

руководство по иностранным языкам

OLIVER TWIST

AFTER
CHARLES DICKENS



ИЗДАТЕЛЬСКОЕ ТОВАРИЩЕСТВО ИНО-
СТРАННЫХ РАБОЧИХ В ОССР. МОСКВА 1937

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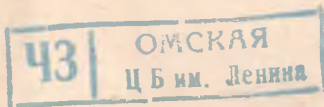
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ИЗДАТЕЛЬСКОЕ ТОВАРИЩЕСТВО
ИНОСТРАННЫХ РАБОЧИХ В СССР
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ПРЕДИСЛОВИЕ

Предлагаемая книга представляет собой переработку первой части одного из романов Чарльза Дикенса. В основу отбора материала положены следующие принципы:

1. Сохранена основная сюжетная канва романа, показывающая ход событий именно в том виде, как он развивается у Дикенса; эпизоды выбраны с таким расчетом, чтобы при переработке не пострадали социально-значимые моменты романа.

2. Материал подобран с учетом необходимости повторения отдельных слов и выражений, а также и выявления важнейших грамматических моментов, обычно проходимых на данном этапе обучения языку. Таким образом одной из основных особенностей данной книжки является большая повторяемость лексики.

По мере развития изложения и чем бли-

ПРЕДИСЛОВИЕ

же к концу романа, тем менее перерабатывался нами оригинальный текст Дикенса.

Книга предназначена для чтения на втором году обучения, примерно после 120 часов занятий. Учащиеся, работающие по серии «Easy Reading Series», могут приступить к чтению нашей переработки «Oliver Twist» после 5-го или 6-го выпуска серии.

Составитель

CHAPTER I

Oliver Twist was born in a workhouse. There was nobody around at the moment but a doctor and an old, old woman. There were no aunts, no sisters, no cousins, no grandmothers. And the two that were there did not help much. But, perhaps, this was all the better! Too much help is sometimes worse than no help. Be this as it may, Oliver came into the world with a loud cry. The pale face of a young woman rose from the pillow and a weak voice said: "Let me see the child and die."

The doctor was sitting with his face towards the fire. In a moment he rose, came up to the bed and said in a kind voice:

"Oh, you must not talk about dying yet!"

Saying this, he put the child into her arms. She put her cold lips to its forehead, then passed her hands over her face, looked around, fell back—and died.

The doctor tried to do what he could. But he could do nothing.

"It's all over, Mrs. Thingummy," he said at last

to the old woman. "I am going. Give the child some gruel if it cries." He put on his hat, and then added: "She was a good-looking woman; from where did she come?"

"She was brought here last night," answered the old woman. "She was found lying in the street. Nobody knows from where she came, or where she was going."

"The old story," said the doctor. "Good night!"

And he went to have his dinner.

The old woman sat down, took a green bottle from under the bed and began drinking from it.

And Oliver cried. What else could he do?

CHAPTER II

During the first years of his life, Oliver lived in the country. There was no place in the workhouse and he was sent to a Mrs. Mann, who "was very kind and liked to look after children"—so the workhouse authorities said. And they gave Mrs. Mann many of the boys and girls that were born in the workhouse. They also gave Mrs. Mann seven pence halfpenny per week for every child. But very much food can be got for seven pence halfpenny—even

too much food. Mrs. Mann was not a young woman; she knew very well what was good for children and she also knew what was good for herself.

So she put the greater part of this weekly stipend into her pocket and gave only the smaller part to the children.

It is true that eight children out of ten died as a result of this. Sometimes—though very rarely—questions were asked about their death. The answer was always the same: the doctor went to Mrs. Mann's house, opened up the body and found nothing in the stomach—which was very probable!

Sometimes the workhouse authorities made an excursion to Mrs. Mann's farm. But they always sent one of the smaller officials, Mr. Bumble, the day before. Mr. Bumble had to tell Mrs. Mann that the authorities were coming. And when they came the children were always quite clean and looked very happy.

But Oliver did not die. Of course we must not think of him as a big, strong boy. Far from it! At the age of nine he looked like a boy of six. He was thin and pale and always went about hungry.

On the day when our story begins he was just nine years old. It was his birthday. All that day he sat

in the coal-cellar with two other little boys. They were punished. Mrs. Mann had put them into the coal-cellar because they had said: "We are hungry."

Now it was evening. Mrs. Mann was sitting before the window taking her tea when she suddenly saw the figure of Mr. Bumble.

"It that you, Mr. Bumble?" she cried, pretending to feel the greatest joy. "Susan, take Oliver and the other two boys upstairs and wash them. Oh, Mr. Bumble! How glad I am to see you!"

"I come on business, Mrs. Mann," said Mr. Bumble.

Mrs. Mann asked him into her room and put a chair before him. Mr. Bumble put his hat on the table, sat down and smiled.

"Now, don't be angry," said Mrs. Mann with great sweetness. "You have had a long walk and you are tired. Now, will you take a little drop of something, Mr. Bumble?"

"Not a drop. Not a drop," said Mr. Bumble, waving his right hand.

"I think you will take a little drop," continued Mrs. Mann. "Just a little drop with a little cold water and a lump of sugar."

Mr. Bumble coughed.

"Now, just a little drop," said Mrs. Mann.

"What is it?" asked Mr. Bumble.

"You see," said Mrs. Mann, "I must always keep a little in the house. When the dear little boys are ill, I put it into their stomachs." She went to the cupboard and took a bottle and a glass. "It's gin," she said, "I shall not deceive you, Mr. Bumble, it's gin."

