

L. Frank Baum

The Wonderful Wizard of Oz

Книга для чтения на английском языке

Оригинальный текст

Перевод и комментарии Романа Зинзера

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Предисловие

Удивительно, как меняется время. Сейчас я не могу себе представить детскую книжку, где добрые персонажи позволяют себе махать топором и убивать всяких разных животных. Где тетку (пусть даже и злобную ведьму) можно раздавить домом. Где одного из главных персонажей, в честь которого и названа книга, можно выкинуть из сюжета в середине книги. И много еще этих «где». Но так писал господин Баум, таким получилась его книга “The wonderful wizard of Oz”: совершенно неполиткорректная, не всегда справедливая, с хэппи эндом, но не таким уж и «хэппи». Впрочем, я забегаю вперед.

“The wonderful wizard of Oz” — прекрасная книга, с очень понятным английским языком. Идиом тут мало, игра слов встречается пару раз (это вам не «Алиса в Стране Чудес»), а повествование самое что ни на есть линейное. Скажу больше. Если это ваша первая книга, которую вы решили прочесть на английском, то вам повезло. Очень правильный выбор.

Текст в этой книге устроен следующим образом: жирным шрифтом выделены сложные грамматические конструкции, слова и идиомы. 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.

Introduction

Folklore, legends, myths and fairy tales have followed childhood through the ages, for every healthy **youngster** |подросток| has a wholesome and instinctive love for stories fantastic, marvelous and manifestly unreal. **The winged fairies** |Крылатые феи| of Grimm and Andersen have brought more happiness to childish hearts than all other human creations.

Yet |Однако| the old time fairy tale, having served for generations, may now be classed as “historical” in the children’s library; for the time has come for a series of newer “wonder tales” in which the stereotyped **genie, dwarf and fairy** |джин, карлик и фея| are eliminated, together with all the horrible and **blood-curdling** |леденящими кровь| incidents **devised** |придуманные| by their authors **to point** |указать на| a fearsome moral to each tale. Modern education includes morality; **therefore** |таким образом| the modern child seeks only entertainment in its wonder tales and gladly **dispenses** |избавляется| with all disagreeable incident.

Having this thought in mind |С этими мыслями|, the story of “The Wonderful Wizard of Oz” was written solely to please children of today. It **aspires to being** |стремится быть| a modernized fairy tale, in which the **wonderment** |удивление| and joy are **retained** |сохранены| and the heartaches and nightmares **are left out** |оставлены|.

L. Frank Baum, Chicago, April, 1900.

1. The Cyclone

Dorothy lived in the midst of the great Kansas prairies, with Uncle Henry, who was a farmer, and Aunt Em, who was the farmer's wife. Their house was small, **for the lumber** |потому что строительный лес| to build it **had to be carried** |надо было везти| by wagon many miles. There were four walls, a floor and a roof, which made one room; and this room contained a rusty looking cookstove, a cupboard for the dishes, a table, three or four chairs, and the beds. Uncle Henry and Aunt Em had a big bed in one corner, and Dorothy a little bed in another corner. There was no **garret** |чердака| at all, and no **cellar** |подвала| — except a small hole dug in the ground, called a cyclone cellar, where the family could go in case one of those great **whirlwinds** |смерчей| arose, mighty enough to crush any building in its path. It was reached by a **trap door** |люк| in the middle of the floor, from which a ladder led down into the small, dark hole.

When Dorothy stood in the doorway and looked around, she could see nothing but the great gray prairie on every side. Not a tree nor a **house broke the broad sweep** |нарушал широкий простор| of flat country that reached to the edge of the sky in all directions. The sun **had baked the plowed** |запек вспаханную| land into a gray mass, with little cracks running through it. Even the grass was not green, for the sun had burned the tops of the long blades until they were the same gray color **to be seen** |которые можно увидеть|

everywhere. Once the house **had been painted** |был покрашен|, but the sun **blistered** |обожгло| the paint and the rains washed it away, and now the house was as dull and gray as everything else.

