

ЛЕГКО ЧИТАЕМ ПО-АНГЛИЙСКИ

Henry James  
**THE TURN OF THE  
SCREW**

Генри Джеймс  
**ПОВОРОТ ВИНТА**

Адаптация текста, комментарии и словарь  
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В доме только миссис Гроуз, маленькие Майлс и Флора — мои милые ангелочки! — слуги и я. Предыдущая гувернантка ушла и не вернулась, о её смерти узнали из письма. Тело лакея, который воспитывал мальчика, нашли у дороги. Они не могут быть живы, но они живы, и они здесь, и дети что-то знают. Дети хотят уйти к ним, уйти с ними, уйти навсегда — я знаю, что дети что-то знают, и они должны всё рассказать. Пока я еще могу их спасти.

«Поворот винта» — повесть американского писателя Генри Джеймса, один из признанных шедевров готической литературы. Теперь она доступна и для тех, кто только начинает учить английский язык. В нашем издании произведение Джеймса адаптировано для изучающих английский на начальном уровне (Уровень 1 — Elementary), сопровождается комментариями и словарём.

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## THE TURN OF THE SCREW

My friends and I were sitting by the fire in an old house. It was Christmas Eve, so we were telling strange stories to each other. After some time, my friend Douglas said he knew one really terrible and scary story.

“Nobody but me, till now, has ever heard it. It’s quite horrifying.” said Douglas, “It’s beyond everything. Nothing at all that I know touches it.”

“Well then,” I said, “just sit right down and begin.”

He turned to the fireplace, kicked a log, watched it for a moment. Then, when he turned back to us, he said: “I can’t begin. I will have to send a message to town. The story’s written. It’s in a locked drawer—it has not been out for years. I could write to my man and attach the key; he could send down the packet as he finds it.” I begged him to write as soon as possible; then I asked him if the experience in question had been his own. He answered quickly. “Oh, thank God, no!”

“And is the record yours? You wrote the thing down?”

“Nothing but the impression. I wrote that here,”—he tapped his heart. “I’ve never lost it.”

“Then your record—?”

“Is in old, faded ink, and in the most beautiful hand.” He hung fire again. “A woman’s. She has been dead for twenty years. She sent me the pages before she died. She was the most lovely person, ten years older than me. She was my sister’s governess,” he said quietly. “She was the nicest woman I’ve ever known in her place; she would be worthy of anything. It was a long time ago, and this situation happened long before that. I studied at Trinity and found her at home when I came here for the second summer. I was often there that year—it was a wonderful year; and in her free time we walked and talked in the garden several times. Oh yeah, don’t smile: I really liked her, and to this day I am glad to think that she liked me too. If she hadn’t, she wouldn’t have told me. She never told anyone. “

“Because the thing had been such a scare?”

He continued to look at me. “You’ll easily judge,” he repeated: “you will.”

I fixed looked at him, too. “I see. She was in love.”

He laughed for the first time. “Yes, she was in love. I saw it, and she saw I saw it; but neither of us spoke of it. I remember the time and the place—the corner of the lawn, the shade of the great beeches and the long, hot summer afternoon. It wasn’t a scene for a **shudder**<sup>1</sup>; but oh—!” He walked away from the fireplace and leaned back in his chair.

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<sup>1</sup> **shudder** — дрожь, трепет

“You’ll receive the packet Thursday morning?”  
I asked.

“Probably not till the second post.”

“Well then; after dinner—”

“You’ll all meet me here?” He looked us round again. “Isn’t anybody going?” It was almost the tone of hope.

“Everybody will stay!”

When the story arrived from London, it turned out that the story that he promised to read to us really needed a few words of the **prologue**<sup>1</sup> for a better understanding. The important thing to know is that his old friend, who was the youngest daughter of a poor country pastor, came to London for the first time at the age of twenty. She found a job through a newspaper and was going to work as a governess for two children. When she arrived at the house in Harley Street, she found it to be large and impressive. The man she was meeting was like a character from a dream or an old novel. He was handsome, confident, and kind. He made her feel like he was doing her a favor and she felt grateful for it. She imagined him living in a beautiful house filled with things he brought back from his travels and hunting trips. However, he wanted her to go immediately to his family’s old home in Essex.

After the death of their parents in India, he became the guardian of his little nephew and little niece—the children of his younger military brother, who had died two years ago. He felt really sorry for the poor children and did everything he could;

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<sup>1</sup> **prologue** — пролог

in particular, he sent them to his other house and from the very beginning he kept them there with the best people he could find to look after them. The difficulty was that they had no other relatives, and he spent all his time on personal matters. He had put them in possession of Bly, which was healthy and secure, and had placed a wonderful woman, Mrs. Grose, in charge of it. Mrs. Grose had been his mother's maid. Now she was a housekeeper, and also looked after a little girl. There are many other servants there, but, of course, the biggest power will belong to the young lady who will go there as a governess. During the holidays she would also have to look after a little boy who had been at school for one semester and who would be back from one day to the other. At first, the two children had a young lady whom they had the **misfortune**<sup>1</sup> to lose. She coped with them perfectly until her death. Little Miles had no choice but to go to school after her death. Mrs. Grose, since then, had done all she could for Flora; and there were, further, a cook, a housemaid, a dairywoman, an old pony, an old groom, and an old gardener.

