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СЕРДЦА ТРЁХ

Jack London

HEARTS OF THREE

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Для удобства читателя текст сопровождается комментариями и кратким словарем. Предназначается для продолжающих изучать английский язык (уровень 4 – Upper-Intermediate).

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CHAPTER I

Events happened very rapidly with **Francis Morgan**¹, inheritor of many millions, that late spring morning.

“**Parker**²,” he said to the valet who had been his father’s before him. “Parker, I’m going fishing.”

“Yes, sir!”

“I ordered some rods. Please joint them. Two weeks in the woods is what I need. You remember **Sir Henry**³? The old Sir Henry, the buccaneer?”

“Yes, sir; I’ve read of him, sir.”

Parker had paused in the doorway.

“Nothing to be proud of, the old pirate.”

¹ **Francis Morgan** — Френсис Морган

² **Parker** — Паркер

³ **Sir Henry** — сэр Генри

“Oh, no, sir,” Parker protested. “He was **Governor of Jamaica**¹. He was a respectable man.”

“Hm, we Morgans never found his treasure.”

A telephone buzzed. “One moment, sir,” said Parker. “It’s **Mr. Bascom**², sir.”

Francis went to the phone.

“Hello, yes, this is I, Morgan. What is it?... To sell? Nothing of the sort... Of course, I’m glad to know. Nonsense. **If it goes down five points**³, buy. Buy all that’s offered. Sure... yes. Good-bye.”

And while Francis returned delightedly to his arm-chair, **Thomas Regan**⁴ in his down-town private office arranged his various brokers to buy. Suddenly a clerk told him about a foreign visitor. Regan listened, glanced at the card, and said:

“Tell this **Senor Alvarez Torres**⁵ that I can’t see him.”

Five minutes later the clerk was back, this time with a message. Regan read it:

¹ **Governor of Jamaica** — губернатор на Ямайке

² **Mr. Bascom** — мистер Бэском

³ **if it goes down five points** — если акции упадут на пять пунктов

⁴ **Thomas Regan** — Томас Риган

⁵ **Senor Alvarez Torres** — сеньор Альварес Торрес

“Dear Mr. Regan,

“Honoured Sir:

“I have the honour to inform you that I know the location of the treasure Sir Henry Morgan buried in old pirate days.

“Alvarez Torres.”

Regan shook his head.

“Let him in!”¹ At once.”

Senor Alvarez Torres’ English was perfect, though his skin advertised his **Latin-American origin**².

“By great effort, and years of research, I have finally won to the clue to the buccaneer gold of Sir Henry Morgan,” he began. “Of course it’s on the **Mosquito Coast**³. The nearest town is **Bocas del Toro**⁴. I was born there, and I know the neighbourhood like a book. A small schooner is cheap, very cheap; but the reward is the treasure!”

Senor Torres paused in eloquent inability to describe more definitely.

“And sir,” Senor Torres continued, “I am somewhat embarrassed for immediate funds.”

¹ **Let him in!** — Пусть войдёт!

² **Latin-American origin** — латиноамериканское происхождение

³ **Mosquito Coast** — Москитовый Берег

⁴ **Bocas del Toro** — Бокас-дель-Торо

"You need the money," the stock operator assured him brutally, and he bowed.

Regan wrote a check, in the name of Alvarez Torres, and when that gentleman glanced at it he read the figures of a thousand dollars.

"Now here's the idea," said Regan. "I don't believe a word in your story. But I have a young friend, and he is too tired to live in a big town, you understand?"

Senor Alvarez Torres bowed.

"Now, for the good of his health, as well as his wealth and the saving of his soul, the best thing that could happen to him is a trip after treasure, adventure, exercise, and... you readily understand, I am sure."

Again Alvarez Torres bowed.

"You need the money," Regan continued. "Try to interest him. That thousand is for your effort. If he departs after old Morgan's gold, two thousand more is yours. If he remains away three months, two thousand more; six months — five thousand. Oh, believe me, I knew his father. We were comrades, partners, I might say, almost brothers. I can sacrifice any sum to his son. What do you say? The thousand is yours to begin with. Well?"

With trembling fingers Senor Alvarez Torres folded and unfolded the check.

“I... I accept,” he stammered and faltered in his eagerness. “I... I... How shall I say? ... I am yours. Mr. Regan, it is true. I need the money. You are so generous, and I shall do my best...”

Senor Torres went away. In some minutes Francis Morgan came in.

“I have come for a bit of counsel,” he said, **greetings over**¹. “And to whom but you should I apply, who was a friend of my father? You and he were partners, I understand, on some of the biggest deals. He always told me to trust your judgment. And, well, here I am. What’s up with **Tampico Petroleum**²?”

“**Tampico Petroleum is up two points**³,” Regan said.

“That’s what I say,” Francis answered. “I worry. Don’t you think somebody is trying to get control?”

His father’s associate shook the head.

“Why,” he said, “What do you say?”

