

ЛЕГКО ЧИТАЕМ ПО-АНГЛИЙСКИ

СКАЗКИ МИРА  
НА АНГЛИЙСКОМ  
ЯЗЫКЕ

FAIRY TALES  
OF THE WORLD

*Адаптация текста, комментарии  
и словарь Е. А. Лебедевой*

*Иллюстрации В. Рябова*

Lingua

Москва

Издательство АСТ

УДК 811.111(075)  
ББК 81.2Англ-9  
С42

Дизайн обложки *А. Орловой*

Иллюстрации *В. Рябова*

**Сказки мира** на английском языке / адапт.  
С42 текста, сост. коммент. и слов. Е. А. Лебедевой; ил.  
В. Рябова. — Москва : Издательство АСТ, 2019. —  
128 с.: ил. — (Легко читаем по-английски).

ISBN 978-5-17-115794-4

Книга содержит двадцать пять сказок на английском языке разных народов и с разными сюжетами. Сказки, короткие и не очень, грустные и веселые, погружают в мир заколдованных принцесс и великанов, волшебников и храбрых принцев и доставляют удовольствие читателям всех возрастов.

Тексты сказок адаптированы для уровня Pre-Intermediate — для продолжающих учить английский язык нижней ступени.

В конце книги помещен англо-русский словарь, содержащий лексику сказок.

Предназначено для всех, кто начал и продолжает учить английский язык и стремится читать по-английски.

**УДК 811.111(075)**  
**ББК 81.2Англ-9**

ISBN 978-5-17-115794-4

© В. Рябов  
© Е.А. Лебедева, адаптация  
текста, комментарии и словарь  
© ООО «Издательство АСТ», 2019

## The Three Wishes

Once upon a time a woodcutter lived happily with his wife in a pretty little log cabin in the middle of a thick forest. Each morning he set off singing to work, and when he came home in the evening, a plate of hot steaming soup was always waiting for him. One day he had a strange surprise. He came upon a big fir tree with strange open holes on the trunk. It looked somehow different from the other trees, and as he was about to chop it down, the alarmed face of an elf popped out of a hole. ‘What’s all this banging?’ asked the elf. ‘You’re not thinking of cutting down the tree, are you? It’s my home. I live here!’ The woodcutter dropped his axe in astonishment. ‘Well, I..’ he stammered. ‘With all the other trees there are in this forest, you have to pick this one. Lucky I was in, or I would have found myself homeless.’ Taken aback at these words, the woodcutter quickly recovered, for after all the elf was quite tiny, while he himself was a big hefty chap, and he boldly replied, ‘I’ll cut down any tree I like, so...’ ‘All right! All right!’ broke in the elf. ‘Shall we put it in this way: if you don’t cut down this tree, I grant you three wishes. Agreed?’ The woodcutter scratched his head. ‘Three wishes, you say? Yes, I agree.’ And he began to hack at another tree. As he worked and sweated at his task, the woodcutter kept thinking about the magic wishes. ‘I’ll see what my wife thinks...’ The



woodcutter's wife was busily cleaning a pot outside the house when her husband arrived. Grabbing her round the waist, he twirled her in delight. 'Hooray! Hooray! Our luck is in!' The woman could not understand why her husband was so pleased with himself and she struggled herself free. Later, however, over a glass of fine wine at the table, the woodcutter told his wife of his meeting with the elf, and she too began to picture the wonderful things that the elf's three wishes might give them. The woodcutter's wife took a first sip of wine from her husband's glass. 'Nice', she said, smacking her lips. 'I wish I had a string of sausages to go with it, though...' Instantly she bit her tongue, but too late. Out of the air appeared the sausages, while the woodcutter stuttered with rage. '... what have you done! Sausages... What a stupid waste of a wish! You foolish woman. I wish they would stick up your nose!' No sooner said than done. For the sausages leapt up and stuck fast to the end of the woman's nose. This time, the woodcutter's wife flew into a rage. 'You idiot, what have you done? With all the things we could have wished for ...' The mortified woodcutter, who had just repeated his wife's own mistake, exclaimed: 'I'd chop...' Luckily he stopped himself in time, realizing with horror that he'd been on the point of having his tongue chopped off. As his wife complained and blamed him, the poor man burst out laughing, 'If only you knew how funny you look with those

