Alice; “I must be shutting up like a telescope.”

And so it was indeed: she was now only ten inches high, and her face **brightened up** |засияло| at the thought that she was now

the right size for going through the little door into that lovely garden. First, however, she waited for a few minutes to see if she was going **to shrink any further** |уменьшиться еще сильнее|: she felt a little nervous about this; “**for it might end** |так я могу вообще исчезнуть|, you know,” said Alice to herself, “**in my going out altogether** |исчезну полностью|, like a candle. I wonder what I should be like then?” And she tried to fancy what the flame of a candle is like after the candle **is blown out** |догорела|, for she could not remember **ever having seen** |чтокогда-либо видела| such a thing.

After a while, finding that nothing more happened, she decided on going into the garden **at once** |сразу же|; but, alas for poor Alice! when she got to the door, she found she had forgotten the little golden key, and when she went back to the table for it, she found she could not possibly **reach** |добраться| it: she could see it **quite plainly** |запросто| through the glass, and she **tried her best** |старалась изо всех сил| to climb up one of the legs of the table, but it was too **slippery** |скользко|; and when she **had tired herself out** |утомила себя| with trying, **the poor little thing sat down** |здесь — маленькая бедная девочка| and cried.

“Come, there’s no use in crying like that!” said Alice to herself, rather sharply; “I advise you **to leave off** |прекратить| this minute!” She generally gave herself very good advice, (though she very seldom followed it), and sometimes she **scolded** |ругала| herself so **severely** |сурово| as to bring tears into her eyes; and once she remembered trying **to box her own ears** |оттаскать себя за уши| **for having cheated herself in a game of croquet** |за жульничество в игре в крикет| she was playing against herself, for this curious child **was very fond of pretending** |ей нравилось притворяться| to be two people. “But it’s no use now,” thought poor Alice, “to

pretend to be two people! Why, there's hardly enough of me left to make one **respectable** |приличного| person!"

Soon her eye fell on a little glass box that was lying under the table: she opened it, and found in it a very small cake, on which the words "EAT ME" were beautifully marked in **currants** |здесь — изюминами|. "Well, I'll eat it," said Alice, "and if it makes me grow larger, I can reach the key; and if it makes me grow smaller, I can creep under the door; **so either way** |в любом случае| I'll get into the garden, and I don't care which happens!"

She ate a little bit, and said **anxiously** |беспокойно| to herself, "Which way? Which way?", holding her hand on the top of her head to feel which way it was growing, and she was quite surprised to find that she remained the same size: to be sure, this generally happens when one eats cake, but Alice **had got so much into the way of expecting nothing but out-of-the-way things to happen** |уже так привыкла что ничего, кроме как необычного тут не случается|, that it seemed quite **dull** |скучно| and stupid for life to go on in the common way.

So she **set to work** |вернулась к работе|, and very soon finished off the cake.