"Do you give the children gin, Mrs. Mann?" asked Mr. Bumble.

"I do, dear as it is," answered the woman. "I cannot see the little ones suffer before my eyes, you know, Sir!"

"No," said Mr. Bumble, "no, you cannot. You are a very kind woman, Mrs. Mann. You feel as a mother, Mrs. Mann. I shall be glad to speak about it to the authorities." And saying this he drank the glass which Mrs. Mann had prepared for him.

"And now about business," continued Mr. Bumble, taking a leather copybook from his pocket. "The boy, Oliver Twist, is nine years old to-day. And he is now too old to stay here. He must go back to the workhouse. I have come to take him there. I must see him at once."

By this time Oliver was already washed and dressed. In a minute he was before Mr. Bumble.

"Make a bow to the gentleman," said Mrs. Mann. Oliver made a bow to Mr. Bumble.

"Will you come with me, Oliver?" said Mr. Bumble.

Oliver wanted to say that he was glad to go away with anybody, but then he looked at Mrs. Mann who was standing behind Mr. Bumble's chair. She looked terrible and was shaking her fist at him.

Oliver understood at once what she wanted. He knew only too well what her fist meant!

"Will she go with me?" he asked.

"No, she cannot," answered Mr. Bumble, "but she will come to see you sometimes."

Mrs. Mann kissed Oliver many times on both cheeks and gave him a big piece of bread and butter—the biggest he had ever eaten at her house—and then Mr. Bumble said it was time to start. And so they both went off to the workhouse.

CHAPTER III

Workhouses in England are managed by a special system.

It is a system of giving the people in the work-

house the least possible food. In fact, the poor people in England are given the alternative, either to die of hunger quickly outside the workhouse, or to die of hunger slowly inside it.

But the workhouse to which Oliver now came was perhaps the worst of all. Day after day the boys there received for dinner nothing but very thin gruel with no bread, but of course with plenty of water.

The room in which the boys received their dinner was a large stone hall. At one end of this hall there was a big kettle with gruel. The master stood beside the kettle with a big spoon and gave out the gruel. Of this each boy had a very little basin and no more. The basins were never washed. The boys polished them with their spoons so that they shone.

✓ Boys have, of course, very good appetites. For a long time the boys in the workhouse all suffered from the most terrible hunger but then one of them—a big tall boy—said that he could eat his neighbour if he did not get a second basin of gruel for dinner.

The boy who said this had a wild, hungry eye and his neighbour was a thin and weak little child. So all the other boys believed him. They thought he could really eat the little boy. That same evening they cast lots.

The question was: who must go to the master after supper and ask for some more gruel? They all drew tickets and the lot fell to Oliver. He had to ask the master for some more gruel!

Evening came and the boys took their places. The master stood beside the kettle and gave out the gruel. The gruel was soon finished and the boys began to look at Oliver. His neighbours even pushed him a little. He rose from his place and went to the master with basin and spoon in hand.

"Please, Sir, I want some more."

The master was a fat, strong man, but he turned very pale when he heard this. For some time he looked at Oliver as if paralyzed with astonishment.

"What!" he said at last in a very weak voice.

"Please, Sir," answered Oliver, "I want some more."

The master took Oliver by the arm and began beating him on the head with the big spoon.

Then he ran downstairs as quickly as he could.

The authorities were sitting at a meeting downstairs when the master ran into the room and addressed the chairman:

"Mr. Limbkins, I beg your pardon, Sir! Oliver Twist has asked for more."

There was a general start. You could see horror on every face.

"For more!" said Mr. Limbkins. "Answer me clearly. Do I understand right that he asked for more after eating his supper?"

"He did, Sir," answered the master.

"That boy will be hung," said a gentleman in a white waistcoat, "I know that boy will be hung."

Nobody said anything against this, but a heated discussion started immediately. The question was: "What must we now do with Oliver?" Soon they came to a decision and Oliver was locked up in the cellar. Next day a bill was put on the wall of the workhouse. On this bill the following was written:

FIVE POUNDS

will be given to anybody who takes the boy,

OLIVER TWIST

from the workhouse and teaches him a useful trade.

The gentleman in the white waistcoat read the bill the next morning.

"I never was so sure of anything in my life," he said to himself, "I never was surer of anything in my life than that this boy will be hung."

CHAPTER IV

A whole week after his terrible crime Oliver remained a prisoner. All the time he was shut up in a small dark cellar. He was beaten every day, he was given still less food than before and he was not allowed to see the other boys.

Now, one morning, Mr. Gamfield, chimney-sweep by profession, stopped before the workhouse and began reading the bill.

It must be said that Mr. Gamfield's finances were in a very bad state at that moment and that the amount of money which he wished to have was just five pounds. And so Mr. Gamfield smiled when he read the bill. He thought it was not bad to get five pounds. And it was also a fine thing to get a boy from the workhouse! These boys were thin enough and they could get through any chimney.

The gentleman with the white waistcoat was also standing in front of the workhouse. He looked at Mr. Gamfield and smiled too. Mr. Gamfield came up to him.

"Do they want to give the boy away?" he asked.

"Yes, my friend, quite so," answered the gentleman in the white waistcoat. "Do you want him?"

"Yes," said Mr. Gamfield. "I want a boy to help me in my work. I am ready to take him."

"Walk in," said the gentleman in the white waistcoat.

And together they went into the workhouse where Mr. Limbkins and the other authorities were again sitting at a meeting.

"You have a very bad trade," said Mr. Limbkins when Gamfield had said what he wanted.

"Little boys are often burnt in chimneys," said another gentleman.

