

ЛЕГКО ЧИТАЕМ ПО-АНГЛИЙСКИ

Артур Конан Дойл  
**ЗАТЕРЯННЫЙ  
МИР**

Arthur Conan Doyle  
**THE LOST WORLD**

*Адаптация текста,  
комментарии и словарь  
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*Lingua*  
Москва  
АСТ

УДК 811.111(075)  
ББК 81.2 Англ-9  
Д55

*Иллюстрации И. Кульбицкой*

*Дизайн обложки А. Орловой*

**Доил, Артур Конан.**

Д55 Затерянный мир = The Lost World / А.К. Доил ; адаптация текста, сост. коммент. и словаря Д.В. Положенцевой. — Москва : Издательство АСТ, 2018. — 192 с. — (Легко читаем по-английски).

ISBN 978-5-17-110865-6

В предлагаемую книгу вошел текст научно-фантастического романа Артура Конан Дойла «Затерянный мир», повествующего об опасной, но невероятно увлекательной экспедиции в дебри Амазонки. В ходе экспедиции группе исследователей предстоит столкнуться с поистине невероятными событиями, побывать на грани жизни и смерти и... даже повстречаться с доисторическими существами! Смогут ли они доказать, что все произошедшее с ними — правда?

Текст романа незначительно упрощен и сокращен и сопровождается постраничными комментариями. В конце книги помещен словарь, облегчающий чтение.

Книга предназначена для продолжающих изучать английский язык верхней ступени (уровень 4 — Upper-Intermediate).

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ISBN 978-5-17-110865-6

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## Chapter 1

# There Are Heroisms All Round Us

Mr. Hungerton, her father, was the most tactless person on the earth, a good-natured man, but absolutely centered on himself. If anything could have driven me from Gladys, it would have been the thought of such a father-in-law. I am sure that he really believed that I came round to their house three days a week only for the pleasure of his company.

For an hour or more that evening I listened to his monotonous talk about money exchange and debts.

“Imagine,” he cried, “that all the debts in the world were to be paid at once... what would happen then?”

I answered that I should be a ruined man<sup>1</sup>. He jumped from his chair, complained that it was impossible for him to discuss any reasonable subject with me, and ran out of the room to dress for a Masonic meeting<sup>2</sup>.

At last I was alone with Gladys, and the moment of Fate had come! All that evening I had felt like the

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<sup>1</sup> **I should be a ruined man** — мне грозит разорение

<sup>2</sup> **a Masonic meeting** — масонское собрание

soldier who awaits the signal which will send him on a hope.

She sat against the red curtain. How beautiful she was! And yet how aloof! We had been friends, quite good friends; but never could I get beyond the same friendship which I might have had with one of my fellow-reporters upon the Gazette — a frank and kind friendship. My nature is all against a woman who is too frank with me. It is no compliment to a man. Where the real feeling begins, shyness and distrust are its companions. It is heritage from old days when love and violence went often hand in hand. The bent head, the sideward eye, the low voice... these, and not the straight gaze and frank reply, are the true signals of passion. Even in my short life I had learned it.

Gladys was full of womanly qualities. Some thought her to be cold and hard; but it was so untrue! That bronzed skin, that raven hair, the large eyes, the full lips... all the signs of passion were there. But I was sadly conscious<sup>1</sup> that up to now I had never found the secret how to conquer her. She could refuse me, but better be a refused lover than an accepted brother.

So I was about to break the silence<sup>2</sup>, when two critical, dark eyes looked at me. Gladys shook her head and smiled with reproof<sup>3</sup>.

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<sup>1</sup> **I was sadly conscious** — я с грустью осознал

<sup>2</sup> **to break the silence** — нарушить молчание

<sup>3</sup> **with reproof** — с упреком

“I have a feeling that you are going to propose, Ned. I wish you wouldn’t.”

“How did you know that I was going to propose?” I asked in wonder.

“Don’t women always know? But... Ned, our friendship has been so good and so pleasant! What a pity to spoil it! Don’t you think how splendid it is that a young man and a young woman should be able to talk face to face as we have talked?”

