КАРМАННОЕ ЧТЕНИЕ НА АНГЛИЙСКОМ ЯЗЫКЕ

UPPER-INTERMEDIATE

Charles Dickens

THE OLD CURIOSITY SHOP

Чарльз Диккенс

ЛАВКА ДРЕВНОСТЕЙ

Карманное чтение на английском языке

Чарльз Диккенс

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Роман Чарльза Дикенса «Лавка древностей» – это история о молодой девушке Нелли и ее деде, отправляющихся бродяжничать по дорогам викторианской Англии. На пути они встретят множество людей: как отзывчивых и готовых помочь путникам, так и тех, кто с пренебрежением пройдет мимо.Текст произведения адаптирован и сопровождается словарем. Предназначается для продолжающих изучать английский язык высшей ступени (уровень Upper-Intermediate).

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Чарльз Диккенс / Charles Dickens
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1

A little girl stopped at a door and knocked at it. A part of this door was of glass, unprotected by any shutter. When she had knocked twice or thrice, there was a noise as if some person were moving inside. He was an old man with long grey hair, he held the light above his head and looked before him. There was something of that delicate mould which one could notice in the child. Their bright blue eyes were certainly alike, but his face was deeply furrowed.

The place was one of the receptacles for old and curious things. There were suits of mail standing like ghosts in armour, here and there; fantastic carvings from monkish cloisters; rusty weapons of various kinds; figures **in china**[1], and wood, and iron, and ivory; tapestry, and strange furniture. The old man was wonderfully suited to the place.

"Why bless thee, child," said the old man pitting the girl on the head, "didn't you miss your way? What if I had lost you, **Nelly**[2]?

"I will always find my way back to you, grandfather," said the child boldly: "never fear."

The child took a candle and tripped into her little room.

There was a knock at the door; and Nelly, bursting into a hearty laugh, said it was no doubt dear **Kit**[3] come back at last.

"Oh Nell!" said the old man. "You always laugh at poor Kit."

The old man took up a candle and went to open the door. When he came back, **Kit was at his heels**[4]. Kit was a shock-headed shambling awkward lad with an uncommonly wide mouth, very red cheeks, a turned-up nose, and a very comical expression of face. He stopped short at the door, twirled in his hand a perfectly round old hat without any vestige of a brim.

"A long way, wasn't it, Kit?" said the old man.

"**Why then**[5], it was a goodish stretch, master," returned Kit.

"Did you find the house easily?"

"Why then, not over and above easy, master," said Kit.

"Of course you have come back hungry?"

"Why then, you're right, master," was the answer.

The lad had a remarkable manner of **standing sideways**[6] as he spoke, and thrusting his head forward over his shoulder. Kit carried a large slice of bread and meat, and a mug of beer, into a corner.

"Ah!" said the old man, "Nell, I say, the time is coming when we shall be rich. It must come at last; a very long time, but it surely must come. It has come to other men who do nothing. When will it come to me?"

"I am very happy as I am, grandfather," said the child.

"Tush, tush!" returned the old man, "The time must come, I am very sure it must."

The girl cheerfully helped the old man with his cloak, and, when he was ready, took a candle **to light him out**[7]. The old man folded her in his arms and bade God bless her.

"Sleep soundly, Nell," he said in a low voice," and angels guard your bed! Do not forget your prayers, my sweet."

"No indeed," answered the child fervently, "they make me feel so happy!"

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[1] **in china** – из фарфора

[2] **Nelly** – Нелли

[3] **Kit** – Кит

[4] **Kit was at his heels** – в сопровождении Кита

[5] **why then** – да, признаться

[6] **of standing sideways** – стоя боком к собеседнику

[7] **to light him out** – посветить ему

“That’s well; I know they do; they should,” said the old man. “Bless thee a hundred times! Early in the morning I shall be home.”

With this, they separated. The child opened the door. The old man’s figure was soon beyond her sight.

2

A young man stood lounging with his foot upon a chair, and regarded the old man with a contemptuous sneer. He was a young man of one-and-twenty; **well made**[8], and certainly handsome, though his manner and even his dress had a dissipated, insolent air.

