

КАРМАННОЕ ЧТЕНИЕ НА АНГЛИЙСКОМ ЯЗЫКЕ

Mark Twain

**THE ADVENTURES
OF TOM SAWYER**

Марк Твен

**ПРИКЛЮЧЕНИЯ
ТОМА СОЙЕРА**

Адаптация текста и словарь

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Роман о Томе Сойере является настоящей классикой приключенческой литературы. Невероятные и опасные путешествия, веселые игры и поиски настоящего клада — жизнь простого мальчишки в маленьком городе на Юге Америки никак нельзя назвать скучной.

Текст произведения адаптирован и сопровождается словарем. Предназначается для продолжающих изучать английский язык нижней ступени (уровень Pre-Intermediate).

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OF TOM SAWYER
by Mark Twain**

CHAPTER I

“TOM!”

No answer.

“TOM!”

No answer.

“What’s happened with that boy, I wonder? You TOM!”

No answer.

Aunt Polly pulled her spectacles down and looked over them about the room; then she put them up and looked out under them. She even bent down, **poked**

under the bed with the broom¹,
and found nothing but the cat.

“Y-o-u-u TOM!”

There was a slight noise behind her and she turned just in time to seize a boy.

“There! What have you been doing in the pantry?”

“Nothing.”

“Nothing! Look at your hands. And look at your mouth. What IS it?”

“I don’t know, aunt.”

“Well, I know. It’s jam—that’s what it is. I’ve told you forty times not to touch it. Where’s my switch?”

¹ **poked under the bed with the broom** — пошарила под кроватью щеткой

“Wow! Look behind you, aunt!”

The old woman turned round, and the boy fled on the instant—he climbed up the high fence, and disappeared over it.

His aunt Polly stood surprised a moment, and then laughed.

“I can never learn anything! **He’s played the same trick enough for me to remember it¹!** You can’t learn an old dog new tricks. I’m sure he won’t go to school this afternoon, and I’ll just have to make him work tomorrow, to punish him. It’s hard to make

¹ **He’s played the same trick enough for me to remember it** — он проделывал этот трюк со мной достаточно много раз, чтобы я могла его запомнить

him work on Saturdays, when all the boys are having a holiday. But he hates work more than he hates anything else, so I've GOT to find some job for him."

She was right. Tom didn't go to school, and he had a very good time.

While Tom was eating his dinner later, and stealing sugar as opportunity offered, Aunt Polly asked him questions—for she wanted to catch him lying.

Said she:

"Tom, it was warm in school, wasn't it?"

"Yes, mam."

"Powerful warm, wasn't it?"

"Yes, mam."

“Didn’t you want to go in a-swimming, Tom?”

Tom searched Aunt Polly’s face, but it told him nothing. So he said:

“No, ma—well, not very much.”

The old lady reached out her hand and felt Tom’s shirt, and said:

“But you ain’t too warm now, though.”

Tom knew what was coming, now. So he said:

“Some of us pumped water on our heads—mine’s still damp. See?”

Aunt Polly got upset that she had overlooked that bit of circum-

stantial evidence. Then she had a new inspiration:

“Tom, you didn’t have to undo your shirt collar where I sewed it, to pump on your head, did you? Unbutton your jacket!”

Tom opened his jacket. His shirt collar was securely sewed.

“Bother! Well, I was sure you skipped school and went swimming. But I forgive ye, Tom. *This* time.”

But then Sid, Tom’s younger brother, said:

“You sewed his collar with white thread, but now it’s black.”

“Why, I did sew it with white! Tom!”

But Tom did not wait for the rest. As he went out at the door he said:

“Siddy, **I’ll lick you for that¹.**”

In a safe place Tom examined two large needles that he had stick into the lapels of his jacket. They both had thread attached to them—one needle had white thread and the other black. He said:

“She’d never noticed if it hadn’t been for Sid. Sometimes she sews it with white, and sometimes she sews it with black. I wish she picked one or the other—I can’t keep track of them!”

¹ **I’ll lick you for that**—теперь тебе мало не покажется

Tom was not the model boy of the village. But Sid was—and Tom hated him sometimes.

Within two minutes, or even less, he had forgotten all his troubles because he found a new interesting activity—whistling. He had learned to whistle a couple of days ago and now he decided to practise it.

The summer evenings were long so he had a lot of time ahead.

Then he saw a stranger boy a little larger than himself. Meeting a new-comer of any age of either sex was an important in the poor little village of St. Petersburg. This boy was well dressed—on

a week-day. He even had shoes on—and it was only Friday. You could see that he was from the city. The more Tom stared at the stranger, the higher he turned up his nose and the shabbier his own outfit seemed to him. Neither of the boys spoke. If one moved, the other moved—but only to the side; so they were moving in a circle; **keeping face to face and eye to eye**¹ all the time. Finally Tom said:

“I can lick you!”

“I’d like to see you try it.”

“Well, I can do it.”

“No you can’t, either.”

¹ **keeping face to face and eye to eye** — держались лицом к лицу, глаза в глаза друг с другом

“Yes I can.”

“No you can’t.”

“I can.”

“You can’t.”

“Can!”

“Can’t!”

An uncomfortable pause. Then
Tom said:

“What’s your name?”

“Tisn’t any of your business,
maybe.”

“Well I’ll make it my business.”

“Well why don’t you?”

“If you say much, I will.”

“Much—much—much. There
now.”

“Oh, you think you’re mighty
smart, don’t you? I could lick you

with one hand tied behind me, if I wanted to.”

“Well why don’t you do it? You say you can do it.”

“Well I will, if you fool with me.”

“Oh yes—I’ve seen whole families in the same fix.”

“Smarty! You think you’re some, now, don’t you? Oh, what a hat!”

“You can lump that hat if you don’t like it. I dare you to knock it off—and anybody that’ll take a dare will suck eggs.”

“You’re a liar!”

“You’re another.”

“You’re a fighting liar.”

“Aw—take a walk!”