

ЛЕГКО ЧИТАЕМ ПО-АНГЛИЙСКИ

Чарльз Диккенс
ДЭВИД
КОППЕРФИЛЬД

Charles Dickens
DAVID COPPERFIELD

*Адаптация текста,
комментарии и словарь
М. С. Пирогова,
М. А. Боруна*

Lingua
Москва
АСТ

УДК 811.111(075)
ББК 81.2Англ-9
Д45

Иллюстрации *В. Рябова*

Диккенс, Чарльз

Д45 Дэвид Копперфильд = David Copperfield / Ч. Диккенс; подготовка текста, комм. и словарь М. А. Боруна, М. С. Пирогова. – Москва: АСТ, 2015. – 188, [4] с.: ил. – (Легко читаем по-английски).

ISBN 978-5-17-085631-2.

Настоящая книга содержит сокращенный вариант знаменитого романа Чарльза Диккенса «Дэвид Копперфильд» (1849 г). В одном из самых известных произведений английской литературы на фоне классического романа воспитания разворачивается широкая картина общественной жизни, полная ярких характеров и захватывающих сюжетных линий.

Для удобства читателя оригинальный текст незначительно адаптирован, сопровождается комментариями и кратким словарем.

Предназначается для продолжающих изучать английский язык (уровень 4 – Upper-Intermediate).

**УДК 811.111(075)
ББК 81.2Англ-9**

ISBN 978-5-17-085631-2.

© ООО «Издательство АСТ», 2014

*The Personal History,
Adventures, Experience
and Observation
of David Copperfield
the Younger
of Blunderstone Rookery
(Which He Never Meant
to Publish on Any Account)*

Chapter 1.

I AM BORN

Whether I shall be the hero of my own life, or anybody else will, these pages will show. To begin my life with the beginning of my life, I record that I was born on a Friday, at twelve o'clock at night, in Blunderstone, Suffolk.

I was a posthumous¹ child. My father's eyes had closed upon the light of this world six months before mine opened on it. There is something strange to me, even now, in the thought that he never saw me; and something stranger yet in the shadowy memories I have of his white grave-stone in the churchyard, and of the indefinable compassion I used to feel for it lying out alone there in the dark night, when our house was warm and bright, and its doors were locked against it.

¹ **posthumous** – рожденный после смерти отца

An aunt of my father's was the principal magnate of our family. Miss Trotwood, or Miss Betsey, as my poor mother called her, when she could overcome her dread of mentioning this formidable person, had divorced her husband, took her maiden name again, bought a cottage on the sea-coast a long way off, and lived there secluded¹ with one servant. My father and Miss Betsey never met after he married. He was double my mother's age then, and of a delicate constitution. He died a year afterwards, and, as I have said, six months before I was born.

So, on the afternoon of that Friday, my mother, not yet twenty years old, was sitting by the fire, in poor health and in tears, thinking heavily about herself and the fatherless little stranger, who was going to enter, painfully, into a world not at all excited about his arrival. Then she lifted her eyes, as she dried them, to the window, and saw a strange lady coming up the garden.

My mother had a sure feeling that it was Miss Betsey. She was walking with a sharp stiffness² of figure and calm face expression that could have belonged to nobody else. When she reached the house, instead of ringing the bell, she came and looked in at the window.

She frightened my mother so much, that I have always thought it was her doing that I have been born on a Friday.

'Mrs. David Copperfield, I think,' said Miss Betsey.

'Yes,' said my mother, faintly.

'Miss Trotwood,' said the visitor. 'You have heard of her, I dare say?'

¹ **secluded** — уединенный

² **stiffness** — чопорность, жеманство

My mother answered she had had that pleasure, sadly realizing, that it didn't look like the pleasure was that overwhelming.

'Now you see her,' said Miss Betsey. My mother bent her head, and begged her to walk in.

They went into the parlour and sat, and when Miss Betsey said nothing, my mother began to cry. 'Oh tut, tut, tut!' said Miss Betsey, in a hurry. 'Don't do that! Come, come!'