When Aunt Em came there to live she was a young, pretty wife. The sun and wind had changed her, too. They had taken the sparkle from her eyes and left them **a sober gray** |скучным и серым. Буквально *sober* — *трезвый*|; they had taken the red from her cheeks and lips, and they were gray also. She was thin and **gaunt** |изможденная|, and never smiled now. When Dorothy, who was **an orphan** |сирота|, first came to her, Aunt Em **had been so startled** |так была поражена| by the child's laughter that she would scream and press her hand upon her heart whenever Dorothy's **merry** |радостный| voice reached her ears; and she still looked at the little girl with wonder that she could find anything **to laugh at** |над чем можно посмеяться|.

Uncle Henry never laughed. He worked hard from morning till night and did not know what joy was. He was gray also, from his long beard to his rough boots, and he looked **stern and solemn** |сурово и торжественно|, and rarely spoke.

It was Toto that made Dorothy laugh, and saved her from **growing as gray as** |такой же серой как| her other surroundings. Toto was not gray; he was a little black dog, with long silky hair and small black eyes that twinkled merrily on either side of his funny, **wee** |крошечного| nose. Toto played all day long, and Dorothy played with him, and loved him dearly.

Today, however, they were not playing. Uncle Henry sat upon the doorstep and looked anxiously at the sky, which was even gray-er than usual. Dorothy stood in the door with Toto in her arms, and looked at the sky too. Aunt Em was washing the dishes.

From the far north they heard a **low wail** |низкий вой| of the wind, and Uncle Henry and Dorothy could see where the long grass **bowed in waves** |клонилась волнами| before the coming storm. There now came a sharp whistling in the air from the south, and as they turned their eyes that way they saw **ripples** |рябь| in the grass coming from that direction also.

Suddenly Uncle Henry stood up.

“There’s a cyclone coming, Em,” he called to his wife. “I’ll go **look after the stock** |посмотрю как там скот|.” Then he ran toward the **sheds** |скотному двору| where the cows and horses were kept.

Aunt Em dropped her work and came to the door. One glance told her of the danger **close at hand** |надвигается|.

“Quick, Dorothy!” she screamed. “Run for the cellar!”

Toto jumped out of Dorothy’s arms and hid under the bed, and the girl started to get him. Aunt Em, badly frightened, **threw open** |распахнула| the trap door in the floor and climbed down the ladder into the small, dark hole. Dorothy caught Toto **at last** |наконец-то| and started to follow her aunt. When she was halfway across the room there came a great **shriek** |визг| from the wind, and the house shook so hard that she lost her footing and sat down suddenly upon the floor.

Then a strange thing happened.

The house **whirled** |прокрутился| around two or three times and rose slowly through the air. Dorothy felt as if she were going up in a balloon.

The north and south winds met where the house stood, and made it the exact center of the cyclone. In the middle of a cyclone the air

is generally **still** |*спокоен, неподвижен*|, but the great pressure of the wind on every side of the house raised it up higher and higher, until it was at the very top of the cyclone; and there it remained and was carried miles and miles away as easily as you could carry a feather.

It was very dark, and the wind **howled** |*завывал*| horribly around her, but Dorothy found she was riding quite easily. After the first few whirls around, and one other time when the house **tipped badly** |*сильно накренился*|, she felt **as if she were being rocked gently** |*как будто ее мягко покачивали*|, like a baby in a cradle.

Toto did not like it. He ran **about** |*по всей*| the room, now here, now there, barking loudly; but Dorothy sat quite still on the floor and waited to see what would happen.

Once Toto got too near the open trap door, and fell in; and at first the little girl thought she had lost him. But soon she saw one of his ears sticking up through the hole, for the strong pressure of the air was keeping him up so that he could not fall. She **crept** |*доползла*| to the hole, caught Toto by the ear, and dragged him into the room again, afterward closing the trap door so that no more accidents could happen.

Hour after hour passed away, and slowly Dorothy got over her fright; but she felt quite lonely, and the wind shrieked so loudly all about her that she **nearly became deaf** |*почти оглохла*|. At first she had wondered if she would be dashed to pieces when the house fell again; but as the hours passed and nothing terrible happened, she stopped worrying and resolved to wait calmly and see what the future would bring. At last she **crawled over the swaying floor** |*доползла по раскачивающемуся полу*| to her bed, and lay down upon it; and Toto followed and lay down beside her.

In spite of the swaying of the house and the wailing of the wind, Dorothy soon closed her eyes and fell fast asleep.

