

ЛЕГКО ЧИТАЕМ ПО-АНГЛИЙСКИ

Дж. К. Джером
ТРОЕ В ЛОДКЕ,
НЕ СЧИТАЯ СОБАКИ

Jerome K. Jerome
THREE MEN IN A BOAT
(TO SAY NOTHING OF THE DOG)

*Подготовка текста, комментарии
и словарь С. А. Матвеева*

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Дизайн обложки А. И. Орловой

Иллюстрации М. М. Салтыкова

Джером, Джером К.

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Повесть «Трое в лодке, не считая собаки» – наиболее популярное произведение английского писателя Джерома К. Джерома. С большим юмором автор описывает приключения трех друзей, пустившихся в путешествие по реке.

Текст произведения подготовлен для уровня 4 (т. е. для продолжающих учить английский язык верхней ступени) и снабжен комментариями.

В конце книги дается англо-русский словарь.

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CHAPTER I

There were four of us — George, and William Samuel Harris¹, and myself, and Montmorency². We were sitting in my room, smoking, and talking about how bad we were — bad from a medical point of view, of course.

We were all feeling bad, and we were quite nervous about it. Harris said he had such a very bad headache that he hardly knew what he was doing. And then George said that he had a headache too. As for me, it was my liver that was out of order. I read about the various symptoms of a sick liver in a circular that offered liver-pills. I had them all.

¹ William Samuel Harris — Уильям Сэмюэль Гаррис

² Montmorency — Монморанси

It is a most extraordinary thing, but when I read a medicine advertisement I usually come to the conclusion that I am suffering from the disease that was described.

One day I went to the British Museum to read about hay fever¹, I fancy I had it². I took the book, and read all I needed; and then I idly turned the leaves, and began to study diseases, generally. Immediately I understood that I had some fearful, devastating illness.

I sat for a while, frozen with horror; and then, in despair, I again turned over the pages. I came to typhoid fever³ — read the symptoms — discovered that I had typhoid fever, must have had it for months without knowing it — wondered what else I had got; turned up St. Vitus's Dance⁴ — found, as I expected, that I had that too, — and so started alphabetically. I had every malady they wrote about! The only malady I had not got was housemaid's knee⁵.

I felt rather hurt about this at first. Why hadn't I got housemaid's knee? After a while, however, I reflected that I had every other known malady in the pharmacology, and I grew less selfish, and determined to do without housemaid's knee.

¹ hay fever — сенная лихорадка

² I fancy I had it. — Думаю, что она у меня была.

³ typhoid fever — брюшной тиф

⁴ St. Vitus's Dance — пляска святого Витта

⁵ housemaid's knee — воспаление сумки надколенника

There were no more diseases after zymosis¹, so I concluded there was nothing else the matter with me².

I thought what an interesting case I must be from a medical point of view! Students would have no need to ‘walk the hospitals’, if they had me. I was a hospital in myself. All they need do would be to walk round me, and, after that, take their diploma.

Then I wondered how long I had to live. I tried to examine myself. I felt my pulse. I could not at first feel any pulse at all. Then, all of a sudden, it seemed to start off³. I pulled out my watch. I made it a hundred and forty-seven to the minute. I tried to feel my heart. I could not feel my heart. It had stopped beating. I could not feel or hear anything. I had walked into that reading-room a happy, healthy man. I crawled out a decrepit wreck⁴.

I went to my doctor. He is an old friend of mine, and feels my pulse, and looks at my tongue, and talks about the weather. “What a doctor wants,” I said, “is practice. He shall have me.” So he said:

“Well, what’s the matter with you?”

¹ zymosis — инфекция

² there was nothing else the matter with me — больше мне уж ничто не угрожает

³ it seemed to start off — казалось, что он появился

⁴ a decrepit wreck — жалкая развалина

I said:

“I will not take up your time with telling you what is the matter with me. But I will tell you what is not the matter with me. I have not got housemaid’s knee. Why I have not got housemaid’s knee, I cannot tell you; but the fact remains that I have not got it. Everything else, however, I have got.”

Then he examined me, and then he hit me over the chest when I wasn’t expecting it. After that, he sat down and wrote out a prescription, and folded it up and gave it me, and I put it in my pocket and went out.

I did not open it. I took it to the nearest chemist’s¹, and handed it in. The man read it, and then handed it back.

I read the prescription. It said:

“1 lb.² beefsteak, with 1 pt.³ bitter beer every 6 hours.

1 ten-mile walk every morning.

1 bed at 11 sharp every night.”

I followed the directions, with the happy result — my life was saved, and is still going on.