"This is true," said Gamfield. "But it does not always happen. You see, boys are lazy and stop too long in the chimney, so we must make them come down quickly. For that we generally light some straw below. It roasts their feet a little, and, I can tell you, they come down quickly! But some people burn too much straw and put water on it. Then it's all smoke in the chimney and the boy is just choked."

The gentleman in the white waistcoat laughed at this explanation, but Mr. Limbkins looked at him. The gentleman stopped laughing immediately.

Then the gentlemen began talking among themselves for a few minutes in very low voices and at last Mr. Limbkins said:

"We cannot give you the boy."

"No," said the gentleman in the white waistcoat.

Mr. Gamfield took his hat and began slowly walking to the door. He did not understand. Why did they not give him the boy?

"So you will not give him to me," he said at last when he was quite near the door.

"No," said Mr. Limbkins, "at least we think that as it's a very nasty trade, you ought to take something less than five pounds!"

Mr. Gamfield quickly came back to the table.

"Well, what will you give, gentlemen? Come, give something to a poor man! What will you give?"

"I think three pounds ten is quite enough," said Mr. Limbkins.

"Ten shillings too much," said the gentleman in the white waistcoat.

"Come!" said Gamfield; "say four pounds."

"Three pounds ten," repeated Mr. Limbkins firmly.

"Pooh! pooh!" said the gentleman in the white waistcoat. "He's cheap enough with nothing at all! Take him, you silly fellow! He's just the boy for you. He wants the stick from time to time, and there is no need to give him much food, because he has

not received very much from the very moment he was born."

"All right," said Mr. Gamfield. "I shall take him for the money."

✓The meeting was finished. All the gentlemen went to take their dinner and Mr. Bumble immediately received instructions to bring Oliver Twist to the magistrate that very afternoon.

The magistrate had to give his sanction. He had to sign a paper permitting Gamfield to take Oliver as his help—a little chimney-sweep boy.

And so that very afternoon Mr. Bumble came into the dark cellar where Oliver was sitting. In his hands he had a full basin of gruel and a rather big piece of bread.

Seeing this Oliver immediately began to cry. He thought the authorities wanted to fatten him and then kill him. Why else could they give him so much food?

"Don't make your eyes red," said Mr. Bumble, "but just eat your food. ✓The gentlemen have decided to give you to Mr. Gamfield. He is a chimney-sweep. You will help him to clean chimneys."

But hearing this Oliver continued crying all the stronger.

"Come," said Mr. Bumble. "Don't cry into your gruel. That is very foolish." It certainly was foolish because there was quite enough water in the gruel already.

In a few moments they started walking to the magistrate. On the way Mr. Bumble gave Oliver the necessary instructions:

"Now, Oliver," he said, "don't look sad. The only thing you have to do is to look happy. And when the gentleman asks you if you want to be a chimney-sweep, say you want to. That is all. But if you do not do what I tell you—then. . . ."

Mr. Bumble did not finish, but Oliver understood him without words.

Soon they arrived at the magistrate's office. Here Mr. Bumble put him into a little dark room where he stayed for half an hour. At the end of this half-hour Mr. Bumble put his head into the little room and said in a loud and very kind voice:

"Now, Oliver, my dear, come to the gentlemen." But he immediately added in a quite different tone: "Remember what I told you, or. . . ."

And saying this he took Oliver by the hand and led him into the next room. It was a large room with a big window. Two old gentlemen sat at a table;

one of them was reading a newspaper, while the other one was reading a piece of paper lying before him. Two other men were standing in front of the table. They were Mr. Limbkins and Mr. Gamfield.

"This is the boy, Sir," said Mr. Bumble, addressing himself to the magistrate.

"Oh, is this the boy?" said the old gentleman.

"It is he," said Mr. Bumble. "Bow to the magistrate, my dear."

Oliver did as he was told.

"Well," said the magistrate. "Does he like chimney-sweeping?"

"He loves it with all his heart, Sir," answered Bumble. And saying this he pinched Oliver.

"And this man, who will be his master—you, Sir,—you will treat him well, and feed him and all that sort of thing, will you?" said the old gentleman, turning to Mr. Gamfield.

"I will," said Mr. Gamfield.

"You look a good, honest man," said the magistrate, turning to Mr. Gamfield.

"I hope I am," said Mr. Gamfield.

And the magistrate decided to sign the paper. He took his pen and began looking round for the inkstand. The inkstand was under his nose but he could

not find it. So he began looking in all directions.

It was a critical moment in Oliver's life. Another second and he could be sent off to Mr. Gamfield!

But the pause was very long and the magistrate always looked and looked in all possible directions.

And then it happened that he suddenly looked into Oliver's face for the first time!

Oliver was not crying but he was looking at his future master with such an expression of fear that even the old magistrate understood.

"My boy!" said the old gentleman to Oliver. It was the first time that a really kind word had been said to Oliver. It was strange to him. Strange words sometimes frighten and so Oliver began crying, crying, crying....

"My boy," said the old gentleman. "You look pale and frightened. And now you are crying. Can you tell us why?"

Oliver fell on his knees and cried out: "Do what you like with me—beat me—kill me, but do not give me to that terrible man!"

The two magistrates looked at each other. Then the older one said:

"We refuse to sign this paper. Take the boy back to the workhouse and treat him kindly."

* * *

The same evening the gentleman in the white waistcoat said: "This Oliver Twist will not only be hung! He will be quartered!"

And the next morning all the people in the town could see the same bill on the walls of the workhouse:

FIVE POUNDS

will be given to anybody who takes the boy,

OLIVER TWIST

from the workhouse and teaches him a useful trade.