“I don’t know, Gladys. You see, I can talk face to face with anyone. So it does not satisfy me. I want my arms round you, and your head on my breast, and... oh, Gladys...”

“You’ve spoiled everything, Ned,” she said. “Why can’t you control yourself<sup>1</sup>?”

“I can’t. It’s nature. It’s love.”

“Well, I have never felt it.”

“But you must... you, with your beauty, with your soul! Oh, Gladys, you were made for love! You must love!”

“One must wait till it comes.”

“But why can’t you love me, Gladys? Is it my appearance, or what?”

“No it isn’t that,” she said with a smile. “It’s deeper.”

“My character?”

She nodded severely.

“What can I do, Gladys? Tell me, what’s wrong?”

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<sup>1</sup> **to control yourself** — держать себя в руках

"I'm in love with somebody else," she said.

I jumped out of my chair.

"It's nobody in particular," she explained, laughing at the expression of my face: "only an ideal. I've never met the kind of man I mean."

"Tell me about him. What does he look like?"

"Oh, he might look very much like you."

"How dear of you to say that! Well, what is it that he does that I don't do? Just say the word... non-drinking, vegetarian, pilot, theosophist, superman. I'll have a try at it, Gladys, if you will tell me what would please you."

She laughed at the flexibility of my character.

"Well, in the first place, I don't think my ideal would speak like that," said she. "He would be a harder man, not so ready to adapt himself to a girl. But, above all, he must be a man who could act, who could look Death in the face and have no fear of him, a man of great experiences. It is not a man that I should love, but the glories he had won because they would be reflected upon me!"

She looked so beautiful in her enthusiasm!

"But we don't usually get the chance of great experiences... at least, I never had the chance. If I did, I should try to take it."

"But chances are all around you. Remember that young Frenchman who went up last week in a balloon. The wind blew him fifteen hundred miles in twenty-four hours, and he fell in the middle of Russia. That was the kind of man I mean. Think of the woman he

loved, and how other women must have envied her! That's what I should like to be... envied for my man."

"I'd have done it to please you."

"But you shouldn't do it just to please me. You should do it because you can't help yourself<sup>1</sup>, because it's natural to you. Now, when you described the Wigan coal explosion last month, could you not have gone down and helped those people?"

"I did."

"You never said so."

"There was nothing worth boasting of."

"I didn't know." She looked at me with more interest. "That was brave of you."

"I had to. If you want to write a good article, you must be where the things are."

"What a prosaic motive! It seems to take all the romance out of it. But, still, I am glad that you went down that mine. I dare say I am a foolish woman with a young girl's dreams. And yet it is so real with me, that I cannot help it. If I marry, I do want to marry a famous man!"

"Why should you not?" I cried. "Give me a chance, and see if I will take it! I'll do something in the world!"

She laughed at my sudden Irish excitement.

"Why not?" she said. "You have everything a man could have... youth, health, strength, education, energy. Now I am glad if it wakens these thoughts in you!"

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<sup>1</sup> **you can't help yourself** — ты ничего не можешь с собой поделаться

“And if I...”

Her dear hand rested upon my lips.

“Not another word, Sir! You should have been at the office for evening duty half an hour ago. Some day, perhaps, when you have won your place in the world, we shall talk it over again.”

And so I left her with my heart glowing within me and with the eager determination to find some deed which was worthy of my lady. But who... who in all this world could ever have imagined this incredible deed I was about to take? Was it hardness, was it selfishness, that Gladys should ask me to risk my life for her own glorification? Such thoughts may come in middle age but never when you are twenty three and in the fever of your first love.

## Chapter 2

# Try Your Luck With Professor Challenger

I always liked McArdle, the crabbed<sup>1</sup>, old, red-headed news editor, and I hoped that he liked me. Of course, Beaumont was the real boss but he was above and beyond us — we saw him very seldom.

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<sup>1</sup> **crabbed** — ворчливый

And McArdle was his first lieutenant. The old man nodded as I entered the room.