But going back to the liver-pill circular, I had the symptoms, beyond all mistake, the chief

¹ chemist’s — аптека

² 1 lb. — 1 фунт

³ 1 pt. — 1 пинта

among them being ‘a general disinclination to work of any kind¹’.

What I suffer in that way no tongue can tell². From my earliest infancy I have been a martyr to it. As a boy, the disease hardly ever left me for a day. My family did not know, then, that it was my liver. Medical science was in a far less advanced state than now, and they thought it was laziness.

“Are you still sleeping,” they would say, “get up and do something for your living, can’t you?” — not knowing, of course, that I was ill.

We sat there for half-an-hour, describing to each other our maladies. I explained to George and William Harris how I felt when I got up in the morning, and William Harris told us how he felt when he went to bed; and George told us how he felt in the night.

Suddenly, Mrs. Poppets³ knocked at the door to know if we were ready for supper. We smiled sadly, and decided to eat a little.

I seemed to take no interest in my food — an unusual thing for me — and I didn’t want any cheese.

We refilled our glasses, lit our pipes, and resumed the discussion upon our state of health.

¹ a general disinclination to work of any kind — общее отвращение к любому труду

² no tongue can tell — невозможно описать

³ Mrs. Poppets — миссис Попитс

“What we want is rest,” said Harris.

“Rest and a complete change,” said George. “The overstrain upon our brains has produced a general depression. Changes and absence of the necessity for thought will restore the mental equilibrium.”

“If you want rest and change,” said Harris, “let’s make a sea trip.”

I objected to the sea trip strongly. I was afraid for George. George said that he felt sure we should both be ill.

It is a curious fact, but nobody ever is sea-sick — on land. At sea, you come across¹ plenty of people very bad indeed, whole boat of them; but I never met a man yet, on land, who had ever known at all what it was to be sea-sick.

For myself², I have discovered an excellent preventive against sea-sickness, in balancing myself. You stand in the centre of the deck, and you move your body about, so as to keep it always straight. When the front of the ship rises, you lean forward, till the deck almost touches your nose; and when its back end gets up, you lean backwards. This is all very well for an hour or two; but you can’t balance yourself for a week.

George said:

“Let’s go up the river.”

¹ you come across — вы встречаете

² for myself — что касается меня

He said we should have fresh air, exercise and quiet; and the hard work would give us a good appetite, and make us sleep well.

Harris said he didn't think George ought to do anything that would make him sleepier than he always was, as it might be dangerous. He might just as well be dead, and so save his board and lodging¹.

Harris and I both said it was a good idea of George's. The only one who was not struck with the suggestion was Montmorency.

"It's all very well for you fellows," he says; "you like it, but I don't. There's nothing for me to do. If you ask me, I call the whole thing foolishness."

We were three to one², however.

CHAPTER II

We pulled out the maps, and discussed plans. We arranged to start on the following Saturday from Kingston³. Harris and I would go down in the morning, and take the boat up to Chertsey⁴, and George would meet us there.

¹ save his board and lodging — сэкономить на его еде и жилье

² three to one — трое против одного

³ Kingston — Кингстон

⁴ Chertsey — Чертси

Should we 'camp out' or sleep at inns?

George and I were for camping out. We said it would be so wild and free, so patriarchal.

Harris said:

"How about when it rained?"

Camping out in rainy weather is not pleasant. We therefore decided that we would sleep out on fine nights; and in hotels and inns, like respectable folks, when it was wet. Montmorency approved this compromise. To look at Montmorency you would imagine that he was an angel sent upon the earth, for some reason in the shape of a small fox-terrier. When first he came to live with me, I never thought I should be able to have him long. I used to sit down and look at him, and think: "Oh, that dog will never live." But I was wrong.

To hang about a stable, and collect a gang of the most disreputable dogs¹ to be found in the town, and lead them out to fight other disreputable dogs, is Montmorency's idea of 'life'.

Harris proposed that we should go out and get a drop of good Irish whiskey.

George said he felt thirsty (I never knew George when he didn't); and we put on our hats and went out.

¹ the most disreputable dogs — собаки, пользующиеся самой дурной славой

CHAPTER III

So, on the following evening, we again assembled, to discuss and arrange our plans. Harris said:

“Now we must discuss what to take with us. Now, you get a piece of paper and write down, J.¹, and you get the grocery catalogue, George, and I’ll make out a list.”

I said:

“No; you get the paper, and the pencil, and the catalogue, and George write down, and I’ll do the work.”

“We must not think of the things we could do with², but only of the things that we can’t do without³.”

Well, we left the list to George, and he began it.

“We won’t take a tent,” suggested George; “we will have a boat with a cover. It is ever so much simpler, and more comfortable.”