"Here I am," said the young fellow, "and here I shall stop, I tell you again that I want to see my sister!"

"Your sister!" said the old man bitterly.

"Ah! You can't change the relationship," returned the other. "If you could, you'd have done it long ago. I want to see my sister, that you keep here, poisoning her mind with your sly secrets. I know you had the money you can hardly count. I want to see her; and I will."

"Here's a moralist to talk of poisoned minds!" cried the old man. "You are a liar, sir, who knows how dear she is to me, and seeks to wound me."

"Well," said the young fellow, "There's a friend of mine waiting outside, and as it seems that I may have to wait some time, I'll call him in."

Saying this, he stepped to the door, and looking down the street beckoned several times to some person.

"There. It's **Dick Swiveller**[9]," said the young fellow, pushing him in. "Sit down, Swiveller."

"But is the old man agreeable?" said Mr. Swiveller **in an undertone**[10].

"Sit down," repeated his companion.

Mr. Swiveller complied, and looking about him with a propitiatory smile, observed that last week was a fine week for the ducks, and this week was a fine week for the dust. He furthermore apologized for any negligence that might be perceptible in his dress, on the ground that last night he had been drinking much.

"**Fred**[11]!" said Mr. Swiveller, "We may be good and happy without riches, Fred. Say not another word."

Mr. Swiveller was in a state of disorder which strongly induced the idea that he had gone to bed in it. It consisted of a brown **body-coat**[12] with a great many brass buttons up the front, and only one behind; a bright check neckerchief, a plaid waistcoat, soiled white trousers, and a very limp hat, worn with the wrong side foremost, to hide a hole in the brim. The breast of his coat was ornamented with an outside pocket from which there peeped forth the cleanest end of a very large handkerchief. He displayed no gloves, and carried a yellow cane. With all these Mr. Swiveller leaned back in his chair with his eyes fixed on the ceiling.

The old man sat himself down in a chair, and, with folded hands, looked sometimes at his grandson and sometimes at his strange companion.

"Fred," said Mr. Swiveller, speaking in the same audible whisper as before, "is the old man friendly?"

"What does it matter?" returned his friend peevishly.

"No, but is he?" said Dick.

"Yes, of course. What do I care whether he is or not?"

---

[8] **well made** – стройный

[9] **Dick Swiveller** – Дик Свивеллер

[10] **in an undertone** – вполголоса

[11] **Fred** – Фред

[12] **body-coat** – полуфрак

"It's a devil of a thing, gentlemen," said Mr. Swiveller, "when relations fall out and disagree. Why should a grandson and grandfather peg away at each other with mutual violence when all might be bliss and concord? Why not join hands and forget it?"

"Hold your tongue," said his friend.

"Gentlemen," replied Mr. Swiveller, "Here is a jolly old grandfather who says to his wild young grandson, 'I have brought you up and educated you, Fred.' The wild young grandson makes answer to this and says, 'You're as rich as rich can be; you're saving up piles of money for my little sister that lives with you.' Then the plain question is, isn't it a pity that this state of things should continue, and how much better would it be for the old gentleman to hand over a reasonable amount of tin, and make it all right and comfortable?"

"Why do you hunt and persecute me, God help me?" said the old man turning to his grandson. "Why do you bring your profligate companions here? How often am I to tell you that I am poor?"

"How often am I to tell you," returned the other, looking coldly at him, "that I know better?"

"You have chosen your own path," said the old man. "Follow it. Leave Nell and I to toil and work."

"Nell will be a woman soon," returned the other, "and she'll forget her brother unless he shows himself sometimes."

"But," said the old man dropping his voice, "but we are poor; and what a life it is! Nothing goes well with it! Hope and patience, hope and patience!"

These words were uttered in too low a tone to reach the ears of the young men. Mr. Swiveller suggested the propriety of an immediate departure, when the door opened, and the child herself appeared.