CHAPTER V

The next day Mr. Bumble was standing outside the workhouse when he suddenly saw Mr. Sowerberry, who was a coffin-maker by trade.

"By the bye," said Mr. Bumble, "do you know somebody who wants a boy and five pounds?" And saying this he showed the bill to Mr. Sowerberry.

Mr. Sowerberry thought a little.

"You know," he said at last, "I think I shall take the boy myself."

The same evening Oliver was taken before "the

gentlemen," and here he was told about his new master. But Oliver was now so tired that he showed but little emotion.

"All right," he said.

And again Mr. Bumble took him by the hand, and Oliver pulled his cap over his eyes, and they started.

For some time Mr. Bumble did not think of the boy and they walked in silence, but then he remembered Oliver and decided that it was necessary to look down at him and see what he was like.

"Take that cap off your eyes and hold up your head, boy," he said.

Oliver did as Mr. Bumble had told him. But at the same time a tear rolled down his cheek, then another, then a third and at last he took his hand out of Bumble's, covered his face with both hands and began crying so that the tears ran from his eyes in torrents.

"Well!" exclaimed Mr. Bumble, stopping in the middle of the street. "Of all the ungratefulest, worst boys I have seen!"—And saying this he lifted his stick.

"No, no, no, Sir," cried Oliver. "I will be good

indeed; indeed, indeed I will, Sir! I am a very little boy, Sir; and it is so—so—”

“So what?” asked Mr. Bumble.

“So lonely Sir! So very lonely!” cried the child. “Nobody loves me. Oh! Sir, please don’t be angry with me!”

The child beat upon his heart and looked into Mr. Bumble’s face with tears of real agony.

Mr. Bumble looked at Oliver and said: “Now dry your eyes and be a good boy.” Then he took his hand again and walked on with him in silence.

Mr. Sowerberry was sitting in his shop full of coffins writing something in a big book when Mr. Bumble came into the room.

“Aha!” said the coffin-maker, looking up from the book and pausing in the middle of a word. “Is that you, Bumble?”

“Nobody else, Mr. Sowerberry,” answered Mr. Bumble. “Here! I have brought the boy!”

Oliver made a bow.

“Oh, that is the boy,” said Mr. Sowerberry, and looked at Oliver. “Mrs. Sowerberry, be so kind; come here for a moment.”

Mrs. Sowerberry—a short, thin, middle-aged woman—came out of a little room behind the shop.

"My dear," said Mr. Sowerberry, "this is the boy from the workhouse about whom I told you."

Oliver bowed again.

"He's very small!" exclaimed Mrs. Sowerberry.

"Yes, he is rather small," answered Mr. Bumble; "he is small. That is quite true. But he will grow, Mrs. Sowerberry, he will grow!"

"He will, he will," answered Mrs. Sowerberry; "but how? On our food and drinks? Go down to the kitchen, little bag of bones, and there you can take some bones and meat that we left for the dog. He has not come home since the morning, so you can have his food. Will you eat it, boy?"

Oliver, whose eyes began to glisten when he heard the word "meat," answered affirmatively and went to the kitchen at once.

In a few minutes Mrs. Sowerberry came down to the kitchen and saw Oliver finishing the meat and bones.

"Well," she said to him in horror at his appetite, "have you finished?"

Seeing there was nothing left on the plate, Oliver said he had finished.

"Then come with me," said Mrs. Sowerberry. "Your bed is under the counter in the shop. You

don't mind sleeping among the coffins, I suppose? But even if you do, you cannot sleep in any other place. Come! Don't keep me here all night."

And she took him by the hand and led him into the shop full of coffins.

CHAPTER VI

When Oliver was alone, he put his lamp on the floor and looked around. Everywhere, to the right, to the left, in front, behind—he saw only coffins: big, small, finished, unfinished, half-finished, black, white, silver, gold.

Oliver looked at his bed under the counter: he thought it, too, was like a coffin.

Not only he, a little boy, but even much older people could be frightened in such a place. And the presence of the coffins was not the only thing that made Oliver's heart heavy.

He was alone in a strange place. He had no friends in this house and he had left the few boy-friends whom he loved at the workhouse. And so he began crying again. But this time there was not even Mr. Bumble to hear him. So he cried quite alone for a long time till he at last cried himself to sleep.

Next morning Oliver was awakened by a loud knocking at the shop-door.

'This knocking was repeated at least twenty times before Oliver could put on his clothes and go to the door. But at last, when he came to the door, the knocking stopped and a loud voice cried out:

"Open the door, quickly!"

"I will, Sir, immediately," answered Oliver, drawing back the bolts.

"I suppose you are the new boy," asked the voice through the key-hole.

"Yes, Sir," answered Oliver.

"How old are you?" asked the voice again.

"Ten, Sir," answered Oliver.

"Then I'll beat you well when I get in," continued the voice; "you'll see I'll beat you well!"

Oliver thought at first it was perhaps better not to open the door at all, but then decided to open it and see. . . .

So he drew back the last bolt with a trembling hand and opened the door.

Oliver looked up the street and then down the street, but saw nobody. It is true that in front of the house there was a big boy about fifteen years old who

was sitting on a post and eating some bread and butter.

"I beg your pardon, Sir," said Oliver, speaking to the boy; "did you knock?"

"I did," said the boy.

"Do you want a coffin, Sir?" Oliver asked.

"You don't know who I am, probably," said the big boy, coming down from his post.

"No, Sir," answered Oliver.