But my mother couldn't help it, so she cried until she had had her cry out.

'Take off your cap, child,' said Miss Betsey, 'and let me see you.'

My mother did as she was told.

'Why, bless my heart!' exclaimed Miss Betsey. 'You are just a Baby!'

My mother, no doubt, looked too young even for her years; she hung her head, as if it were her fault, poor thing, and said, sobbing, that indeed she was afraid she was just a childish widow, and would be a childish mother if she lived.

'Well?' said Miss Betsey; 'and when do you expect—'

'I am all in a tremble,' muttered my mother. 'I don't know what's the matter. I shall die, I am sure!'

'No, no, no,' said Miss Betsey. 'Have some tea.'

'Oh dear me, dear me, do you think it will do me any good?' cried my mother in a helpless manner.

'Of course it will,' said Miss Betsey. 'It's nothing but fancy. What do you call your girl?'

'I don't know that it will be a girl, yet, ma'am,' said my mother innocently.

'Bless the Baby!' exclaimed Miss Betsey, referring to my mother. 'I don't mean that. I mean your servant-girl.'

‘Peggotty,’ said my mother.

‘Here! Peggotty!’ cried Miss Betsey, opening the parlour door. ‘Tea. Your mistress is a little unwell. Don’t dawdle¹.’

Miss Betsey shut the door again, and sat down.

‘You were speaking about its being a girl,’ said Miss Betsey. ‘I have no doubt it will be a girl. I have a presentiment that it must be a girl. From the moment of this girl’s birth, child, I intend to be her friend. I intend to be her godmother, and I beg you’ll call her Betsey Trotwood Copperfield. There must be no mistakes in life with THIS Betsey Trotwood. There must be no trifling with HER affections. She must be well brought up, and well guarded from reposing any foolish confidences where they are not deserved. I must make that MY care.’

‘And was David good to you, child?’ asked Miss Betsey, when she had been silent for a little while. ‘Were you comfortable together?’

‘We were very happy,’ said my mother. ‘Mr. Copperfield was only too good to me.’

My mother broke down again here, and could get no farther.

‘You’ll make yourself ill,’ said Miss Betsey, ‘and you know that will not be good either for you or for my goddaughter. Come! You mustn’t do it!’

Peggotty, coming in with the teaboard and candles, and seeing how ill she was, conveyed her upstairs to her own room with all speed; and immediately sent her nephew, Ham Peggoty, to fetch the nurse and doctor, who, when they arrived, were very surprised to find an unknown lady sitting before the fire, stopping her ears with cotton wool. The doctor, Mr. Chillip, who was the mildest of little men,

¹ **dawdle** – мешкать, медлить

made several attempts to talk to her, but was only scared away by her abruptness.

When, at last, he was at liberty, he sidled into the parlour and said to my aunt:

‘Well, ma’am, I am happy to congratulate you.’

‘How is she?’ said my aunt, folding her arm.

‘Well, ma’am, she will soon be quite comfortable, I hope,’ returned Mr. Chillip. ‘Quite as comfortable as we can expect a young mother to be...’

‘And SHE. How is SHE?’ said my aunt, sharply.

Mr. Chillip laid his head a little more on one side, and looked at my aunt like an amiable¹ bird.

‘The baby,’ said my aunt. ‘How is she?’

‘Ma’am,’ returned Mr. Chillip, ‘I thought you had known. It’s a boy.’

My aunt never said a word, but walked out and never came back, like a discontented fairy.

No, I lay in my basket, and my mother lay in her bed; but Betsey Trotwood Copperfield was for ever in the land of dreams and shadows, from where I had recently travelled.

Chapter 2. I OBSERVE

David grows up very close to his mother and Peggoty, and his childhood is a happy one. Then David’s mother meets a handsome man, who David, as well as Peggotty, doesn’t ini-

¹ **amiable** – милый, дружелюбный

tially like. Peggotty and David's mother even have a quarrel about him, which David doesn't understand, though is very upset by it. One day Peggotty suddenly suggests for her and David to visit her family in Yarmouth.