3

The child was followed by an elderly man, quite a dwarf, though his head and face were large enough for the body of a giant. His black eyes were restless, sly, and cunning; his complexion was one of that kind which never looks clean. But the most terrible was his ghastly smile, which revealed the few discoloured fangs that were yet scattered in his mouth, and **gave him the aspect of**[13] a dog. His dress consisted of a large high-crowned hat, a worn dark suit, a pair of capacious shoes, and a dirty white neckerchief. His hair was black, cut short and straight **upon his temples**[14]. His hands were very dirty; his finger-nails were crooked, long, and yellow.

"Ah!" said the dwarf, "that should be your grandson, neighbour!"

"He is," replied the old man.

"And that?" said the dwarf, pointing to Dick Swiveller.

"Some friend of his, as welcome here as he," said the old man.

"Well, Nelly," said the young fellow aloud. "Do they teach you to hate me, eh?"

"No, no. Oh, no!" cried the child.

"To love me, perhaps?" pursued her brother with a sneer.

"To do neither. They never speak to me about you. Indeed they never do. But I love you dearly, Fred," said the child.

"No doubt!"

"I do indeed, and always will," the child repeated with great emotion, "but if you would leave off vexing him and making him unhappy, then I could love you more."

"I see!" said the young man: "Get away now, you have said your lesson."

Fred remained silent, the girl entered her little room and closed the door. Then he turned to the dwarf, and said abruptly:

"Listen, Mr…"

"**Meaning me?**[15]" returned the dwarf. "**Daniel Quilp**[16] is my name. You must remember. It's not a long one: Daniel Quilp."

"Listen, Mr. Quilp, then," pursued the other. "You have some influence with my grandfather there."

"Some," said Mr. Quilp emphatically.

"And know about a few of his mysteries and secrets."

"A few," replied Quilp, with equal dryness.

"Then let me tell him, through you, that I will come into and go out of this place as often as I like, so long as he keeps Nell here. Let him say so. I will see her when I want. That's my point. I came here today to see her, and I'll come here again fifty times with the same object and always with the same success. I have done so, and now my visit's ended. Come, Dick."

Fred and Dick left.

The dwarf appeared quite horrible, with his monstrous head and little body, as he rubbed his hands slowly round, and round, and round again with something fantastic, dropping his shaggy brows and cocking his chin in the air.

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[13] **gave him the aspect of** – придавала ему сходство

[14] **upon his temples** – на висках

[15] **Meaning me?** – Это вы мне?

[16] **Daniel Quilp** – Дэниел Квилп

"Here," he said, putting his hand **into his breast**[17]; "I brought it myself, this gold is too large and heavy for Nell to carry in her bag. I would like to know in what good investment all these gold sinks. But you are a deep man, and keep your secret close."

"My secret!" said the other with a haggard look. "Yes, you're right I keep it close very close."

He said no more, but, taking the money, turned away with a slow uncertain step, and pressed his hand upon his head. The dwarf went away.

Nell brought some **needle-work**[18] to the table, and sat by the old man's side. The old man laid his hand on hers, and spoke aloud.

"Nell," he said; "there must be good fortune for you. I do not ask it for myself, but for you only. It will come at last!"

The girl looked cheerfully into his face, but made no answer.

[17] **into his breast** – за пазуху

[18] **needle-work** – рукоделье

4

Mr. and Mrs. Quilp resided on **Tower Hill**[19]. Mr. Quilp's occupations were numerous. He collected the rents of whole colonies of filthy streets and alleys by the water-side, advanced money to the seamen and petty officers of merchant vessels, and made appointments with men in glazed hats and **round jackets**[20] pretty well every day. On the southern side of the river was a small **rat-infested**[21] dreary yard called "Quilp's Wharf," in which were a little wooden house. There were nearby a few fragments of rusty anchors; several large iron rings; some piles of rotten wood; and two or three heaps of old sheet copper, crumpled, cracked, and battered. On Quilp's Wharf, Daniel Quilp was a ship-breaker. The dwarfs lodging on Tower Hill had a sleeping-closet for Mrs. Quilp's mother, who resided with the couple.