“Well, Mr. Malone, you seem to be doing very well,” he said in his kindly Scottish accent.

I thanked him.

“The article about explosion was excellent. So why did you want to see me?”

“To ask a favour<sup>1</sup>... Do you think, Sir, that you could possibly send me on some mission? I would do my best<sup>2</sup> to get you some good copy<sup>3</sup>.”

“What sort of mission, Mr. Malone?”

“Well, Sir, anything that had adventure and danger in it. The more difficult it was, the better it would suit me.”

“You seem very anxious to lose your life.”

“To justify my life, Sir.”

“Dear me, Mr. Malone, I’m afraid the day for this sort of thing is rather past. There’s no room for romance... Wait a bit, though!” he added, with a sudden smile. “What about exposing a fraud... a modern Munchausen<sup>4</sup>... and making him ridiculous? You could show him as the liar that he is! How does it sound to you?”

“Anything... anywhere... I don’t care.”

McArdle was plunged in thought for some minutes.

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<sup>1</sup> **to ask a favour** — попросить об услуге

<sup>2</sup> **to do one’s best** — делать всё возможное

<sup>3</sup> **copy** — материал для статьи

<sup>4</sup> **Munchausen** — Мюнхгаузен (литературный персонаж)

“You seem to have, I suppose, animal magnetism, or youthful energy, or something... So why should you not try your luck with Professor Challenger?”

I looked a little startled.

“Challenger!” I cried. “Professor Challenger, the famous zoologist! The man who broke the skull of Blundell, of the Telegraph!”

The news editor smiled grimly.

“Do you mind? Didn’t you say it was adventures you wanted?”

“Yes, sir,” I answered.

“I don’t suppose he can always be so violent as that. You may have better luck, or more tact in handling him.”

“I really know nothing about him,” I said. “I only remember his name in connection with the police-court proceedings, for striking Blundell. I am not very clear yet why I am to interview this gentleman. What else has he done?”

“He went to South America on a expedition two years ago. Came back last year. Had undoubtedly been to South America, but refused to say exactly where. Began to tell his adventures in a vague way but then just shut up like an oyster. Something wonderful happened... or the man’s a great liar. Had some damaged photographs, said to be fakes. Now he attacks anyone who asks questions and kicks reporters downstairs<sup>1</sup>. In my opinion he’s just a mani-

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<sup>1</sup> **to kick smb downstairs** — спускать кого-либо с лестницы

ac with a turn for science. That's your man, Mr. Malone. Now, go. We'll see what you can do. You're big enough to look after yourself."

I left the office and entered the Savage Club and found the very man I needed. Tarp Henry, of the staff of Nature, a thin, dry, leathery creature, who was full of kindly humanity.

"What do you know of Professor Challenger?" I asked him at once.

"Challenger? He was the man who came with some story from South America."

"What story?"

"Oh, it was nonsense about some animals he had discovered. I believe he has retracted<sup>1</sup> since. He gave an interview to Reuter's, and there was such a howl that he saw it wouldn't do. There were one or two men who were inclined to take him seriously, but he soon removed them."

"How?"

"Well, by his rudeness and impossible behaviour. There was poor old Wadley, of the Zoological Institute. Wadley sent a message: 'The President of the Zoological Institute presents his compliments to Professor Challenger, and would take it as a personal favour if he would do them the honour to come to their next meeting.' The answer was unprintable."

"Good Lord! Anything more about Challenger?"

"Well, he's a fanatic."

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<sup>1</sup> **to retract** — ОТКАЗЫВАТЬСЯ ОТ СВОИХ СЛОВ

“In what particular sphere?”

“There are lots of examples, but the latest is something about Weissmann and Evolution. He had a fearful row about it in Vienna, I believe. There is a translation of the proceedings at our office. Would you like to have a look?”

“It’s just what I need! I have to interview the fellow. I’ll go with you now, if it is not too late.”

Half an hour later I was seated in the newspaper office with a huge tome in front of me, reading the article “Weissmann versus Darwin.” I couldn’t make out a word as if it were written in Chinese, but it was evident that the English Professor had spoken in a very aggressive way, and had thoroughly annoyed his Continental colleagues.