"I'm Mister Claypole," said the boy; "I'm the chief help of Mr. Sowerberry and you're under me. Open the shutters, immediately, you lazy fellow!"

And he hit Oliver on the back. Oliver opened the shutters as quickly as he could.

The two boys had little time for themselves because Mr. and Mrs. Sowerberry soon came down into the shop. After wishing young Claypole good morning, Mrs. Sowerberry told him, in a very kind tone, that breakfast was ready.

Claypole did not wait to be asked a second time and went into the room immediately. Oliver followed him.

"Come near the fire, Claypole," said Mrs. Sowerberry. "Here is a nice piece of bacon for you. Oliver, shut that door behind Mr. Claypole's back. You can

take these bits of bread that I have put on the table. There's your tea. But you must not take it here. Take it away to that box and drink it there. And do it quickly; Mr. Sowerberry will very soon want you in the shop. Do you hear, boy?"

"Do you hear, boy?" repeated Claypole.

"Let the boy alone," said Mrs. Sowerberry. "His master will call him in a moment."

"Let the boy alone?" asked Claypole. "Well everybody lets him alone, as a matter of fact. His father lets him alone, his mother lets him alone, all his relations let him alone. So it's quite good for him if *somebody* at least does not let him alone."

Mrs. Sowerberry laughed and, from that moment on, Claypole never left Oliver alone even for a few minutes.

He pulled his hair, took him by the nose, said different nasty things to him and generally did all he could to torture the boy. But all this was apparently not enough for him.

One evening they were sitting in the shop.

"Workhouse boy," said Claypole, "how is your mother?"

"She is dead," answered Oliver, "don't you say anything about her to me."

Oliver's face turned red and Claypole saw that his lips began to tremble. "He will begin to cry in a moment," thought Claypole, "how amusing!" And under this impression he started a new attack.

"And of what did she die?" he asked again.

"Of a broken heart," answered Oliver. "So, at least, one of the nurses told me."

And a tear ran down Oliver's cheek.

"Oh, you are crying!" exclaimed Claypole delighted. "Why have you started crying?"

"Let me alone, let me alone," said Oliver. "And don't say another word about my mother! Better not!"

"Better not!" exclaimed Claypole. "And why can I not speak about your mother? She was a nice one, she was!"

Oliver did not say a word.

"You know," continued Claypole, "I am very sorry to say it, but it is the truth—your mother was a real bad one!"

"What did you say?" asked Oliver, looking up very quickly.

"Your mother, workhouse boy," answered Claypole coldly, "was a real bad one and it's a good thing she wasn't hung for what she did."

Dark-red in the face with anger, Oliver jumped up, upset the chair and table, took Claypole by the throat and, collecting all his strength, in one blow threw him on the floor.

A minute ago Oliver had looked a mild, ordinary workhouse boy. His face was pale, his movements slow, his voice low. But now, as he stood beside Claypole lying on the floor, he looked a different boy. The expression of his face was changed, there was a new fire in his eyes—the terrible insult to his dead mother had awakened a new spirit in him.

“He will kill me! He will kill me!” shouted Claypole. “Help! Help! Help!”

Claypole’s shouts were immediately answered by Mrs. Sowerberry who ran out of the next door, seized Oliver and began beating him.

In a few moments Claypole got up and began beating Oliver too. This continued for about five minutes. Then they both got tired of beating Oliver and Mrs. Sowerberry dragged him to the cellar where she locked him up.

After doing this, Mrs. Sowerberry fell into a chair and began crying.

Claypole began crying too. “He has nearly killed me!” he exclaimed. This remark was of course not

very clever, because Oliver's head just reached to Claypole's waistcoat.

"Yes," cried Mrs. Sowerberry, "it is terrible, he has nearly killed you! What shall we do? What shall we do?"

"Let us send for the police," proposed Claypole.

"No," shouted Mrs. Sowerberry. "Run immediately to the workhouse, and tell them all about it."

It was not necessary to repeat this twice to Claypole. In a minute he was already running to the workhouse as quickly as he could.

CHAPTER VII

When Claypole came to the workhouse both Mr. Bumble and the gentleman in the white waistcoat were standing in the yard.

"Mr. Bumble! Mr. Bumble!" cried Claypole in such an agitated tone that Mr. Bumble turned quite pale.

"What has happened?" he asked.

"Oh, Mr. Bumble, Sir!" said Claypole. "Oliver—Oliver has. . . ."

"What? What?" asked Mr. Bumble in a voice which showed both agitation and pleasure. "Not run away, he has not run away, has he, Claypole?"

"No, Sir, not run away," answered Claypole. "But he has tried to kill me and then my dear missis. Oh, how terrible it is! What agony!"

"I knew it!" exclaimed the gentleman in the white waistcoat. "From the very beginning I knew that this boy would be hung!"

"Please, Sir," continued Claypole, "missis wants to know if you, Mr. Bumble, can come at once and flog him. Because, you see, master is not at home."

"Of course he can come, of course he can come," said the gentleman in the white waistcoat. "He will come immediately. You are a good boy—a very good boy. Here is a penny for you. Bumble, go to Mrs. Sowerberry at once and see what you can do. But don't spare him, Bumble. Don't spare him!"

"No, I will not," answered Mr. Bumble.

"Tell Sowerberry not to spare him either," continued the gentleman in the white waistcoat.

"I shall certainly tell him so, Sir," answered Mr. Bumble.

And he immediately went to Mr. Sowerberry's house accompanied by young Claypole.