That day besides these ladies there were present some half-dozen ladies of the neighbourhood who had come just about tea-time. The ladies felt an inclination to talk and linger.

A stout lady opened the inquired, with an air of great concern and sympathy, how Mr. Quilp was; whereunto Mr. Quilp's wife's mother replied sharply,

"Oh! He is well enough, ill weeds are **sure to thrive**[22]."

All the ladies then sighed in concert, shook their heads gravely, and looked at Mrs. Quilp as at a martyr.

Poor Mrs. Quilp coloured, and smiled. Suddenly Daniel Quilp himself was observed to be in the room, looking on and listening with profound attention.

"Go on, ladies, go on," said Daniel. "Mrs. Quilp, pray ask the ladies to stop to supper."

"I didn't ask them to tea, Quilp," stammered his wife. "It's quite an accident."

"**So much the better**[23], Mrs. Quilp: these accidental parties are always the pleasantest," said the dwarf, rubbing his hands very hard. "What? Not going, ladies? You are not going, surely?"

"And why not stop to supper, Quilp," said the old lady, "if my daughter had a mind? There's nothing dishonest or wrong in a supper, I hope?"

"Surely not," returned the dwarf. "Why should there be?"

"My daughter's your wife, Mr. Quilp, certainly," said the old lady.

"So she is, certainly. So she is," observed the dwarf.

"And she has a right to do as she likes, I hope, Quilp," said the old lady trembling.

"Hope she has! Oh! Don't you know she has? My dear," said the dwarf, turning round and addressing his wife, "why don't you always imitate your mother, my dear? She's the ornament of her sex, your father said so every day of his life, I am sure he did."

"Her father was a blessed man, Quilp, and worth twenty thousand of some people, twenty hundred million thousand."

"I dare say," remarked the dwarf, "he was a blessed man then; but I'm sure he is now. It was a happy release. I believe he had suffered a long time?"

The guests went down-stairs. Quilp's wife sat trembling in a corner with her eyes fixed upon the ground, the little man planted himself before her, at some distance, and folding his arms looked steadily at her for a long time without speaking.

"Oh you nice creature!" were the words with which he broke silence. "Oh you precious darling! oh you delicious charmer!"

---

[19] **Tower Hill** – Тауэр-Хилл (*небольшая возвышенная местность в Лондоне к северо-западу от Тауэра*)

[20] **round jackets** – кургузые пиджаки

[21] **rat-infested** – кишащий крысами

[22] **ill weeds are sure to thrive** – худой траве всё впрок

[23] **so much the better** – тем лучше

Mrs. Quilp sobbed, knowing that his compliments are the most extreme demonstrations of violence.

"She's such," said the dwarf, with a ghastly grin, "such a jewel, such a diamond, such a pearl, such a ruby, such a golden casket set with gems of all sorts! She's such a treasure! I'm so fond of her!"

The poor little woman shivered from head to foot; and raising her eyes to his face, sobbed once more.

"The best of her is," said the dwarf; "the best of her is that she's so meek, and she's so mild, and she has such an insinuating mother!"

Mr. Quilp stooped slowly down, and down, and down, until came between his wife's eyes and the floor.

"Mrs. Quilp!"

"Yes, Quilp."

"Am I nice to look at? Am I the handsomest creature in the world, Mrs. Quilp?"

Mrs. Quilp dutifully replied, "Yes, Quilp."

"If ever you listen to these witches, I'll bite you."

Mr. Quilp bade her clear the tea-board away, and bring the rum. Then he ordered cold water and the box of cigars; and after that he settled himself in an arm-chair with his little legs planted on the table.

5

The next day the dwarf was at the Quilp's Wharf.

"Here's somebody for you," said the boy to Quilp.

"Who?"

"I don't know."

"Ask!" said Quilp. "Ask, you dog."

A little girl presented herself at the door.

"What, Nelly!" cried Quilp.

"Yes," said the child; "it's only me, sir."

