

ЛЕГКО ЧИТАЕМ
ПО-АНГЛИЙСКИ

2
УРОВЕНЬ



Arthur Conan Doyle
THE MAN WITH THE TWISTED LIP

Артур Конан Дойл
ПРИКЛЮЧЕНИЯ ШЕРЛОКА ХОЛМСА:
ЧЕЛОВЕК С РАССЕЧЕННОЙ ГУБОЙ

словарь • комментарии • упражнения

Легко читаем по-английски

Артур Конан Дойл

**Приключения Шерлока Холмса:
Человек с рассеченной губой /
The Man with the Twisted Lip**

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«Человек с рассеченной губой» – один из самых захватывающих рассказов Артура Конан Дойла из цикла о Шерлоке Холмсе (1892 год). Как замечает сам Шерлок Холмс, в его практике не было случая, который на первый взгляд казался бы таким простым и был бы в действительности таким трудным. Текст незначительно сокращен и адаптирован, сопровождается комментариями, разными видами упражнений и кратким словарем. Предназначается для продолжающих изучать английский язык (уровень 2 – Pre-Intermediate).

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Артур Конан Дойл / Arthur Conan Doyle
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Адаптация текста, упражнения, комментарии и словарь С. Г. Тамбовцевой

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I

Isa Whitney, brother of the late Elias Whitney, Principal of the Theological College of St. George's, was addicted to opium. He developed a habit, as I understand, when he was at college. He found, as so many people before him, that it is easier to start than to stop smoking it, and for many years he continued to be a slave to the drug, and his friends and relatives felt horror and pity for him at the same time. I can see him now, with yellow, pale face, the wreck and ruin of a noble man.

One night my door bell rang, about the hour when a man yawns and glances at the clock. I sat up in my chair, and my wife laid her needle-work¹ down and made a disappointed face.

"A patient!" said she. "You'll have to go out."

I sighed, because I've just come back from a hard day.

We heard the front door open, a few hurried words, and then quick steps upon the linoleum. Our own door opened, and a lady, dressed in dark-coloured clothes, with a black veil, entered the room.

"Excuse me for coming so late," she began, and then, suddenly losing her self-control, she ran forward to my wife and sobbed upon her shoulder. "Oh, I'm in such trouble!" she cried; "I need help so much!"

"it is Kate Whitney," said my wife, pulling up her veil. "How you frightened me, Kate! I had no idea who you were when you came in."

"I didn't know what to do, so I came straight to you." It was always like that. People who were in trouble came to my wife like birds to a light-house.

"It was very sweet of you to come. Now, you must have some wine and water, and sit here comfortably and tell us all about it. Or would you like me to send James off to bed?"

"Oh, no, no! I want the doctor's advice and help, too. It's about Isa. He has not been home for two days. I am so frightened about him!"

It was not the first time that she had spoken to us of her husband's trouble, to me as a doctor, to my wife as an old school friend. We tried to find the words to comfort her. Did she know where her husband was? Was it possible that we could bring him back to her?

It seems that it was. She had the surest information that lately he had used an opium den in the east of the City. So far his absence had always been limited with one day, and he had come back, twitching and exhausted, in the evening. But now the spell had been upon him eight-and-forty hours, and he lay there, doubtless among the dregs of the docks, breathing in the poison or sleeping off the effects. There he could be found, she was sure of it, at the Bar of Gold, in Upper Swandam Lane. But what was she to do? How could she, a young and modest woman, come to such a place and pluck her husband out from among the dregs who surrounded him?

* * *

There was the case, and of course there was only one way out of it. Could I accompany her to this place? And then, as a second thought, why should she come at all? I was Isa Whitney's doctor, and so I had influence over him. I could do it better if I were alone. I gave her my word that I would send him home in a cab within two hours if he were indeed at the address which she had given me. And so in ten minutes I left my armchair and cheerful sitting-room behind me, and was speeding to the east in a cab on a strange commission, as it seemed to me at the time, though the future only could show how strange it was to be.

¹ **needle-work** – шитье, вышивание

But there was no great difficulty in the first stage of my adventure. Upper Swandam Lane is a disgusting street hiding behind the high docks which line the north side of the river to the east of London Bridge. Between a slop-shop and a gin-shop, there were steep steps leading down to a black gap like the mouth of a cave.² There I found the den I was looking for. Ordering my cab to wait, I passed down the steps, with a hollow in the centre, made by thousands of drunken feet. By the light of an oil-lamp I found the door and entered a long, low room, thick and heavy with the brown opium smoke, and full of wooden beds, that reminded me of an emigrant ship.

Through the dark one could notice bodies lying in strange fantastic poses, bowed shoulders, bent knees, heads thrown back, and chins pointing upward, with here and there an eye turned upon the newcomer. The most lay silent, but some muttered to themselves, and others talked together in a strange, low, monotonous voice, their speech began and then suddenly stopped, each mumbled out his own thoughts and paid no attention to the words of his neighbor. At the end was a small brazier, beside which on a three-legged wooden stool there sat a tall, thin old man, with his face resting upon his two fists, and his elbows upon his knees, staring into the fire.

