

**АНГЛИЙСКИЙ В АДАПТАЦИИ:  
ЧТЕНИЕ И АУДИРОВАНИЕ**

ДЖЕРОМ К. ДЖЕРОМ • JEROME K. JEROME

**ТРОЕ  
В ЛОДКЕ,  
НЕ СЧИТАЯ СОБАКИ**

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**THREE MEN  
IN A BOAT  
(TO SAY NOTHING  
OF THE DOG)**



**МОСКВА  
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Трое друзей в компании энергичного фокстерьера отправляются в плавание по Темзе. С этого решения начинается череда комических эпизодов, забавных происшествий и остроумных наблюдений, которые поднимут настроение и помогут улучшить английский.

Серия «Английский в адаптации: чтение и аудирование» — это тексты для начинающих, продолжающих и продвинутых. Теперь каждый изучающий английский может выбрать свой уровень и своих авторов и совершенствовать свой английский с лучшими произведениями англоязычной литературы! Читая и слушая текст на диске, а также выполняя упражнения на чтение, аудирование и новую лексику, читатели качественно улучшат свой английский. Они станут лучше воспринимать английскую речь на слух, и работа с текстами станет эффективнее. Аудиозапись начитана носителями языка.

Книга предназначена для изучающих английский язык на продолжающем уровне.

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**Jerome K. Jerome**



**Three Men in a Boat  
(To Say Nothing of  
the Dog)**

## CHAPTER I

**T**here were four of us — George, and William Samuel Harris, and myself, and Montmorency. 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 unwell, and we were getting nervous about it. Harris said he felt such extraordinary fits of giddiness, that he hardly knew what he was doing; and then George said that HE had fits of giddiness too, and hardly knew what HE was doing. With me, it was my liver that was out of order. I knew it, because I had read a patent liver-pill advertisement, in which the symptoms were described properly. I had them all.

It is a most extraordinary thing, but I never read a medicine advertisement without coming to the conclusion that I am suffering from the particular disease. The diagnosis seems to correspond with all my sensations.

I remember going to the British Museum one day to read up the treatment for hay fever. I got down the book, and read all I came to read; and then began to study diseases generally. I had glanced half of the list of “premonitory symptoms” of some fearful disease and saw that I had got it.

I again turned over the pages. I came to typhoid fever — read the symptoms — discovered that I had typhoid fever,



and probably for months without knowing it; turned up St. Vitus's Dance — found, as I expected, that I had that too, — began to get interested and so started alphabetically. Bright's disease I had only in a modified form, and, so far as that was concerned, I might live for years. Cholera I had, with serious complications; and diphtheria I seemed to have been born with. I studied the twenty-six letters, and the only disease I had not got was housemaid's knee.

I felt rather hurt about this at first. Why hadn't I got housemaid's knee? But I reflected that I had every other known disease, and this thought calmed me down.

There were no more diseases after zymosis, so I sat and thought it over. What an interesting case I must be from a medical point of view, what a treasure I should be to a class! Students would have no need to "walk the hospitals," I was a hospital in myself. All they need to do is just 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 suddenly it started off. I pulled out my watch and timed it. 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. It WAS beating, I believe, but I cannot account for it. I patted myself all over my front, from what I call my waist up to my head, and I went a bit round each side, and a little way up the back. But I could not hear anything. I tried to look at my tongue. I stuck it out as far as I could, shut one eye, and tried to examine it with the other. The only thing I discovered was that I had scarlet fever.

I had walked into that reading-room a happy, healthy man. I crawled out a wreck.



I went to my medical man. He is my old friend, and feels my pulse, and looks at my tongue, and talks about the weather, when I'm ill; so I thought I would do him a good turn by going to him now. "What a doctor wants," I said, "is practice. He will get more practice out of me than out of seventeen hundred of your ordinary patients, with only one or two diseases each." So I went straight up and saw him, and he said: "Well, what's the matter with you?"

I said: "I will not take up your time, dear boy, 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; but the fact is I have not got it. Everything else, however, I HAVE got." And I told him how I had discovered it all.

He examined me. After that, he sat down, wrote out a prescription, and gave it to me, and I put it in my pocket and went out.

I did not open it. I took it to the nearest chemist's, and handed it in. The man read it, and then handed it back. He said he didn't keep it.

I said: "You are a chemist?"

He said: "I am a chemist. If I was a store and family hotel combined, I might help you."

I read the prescription. It ran:

"1 lb.<sup>1</sup> beefsteak, with 1 pt.<sup>2</sup> bitter beer every 6 hours.

1 ten-mile walk every morning.

1 bed at 11 sharp every night.

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<sup>1</sup> *lb.* — фунт (= pound). Единица измерения веса, равная 0,45 кг.

<sup>2</sup> *pt.* — пинта (= pint). Единица объема, равная 0,57 л.



And don't stuff up your head with things you don't understand."

