


• F. SCOTT FITZGERALD •



THE  
GREAT  
GATSBY

English  
Classics  B2 Graded  
Readers

*Lingua*

УДК 811.111(075)

ББК 81.2 Англ-93

Ф66

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«Великий Гэтсби» — это классический американский роман, действие которого происходит в 1920-х годах, в эпоху джаза и экономического подъёма после Первой мировой войны. Главный герой, Джей Гэтсби, таинственный и богатый молодой человек, живет в роскошном особняке на Лонг-Айленде и устраивает роскошные вечеринки. За фасадом его богатства скрываются трагические тайны и несбывшиеся мечты. Он одержим любовью к Дейзи Бьюкенен, девушке из его прошлого, и его жизнь — это стремление вернуть её любовь.

История рассказывается от лица Ника Каррауэя, молодого человека, который переехал на Лонг-Айленд и стал свидетелем жизни высшего общества того времени. Его глазами читатель видит трагедию, крушение идеалов и глубокое одиночество героев. Роман затрагивает темы американской мечты, любви, жадности и моральной пустоты, делая его актуальным и по сей день.

Текст романа адаптирован для уровня В2 и снабжен глоссарием. Также книга включает в себя упражнения для того, чтобы проверить свои знания.

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## Chapter 1

In my younger and more **vulnerable** years, my father once gave me some valuable advice. His recommendation was to avoid criticizing others by reminding myself that not everyone has had the same advantages as me. This piece of advice made me a target for those who are too **eager** to share their personal problems. During college, I was often **mistaken** for a politician because I was well informed of other people's troubles. Most times, I would pretend to be asleep or busy to avoid hearing about them.

Despite my efforts not to judge anyone, this tolerance has its limits. After returning from the East last autumn, I wished for a world that was more morally **strict**, free from the chaotic emotions and **indulgences** of others. The only person who was free from this reaction was Gatsby, a man who, despite representing much of what I normally, **possessed** an extraordinary sense of hope that I had never seen before and probably never would again.



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My family, the Carraways, have been **prominent** and **well-to-do** in our Midwestern city for three generations. Our line begins with my great-uncle who came to America in 1851, started a successful business made a **fortune**. As for me — after graduating from university in 1915, I joined the military during World War I. The experience left me **restless** and **disillusioned** with Midwest, so I decided to move east and learn the **bond** business. My family agreed to finance my **endeavor** for a year, and after several **delays**, I finally moved to the East Coast in the spring of 1922.

I rented a **modest** bungalow in a town on Long Island. I shared it with my dog that ran away days later and a Finnish woman who took care of the house. Although the first few days were lonely, **chance encounters** made me feel like a part of the community, and the summer felt like a new beginning filled with the promise of fresh air and new books.

My house was located in West Egg, a less fashionable part of Long Island. Despite their similar shapes, West Egg



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and East Egg are vastly different in character. My **humble** home was **overshadowed** by the extravagant **mansions** that surrounded it, including a colossal **mansion** next door, owned by the mysterious Mr. Gatsby.

One day, I was invited to dinner at the home of Tom and Daisy Buchanan in East Egg. Daisy was my cousin, and I had met Tom in college. The Buchanans had recently moved East after spending some time traveling through Europe. Tom used to be a skilled football player, but later became a **restless** and aggressive man, who lived off his enormous wealth and always searched for excitement. Their home in East Egg was a grand **mansion** with a **lawn** that **stretched** to the beach. When I arrived, I was greeted by Tom, whose appearance and commanding voice were as **intimidating** as ever.

Inside the house, I was introduced to a young woman named Jordan Baker, who was a friend of Daisy's. Miss Baker was lying on a couch, **motionless**, while Daisy greeted



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me warmly. Her voice was filled with excitement and charm. She was the kind of person who could **captivate** others with just a few words.

As we were talking, Tom asked about my career in the **bond** business. He sounded skeptical, but I **assured** him that he would hear of my company soon enough. At this point, Miss Baker, who had been silent, suddenly **exclaimed**, “Absolutely!” It surprised both Tom and me. I looked at her again, and I realized that I had seen her before, or, **perhaps**, a picture of her.

“You live in West Egg,” she remarked **arrogantly**. “I know someone there. You must know him too. It’s Gatsby.”

“Gatsby? What Gatsby?” Daisy demanded.

Before I could respond, dinner was announced, and Tom led me into the dining room. When the phone rang inside, and the **butler** went to answer it, Daisy leaned toward me, **eager** to share a family secret. “It’s about the **butler’s** nose. Want to hear?”



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“That’s why I came over tonight,” I joked.

She explained that the **butler** had once worked for a wealthy New York family until the work ruined his nose, forcing him to quit. As she spoke, the **butler** whispered something to Tom, who frowned and left the table without saying a word. Daisy excused herself.

I was about to speak to Miss Baker when she suddenly whispered, “Shh! Don’t talk. I want to hear what happens.”

“Is something happening?” I asked innocently.

“Don’t you know?” she said, surprised. “I thought everyone knew. Tom’s got some woman in New York. And she doesn’t have enough **decency** not to call him during dinner.”

Before I could fully understand the meaning, Tom and Daisy returned. Daisy sat down, **tense** but trying to appear cheerful. She mentioned something romantic about a bird singing on the **lawn**, but Tom seemed uninterested. The telephone rang again, **disrupting** the conversation. Daisy shook her head at Tom. I wanted to look at everyone but also avoid



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all eyes. I couldn't tell what Daisy and Tom were thinking, but even Miss Baker seemed unable to ignore the fifth guest.