Suddenly someone asked, "And what did the former governess die of?"

Douglas answered, "That will come out."

"In her **successor's**<sup>2</sup> place," I suggested, "I should have wanted to learn if the position brought with it—"

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<sup>1</sup> **misfortune** — несчастье

<sup>2</sup> **successor** — преемник

“Danger to life? She did want to learn, and she did learn. You will hear tomorrow what she learned. She was young, inexperienced, nervous. She didn’t know what to do, so she took a couple of days to think it over. But the salary offered was really big for her, and on a second interview she agreed for the job.” And Douglas, with this, made a pause that, for the benefit of the company, moved me to throw in—

“The moral, of course, was that a wonderful young man used his **seduction**<sup>1</sup>. She couldn’t say ‘no’ to him.”

Douglas got up from his seat and, just like last night, went to the fireplace, pushed a log with his foot and stood with his back to us for a minute. “She only saw him twice.”

“Yes, but that’s just the beauty of her **passion**<sup>2</sup>.”

To my surprise, hearing this, Douglas turned to me. “That was the beauty of it. There were others,” he continued, “who said ‘no’ to him. For some reason, they were just afraid. It sounded boring—it sounded weird, and even more so because of his main **condition**<sup>3</sup>.”

“Which was...?”

“That she should never bother him—but never, never: neither appeal, nor complain, nor write about anything; only answer all questions herself, get all the money from his lawyer, take the whole thing over and leave him alone.”

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<sup>1</sup> **seduction** — обольщение

<sup>2</sup> **passion** — страсть, увлечение

<sup>3</sup> **condition** — условие

# I

I remember when everything started, it was a mix of feelings. After accepting his invitation to come to town, I had a couple of really bad days where I doubted my decision. In this state of mind, I spent a long time in a **carriage**<sup>1</sup> that took me to the place where I was supposed to be picked up. I was told that a car from the house had been arranged for me. And when I arrived in the late afternoon, there was a comfortable car waiting for me. Driving through the countryside on a beautiful day, it felt like the summer was welcoming me with open arms. As we entered the avenue, I was pleasantly surprised by the great appearance of the house with its open windows and fresh curtains. I also remember the lovely lawn, colorful flowers, and the sound of the wheels on the stones. At the door, a polite person greeted me with a little girl by her side. She **curtsied**<sup>2</sup> like I was the lady of the house or an important visitor.

I was introduced to the youngest of my students and was carried through the rest of the day

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<sup>1</sup> **carriage** — повозка, карета

<sup>2</sup> **curtsey** — присестъ в реверансе

by this introduction. The little girl who came with Mrs. Grose was very lovely. She was the most beautiful child I had ever seen. I wondered why my employer hadn't told me more about her. I couldn't sleep that night because I was too excited. The big room I stayed in was impressive, with a large bed and beautiful curtains. There were long mirrors where I could see my whole body. Everything was nice, including Mrs. Grose. I had been worried about how we would get along, but she seemed happy to see me. I wondered why she didn't want to show it too much, which made me a little worried.

But I was comforted by the fact that there could be no worry about something as beautiful as the image of my little girl. Her angelic beauty made me get up and walk around my room several times before morning. I looked out of my open window at the summer dawn, watched parts of the rest of the house, and listened for any unusual sounds. I thought I heard the cry of a child and heard footsteps near my door. We had agreed that she would sleep in my room after this occasion. It became clear to me that teaching and caring for little Flora would bring me happiness.

I enjoyed Mrs. Grose's pleasure and admiration as we sat at supper with my pupil, surrounded by four tall candles.

"Does the little boy look like her? Is he also very special?"

"Oh, miss, very special. If you think well of our little girl..."—and she stood there holding a plate, smiling at our friend, who looked at each of

us with calm and heavenly eyes that didn't show any doubt.

"Yes, if I do...?"

"You will be amazed by the little boy!"

"Well, I think that's why I came here—to be amazed. But I'm afraid, I'm easily amazed. I was amazed in London!"

I can still see Mrs. Grose's wide face as she understood. "In Harley Street?"

"In Harley Street."

"Well, miss, you're not the first—and you won't be the last."

"Oh, I don't want to be the only one. My other student, as I understand, returns tomorrow?"

"Not tomorrow—Friday, miss. He arrives, like you did, by the carriage, with the guard, and will be picked up by the same car."

I quickly said that it would be nice for me to wait for him with his little sister when the car arrives. Mrs. Grose agreed with this idea so easily that I took her manner as a promise that we would always agree on everything. She was happy that I was there!