sausages on the end of your nose!’ Now that really upset the woodcutter’s wife. She hadn’t thought of her looks. She tried to tug away the sausages but they would not budge. She pulled again and again, but in vain. The sausages were firmly attached to her nose. Terrified, she exclaimed, ‘They’ll be there for the rest of my life!’ Feeling sorry for his wife and wondering how he could ever put up with<sup>1</sup> a woman with such an awkward nose, the woodcutter said, ‘I’ll try.’ Grasping the string of sausages, he tugged with all his might. But he simply pulled his wife over on top of him. The pair sat on the floor, gazing sadly at each other. ‘What shall we do now?’ they said, each thinking the same thought. ‘There’s only one thing we can do ...’ ventured the woodcutter’s wife timidly. ‘Yes, I’m afraid so...’ her husband sighed, remembering their dreams of riches, and he bravely wished the third and last wish, ‘I wish the sausages would leave my wife’s nose.’ And they did. Instantly, husband and wife hugged each other tearfully, saying, ‘Maybe we’ll be poor, but we’ll be happy again!’ That evening, the only reminder of the woodcutter’s meeting with the elf was the string of sausages. So the couple fried them, gloomily thinking of what that meal had cost them.

---

<sup>1</sup> **to put up with** – мириться, терпеть

## Goldilocks<sup>1</sup> and the three bears

Once upon a time<sup>2</sup> there were three bears, who lived together in a house of their own in a wood. One of them was a little, small wee bear; one was a middle-sized bear, and the other was a great, huge bear. They had each a pot for their porridge, a little pot for the little, small wee bear and a middle-sized pot for the middle bear and a great pot for the great, huge bear. They each had a chair to sit in; a little chair for the little, small wee bear and a middle-sized chair for the middle bear and a great chair for the great, huge bear. And they had each a bed to sleep in; a little bed for the little, small wee bear and a middle-sized bed for the middle bear and a great bed for the great, huge bear.

One day, after they had made porridge for their breakfast, and poured it into their porridge pots, they walked out into the wood while the porridge was cooling, that they might not burn their mouths by beginning too soon to eat it. While they were walking, a little girl came into the house. This little girl had golden curls that tumbled down her back to her waist, and everyone called her by Goldilocks. Goldilocks had been walking through the woods on the way to visit her grandmother, but she had taken a shortcut and lost her way. After wandering

---

<sup>1</sup> **Goldilocks** — Златовласка

<sup>2</sup> **once upon a time** — как-то раз, однажды, давным-давно

around the woods for a very long time, and starting to despair of ever seeing her grandmamma or her parents again, she came across a little house. She was very relieved, because she was certain that whoever lived in the house would help her. You see, she did not know that the house belonged to the three bears.

Goldilocks went up to the house and knocked on the door, but nobody answered. After a while, she looked through the window and saw the porridge on the table that the bears had made for their breakfast. She said to herself: ‘Oh how I wish I could eat some of that porridge! I’m so very hungry.’

Now perhaps Goldilocks should have waited until the bears came home, and then, perhaps they would have asked her to breakfast – for they were good bears, although a little rough or so, as the manner of a bear is – but very good natured and hospitable. Goldilocks did something rather naughty instead. She tried the latch on the door of the house and found that it was open – because you see the bears didn’t expect that anyone would come along and steal their porridge, and so they hadn’t bothered to lock the door of the house when they went out. Goldilocks went inside. First she tasted the porridge of the great, huge bear, and that was too hot for her. Then she tasted the porridge of the middle bear, and that was too cold for her. Then she went to the porridge of the little,

small wee bear, and tasted it. And that was neither too hot nor too cold, but just right; and she liked it so well, that she ate it all up.

Little Goldilocks then sat down in the chair of the great, huge bear, and that was too hard for her. So she sat down in the chair of the middle bear, but that was too soft for her. Then she sat down in the chair of the little, small wee bear, and that was neither too hard nor too soft, but just right. So she sat until the bottom of the chair came out, and down came she, plump upon the ground — and the naughty little girl laughed out loud.

Then Goldilocks went upstairs into the bed chamber in which the three bears slept. First she lay down upon the bed of the great, huge bear, but that was too high at the head for her. Next she lay down upon the bed of the middle bear, and that was too high at the foot for her. Finally she lay down upon the bed of the little, small wee bear, and that was neither too high at the head, nor at the foot, but just right. So she covered herself up comfortably, and lay there until she fell fast asleep.

By this time the three bears thought their porridge would be cool enough, so they came home to breakfast. Now naughty Goldilocks had left the spoon of the great, huge bear, standing in his porridge.

