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THE OLD MAN AND THE SEA

Книга для чтения на английском языке

Оригинальный текст

Перевод и комментарии Романа Зинзера

The old man and the sea/E. Hemingway, – М.: Зинзер Букс,
2020 - 102 с. 12+

«The old man and the sea» Эрнеста Хэмингуэя – учебное издание книги для чтения на английском языке. Суть наших книг – частичный перевод текста на русский язык и его комментарии от преподавателя английского языка Романа Зинзера. Рекомендуемый уровень знания английского языка – Pre-Intermediate.

Редакция и корректура: Анастасия Смирнова

Дизайн: Zinzer Books

Перевод и комментарии: Роман Зинзер

Верстка: Zinzer Books

zinzer-books.ru

Предисловие к учебному изданию

Обычно я пишу большие предисловия к адаптированным книгам для чтения на английском из этой серии. В этот раз буду краток, потому что особых комментариев тут не требуется. “Старик и море” — лучшая книга Хэмингуэя (хотя тут можно спорить) и образец литературы на английском языке. Текст оригинальный, минимальный уровень английского для чтения — Pre-Intermediate.

Текст в этой книге устроен следующим образом: жирным шрифтом выделены сложные грамматические конструкции, слова и метафоры (которые, возможно, вам и не покажутся сложными). 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 потребуются 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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To Charlie Shribner
And
To Max Perkins

He was an old man who fished alone in a **skiff** |лодке| in the Gulf Stream and **he had gone** |на тот момент он уже провел| eighty-four days now **without taking a fish** |без пойманной рыбы|. In the first forty days a boy had been with him. But after forty days without a fish the boy's parents had told him that the old man was now definitely and finally **salao** |невезучий с португальского|, which is **the worst form of unlucky** |худшая форма неудачи|, and the boy had gone **at their orders** |по их приказу| in another boat which caught three good fish the first week. It made the boy sad to see the old man come in each day with his skiff empty and he always went down to help him carry **either the coiled lines or the gaff and harpoon and the sail that was furled around the mast** |то снасти, то багор и гарпун и парус, обернутый вокруг мачты|. The sail was **patched with flour sacks** |в заплатках из мешков из-под муки| and, furled, it looked like the flag of permanent **defeat** |поражения|.

The old man was thin and **gaunt** |измучен| with deep **wrinkles** |морщинами| in the back of his neck. The brown **blotches of the benevolent skin cancer** |пятна от неопасной формы рака| the sun brings from its reflection on the tropic sea were on his cheeks.

The blotches ran **well down the sides** |нисходили от сторон| of his face and his hands had the **deep-creased scars** |глубокие зажившие шрамы| from handling heavy fish on the cords. But **none** |ни один| of these scars were fresh. They were as old as **erosions** |трещины в почве| in a fishless desert.

Everything about him was old except his eyes and they were the same color as the sea and were **cheerful** |веселые| and undefeated.

“Santiago,” the boy said to him as they climbed the bank from where the skiff **was hauled up** |пришвартована|. “I could go with you again. We’ve made some money.”

The old man had taught the boy to fish and the boy loved him.

“No,” the old man said. “You’re with a lucky boat. Stay with them.”

“But remember how you went eighty-seven days without fish and then we caught big ones every day for three weeks.”

“I remember,” the old man said. “I know you did not leave me because you **doubted** |сомневался|.”

“It was papa **made** |заставил| me leave. I am a boy and I must **obey** |подчиняться| him.”

“I know,” the old man said. “It is quite normal.”

“He hasn’t much faith.”

“No,” the old man said. “But we have. Haven’t we?”

“Yes,” the boy said. “Can I offer you a beer on the Terrace and then we’ll take **the stuff** |снаряжение| home.”

“Why not?” the old man said. “Between fishermen.”

They sat on the Terrace and many of the fishermen **made fun** |смеялись| of the old man and he was not angry. Others, of the

older fishermen, looked at him and were sad. But they did not show it and they spoke politely about **the current** |течение| and the **depths they had drifted their lines at** |глубины, на которых они тащили свои лески| and the steady good weather and of what they had seen. The successful fishermen of that day were already in and **had butchered their marlin out** |разделали своих марлинов. Марлин — вид рыбы| and carried them laid full length **across two planks** |поперек двух досок|, with two men **staggering** |взявшись| at the end of each plank, to the fish house where they waited for the ice truck to carry them to the market in Havana. Those who **had caught sharks had taken** |поймали... отвезли| them to the shark factory on the other side of the **cove** |бухты| where they **were hoisted on a block and tackle** |были подвешены на блоках|, their **livers removed, their fins cut off and their hides skinned out and their flesh cut into strips** |печень была удалена, плавники отрезаны, кожа снята, а мясо порезано на полоски| for salting.

When the wind was in the east a smell came across the harbour from the shark factory; but today there was only **the faint edge of the odour** |слабый запах| because the wind **had backed** |переменился| into the north and then **dropped off** |перестал| and it was pleasant and sunny on the Terrace.

“Santiago,” the boy said.

“Yes,” the old man said. He was holding his glass and thinking **of many years ago** |о прошлом|.

“Can I go out to get sardines for you for tomorrow?”

“No. Go and play baseball. I can still **row** |зрести| and Rogelio **will throw the net** |забросит сеть|.”

“I would like to go. If I cannot fish with you. I would like to

serve in some way.”