"Come in," said Quilp. "Now come in and shut the door. What's your message, Nelly?"

The child handed him a letter; Mr. Quilp began to read it. Little Nell stood timidly by and waited for his reply.

"Nelly!" said Mr. Quilp.

"Yes, sir."

"Do you know what's inside this letter, Nell? "

"No, sir!"

"Are you sure, quite sure, quite certain?"

"Quite sure, sir."

"Well!" muttered Quilp. "I believe you. Hm! Gone already? Gone in four-and-twenty hours. What the devil has he done with it? That's the mystery!"

He began to bite his nails.

"You look very pretty today, Nelly, charmingly pretty. Are you tired, Nelly?"

"No, sir. I'm in a hurry to get back."

"There's no hurry, little Nell, no hurry at all," said Quilp. "How should you like to be my number two, Nelly?"

"To be what, sir?"

"My number two, Nelly; my second; my Mrs. Quilp," said the dwarf.

The child looked frightened, but seemed not to understand him. Mr. Quilp hastened to explain his meaning more distinctly.

"To be Mrs. Quilp the second, when Mrs. Quilp the first is dead, sweet Nell," said Quilp, "to be my wife, my little cherry-cheeked, red-lipped wife. Say that Mrs. Quilp lives five years, or only four, you'll be just the proper age for me. Ha ha! Be a good girl, Nelly, a very good girl, and see one day you will become Mrs. Quilp of Tower Hill."

The child shrunk from him, and trembled. Mr. Quilp only laughed.

"You will come with me to Tower Hill, and see Mrs. Quilp, that is, directly," said the dwarf. "She's very fond of you, Nell, though not so fond as I am. You will come home with me."

"I must go back indeed," said the child. "My grandfather told me to return directly I had the answer."

"But you haven't it, Nelly," retorted the dwarf, "and won't have it, and can't have it, until we're home, so you must go with me. Give me my hat, my dear, and we'll go directly."

With that, Mr. Quilp went outside, and saw two boys struggling.

"It's Kit!" cried Nelly, clasping her hands, "poor Kit who came with me! Oh pray stop them, Mr. Quilp!"

"I'll stop them," cried Quilp, going into the little house and returning with a thick stick. "I'll stop them. Now, my boys, I'll fight you both. **I'll take both of you**[24], both together, both together!"

---

[24] **I'll take both of you** – я вам обоим всыплю

With this the dwarf began to beat the fighters with his stick.

“I’ll beat you to a pulp, you dogs,” said Quilp. “I’ll bruise you till you’re copper-coloured, I’ll break your faces, I will!”

“Come, you drop that stick or it’ll be worse for you,” said the boy.

“Come a little nearer, and I’ll drop it on your skull, you dog,” said Quilp with gleaming eyes; “a little nearer; nearer yet.”

But the boy declined the invitation: Quilp was as strong as a lion.

“Never mind,” said the boy, nodding his head and rubbing it at the same time; “I will never strike anybody again because they say you’re a uglier dwarf than can be seen anywhere for a penny, that’s all.”

“Do you mean to say, I’m not, you dog?” returned Quilp.

“No!” retorted the boy.

“Then what do you fight on my wharf for, you villain?” said Quilp.

“Because he said so,” replied the boy, pointing to Kit, “not because you aren’t.”

“Then why did he say,” bawled Kit, “that Miss Nelly was ugly, and that she and my master were his servants? Why did he say that?”

“He said what he did because he’s a fool, and you said what you did because you’re very wise and clever, Kit,” said Quilp with great suavity in his manner, but still more of quiet malice about his eyes and mouth. “Here’s sixpence for you, Kit. Always speak the truth. At all times, Kit, speak the truth. Lock the house, you dog, and bring me the key.”

The other boy, to whom this order was addressed, did as he was told. Then Mr. Quilp departed, with the child and Kit in a boat.

6

The sound of Quilp's footsteps roused Mrs. Quilp at home. Her husband entered, accompanied by the child; Kit was downstairs.