The next day, I suppose I didn't feel as happy as when I arrived. Maybe it was just a slight feeling of being overwhelmed as I walked around my new surroundings. They were bigger than I expected, which made me a little scared but also proud. Lessons were delayed because of this. I realized that the most important thing was to win the child's trust, so I spent the day with her outside. I let her show me the place, and she was pleased by it. She showed me every step,

room, and secret, telling me funny and pleasant stories about them. In just half an hour, we became great friends. Even though she was young, I was amazed by her confidence and bravery. Even in empty rooms, long hallways, and crooked stairs that made me stop, and even on top of a tall tower that made me dizzy, she was happy and **eager**<sup>1</sup> to tell me more things.

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<sup>1</sup> **eager** — стремящийся, страстно желающий

## II

The first day had been mostly calming, as I said before, but it ended with a feeling of worry. The mail, which arrived late that evening, had a letter for me. However, when I saw that it was from my employer, I realized it was only a few words about another letter addressed to him, which was still unopened. "I see that this is from the headmaster, and the headmaster is very annoying. Please read it and deal with it, but make sure you don't tell me anything. Not a word. I'm off!" I made a great effort to open the letter—it took me a long time to do it. Finally, I brought the unopened letter to my room and only read it just before going to bed. I should have waited until morning because it caused me another sleepless night. The next day, feeling upset and with no one to ask for advice, I decided to talk with Mrs. Grose.

"What does it mean? The child's dismissed from school."

She gave me a strange look, then seemed to try to take it back. "But aren't they all—?"

"Sent home—yes. But only for the holidays. Miles may never go back at all."

She blushed, "They won't take him?"

“They absolutely won’t.”

At this she raised her eyes, which she had turned from me; I saw them fill with tears. “What has he done?”

I wasn’t sure, so I decided to give her my letter. This made her put her hands behind her without taking it. She sadly shook her head and said, “Such things are not for me, miss.”

My friend couldn’t read! I **winc**<sup>1</sup> at my mistake, but tried to make it better. I opened my letter to read it to her, but then I stopped and put it back in my pocket.

“Is he really bad?” The tears were still in her eyes. “Do the gentlemen say so?”

“They don’t say any details. They simply say that it should be impossible to keep him. That can have only one meaning.” Mrs. Grose listened quietly, and didn’t ask me what that might mean. So, to make sense of it in my own mind with her help, I continued: “That he spoils other children.”

At this, with one of the quick turns of simple folk, she suddenly flamed up. “Master Miles! Spoils? What horrors!” Mrs. Grose cried, “Well, is it possible to say such heartless words! After all, he is not even ten years old yet! “

“Yes, yes; it would be unbelievable.”

“See him, miss, first. Then believe it!” I wanted to see him as soon as possible. Mrs. Grose could tell that I was affected by her words, “You might

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<sup>1</sup> **to wince** — морщиться, вздрагивать

as well believe it of the little lady. Bless her," she added the next moment—"look at her!"

She then pointed out Flora, who had come to the open door. I turned and saw Flora. Ten minutes before, I had given her a sheet of white paper, a pencil, and a copy of nice "round O's," in the schoolroom. Flora seemed unbothered by unpleasant tasks and looked at me with loving eyes. She had followed me because she had developed an attachment to me. This made me understand Mrs. Grose's point even more. I hugged Flora tightly and showered her with kisses.

However, for the rest of the day, I kept an eye out for an opportunity to talk to my colleague, especially because I felt like she was trying to avoid me. I caught up to her on the stairs, and we walked down together. Once we reached the bottom, I stopped her and held her arm. I told her that I understood her earlier comment as that she had never seen him misbehave.

She said, "Oh, I never said I haven't seen him misbehave—I don't say that!"

I was upset again. "Then you have seen him—?"

"Yes indeed, miss, thank God!"

"You mean that a boy who never is—?"

"Is no boy for me!"

I held her tighter. "You like them to be **naughty**<sup>1</sup>?" Then, keeping pace with her answer, "So do I!" I added. "But not to the point to **corrupt**<sup>2</sup>—"

"To corrupt?"—my big word confused her.

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<sup>1</sup> **naughty** — непослушный, шаловливый

<sup>2</sup> **to corrupt** — развращать

I explained it. "To spoil."

She stared, trying to understand what I meant; but it made her laugh in a strange way. "Are you afraid he'll corrupt you?" She asked with bold humor, and I laughed along, feeling a bit silly.

But the next day, as it got closer to the time for my drive, I brought up another question. "Who was the lady who was here before?"

"The previous governess? She was also young and pretty—almost as young and almost as pretty as you, miss."

"Ah, then, I hope her youth and beauty helped her!" I remember saying. "He seems to like us young and pretty!"

"Oh, he did," Mrs. Grose agreed. "That's how he liked everyone!" She quickly corrected herself. "I mean, that's how the master likes it."

I was curious. "But who were you talking about earlier?"

She looked confused for a moment, but then blushed. "Why, about him."

"The master?"

"Who else?"

It was clear that there was no one else, so I stopped thinking that she had accidentally said more than she wanted. Instead, I asked what I really wanted to know. "Did she notice anything strange about the boy...?"

"Anything strange? She never told me."

I had a doubt, but I ignored it. "Was she careful?"

"About some things—yes."