“You bought me a beer,” the old man said. “You are already a man.”

“How old was I when you first took me in a boat?”

“Five and you nearly were killed when I brought the fish in **too green** |слишком активную| and he nearly **tore** |разнесла| the boat to pieces. Can you remember?”

“I can remember the **tail slapping and banging** |удары хвоста| and the **thwart breaking** |как он разнес банку. Банка — часть лодки| and **the noise of the clubbing** |звук ударов дубины|. I can remember you throwing me into **the bow** |нос лодки| where **the wet coiled lines** |мокрые снасти| were and feeling the whole boat **shiver** |тряслась| and the noise of you clubbing him like **chopping a tree** down |рубить дерево| and the sweet blood smell all over me.”

“Can you really remember that or did I just tell it to you?”

“I remember everything from when we first went together.”

The old man looked at him with his sun-burned, confident loving eyes.

“If you were my boy I’d take you out and **gamble** |попытал бы удачу|,” he said. “But you are your father’s and your mother’s and you are in a lucky boat.”

“May I get the sardines? I know where I can get four **baits** |живцов| too.”

“I have mine left from today. I put them in salt in the box.”

“Let me get four fresh ones.”

“One,” the old man said. His hope and his confidence **had never gone** |никуда не девалась|. But now they **were freshening**

|окрепли| as when the breeze rises.

“Two,” the boy said.

“Two,” the old man agreed. “You didn’t **steal** |стащил| them?”

“**I would**,” |Я бы стащил| the boy said. “But I bought these.”

“Thank you,” the old man said. He was too simple to wonder when he **had attained humility** |смирился|. But he knew he had attained it and he knew it was not **disgraceful** |позорным| and it **carried no loss of true pride** |не умаляло его гордости|.

“Tomorrow is going to be a good day with this current,” he said.

“Where are you going?” the boy asked.

“**Far out** |Подальше| to come in when the wind **shifts** |изменится|. I want to be out before it is light.”

“I’ll try to get him to work far out,” the boy said. “Then if you **hook** |поймаешь| something truly big we can come to your **aid** |на помощь|.”

“**He** |имеется в виду капитан лодки мальчика| does not like to work too far out.”

“No,” the boy said. “But I **will see something** |высмотрю| that he cannot see such as **a bird working** |скопление птиц| and get him **to come out after** |выплыть подальше за| dolphin.”

“Are his eyes that bad?”

“He is almost blind.”

“It is strange,” the old man said. “He never went **turtling** |охотиться на черепах|. That is what kills the eyes.”

“But you went turtling for years off the Mosquito Coast and your eyes are good.”

“I am a strange old man”

“But are you strong enough now for a truly big fish?”

“I think so. **And there are many tricks** |*Я знаю много приемов*|.”

“Let us take the stuff home,” the boy said. “So I can get **the cast net** |*рыболовную сеть*| and go after the sardines.”

They picked up **the gear** |*снаряжение*| from the boat. The old man carried the mast on his shoulder and the boy carried **the wooden boat with the coiled, hard-braided brown lines** |*деревянный ящик с коричневой, туго сплетенной леской. Или бечевкой*|, **the gaff** |*багор*| and the harpoon with its **shaft** |*рукояткой*|. The box with the baits was under **the stern of the skiff** |*на корме лодки*| along with **the club** |*дубиной*| that was used **to subdue** |*глушить*| the big fish when they were brought alongside. No one would steal from the old man but it was better to take the sail and the heavy lines home as **the dew** |*роса*| was bad for them and, though he was quite sure no local people would steal from him, the old man thought that a gaff and a harpoon were **needless temptations** |*ненужные соблазны*| to leave in a boat.

They walked up the road together to the old man’s **shack** |*хижине*| and went in through its open door. The old man **leaned** |*облокотил*| the mast with its **wrapped** |*обернутый*| sail against the wall and the boy put the box and the other gear beside it. The mast was nearly as long as the one room of the shack. The shack was made of the **tough budshields** |*жестких листьев*| of the royal palm which are called guano and in it there was a bed, a table, one chair, and a place on the **dirt** |*земляном*| floor to cook with **charcoal** |*углем*|. On the brown walls of the **flattened, overlapping** |*выпрямленных, перекрывающих друг друга*| leaves of **the sturdy fibered guano** |*спрессованных волокнистых листьев*| there was

a picture in color of the Sacred Heart of Jesus and another of the Virgin of Cobre. These were relics of his wife. Once there had been a **tinted** |раскрашенная| photograph of his wife on the wall but he **had taken it down** |снял ее| because it made him too lonely to see it and it was on the shelf in the corner under his clean shirt.

“What do you have to eat?” the boy asked.

“A pot of yellow rice with fish. Do you want some?”

“No. I will eat at home. Do you want me to make the fire?”

“No. I will make it **later on** |позже|. Or I may eat the rice cold.”

“May I take the cast net?”

“Of course.”

There was no cast net and the boy remembered when they had sold it. But they **went through this fiction** |обыгрывали эту выдумку| every day. There was no pot of yellow rice and fish and the boy knew this too.

“Eighty-five is a lucky number,” the old man said. “**How would you like to see me bring one in that dressed out over a thousand pounds?**” |Как насчет того, что завтра я поймаю кого-нибудь побольше тысячи фунтов (~450 кг.)|