Here the condition of affairs had not changed. Mrs. Sowerberry was still sitting in a chair and cry-

ing and Mr. Sowerberry had not yet come back. Oliver was of course still in the cellar.

Mrs. Sowerberry told Mr. Bumble the whole story. The story was told in such tragic tones and it was so clear from this story that Oliver wanted to kill the whole family, that Mr. Bumble thought it better to have a little talk with Oliver before opening the door.

So he came to the door, put his mouth to the key-hole and said in a deep voice: "Oliver!"

"Let me out!" shouted the boy.

"Do you know this voice, Oliver?" said Mr. Bumble.

"Yes," answered Oliver.

"Are you not afraid of it? Are you not trembling?" said Mr. Bumble.

"No!" answered Oliver boldly.

Mr. Bumble had not expected such an answer.

He stepped back from the door and looked first at Mrs. Sowerberry and then at Claypole.

"He must be mad!" said Mrs. Sowerberry. And as it was, of course, too dangerous to let out a madman when they were only three in the house, it was decided to wait for Mr. Sowerberry.

Happily for Mr. Bumble, Mr. Sowerberry soon

came home. And then all four of them went to the cellar-door, unlocked it and dragged Oliver out.

Mr. Sowerberry was not an altogether unkind man. He even rather liked the boy, but the tears of his wife left him no alternative. And then Oliver had nearly killed Claypole, so his wife told him. So he took his stick and began to beat Oliver and after him came Mr. Bumble who followed the instructions of the gentleman in the white waistcoat very well and really did not spare Oliver.

For the rest of the day, Oliver was shut up in the kitchen. He was let out of it only late in the evening. Mrs. Sowerberry opened the door, made some remarks about him and his dead mother and then told him to go immediately to his usual bed among the coffins.

From the very moment when Oliver had thrown Claypole on the floor, not a tear had rolled down his cheeks. He thought it weakness to cry and did not open his mouth even during the terrible beating.

But now, when there was nobody to hear him or see him, he hid his face in his hands and began crying, crying, crying as perhaps few children have ever cried!

Then he got up and looked round. The candle

was burning low. Round him were the coffins; big, small, finished, unfinished, black, white. . . .

He drew back the bolts of the door, opened it and looked out.

It was a cold, dark night. There was no wind and the shadows of the trees on the ground looked black and terrible. Oliver shut the door again. No! he could not leave the house just now! He could not go into that dark terrible night. He closed the door. By the light of the dying candle he took the few things he had and tied them into a handkerchief. Then he sat down on his bed to wait for the morning.

When the first rays of the sun came into the room, Oliver got up and opened the door again. One look round—one short pause—and the door closed behind him for the last time and he himself was in the open street.

He looked first to the right and then to the left, not knowing where to go. Then he remembered the road which the wagons followed up-hill. He took that road and for some time went along it. But then he saw a path running through a field. He remembered this path. He had followed it with Mr. Bumble. It was the path which led to Mrs. Mann's house.

Oliver stopped a moment. His heart beat quickly. Perhaps it was better to turn back? But then he decided to go further.

In half an hour he reached Mrs. Mann's house. It was still very early and there was nobody around. Oliver stopped and looked into the garden. A child was already working there. It was Dick—Oliver's little friend. Many, many times Mrs. Mann had beaten them together and had shut them up together.

"Hush, Dick!" said Oliver when the boy ran up to him. "Has anybody got up yet?"

"Nobody but me," answered the child.

"You must not say you saw me, Dick," said Oliver. "I am running away. They have beaten me so, Dick! Now I am going away, I don't know where. But I hope I shall be happier there." He stopped a moment and looked at the boy. "How pale you are!" he exclaimed.

"The doctor said I was dying," answered the child. "I am very glad to see you, dear, but don't stop, don't stop!"

"Yes, yes, I will, to say good-bye to you," answered Oliver.

"Kiss me," said the child putting his little arms round Oliver's neck. "Good-bye, dear."

"Good-bye," said Oliver. He kissed the boy, but he had to go on. He could not stop there long.

Yet through all his life, through all his joys and all his sorrows he remembered that last good-bye of his first friend.

CHAPTER VIII

Oliver soon reached the place where the path ended. From there on he again took the road.

It was eight o'clock now. Though he was already some miles from the town, Oliver was afraid that Sowerberry or Bumble would be after him, so he ran hiding behind the hedges till noon. Then he sat down on a milestone and began to think where he could go.

On the stone where he sat something was written in big letters. Oliver read it. He saw it was just seventy miles from there to London. London---that large place---nobody could find him there! And then he remembered that some old men in the workhouse had said that you could always find some help or some work in London. "Yes," he thought, "London is the place for me!"

And he rose to his feet and began walking for-

ward again. But he had not gone far before he began thinking again: "And how shall I get to London? I have in my bundle a piece of bread, a shirt, two pairs of stockings and a penny in my pocket. All these are good things but they are of little help in a seventy-mile walk to London."

Oliver thought and thought, but he could not find any answer to his thoughts. So he just changed his little bundle from one shoulder to the other and went on.

Oliver walked twenty miles that day; and all that time he ate nothing but his piece of bread. He stopped once or twice at farms and asked for some water.

When night came he crept under a hay-rick. He decided to lie there till morning. He felt frightened at first, for he was more alone than he had ever been before. But he was terribly tired and soon fell asleep, forgetting all his misery.

He felt very cold and hungry the next morning, but he bravely started on his way. In the next village he bought a little bread for his penny. But he got only a very small piece of bread and he had nothing else to eat the whole day. So when the evening came his legs were so weak that he could hardly walk. He

had gone only twelve miles that day. Again he slept under a hay-rick but when he wanted to start the next morning he could hardly walk—he was so weak.