It seemed a good thought, and we adopted it. You fix iron hoops up over the boat, and stretch a huge canvas over them, and fasten it down all round, and it converts the boat into a little house.

¹ you get a piece of paper and write down, J. — Джей, раздобудь-ка листок бумаги и записывай

² the things we could do with — вещи, которые нам могут пригодиться

³ the things that we can’t do without — вещи, без которых мы не сможем обойтись

George said that in that case we must take a rug each, a lamp, some soap, a brush and comb (between us¹), a tooth-brush (each), a basin, some tooth-powder, some shaving tackle, and a couple of big-towels for bathing. I notice that people always make gigantic arrangements for bathing when they are going anywhere near the water, but that they don't bathe much when they are there.

George said it was so pleasant to wake up in the boat in the fresh morning, and plunge into the river. Harris said there was nothing like a swim before breakfast to give you an appetite. He said it always gave him an appetite. George said that if it was going to make Harris eat more than Harris ordinarily ate, then he should protest against Harris having a bath at all.

Finally we decided to take three bath towels, so as not to keep each other waiting.

For clothes, George said two suits of flannel would be sufficient, as we could wash them ourselves, in the river, when they got dirty. Harris and I were weak enough to believe he knew what he was talking about, and that three respectable young men could really clean their own shirts and trousers in the river Thames with a bit of soap.

Later we found that George was a miserable impostor.

¹ between us — одна на всех

George forced us to take plenty of socks, in case we got upset¹; also plenty of handkerchiefs, and a pair of leather boots as well as our boating shoes.

CHAPTER IV

Then we discussed the food question. George said:

“Begin with breakfast.” (George is so practical.) “Now for breakfast we need a frying-pan, a tea-pot and a kettle, and a methylated spirit stove².”

“No oil³,” said George, with a significant look; and Harris and I agreed.

We had taken an oil-stove⁴ once, but ‘never again’. We spent that week in an oil-shop. It oozed. We kept it in the nose of the boat, and, from there, it oozed down to the rudder, and it oozed over the river, and spoilt the atmosphere. Sometimes a westerly oily wind blew, and at other times an easterly oily wind, and sometimes it blew a northerly oily wind, and maybe a southerly oily wind.

We tried to get away from it at Marlow⁵. We left the boat by the bridge, and took a walk

¹ in case we got upset — на тот случай, если лодка перевернётся

² a methylated spirit stove — спиртовка

³ no oil — никакого керосина

⁴ an oil-stove — керосинка

⁵ Marlow — Марло

through the town to escape it, but it followed us. The whole town was full of oil. We passed through the church-yard, and it seemed as if the people had been buried in oil. The High Street¹ stunk of oil; we wondered how people could live in it.

At the end of that trip we took an awful oath never to take paraffine oil with us in a boat again.

For other breakfast things, George suggested eggs and bacon, which were easy to cook, cold meat, tea, bread and butter, and jam. For lunch, he said, we could have biscuits, cold meat, bread and butter, and jam — but no cheese. Cheese, like oil, makes too much of itself. It wants the whole boat to itself. It gives a cheesy flavour to everything else. You can't tell whether you are eating apple-pie or German sausage, or strawberries and cream. It all seems cheese. There is too much odour about cheese.

George suggested meat and fruit pies, cold meat, tomatoes, fruit, and green stuff. For drink, we took some wonderful sticky concoction of Harris's, which you mixed with water and called lemonade, plenty of tea, and a bottle of whisky, in case, as George said, we got upset. But I'm glad we took the whisky.

We didn't take beer or wine. They are a mistake up the river. They make you feel sleepy and heavy.

¹ High Street — Хай-стрит

We made a list of the things to be taken, and a pretty lengthy one it was, before we parted that evening. The next day, which was Friday, we got them all together, and met in the evening to pack. I said I'd pack.

I rather pride myself on my packing¹. Packing is one of those many things that I feel I know more about than any other person.

I started the packing. It seemed a longer job than I had thought; but I got the bag finished at last, and I sat on it.

“Aren't you going to put the boots in?” said Harris.

And I looked round, and found I had forgotten them. I opened the bag and packed the boots in; and then, just as I was going to close it, a horrible idea occurred to me. Had I packed my tooth-brush?

My tooth-brush is a terrible thing, it makes my life a misery. While sleeping, I dream that I haven't packed it, and wake up, and get out of bed and hunt for it. And, in the morning, I pack it before I have used it, and have to unpack again to get it. And then I repack and forget it, and I have to carry it to the railway station, wrapped up in my pocket handkerchief.

Of course, I could not find it. I took the things out of the suitcase. Of course, I found George's

¹ I rather pride myself on my packing. — Я горжусь своим умением укладывать вещи.