Chapter 3.

I HAVE A CHANGE

'Here's my Am!' screamed Peggotty, when we arrived; she meant her nephew Ham, but it sounded like a fragment of English grammar.

Ham asked me how I found myself, like an old acquaintance. He even took me on his back to carry me home, for which I liked him very much. He was, now, a huge, strong fellow of six feet high, but with a boy's face and curly hair.

We were walking for a long time, when Ham said, 'There's our house, Mas'r Davy!'¹

I looked in all directions, but didn't see any houses. There was a black barge not far off, high and dry on the ground, with an iron funnel² sticking out of it for a chimney and smoking very cosily; but no houses visible to me.

'That's not it?' said I. 'That ship-looking thing?'

'That's it, Mas'r Davy,' returned Ham.

If it had been Aladdin's palace, I could not have been more charmed with the romantic idea of living in it. There

¹ Здесь и далее автор передает диалектные особенности произношения персонажей через измененную орфографию.

² **funnel** — дымоход

was a delightful door cut in the side, and there were little windows in it; but the wonderful charm of it was, that it was a real boat which had no doubt been upon the water hundreds of times, and which had never been intended to be lived in, on dry land.

It was beautifully clean inside. We were welcomed by a very civil woman in a white apron¹ and by a most beautiful little girl with a necklace of blue beads on, who wouldn't let me kiss her when I offered to, but ran away and hid herself. After dinner, a hairy man with a very good-natured face came home. It was Mr. Peggotty, the master of the house and my Peggotty's brother.

'Glad to see you, sir,' said Mr. Peggotty. 'You'll find us rough, sir, but you'll find us ready.'

I thanked him, and replied that I was sure I should be happy in such a delightful place.

After dinner and more conversation of that kind, when I went to bed, Peggotty told me that neither Ham, nor Em'ly were Mr. Peggotty's children; they were his nephew and niece from two different families, and he had adopted them in their childhood, when their parents drowned; and that Mrs. Gummidge, the lady in apron, was the widow of his partner in a boat, who had died very poor. He was but a poor man himself, said Peggotty, but as good as gold and as true as steel.

In the morning I was out of bed, and out with little Em'ly, picking up stones upon the beach.

'You're quite a sailor, I suppose?' I said to Em'ly. A shining sail close to us made such a pretty little image of itself, at the moment, in her bright eye, that it came into my head to say this.

¹ **apron** – передник

‘No,’ replied Em’ly, shaking her head, ‘I’m afraid of the sea. I have seen it tear a boat as big as our house, all to pieces.’

‘I hope it wasn’t the boat that—’

‘That father was drowned in?’ said Em’ly. ‘No. Not that one, I never see that boat.’

‘Nor him?’ I asked her.

Little Em’ly shook her head. ‘Not to remember!’

Here was a coincidence! I immediately went into an explanation how I had never seen my own father; and how my mother and I had always lived by ourselves in the happiest state imaginable, and always meant to live so; and about my father’s grave, and so on. But there were some differences between Em’ly’s orphanhood and mine, it appeared. She had lost her mother before her father; and where her father’s grave was no one knew, except that it was somewhere in the depths of the sea.

‘Don’t you think you are afraid of the sea, now?’ Asked Em’ly.

I certainly was. However, I said ‘No,’ and added, ‘You don’t seem to be either, though you say you are,’—for she was walking much too near the brink of a causeway, and I was afraid of her falling over.

‘I’m not afraid in this way,’ said little Em’ly. ‘But I wake when it blows, and tremble to think of Uncle Dan and Ham and believe I hear ‘em crying out for help. But I’m not afraid in this way. Not a bit. Look here!’

She started from my side, and ran along a jagged timber¹ which protruded from the place we stood upon, and overhung the deep water at some height. She ran to the end of the timber, and came back safe, and I soon laughed at my fears, and at the cry I had uttered.