He waited at the bottom of a steep hill till a stage-coach came up. When it came he asked for a penny from the passengers. But the passengers only laughed and said: “We shall give you a halfpenny if you show us how far you can run for it.” So gathering all his strength Oliver started running beside the horses, but he soon felt so weak and tired that he had to stop; and the passengers then put their half-pennies into their pockets and said he had run too short a distance. And then the coach went away and Oliver was left alone on the road again.

Oliver tried once or twice to ask for a penny from rich farmers but they only said they would set their dogs on him if he continued to beg. During the whole time there was only one poor farmer who gave Oliver some bread and cheese and then an old lady who once gave him a dinner.

In the morning of the seventh day after he had left his town Oliver slowly walked into the little town of Barnet. It was still very early; all the windows were shut and there was nobody in the street.

The sun was rising in a blue sky, but what was that to Oliver—if he knew that the sun was rising only to a new day of misery for him.

He sat down on a stone and just looked at the street thinking what to do next, when he suddenly saw a boy standing in front of him. This boy was looking at Oliver with the greatest interest. Oliver looked at him too.

After a minute or two the boy came up to Oliver and said, "Well, how do you do?" Oliver thought the boy looked very strange. He was about the age of Oliver but had all the manners of a man. He was very dirty and wore a man's coat. There was also something very unusual in his eyes.

"Well, how do you do?" he repeated, looking straight into Oliver's eyes.

"I am very hungry and tired," said Oliver. "I have walked a long way. I have been walking these seven days."

"Walking for seven days!" said the young gentleman. "Oh, I see. The police are after you, I suppose?"

Oliver did not know what to say and so said nothing.

"Yes, you look very hungry," continued the boy.

"Come! you want some food and you will have it."

And saying this he took Oliver by the arm and led him to a near-by shop where he bought some bread and ham. Then he led Oliver further to the back room of a small public house. Here he asked for two jugs of beer. The beer was immediately brought and then the boy invited Oliver to eat, drink and be merry. It was not necessary to ask Oliver twice to do so. Seeing food on the table, he felt his hunger was double and very soon finished up all that was before him.

"Are you going to London?" the strange boy asked when Oliver had swallowed the last piece.

"Yes."

"Have you any lodgings?"

"No."

"Have you any money?"

"No."

Now Oliver thought it was time for him to put the boy a question.

"Do you live in London?" he asked.

"Yes, I do," answered the boy. "I suppose you want some place where you can sleep to-night, don't you?"

"Yes, I do," answered Oliver. "I have not slept

under a roof since the night when I left my town."

"I think I can help you," said the young gentleman. "I must be in London to-night and I am going to a respectable old gentleman with whom I live. He will be glad to give you lodgings for nothing; of course if I introduce you. And I can introduce you to him if you like."

Oliver thanked the young gentleman for his kindness and agreed to go with him. What else could he do? And where else could he go?

Then the conversation between the two boys became rather lively. The young gentleman told Oliver that his name was Jack Dawkins but that his friends usually called him "The Dodger."

Upon finishing their beer, the two boys started off. After the bread and ham, Oliver was no longer so weak and could walk more quickly. They came to London before nightfall, but Dawkins said that, for certain reasons, it was better to enter London only after dark. So they waited for some time outside, and went into the town only at seven o'clock. And now they began their walk through London. First they went through big squares and streets where it was very light and where there were more people and carriages than Oliver had ever seen in all his

life. But after some time Dawkins led Oliver into smaller and narrower streets. At last they came to a little unlighted street which seemed to Oliver the narrowest and smallest of all. There were many people in this street, but most of them seemed drunk. There were a few shops, yet most of them were closed and the others seemed to do no business. The only places which seemed to do good business here were public houses. Of these there were very many and each one was full of people.

Oliver just began to think that it was perhaps better for him to run away, but at this moment his companion opened a door in front of them, pushed Oliver in, entered himself and then closed the door behind them. After this he gave a sharp whistle.

"Who is there?" cried a voice from inside.

"Plummy and slam!" was the answer. This seemed to be a signal that everything was all right because a candle appeared at the end of a passage and the figure of a man came out of the darkness.

"There are two of you," said the man, looking at Oliver. "Who is this boy?"

"A new comrade," answered Dawkins, pulling Oliver forward.

"From where does he come?" continued the man.

"Greenland. Is Fagin upstairs?"

"Yes, he is sorting the handkerchiefs. Come!"

And saying this, the man suddenly disappeared so that the two boys were left in complete darkness. But this did not stop Dawkins, who apparently knew the place very well, and now he began pulling Oliver up a broken staircase. At last he opened a door and then pushed Oliver into a big, but badly lighted, room.

The first thing that Oliver saw in it was a big table near the fireplace and on this table a candle, a piece of bread and a bottle of wine. An old man with red hair, dressed in flannel, was standing between the table and the fire cooking some sausages on the fire. Round the table were sitting four or five boys, all about the age of Dawkins. They were smoking pipes and drinking wine with the air of grown-up men. In different parts of the room Oliver saw a great number of handkerchiefs—all of different size and different material.

Dawkins went straight to the man with red hair and said some words in his ear. Then he turned round and smiled at Oliver. The old man smiled too,

"This is he, Fagin," said Jack Dawkins. "This is my new friend Oliver Twist."