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

Going back to the liver-pill advertisement, I really had the symptoms; the chief was "a general disinclination to work of any kind." As a boy, the disease hardly ever left me for a day. They did not know, then, that it was my liver and everybody used to put it down to laziness.

"You are lazy little devil," they would say, "get up and do something for your living, can't you?" — not knowing, of course, that I was ill. And they didn't give me pills; they gave me slaps on the side of the head. And those slaps often cured me! They cured me better than a whole box of pills does now.

We sat there for half-an-hour, describing to each other our diseases. 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.

At this point, Mrs. Poppets knocked at the door to know if we were ready for supper. We smiled sadly at one another, and promised to try to swallow a bit. Mrs. Poppets brought in the tray with steak and onions and some tart.

I was very weak, I believe; because after the first half-hour, I seemed to take no interest in my food — an unusual thing for me — and I didn't want any cheese.

When the supper was over, we refilled our glasses, lit our pipes, and continued the discussion upon our state of health.

"What we want is rest," said Harris.



“Rest and a complete change,” said George. “Change of scene, and absence of the necessity for thought.”

I agreed with George, and suggested that we should find some quiet place.

Harris said he knew the sort of place I meant; where everybody went to bed at eight o’clock and you had to walk ten miles to get your tobacco.

“If you want rest and change, you can’t beat a sea trip.”

I objected to the sea trip strongly. A sea trip does you good when you are going to have a couple of months of it, but, for a week, it is wicked.

You start on Monday with the idea that you are going to enjoy yourself. You wave to the boys on shore, light your pipe, and walk about the deck as if you were Captain Cook, Sir Francis Drake, and Christopher Columbus all rolled into one. On Tuesday, you wish you hadn’t come. On Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, you wish you were dead. On Saturday, you are able to swallow a little beef tea, and to sit up on deck, and answer with a weak smile when kind-hearted people ask you how you feel now. On Sunday, you begin to walk about again, and take solid food. And on Monday morning, with your bag and umbrella in your hand, while you are waiting to step ashore, you begin to really like it.

I remember my brother-in-law going for a short sea trip once, for the benefit of his health. He took a return ticket from London to Liverpool; and when he got to Liverpool, the only thing he was anxious about was to sell that return ticket. It was offered round the town at a tremendous reduction, so I am told; and was eventually sold for eighteen-pence to



a youth who had just been advised by his medical men to go to the sea-side, and take exercise.

“Sea-side!” said my brother-in-law, pressing the ticket into his hand; “why, you’ll have enough to last you a lifetime; and as for exercise! why, you’ll get more exercise, sitting down on that ship, than you could ever have on dry land.” He himself came back by train, saying that it was healthy enough for him.

Another fellow I knew went for a week’s voyage round the coast, and, before they started, the steward came to him to ask whether he would pay for each meal, or arrange beforehand for the whole series. The steward recommended the latter course, as it would come much cheaper. He said they would do him for the whole week at two pounds five. He said for breakfast there would be fish, followed by a grill. Lunch was at one, and consisted of four courses. Dinner at six — soup, fish, entrée, joint, poultry, salad, sweets, cheese, and dessert. And a light meat supper at ten.

My friend happily agreed. Lunch came just as they were off Sheerness. He didn’t feel hungry and so contented himself with a bit of beef, and some strawberries and cream. During the afternoon, at one time it seemed to him that he had been eating nothing but beef for weeks, and at other times it seemed that he had been living on strawberries and cream for years. Neither the beef nor the strawberries and cream seemed happy, either.

At six, they came and told him dinner was ready. The announcement aroused no enthusiasm within him, but he felt that there was some of that two-pound-five to be worked off, and he held on to ropes and things and went down. A pleasant smell of onions and hot ham, mixed with fried fish



and greens, greeted him at the bottom of the ladder; and then the steward came up with an oily smile, and said:

“What can I get you, sir?”

“Get me out of this,” was the weak reply.

And they led him upstairs, and left him alone. For the next four days he lived a simple life on thin captain’s biscuits (I mean that the biscuits were thin, not the captain) and soda-water; but, towards Saturday, he felt better, and went in for weak tea and dry toast, and on Monday he was feasting on chicken broth. He left the ship on Tuesday, and as it steamed he gazed after it regretfully.

“There she<sup>1</sup> goes,” he said, “there she goes, with two pounds’ worth of food on board that belongs to me, and that I haven’t had,” he said. “I wish I had another day to put it right.”

So I was against the sea trip. Not, as I explained, upon my own account. I was never sea-sick. But I was afraid for George. George said he should be all right but he would advise Harris and me not to think of it, as he felt sure we should both be ill. Harris said that, to himself, it was always a mystery how people managed to get sick at sea — said he thought people must do it on purpose — said he had often wished to be, but never could.