¹ **jagged timber** – неровное бревно

We strolled a long way, and loaded ourselves with things that we thought curious, and put some stranded starfish carefully back into the water—and then made our way home to Mr. Peggotty's dwelling¹. We stopped near the lobster-outhouse to exchange an innocent kiss, and went in to breakfast glowing with health and pleasure.

Of course I was in love with little Em'ly. I am sure my love for her was as true, as tender, with greater purity and more disinterestedness, than the best love of a later time of life could be, however high and noble.

In the days after I found out that Mrs. Gummidge whimpered more sometimes than was comfortable for others. I was very sorry for her; but there were moments when it would have been more agreeable, I thought, if Mrs. Gummidge had had a convenient apartment of her own to retire to, and had stopped there until her spirits revived.

'I am a lone lorn creetur²,' were Mrs. Gummidge's usual words, when something unpleasant occurred, 'and everythink goes contrary with me.'

At last the day came for going home. My agony of mind at leaving little Em'ly was piercing. But the nearer we drew to our home, the more excited I was to get there, and to run into my mother's arms. However Peggotty looked confused, and instead of my mother, the door was opened to us by some servant, and Peggotty took me to the kitchen instead of parlour.

I was afraid that something happened to my mother, but Peggotty told me I had a new father, Mr. Murdstone. He

¹ **dwelling** — жилище

² **creetur** — искаженное 'creature', создание

and my mother were sitting in the parlour, and I couldn't look at both of them.

As soon as I could creep away, I crept upstairs. My old dear bedroom was changed, and I was to lie a long way off. I lay down and cried myself to sleep.

Chapter 4.

I FALL INTO DISGRACE

I was awoken by somebody saying 'Here he is!' and uncovering my hot head. My mother and Peggotty had come to look for me. Then I felt the touch of a hand that I knew was neither hers nor Peggotty's. It was Mr. Murdstone's hand, and he kept it on my arm as he said:

'What's this? Clara, my love, have you forgotten?—Firmness, my dear!'

'I am very sorry, Edward,' said my mother. 'I meant to be very good, but I am so uncomfortable.'

He drew her to him, whispered in her ear, and kissed her. When I saw my mother's head lean down upon his shoulder—I knew that he could mould her nature into any form he chose.

'Go downstairs, my love,' said Mr. Murdstone. 'David and I will come down, together.'

When we two were left alone, he shut the door and looked steadily into my eyes.

'David,' he said, making his lips thin, by pressing them together, 'if I have an obstinate horse or dog to deal with, what do you think I do? I beat him. I make him smart. I say

to myself, "I'll conquer that fellow"; and if it were to cost him all the blood he had, I would do it. What is that upon your face?"

'Dirt,' I said.

He knew it was the mark of tears as well as I. But if he had asked the question twenty times, each time with twenty blows, I believe my baby heart would have burst before I would have told him so.

'You have a good deal of intelligence for a little fellow,' he said, with a grave smile, 'and you understood me very well, I see. Wash that face, sir, and come down with me.'

We three dined together. He seemed to be very fond of my mother—I am afraid I liked him none the better for that—and she was very fond of him. They talked about his elder sister, who was coming to stay with them that evening. I also found out that he and his sister had some share in a wine-merchant's house in London.

After dinner, when we were sitting by the fire, a coach drove up to the garden-gate and he went out to receive the visitor. It was Miss Murdstone who had arrived, and a gloomy-looking lady she was; dark, like her brother, and with very heavy eyebrows, nearly meeting over her large nose. When she paid the coachman she took her money out of a hard steel purse, and she kept the purse in a jail of a bag which hung upon her arm by a heavy chain, and shut up like a bite. I had never, at that time, seen such a metallic lady altogether as Miss Murdstone was.

It turned out, she never intended to leave our house; moreover, she soon took the keys from my mother and started making all of the housekeeping decisions; whenever my mother tried asking to be at least consulted on them, Mr. Murdstone made her feel awful just for suggesting that and for her lack of firmness.