As I entered, a Malay servant had hurried up with a pipe for me, showing me the way to an empty place.

"Thank you. I have not come to stay," said I. "There is a friend of mine here, Mr. Isa Whitney, and I wish to speak with him."

Somebody moved and exclaimed on my right, and looking through the dark I saw Whitney, pale, exhausted, and unkempt, staring out at me.

"My God! It's Watson," said he. He was in a terrible state and seemed very nervous. "I say,³ Watson, what time is it?"

"Nearly eleven."

"Of what day?"

"Of Friday, June 19th."

"Good heavens!⁴ I thought it was Wednesday. It is Wednesday. What do you want to frighten me for?" He sank his face onto his arms and began to sob.

"I tell you that it is Friday, man. Your wife has been waiting this two days for you. You should be ashamed of yourself!"

"So I am. But you must be wrong, Watson, because I have only been here a few hours, three pipes, four pipes – I forget how many. But I'll go home with you. I wouldn't frighten Kate – poor little Kate. Give me your hand! Do you have a cab?"

"Yes, I have one waiting."

"Then I should go in it. But I must owe something. Find what I owe, Watson. I am all off colour.⁵ I can do nothing for myself."

² **mouth of a cave** – вход в пещеру

³ **I say** – послушайте

⁴ **Good heavens!** – Боже мой!

⁵ **I am all of colour** – я не в состоянии



I walked down the narrow passage between the double row of sleepers, trying not to breath in the disgusting, stupefying fumes of the drug, and looking about for the manager. As I passed the tall man who sat by the brazier I felt a sudden pluck, and a low voice said, "Walk past me, and then look back at me." I heard the words quite distinctly. I glanced down. They could only have come from the

old man at my side, and yet he sat now as absorbed as ever, very thin, very wrinkled, crooked, an opium pipe between his knees. It seemed that he had dropped it in absolute tiredness from his fingers. I took two steps forward and looked back. It took all my self-control not to cry with astonishment. He had turned his back so that nobody could see him but me. His form had filled out, his wrinkles were gone, the fire had lit up in his dull eyes, and there, sitting by the fire and smiling at my surprise, was none other than Sherlock Holmes. He gave me a sign to approach him, and immediately, as he turned his face half round to the company once more, changed back into a weak old man.

“Holmes!” I said in low voice, “what on earth are you doing in this den?”⁶

“As low as you can,” he answered; “I have excellent ears. If you would be so kind to get rid⁷ of your friend I’ll be very glad to have a little talk with you.”

“I have a cab outside.”

“Then please send him home in it. You may safely trust him, because he looks too weak to get in any trouble. I recommend you also to send a note by the cabman to your wife to say that you have thrown in your lot with me.⁸ If you wait outside, I will be with you in five minutes.”

It was difficult to refuse any of Sherlock Holmes’s requests, for they were always very definite, and put forward⁹ in such imperative manner. I felt, however, that when Whitney was put in the cab my mission was practically over; and for the rest, I could not wish anything better than to be together with my friend in one of those adventures, which were the normal condition of his existence. In a few minutes I had written my note, paid Whitney’s bill, led him out to the cab, and seen him driven through the darkness. In a very short time a figure of the old man had appeared from the opium den, and I was walking down the street with Sherlock Holmes. For two streets he shuffled along with a bent back and an uncertain foot. Then, looking quickly round, he straightened himself out and burst into hearty laughter.

“I was certainly surprised to find you there,” I said.

“But not more so than I to find you.”

“I came to find a friend.”

“And I to find an enemy.”

“An enemy?”

“Yes; one of my natural enemies, or, shall I say, my natural prey. Briefly, Watson, I am in the middle of a very remarkable inquiry, and I have hoped to find a clew in the mumbling of these dregs, as I have done before. If I were recognized in that den my life would not have been worth an hour’s purchase;¹⁰ for I have used it before for my own purposes, and the evil Lascar¹¹ who runs it has sworn to have vengeance¹² upon me. There is a trap-door at the back of that building, near the corner of Paul’s Wharf, which could tell some strange tales of what has passed through it upon the moonless nights.”

“What! Do you mean bodies?”

“Yes, bodies, Watson. We would be rich if we had 1000 pounds for every poor man who died in that den. It is the most dangerous murder-trap on the whole riverside, and I’m afraid that Neville St. Clair has entered it to never leave it. But our cart should be here.” He put his two fingers between his teeth and whistled a signal which was answered by a similar whistle from the distance, followed by the cart, that appeared out of the darkness.

“Now, Watson,” said Holmes “You’ll come with me, won’t you?”

⁶ **What on earth are you doing in this den?** – Что, черт возьми, вы делаете в этом притоне?

⁷ **to get rid of** – избавиться

⁸ **you have thrown your lot with me** – вы пошли со мной

⁹ **put forward** – высказаны

¹⁰ **my life would not have been worth an hour’s purchase** – я не протянул бы и часа

¹¹ **lascar** – матрос-индеец

¹² **to have vengeance** – отомстить

“If I can help you.”

“Oh, a trusty friend and a chronicler can always help. My room at The Cedars is a double-bedded one.”

“The Cedars?”

