

ЛЕГКО ЧИТАЕМ ПО-АНГЛИЙСКИ

Эмили Бронте
**ГРОЗОВОЙ
ПЕРЕВАЛ**

Emily Brontë
**WUTHERING
HEIGHTS**

Адаптация текста,
комментарии и словарь
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На вересковых пустошах Йоркшира, открытых всем ветрам, стоит Грозовой Перевал — старый фермерский дом, хранящий мрачные тайны. Какие страшные события произошли в нем и почему Хитклиф, владелец фермы, ведет столь уединенный образ жизни?

Книга содержит комментарии и словарь, облегчающие чтение.

Предназначается для продолжающих изучение английского языка (Intermediate — уровень 3).

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Emily Brontë
WUTHERING HEIGHTS

CHAPTER I

1801. I have just returned from a visit to my landlord. This is certainly a beautiful country! And Mr. Heathcliff and I are such a suitable pair. A capital fellow! We met yesterday.

‘Mr. Heathcliff? I’m Mr. Lockwood, your new tenant, sir. I hope that I don’t bother you by my perseverance occupying **Thrushcross Grange**¹: I heard yesterday you had had some thoughts — ’

‘Thrushcross Grange is my own, sir,’ he interrupted, wincing. ‘I won’t allow anyone to bother me, but walk in!’

The ‘walk in’ was uttered with closed teeth, and in fact he seemed to say ‘Go to Hell’. But eventually he opened the gate and invited me to enter. As we entered the court, he called,

‘Joseph, take Mr. Lockwood’s horse; and bring up some wine.’

Joseph was an old man. ‘The Lord help us!’ he said and helped me from my horse.

¹ **Thrushcross Grange** — Мыс Скворцов

Wuthering Heights¹ is the name of Mr. Heathcliff's house. The word 'Wuthering' is connected with the stormy weather in this region. Above the door, I detected the date '1500,' and the name 'Hareton Earnshaw.'

We came into the family sitting-room, without any lobby or passage: they call it here 'the house'. Above the chimney there were some old guns, and a couple of **horse-pistols**². The floor was of smooth, white stone; the chairs were high-backed, primitive structures.

Mr. Heathcliff is a dark-skinned gipsy in appearance, in dress and manners a gentleman. He has an erect and handsome figure; and is rather morose. Possibly, some people suspect under-bred pride; but I think it is nothing of the sort. I know, by instinct, he is so reserved because of an aversion to show his feeling.

When he left me to go to the cellar with Joseph and bring some wine, however, I was attacked by several large dogs, they ran into the kitchen. Happily, a woman came in to save me. She had bare arms and red cheeks, and she rushed into the midst of us with a frying-pan, and used that weapon, and her tongue, to such purpose, that the storm subsided magically.

'What the devil is the matter?' asked Heathcliff. I did not like this inhospitable treatment.

¹ **Wuthering Heights** — Грозовой перевал

² **horse-pistols** — седельные пистолеты

‘What the devil, indeed!’ I muttered. ‘Those animals of yours, sir. You will leave a stranger with tigers soon!’

‘They won’t touch the persons who touch nothing,’ he remarked, putting the bottle before me. ‘The dogs must be vigilant. A glass of wine?’

‘No, thank you.’

‘Come, come,’ he said, ‘you are uneasy, Mr. Lockwood. Here, take a little wine. Guests are so rare in this house that I and my dogs hardly know how to receive them. Your health, sir?’

CHAPTER II

Yesterday I went to see Heathcliff again, but nobody answered when I knocked for admittance.

Only the dogs howled inside. It was snowing hard. Suddenly, when a young man without coat, but with a pitchfork, appeared in the yard behind. He hailed me to follow him, and **at length**¹ we arrived in the huge, warm, cheerful apartment. I was formerly received there. The fire was burning; and near the table, laid for an evening meal, I observed a lady whose existence I had never previously suspected. I bowed and waited. Will she ask me to take a seat? She looked at me, leant back in her chair, and remained motionless and silent.

‘Rough weather!’ I remarked.