"Here's Nelly Trent, dear Mrs. Quilp," said her husband. "A glass of wine, my dear, and a biscuit, for she has had a long walk. She'll sit with you, my soul, while I write a letter."

Mrs. Quilp followed him into the next room.

"Mind what I say to you," whispered Quilp. "Get out of her anything about her grandfather, or what they do, or how they live, or what he tells her. You women talk more freely to one another than you do to us. Do you hear?"

"Yes, Quilp."

"Go, then. What's the matter now?"

"Dear Quilp." faltered his wife, "I love this child and I don't want to deceive her…"

The dwarf muttered a terrible oath.

"Do you hear me?" whispered Quilp, nipping and pinching her arm; "let me know her secrets; I know you can. I'm listening, recollect. If you're not sharp enough I'll creak the door. Go!"

Mrs. Quilp departed **according to order**[25]. Her amiable husband, ensconcing himself behind the partly-opened door, and applying his ear close to it, began to listen with a face of great craftiness and attention.

Poor Mrs. Quilp began.

"How very often you have visited lately Mr. Quilp, my dear."

"I have said so to grandfather, a hundred times," returned Nell innocently.

"And what has he said to that?"

"Only sighed, and dropped his head. How that door creaks!"

"It often does," returned Mrs. Quilp with an uneasy glance towards it. "But your grandfather was different before?"

"Oh yes!" said the child eagerly, "so different! We were once so happy and he so cheerful and contented! You cannot think what a sad change has fallen on us, since."

"I am very, very sorry, to hear you speak like this, my dear! " said Mrs. Quilp. And she spoke the truth.

"Thank you," returned the child, kissing her cheek, "you are always kind to me, and it is a pleasure to talk to you. I can speak to no one else about him, but poor Kit. You cannot think how it grieves me sometimes to see him alter so."

"He'll alter again, Nelly," said Mrs. Quilp, "and be what he was before."

"I thought," said the child; "I saw that door moving!"

"It's the wind," said Mrs. Quilp faintly. "Nelly, Nelly! I can't bear to see you so sorrowful. Pray don't cry."

"I do so very seldom," said Nell, "The tears come into my eyes and I cannot keep them back. I can tell you my grief, for I know you will not tell it to anyone again."

Mrs. Quilp turned away her head and made no answer.

"We," said the child, "we often walked in the fields and among the green trees, and when we came home at night, we said what a happy place it was. But now we never have these walks, and though it is the same house, it is darker and much more gloomy than it used to be. Indeed!"

She paused here, but though the door creaked more than once, Mrs. Quilp said nothing.

"Please don't suppose," said the child earnestly, "that grandfather is less kind to me than he was. I think he loves me better every day. You do not know how fond he is of me!"

---

[25] **according to order** – согласно приказу

“I am sure he loves you dearly,” said Mrs. Quilp.

“Indeed, indeed he does!” cried Nell, “as dearly as I love him. But I have not told you the greatest change of all, and this you must never tell anyone. He has no sleep or rest, and every night and nearly all night long, he is away from home.”

“Nelly?”

“Hush!” said the child, laying her finger on her lip and looking round. “When he comes home in the morning, I let him in. Last night he was very late, and it was quite light. I saw that his face was deadly pale, and that his legs trembled as he walked. He said that he could not bear his life much longer. What shall I do? Oh! what shall I do?”

In a few moments Mr. Quilp returned.

“She’s tired, you see, Mrs. Quilp,” said the dwarf. “It’s a long way from her home to the wharf. Poor Nell! But wait, and dine with Mrs. Quilp and me.”

“I have been away too long, sir, already,” returned Nell, drying her eyes.

“Well,” said Mr. Quilp, “if you will go, you will, Nelly. Here’s the note. It’s only to say that I shall see him tomorrow, or maybe next day. Good-bye, Nelly. Here, you sir; take care of her, do you hear?”

Kit made no reply, and turned about and followed his young mistress.

7

Nelly feebly described the sadness and sorrow of her thoughts. The pressure of some hidden grief burdened her grandfather.

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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