Tom and Miss Baker **wandered** back to the library, while I followed Daisy to the front **porch**.

"We don't know each other very well, Nick," Daisy said suddenly. "Even if we are cousins. You didn't come to my wedding."

"I wasn't back from the war."

"That's true." She hesitated, then added, "Well, I've had a very bad time, Nick, and I'm pretty cynical about everything."

She told me that after she had a baby, the nurse said it was a girl, and Daisy cried.

"I'm glad it's a girl," she said. "And I hope she'll a beautiful little fool."

Inside, Tom and Miss Baker were sitting on the couch, and she was reading aloud from a magazine. When we entered, she paused for a moment and then stood up.



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“It’s ten o’clock,” she noted. “Time for me to go to bed.”

“Jordan’s playing in a tournament tomorrow,” Daisy explained.

I realized who she was, remembering her face from many pictures of the sporting life.

“Good night,” she said softly before leaving the room.

As I was starting my car, Daisy called out, “Wait! I forgot to ask you something important. We heard you were getting married.”

“It’s not true,” I **denied**. “I’m too poor.”

I didn’t explain any further. They didn’t need to know the full story, just as I had no intention of clearing up the **rumor**. I had expected Daisy to call me to meet her child. Surprisingly, that did not happen.

## Glossary

- arrogantly** [ˈærəɡəntli] — *adv* высокомерно
- assure** [əˈʃʊr] — *v* заверять
- bond** [bʌnd] — *n* облигация
- butler** [ˈbʌtlə] — *n* дворецкий
- captivate** [ˈkæptɪveɪt] — *v* пленять, очаровывать
- chance** [tʃa:ns] — *adj* случайный
- decency** [ˈdi:sənsi] — *n* порядочность
- delay** [diˈleɪ] — *n* задержка
- deny** [diˈnaɪ] — *v* отрицать
- disillusioned** [ˌdɪsɪˈlu:ʒənd] — *adj* разочарованный
- disrupt** [dɪsˈrʌpt] — *v* прерывать
- eager** [ˈi:ɡə] — *adj* стремящийся, нетерпеливый
- encounter** [ɪnˈkaʊntə] — *n* неожиданная встреча
- endeavor** [ɪnˈdevə] — *n* попытка
- exclaim** [ɪksˈkleɪm] — *v* восклицать
- fortune** [ˈfɔ:tʃu:n] — *n* состояние
- humble** [ˈhʌmbl] — *adj* скромный
- indulgence** [ɪnˈdʌldʒəns] — *n* излишества



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**intimidating** [ɪn'tɪmɪdeɪtɪŋ] – *adj* пугающий

**lawn** [lɔ:n] – *n* газон

**mansion** ['mæɪnʃən] – *n* особняк

**mistake** [mɪ'steɪk] – *v* ошибочно принять за кого-то другого

**modest** ['mɒdɪst] – *adj* скромный

**motionless** ['məʊʃənləs] – *adj* неподвижный

**overshadow** [ˌəʊvə'ʃædəʊ] – *v* затмевать

**perhaps** [pə'hæps] – *adv* возможно

**porch** [pɔ:tʃ] – *n* крыльцо

**possess** [pə'zes] – *v* обладать

**prominent** ['prɒmɪnənt] – *adj* выдающийся

**resent** [rɪ'zent] – *v* возмущаться

**restless** ['restləs] – *adj* беспокойный

**rumor** ['ru:mə] – *n* слух

**stretch** [stretʃ] – *v* тянуться

**strict** [strikt] – *adj* строгий

**tense** [tens] – *adj* напряженный

**vulnerable** ['vʌlnərəbl] – *adj* уязвимый

**wander** ['wɒndə] – *v* бродить

**well-to-do** [ˌweltə'du:ɪ] – *adj* состоятельный

## Chapter 2

About **halfway** between West Egg and New York, there was an area known as the valley of **ashes**. It was a **wasteland** where **ash** seemed to grow like **crops**, forming monstrous hills and gardens. It was observed by the **watchful** eyes of Doctor T. J. Eckleburg. Doctor T. J. Eckleburg was some ophthalmologist who placed his advertisement on a billboard and, apparently, forgot about it later. Blue and gigantic, with enormous glasses, his eyes stayed above the **desolate** land. After many days under sun and rain, these eyes were now dull, but they gave the area an **eerie presence**.

This **dreary** place is where I first encountered Tom Buchanan's **mistress**. The bridge over the small **foul** river that borders the valley often causes delays for trains. It was during one of them, when I was on a train to New York with Tom, that he suddenly **insisted** that I "meet his girl". I was **curious** to see what she looked like, but I had abso-



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lutely no desire to meet her. Tom **grabbed** my elbow and **dragged** me out of the train.

We walked back to a yellow brick building which **housed** a few businesses. One of them was a garage that belonged to George B. Wilson, a pale, **spiritless** man who looked full of hope as he greeted Tom. Tom started to ask him about cars to **mask** the true purpose of the visit.

Everyone got quiet when Myrtle Wilson, George's wife, **descended** the stairs. She was a **plump** woman in her mid-thirties and was glowing with **vitality**. Ignoring her husband, Myrtle immediately shook hands with Tom. "Get some chairs!" she **instructed** George and, while he was away, moved closer to Tom. He told her to get on the next train, and we left the garage. We were waiting for Myrtle when Tom spoke about his **mistress** again. "It's good for her to get away. Her husband thinks she is going to visit her sister. What a **dumb** man!"