‘SOMEBODY HAS BEEN AT MY PORRIDGE!’

Growled the great, huge bear, in his great gruff voice. When the middle bear looked at his, he saw that the spoon was standing in it too. ‘Somebody has been at my porridge!’ said the middle bear, in his middle voice.

Then the little, small wee bear looked at his, and there was the spoon in the porridge pot, but the porridge was all gone.

‘Somebody has been at my porridge, and has eaten it all up!’ said the little, small wee bear, in his little, small wee voice.

Upon this the three bears, seeing that someone had entered their house, and eaten up the little, small wee bear’s breakfast, began to look about them. Now Goldilocks had not put the hard cushion straight when she arose from the chair of the great, huge bear. ‘**SOMEBODY HAS BEEN SITTING IN MY CHAIR!**’ said the great, huge bear, in his great, rough, gruff voice.

The little girl had squished down the soft cushion of the middle Bear. ‘Somebody has been sitting in my chair!’ said the middle bear, in his middle voice.

And you know what the naughty little girl had done to the third chair? ‘Somebody has been sitting in my chair, and has sat the bottom of it out!’ said the little, small wee bear, in his little, small, wee voice.

Then the three bears thought that they should look around the house more, so they went up-

stairs into their bedroom. Now Goldilocks had pulled the pillow of the great, huge bear out of its place.

‘SOMEBODY HAS BEEN LYING IN MY BED!’ said the great, huge bear, in his great, rough, gruff voice. Goldilocks had pulled the bed cover of the middle bear out of its place.

‘Somebody has been lying in my bed!’ said the middle bear, in his middle voice.

And when the small, wee bear came to look at his bed, there was the bed cover in its place, and the pillow in its place and the bolster. But on the pillow was a pool of golden curls, and the angelic face of a little girl snoring away, fast asleep.

‘Somebody has been lying in my bed, and here she is!’ Said the little, small wee bear, in his little, small wee voice.

Goldilocks heard in her sleep the great rough gruff voice of the great huge bear, but she was so fast asleep that it was no more to her than the roaring of wind or the rumbling of thunder. She had heard the voice of the middle, but it was as if she had only heard someone speaking in a dream. But when she heard the little, small wee voice of the little, small wee bear, it was so sharp and so shrill that it wakened her at once.

Up she started, and when she saw the three bears at one side of the bed she had the fright of

her life. To tell you the truth, the bears were almost as alarmed by her as<sup>1</sup> she was by them.

Goldilocks jumped off the bed and ran downstairs, out of the door and down the garden path. She ran and she ran until she reached the house of her grandmama. When she told her grandmama about the house of the three bears who lived in the wood, her granny said: ‘My my, what a wild imagination you have, child!’

But Goldilocks knew that the story was true, and as for the three bears, whenever they went out of their wee house in the woods, they always locked the door in case Goldilocks came back and stole their porridge again. But they need not have worried about Goldilocks because, for as long as she lived she never took anything that didn’t belong to her – unless of course she had the permission of the owner.

---

<sup>1</sup> **as... as** – также ... как и

## **The Sly Fox and the Little Red Hen**

Once there was a little red hen. She lived in a little red henhouse, safe and sound, with a little blue door and windows all around. She was a happy hen. Every day she searched for grain with a peck, peck, peck and a cluck, cluck, cluck. But then a sly young fox and his mother moved into a nearby den. The sly fox was always hungry. He licked his lips when he grain with a peck, peck, peck and a cluck, cluck, cluck. And then the sly fox tried to catch the little red hen. He plotted and planned, again and again. But the little red hen was clever. She always got away, with a peck, peck, peck and a cluck, cluck, cluck. But then the sly fox thought up a very sly plan. ‘Mother, boil some water in a pan,’ he said. ‘I’ll bring home supper tonight.’ Then he crept over to the little red henhouse. And he waited until at last the little red hen came out to search for grain with a peck, peck, peck and a cluck, cluck, cluck. Quick as a flash, the sly fox slipped into the henhouse. And he waited until the little red hen came hurrying home. As soon as she saw the fox, she flew up to the rafters. ‘You can’t catch me now!’ she laughed, with a peck, peck, peck and a cluck, cluck, cluck. ‘All part of my plan,’ smiled the fox on the ground. And slowly he started to chase his tail, round and round and round and round, faster and faster... until the little red hen up in the rafters grew dizzy.