She did not open her mouth. I stared — she stared also. She looked at me in a cool, regardless manner, exceedingly embarrassing and disagreeable.

‘Sit down,’ said the young man, gruffly. ‘He’ll be in soon.’

¹ **at length** — наконец

She was not very amiable with me — in fact, quite the opposite. But I noticed that she was slender and beautiful, with curly blond hair. I could not remember when I had last seen such a beauty. But our conversation did not go far. Meanwhile, the shabby young man was standing

in front of the fireplace. He looked down on me from the corner of his eyes. Was there some mortal feud between us? No. Is he a servant here? His dress and speech were both rude; his thick brown curls and whiskers were rough and uncultivated, and his hands were brown like those of a common worker. Five minutes afterwards the entrance of Heathcliff relieved me from my uncomfortable thoughts.

‘You see, sir, I have come, according to promise!’ I exclaimed; ‘and I fear I shall stay here for half an hour, if you afford me shelter.’

‘Half an hour?’ he said. He shook the white flakes from his clothes; ‘I wonder you selected the snow-storm to go out. Do you know that you risk? You may be lost in the marshes.’

‘Perhaps I can get a guide among your lads. He might stay at the Grange till morning — could you spare me one?’

‘No, I can’t.’

‘Oh, indeed! Well, then, I must trust to my own luck.’

‘Umph! Are you going to drink tea?’ demanded he of the shabby coat, which was shifting his ferocious gaze from me to the young lady.

‘Will he drink too?’ she asked Heathcliff.

‘Get it ready, will you?’ was the answer.

It uttered so savagely that I started. The tone in which the words were said revealed a genuine bad nature. I no longer felt inclined to call Heathcliff a good fellow. When the preparations were finished, he invited me with — ‘Now, sir, bring forward your chair.’ And we all, including the rustic youth, drew round the table in silence.

I decided to begin a conversation in order to dispel cloud. They cannot sit so grim every day!

I learnt soon that Mrs. Heathcliff wasn’t Heathcliff’s wife, but his daughter-in-law, and this clown next to me wasn’t his son — or, indeed, her husband, either.

‘My name is Hareton Earnshaw,’ the youth growled; ‘and I advise you to respect it!’

‘I’ve shown no disrespect,’ was my reply.

I laughed internally at the dignity with which he announced himself. I began to feel **out of place**¹ in that pleasant family circle.

‘I don’t think it possible for me to get home now without a guide,’ I exclaimed. ‘The roads will be buried. I can scarcely distinguish a foot in advance.’

‘Hareton, drive those dozen sheep into the barn porch,’ said Heathcliff.

‘And what about me? What to do?’ I continued, with irritation.

There was no reply to my question. I looked round and saw that Joseph was bringing in a pail

¹ **out of place** — не на своём месте

of porridge for the dogs. and Mrs. Heathcliff was leaning over the fire.

‘Oh, wicked, wicked!’ gasped he; ‘may the Lord deliver us from evil!’

‘Go away, or I’ll hurt you seriously! I know some black magic. I’ll have you all modelled in wax and clay! and the first who passes the limits I fix, will... I won’t say what he will do — but you’ll see! Go, I’m looking at you!’

The little witch put a mock malignity into her beautiful eyes, and Joseph, trembling with sincere horror, hurried out, praying, and ejaculating ‘wicked’ as he went. I thought her conduct was dreary fun. As we were alone, I tried to talk to her.

‘Mrs. Heathcliff,’ I said earnestly, ‘you must excuse me for troubling you. I presume, because, with that face, I’m sure you are very good-hearted. Please, point out some landmarks by which I may know my way home. I have no idea how to get there!’

‘Take the road you came,’ she answered. ‘It is brief advice, but rather wise.’

‘Then, if I am dead in a bog or a pit full of snow, your conscience won’t whisper that it is partly your fault?’

‘How so? I cannot escort you. They won’t let me go to the end of the garden wall.’

‘You! I’ll be sorry to ask you to cross the threshold on such a night. I want you to tell me my way, not to show it: or else to persuade Mr. Heathcliff to give me a guide.’