“Yes; that is Mr. St. Clair’s house. I am staying there while I conduct the inquiry.”

“Where is it, then?”

“Near Lee, in Kent. It’s seven miles away from here.”

“But I am all in the dark.¹³”

“Of course you are. You’ll know all about it presently. Jump up here. All right, John; we shall not need you. Here’s half a crown. Wait for me tomorrow, about eleven. Goodbye, then!”

¹³ **I am all in the dark** – я в полном неведении

Exercises

I. Note the use of the phrasal verb to *put forward*. What other phrasal verbs with *put* do you know? Find a synonym for each verb in the second column.

to put off	to save, to interrupt
to put up with	to postpone
to put down	to tolerate
to put aside	to insult

II. Fill the gaps with the words from the table. NB! You'll need one more phrasal verb with *put*. Take notice of the correct word order.

Isa Whiney's wife couldn't ... with her husband's long absence, so she ... her black veil and headed for her old friends' in order to ask for their advice. Dr. Watson and his wife Mary were not at all ... by this late visit, on the contrary, they were eager to help. This commission couldn't have been ..., so Watson had to go to the opium den, to find Isa and to ... his request to return home immediately. It is possible, that Isa hadn't ... enough money to pay for the opium and Watson did it for him, but he is too modest to mention that.

III. Suggest your own examples of the use of the phrasal verbs with *put*.

IV. Read the phrases below. In what order do they appear in the chapter? Fill the following table.

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8

a) "Good heavens! I thought it was Wednesday. It is Wednesday. What do you want to frighten me for?"

b) "As low as you can. I have excellent ears."

c) "Then I should go in it. But I must owe something. Find what I owe, Watson. I am all off colour. I can do nothing for myself."

d) "I tell you that it is Friday, man. Your wife has been waiting this two days for you. You should be ashamed of yourself!"

e) "We would be rich if we had 1000 pounds for every poor man who died in that den. It is the most dangerous murder-trap on the whole riverside, and I'm afraid that Neville St. Clair has entered it to never leave it. But our cart should be here."

f) "It was very sweet of you to come. Now, you must have some wine and water, and sit here comfortably and tell us all about it. Or would you like me to send James off to bed?"

g) “Oh, no, no! I want the doctor’s advice and help, too. It’s about Isa. He has not been home for two days. I am so frightened about him!”

h) “Near Lee, in Kent. It’s seven miles away from here.”

V. Attribute each phrase from the exercise IV to the person who said it.

Sherlock Holmes	
Dr. Watson	
Isa Whiney	
Kate Whitney	
Mrs. Watson	

VI. Rewrite the phrases given above into the indirect speech. Use the following verbs.

To exclaim; to whisper; to remark; to explain; to reproach; to demand; to decline; to encourage.

VII. Correct the mistakes in the following phrases. Find as many as you can. Justify your corrections.

1. “Yes, bodies, Watson. We will be rich if we had 1000 pounds for every poor man who died in that den. It is the dangerest murder-trap on the whole riverside, and I’m afraid that Neville St. Clair has entered it to never leave it. But our cart should be here.” He put his two fingers between his teeth and whistled a signal which was answered by a similar whistle from the distance, followed by the cart, that appeared out of the darkness.

2. Could I accompany her to this place? And then, as a second thought, why she should come at all? I was Isa’s Whitney doctor, and so I had influence over him. I could do it better if I were alone. I gave her my word that I will send him home in a cab within two hours if he were indeed at the adress whose she had given me. And so in ten minutes I leaved my armchair and cheerful sitting-room behind me, and was speeding to the east in a cab on a strange commission, as it seemed to me at the time, though the future only could show how strange it was to be.

3. It was difficult to refuse any of Sherlock Holmes’s requests, for they were always very definite, and put forward in so imperative manner. I felt, however, that when Whitney was put in the cab my mission was practically over; and for the rest, I could not wish anything rather than to be together with my friend in one of this adventures what were the normal condition of his existence. In a few minutes I had written my note, paid Whitney’s bill, led him out to the cab, and seen him driving through the darkness.

4. The most laid silent, but some muttered to themself, and others talked together in a strange, low, monotonous voice, their speech began and then suddenly stoped, each mumbled out his own thoughts and not paid attention to the words of his neighbor. At the end was a small brazier, beside that on a three-legged wooden stool there sat a tall, thin old man, with his face resting upon his two fists, and his elbows upon his knees, staring into the fire.

II

Holmes flicked the horse, and we drove away through the endless chain of empty streets, which widened gradually, until we were flying across a broad bridge, with the dark river flowing slowly beneath us. Beyond lay another dull deserted area, in the silence we could hear only the heavy, regular steps of the policeman. The dark clouds were drifting slowly across the sky, and a star or two twinkled here and there. Holmes drove in silence, with his head dropped upon his breast, and the look of a man who is lost in thought. I sat beside him, curious to learn what this new quest might be. It seemed to occupy his mind so sorely, but I was afraid to interrupt him. We had driven several miles, and were coming close to suburban villas, when he shook himself, shrugged his shoulders, and lit up his pipe looking like a man who has satisfied himself that he is acting for the best.

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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