“I wish you could translate it into English for me,” I said, pathetically, to my friend.

“Well, it is a translation.”

“All I need is a single good sentence which conveys some sort of definite human idea. Ah, yes, this one will do. I even seem to understand it. I’ll copy it out. This shall be my link with the terrible Professor.”

“Nothing else I can do?”

“Well, yes; I am going to write to him. If I could use your address it would give atmosphere.”

“Well, that’s my chair and desk. You’ll find paper there.”

It took some time and when it was finished it wasn’t such a bad job. I read it aloud to Tarp Henry.

“DEAR PROFESSOR CHALLENGER,” it said, “As a modest student of Nature, I have always been interested in your speculations, especially about the differences between Darwin and Weissmann...”

“You liar!” murmured Tarp Henry.

“... But there is one sentence in your speech at Vienna, namely: ‘I protest strongly against the insufferable and entirely dogmatic assertion that each separate id is a microcosm possessed of an historical architecture elaborated slowly through the series of generations.’<sup>1</sup> With your permission, I would ask the favour of an interview, as I don’t quite understand it and have certain suggestions which I could only tell you in a personal conversation. With your consent, I trust to have the honour of calling at eleven o’clock the day after tomorrow (Wednesday) morning.

Yours very truly, EDWARD D. MALONE.”

“But what do you mean to do?” Tarp Henry asked.

“To get there. Once I am in his room I may see some variants. If he is a sportsman he will like it.”

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<sup>1</sup> ‘I protest strongly against the insufferable and entirely dogmatic assertion that each separate id is a microcosm possessed of an historical architecture elaborated slowly through the series of generations.’ — ‘Я категорически возражаю против неприемлемого и сверхдогматического утверждения, будто каждый обособленный индивид есть микрокосм, обладающий исторически сложившимся строением организма, вырабатывавшимся постепенно в течение многих поколений’.

“Indeed a sportsman! Chain mail<sup>1</sup>, or an American football suit... that’s what you’ll need. Well, good-bye. I’ll have the answer for you here on Wednesday morning... if he ever answers you. He is a dangerous character. Perhaps it would be best for you if you never heard from the fellow at all.”

### Chapter 3

## He Is a Perfectly Impossible Person

However when I called on Wednesday there was a letter with the West Kensington postmark upon it, and my name scrawled across the envelope. The contents were as follows:

“SIR, — I have duly received your note, in which you claim to support my views. You quote an isolated sentence from my lecture, and appear to have some difficulty in understanding it. I should have thought that only a stupid person could have failed to grasp the point, but if it really needs explanation I shall see you at the hour named. As for your suggestions I would have you know that it is not my habit to change my views. You will kindly show the envelope of this letter to my man, Austin, when you

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<sup>1</sup> **chain mail** — кольчуга

call, as he has to take every precaution to protect me from the intrusive people who call themselves 'journalists'.

Yours faithfully, GEORGE EDWARD CHALLENGER."

This was the letter that I read aloud to Tarp Henry. His only remark was that I should take along some haemostatic<sup>1</sup>. Some people have such extraordinary sense of humor.

A taxicab took me round in good time for my appointment. It was an imposing house at which we stopped. The door was opened by an odd person of uncertain age. He looked me up and down with a searching light blue eye.

"Expected?" he asked.

"An appointment." I showed the envelope.

"Right!" He seemed to be a person of few words. I entered and saw a small woman. She was a bright, dark-eyed lady, more French than English in her type.

"One moment," she said. "You can wait, Austin. May I ask if you have met my husband before?"

"No, madam, I have not had the honour."

"Then I apologize to you in advance<sup>2</sup>. I must tell you that he is an impossible person... absolutely impossible. Get quickly out of the room if he seems to be violent. Don't argue with him. Several people have been injured. Afterwards there is a public scandal and

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<sup>1</sup> **haemostatic** — кровоостанавливающее средство

<sup>2</sup> **in advance** — заранее