‘Who? Himself, Earnshaw, Zillah, Joseph and I. Which will you have?’

‘Are there no boys at the farm?’

‘No; those are all.’

‘Then, it means that I am compelled to stay.’

‘That you must talk to your host. I have nothing to do with it.’

‘I hope it will be a lesson to you to make no more rash journeys on these hills,’ cried Heathcliff’s stern voice from the kitchen entrance. ‘Are you going to stay here? I don’t keep accommodations for visitors. You must share a bed with Hareton or Joseph, if you want.’

‘I can sleep on a chair in this room,’ I replied.

‘No, no! A stranger is a stranger. I don’t care whether you are rich or poor. It will not suit me to permit anyone to stay here while I am off!’ said the unmannerly wretch.

It was an end. I uttered an expression of disgust, and pushed past him into the yard. And I ran against Earnshaw in my haste. It was so dark that I could not see the means of exit. As I wandered round, I heard another specimen of their civil behaviour amongst each other. At first the young man appeared about to befriend me.

‘I’ll go with him to the park,’ he said.

‘You’ll go with him to hell!’ exclaimed his master. ‘And who will look after the horses, eh?’

‘A man’s life is of more importance: somebody must go,’ murmured Mrs. Heathcliff, more kindly than I expected.

‘Not at your command!’ retorted Hareton.

‘Then I hope his ghost will haunt you. And I hope Mr. Heathcliff will never get another tenant till the Grange is a ruin,’ she answered, sharply.

‘Hearken, hearken, she’s cursing them!’ muttered Joseph.

The old man was sitting nearby. He was milking the cows by the light of a lantern, which I seized unceremoniously. I promised to send it back in the morning, and rushed to the nearest postern.

‘Master, master, he has stolen my lantern!’ shouted the old man. ‘Hey, Gnasher! Hey, dog! Hey Wolf, hold him, hold him!’

I opened the little door, and two hairy monsters flew at my throat, bearing me down, and extinguishing the light. A mingled guffaw from Heathcliff and Hareton made me furious. I was angry and humiliated. Fortunately, the beasts were stretching their paws, and yawning, and flourishing their tails. They were not going to devour me alive. But I was forced to lie till their malignant masters delivered me. Then, hatless and trembling with wrath, I ordered the miscreants to let me out — with several incoherent threats of retaliation.

The vehemence of my agitation brought on a copious bleeding at the nose, and still Heathcliff laughed, and still I scolded. I don’t know what could happen next. But there appeared one person rather more rational than myself, and more benevolent than my entertainer. This was Zillah, the stout housewife; who at length issued forth to inquire into the

nature of the uproar. She did not dare to attack her master, and turned her vocal artillery against the younger scoundrel.

‘Well, Mr. Earnshaw,’ she cried, ‘I wonder what you’ll start next? Are we going to murder people on our doors? I see this house will never be good — look at the poor lad! Sir, you must not go on so. Come in, and I’ll cure that: there now.’

With these words she suddenly splashed a pint of icy water down my neck, and pulled me into the kitchen. Mr. Heathcliff followed. His accidental merriment expired quickly in his habitual moroseness.

I was sick exceedingly, and dizzy, and faint. So I was compelled to accept lodgings under his roof. He told Zillah to give me a glass of brandy, and then passed on to the inner room. She condoled with me on my sorry predicament, and ushered me to bed.

CHAPTER III

She led me upstairs and recommended to hide the candle and not make noise. Her master has odd ideas about the room she will put me in. I asked the reason. She did not know, she answered: she had only lived there a year or two; and they had many strange things here.

So I fastened my door and glanced round for the bed. The whole furniture consisted of a chair, a clothes-press, and a large oak case, with square windows near the top. I put my candle on the shelf and felt secure against the vigilance of Heathcliff, and everyone else.

The shelf had books on it; and it was covered with writing scratched on the paint. This writing, however, was nothing but a name repeated in all kinds of characters, large and small — Catherine Earnshaw, here and there varied to Catherine Heathcliff, and then again to Catherine Linton.

Catherine's library was select, though not altogether for a legitimate purpose: scarcely one chapter