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

If most men were like a fellow I saw on the Yarmouth boat one day, I could account for the seeming mystery easily enough. It was just off Southend Pier and he was leaning

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<sup>1</sup> Местоимение *she* используется с существительными *ship*, *boat*.



out through one of the port-holes in a very dangerous position. I went up to him to try and save him.

"Hi! come further in," I said, shaking him by the shoulder. "You'll be overboard."

"Oh my! I wish I was," was the only answer; and there I had to leave him.

Three weeks afterwards, I met him in the coffee-room of a Bath hotel, talking about his voyages, and explaining, with enthusiasm, how he loved the sea.

"Good sailor!" he replied to a young man's envious question; "well, I did feel a little sea-sick ONCE, I confess. It was off Cape Horn. The ship was wrecked the next morning."

I said: "Weren't you a little shaky by Southend Pier one day, and wanted to be thrown overboard?"

"Southend Pier!" he replied, with a puzzled expression.

"Yes; going down to Yarmouth, last Friday three weeks."

"Oh, ah — yes," he answered, brightening up; "I remember now. I had a headache that afternoon. It was the food, you know. The most disgraceful food I ever tasted in a respectable boat. Did YOU have any?"

For myself, I have discovered an excellent preventive against sea-sickness, in balancing myself. You stand in the centre of the deck, and, as the ship goes up and down, 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 rises 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."

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



sleep. Harris said he didn't think George ought to do anything that make him sleepier than he was, as it might be dangerous.

Harris and I both said it was a good idea. The only one who was not happy with the suggestion was Montmorency. He never did care for the river.

We were three to one, however, and it was settled.

## CHAPTER II

**W**e pulled out the maps, and discussed plans. We arranged to start on Saturday from Kingston. Harris and I would go down in the morning, and take the boat up to Chertsey, and George, who would not be able to get away from the City till the afternoon (George goes to sleep at a bank from ten to four each day, except Saturdays, when they wake him up and put him outside at two), would meet us there.

Should we "camp out" or sleep at hotels? George and I were for camping out. We said it would be so wild and free. Do you imagine?

Night, upon her dark throne, folds her black wings above the darkening world and reigns in calmness. We run our little boat into a quiet bay, and the tent is settled, and the supper cooked and eaten. Then the big pipes are filled and lighted, and the pleasant chat goes like music; while, in the pauses, the river, playing round the boat, tells us strange old tales, sings low the old child's song that it



has sung so many thousand years — will sing so many thousand years to come, a song that we think, somehow, we understand, though we could not tell the story that we listen to.

We watch it as it flows, ever singing, ever whispering, out to meet its king, the sea — till our voices die away in silence, and the pipes go out — till we, common young men, feel strangely full of thoughts, half sad, half sweet, and do not care or want to speak — and say “Good-night,” and we fall asleep under the great stars, and dream that the world is young and sweet again.

Harris said: “How about when it rained?”

There is no poetry about Harris. If Harris’s eyes fill with tears, you can bet it is because Harris has eaten raw onions, or has put too much Worcester<sup>1</sup> over his chop.

If you were at the sea-shore with Harris at night, and say: “Hey! Do you not hear? Are the mermaids singing deep below the waving waters; or sad spirits, held by seaweed?” Harris would take you by the arm, and say: “I know what it is, old man; you’ve got a cold. Now, you come along with me. I know a place round the corner here, where you can get a drop of the finest Scotch whisky — put you right in no time.”

Harris always knows a place round the corner where you can get something brilliant in the drinking line. I believe that if you met Harris up in Paradise (supposing such a thing likely), he would immediately greet you with:

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<sup>1</sup> *Worcester* — вустерский соус (= Worcester sause). Кисло-сладкий английский соус, приготавливаемый на основе уксуса, сахара и рыбы.



“Glad you’ve come, old fellow; I’ve found a nice place round the corner here, where you can get some really first-class nectar.”

In the present instance, however, his practical view of the matter came just in time. Camping out in rainy weather is not pleasant.

It is evening. You are wet through, and there is a good two inches<sup>1</sup> of water in the boat, and all the things are damp. You find a place on the banks that is not so wet as other places, you land, and two of you begin to fix up the tent.

It is wet and heavy, and it flops about, and falls down on you, and clings round your head and makes you mad. The rain is pouring down all the time. Instead of helping you, it seems to you that the other man is simply playing the fool. Just as you get your side beautifully fixed, he pulls his end and spoils everything.

“Here! What are you doing?” you call out.

“What are YOU doing?” he cries in reply; “let it go! Can’t you?”

“Don’t pull it; you’ve got it all wrong, you fool!” you shout.

“No, I haven’t,” he yells back; “let go your side!”

You start to go round and tell him what you think about the whole business, and, at the same time, he starts round in the same direction to come and explain his views to you. And you follow each other round, swearing at one another, until the tent tumbles down and leaves you looking at each other across its ruins, when you both exclaim: “There you are! What did I tell you?”

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<sup>1</sup> *Inch* — дюйм. Единица измерения длины, равная 2,54 см.