“Of course it’s good,” was Francis’ warm response. “If it drops, I’ll buy. I tell you, Regan, it’s immense. I have a kind of in-

¹ **greetings over** — после обмена приветствиями

² **Tampico Petroleum** — «Тэмпико Петролеум»

³ **Tampico Petroleum is up two points** — акции «Тэмпико Петролеум» поднялись на два пункта

terest, I'm doing nicely, and I don't want Tampico Petroleum to go up."

"Don't you worry about that, my boy. You go fishing and forget it." Regan paused, with finely simulated sudden recollection, and picked up Alvarez Torres' card with the note. "Look, who's just been here — Senor Alvarez Torres."

Regan retained the card a moment. "Why go fishing? After all, it's only recreation. Here's a full-size man's recreation. It's about old Morgan's treasure. Look, your father always was always proud of that old family pirate."

"I was told about his treasure. Look, here is the map."

Francis looked up questioningly from the reading of the card.

"Senor Torres," Regan explained. "Gave me the map. Here is the treasure buried. Of course, I don't believe a word of it. But... You know, Sir Henry died practically a poor man, and they never did find any of his buried treasure. Oh, I wish I were younger!... Anyway, good fishing," Regan girded edly.

"I'd like to meet this Alvarez Torres," the young man responded. "Do you know where I can find him?"

The next morning the meeting took place in Regan's office. Modern maps and ancient charts were studied, as well as old documents, and at the end of half an hour Francis announced that his next fishing would be on the **Bull Island**¹, where — as Torres averred — the treasure lay.

"I'll catch tonight's train for New Orleans," Francis announced. "And then I'll go to **Colon**²!"

"But don't **charter a schooner**³ at Colon," Torres advised. "It's better in **Belen**⁴."

"I always wanted to see that country down there!" Francis said. "And you, Senor Torres?"

"I shall join you later, Mr. Morgan." Alvarez Torres said. "I have some little business here."

"And, before you start," Regan noticed, "it might be well to arrange with Senor Torres some division of the treasure... if you ever find it."

"What would you say?" Francis asked.

"Equal division, fifty-fifty," Regan answered, he was talking of something he was certain did not exist.

¹ **Bull Island** — Остров Быка

² **Colon** — Колон

³ **charter a schooner** — фрахтовать шхуну

⁴ **Belen** — Белен

“Fine!” Francis cried. “And I’ve got to rush to pack and break engagements and catch the train. Good-bye, Regan. Good-bye, Senor Torres, until we meet somewhere around Bocas del Toro, or in on the Bull!”

And Senor Alvarez Torres remained with Regan some time longer, receiving explicit instructions.

“In short,” Regan concluded, “I don’t almost care if he never comes back if you can keep him down there for the good of his health that long and longer.”

CHAPTER II

So Francis Morgan, three weeks after he had said good-bye to Regan, found himself on board his schooner, *the Angelique*¹. The water was glassy. Francis, through his glass, saw a white hacienda, and, on the beach, a white-clad woman's form. He asked the captain **to order a small skiff over the side**².

"Who lives around here?" he asked

"The **Enrico Solano**³ family, sir," was the answer. "They own the entire general landscape from the sea to the **Cordilleras**⁴

¹ *the Angelique* — «Анжелика» (название шхуны)

² **to order a small skiff over the side** — спустить за борт маленький ялик

³ **Enrico Solano** — Энрико Солано

⁴ **Cordilleras** — Кордильеры

and half of the **Chiriqui Lagoon**¹ as well. They are prideful and **fiery as cayenne pepper**².”

Straight to the white beach of coral sand Francis rowed, not looking over his shoulder to see if the woman remained or had vanished. When the skiff grounded, he stepped out, and with one sturdy arm lifted its nose up the sand to fasten it by its own weight. Then he turned around. The beach to the jungle was bare. He went forward confidently.

Suddenly, the woman sprang out of the green wall of jungle and with both hands seized his arm. She muttered tensely:

“Quick! Follow me!”

A moment he resisted. She shook him.

“Do as I do.”

He smiled and obeyed. Abruptly she stopped and sat down, her hand directed him to sit beside her. “Thank God!”

“My dear lady...” Francis began.

But an abrupt gesture checked him. He heard the movement of men several yards away.

¹ **Chiriqui Lagoon** — лагуна Чирикви

² **fiery as cayenne pepper** — вспыльчивы, как порох

She slipped away down the runway. Francis followed her, through the jungle to the beach. She stopped.

“You fool!” she cried, lifting her finger to his toothbrush moustache. “As if that could disguise you!”

“But my dear lady ...” he began to protest.

“I won’t talk with you,” she answered. “Go back to your schooner, and go away... Forever. If you ever come back I shall shoot you.” She showed him a revolver.

“So I’d better go, then,” he uttered, as he turned to the skiff. She had followed him. The strange young woman, dropped to her side, was crying. Francis was about to turn to the boat, when she stopped him.

“At least you...” she began, then faltered and swallowed, “you might **kiss me good-bye**¹.”

She advanced impulsively. Francis hesitated a puzzled moment, then gathered her in to receive an astounding passionate kiss on his lips. She lifted her tear-wet face and kissed him again and again.

Then she menacingly directed him with the revolver to get into the boat.

¹ **kiss me good-bye** — поцеловать меня на прощание