The man whom Dawkins called Fagin smiled again, took Oliver by the hand and said he was very glad to see him. Then all the young gentlemen with their pipes came up to Oliver and shook hands with him. One young gentleman was so kind as to take his cap, another one took his bundle, while a third one went even so far as to take his handkerchief out of his pocket. All this was done so quickly that Oliver hardly even had time to notice what they were doing.

"We are very glad to see you, Oliver," repeated Fagin. "Dodger, take the sausages from the fire. Our friend Oliver is probably hungry. Oh! you are looking at the handkerchiefs. We have rather many of them, haven't we? We have just taken them out for the wash, that's all, Oliver, that's all."

And for some reason or other, all the boys began to laugh. Then they ate their supper and Fagin gave Oliver a glass of hot gin. "Only drink it quickly," he said, "because the next boy will want the glass after you."

Immediately after supper Oliver felt that somebody was lifting him from his chair. Then he felt

himself lying on something soft and warm and in a minute he was already fast asleep.

CHAPTER IX

It was very late next morning when Oliver woke up from a long, long sleep. There was nobody in the room except old Fagin who was looking with interest at some golden things which he had taken out of a box. Oliver saw a big gold watch, several rings, brooches, bracelets and other beautiful things.

"Do you see these pretty things, my dear?" said Fagin when he saw that Oliver had woken up.

"Yes, Sir," answered the boy.

"Ah!" he said. "These things are all I have. They are all I have to live upon."

Oliver thought Mr. Fagin must be a rather strange old gentleman to live in such a bad room with so many golden things. But then he thought again that probably the Dodger and the other boys cost him very much money.

"May I get up, Sir?" he asked old Fagin.

"Certainly, my dear, certainly," answered the old gentleman. "You will find some water for washing in the corner of the room near the door."

Oliver had just time to wash himself when the Dodger came back accompanied by one of the boys whom Oliver had seen the evening before. The name of this boy was Charley Bates and it was clear that he was a great favourite with old Fagin. The four now sat down to take coffee with some bread and ham.

"Well, boys!" said Fagin. "I hope you have done some good work this morning?"

"We have," said the Dodger.

"Good boys, good boys!" said Fagin. "What have you got, Dodger?"

"Two pocket-books," answered the young gentleman, putting two pocket-books on the table, of which one was green and the other one red.

"Very nice pocket-books," said Fagin. "What a good workman he is, isn't he, Oliver?"

And all the three of them laughed very loud.

"Now, what have you got?" said Fagin to Charley Bates.

"Handkerchiefs," answered Bates, putting four handkerchiefs on the table.

"Well," said Fagin, looking at them. "They are very good handkerchiefs. And we shall teach Oliver

to take off the marks. You will take off the marks, Oliver, won't you?"

"I shall be very glad to do it, Sir, if you teach me," answered Oliver.

At this answer all the three of them again started laughing.

After coffee the old gentleman and the boys started playing a very interesting and unusual game. The old gentleman put a pocket-book in one pocket of his trousers, a handkerchief in the other and a watch in his waistcoat pocket; and then began walking up and down the room in the manner in which old gentlemen walk about the streets at any hour of the day. Sometimes he stopped at the fireplace and sometimes at the door, looking just in front of him as if he stood before a shop-window.

All this time the boys walked after him and tried to put their hands into his pockets. But this was not so easy because the old gentleman was on the lookout all the time. At last the Dodger stepped on his foot and Charley Bates fell upon him from behind and at that moment they took from him at once his pocket-book, his handkerchief and his watch. Then the boys gave him all these back again and the game began from the beginning. If the old gentleman felt a hand

in one of his pockets he cried out, and the boys ran away; and so they played for more than two hours. Oliver thought the game very funny and laughed nearly all the time.

In the afternoon two young ladies came to see the old gentleman. The name of one of them was Betsy and of the other Nancy. They were not very pretty and they had very much colour on their faces. But Oliver liked them very much. They laughed so much and they were so gay!

One of the young ladies said she felt a coldness inside; so Fagin put a bottle of gin on the table and they drank, talked and laughed for some time till Charley Bates at last said it was time to go out. And then all of them went away and again Oliver was left alone with old Fagin.

"It's a pleasant life," said the old gentleman when the door had closed behind the boys and girls. "And now they have gone out to their work. And they will do it well, you will see! Make them your models, Oliver, make them your models and you will see how happy you will be." Fagin suddenly stopped short. "Is my handkerchief hanging out of my pocket?" he said suddenly.

"Yes, Sir," answered Oliver.

"Then see if you can take it so that I do not notice it, as the boys did when we were playing this morning."

Oliver held the bottom of the pocket with one hand and took the handkerchief with the other, as the boys had done in the morning.

"Have you got it?" cried Fagin.

"Here it is, Sir," said Oliver, showing it in his hand.

"You are a clever boy, my dear," said Fagin, putting his hand on Oliver's head. "I never saw such a clever boy. Here's a shilling for you. If you go on like this, you'll be the greatest man of your time. And now come here and I shall show you how to take the marks off the handkerchiefs."

Oliver did not quite understand how he could become a great man by taking handkerchiefs out of people's pockets but he decided that Fagin was an old man and therefore probably knew best.

CHAPTER X

For many days Oliver lived in Fagin's room taking the marks off the handkerchiefs and sometimes playing with Fagin in the manner just described. But

soon he began to feel in need of fresh air and several times asked the old gentleman to let him go out with the boys. For many days Fagin did not allow Oliver to do so, but at last one morning he told Oliver that he could go out to work with the Dodger and Charley Bates.

And so the three boys went out—the Dodger with his hat on the back of his head, Bates with his hands in his pockets and little Oliver between them.

They went along so slowly that Oliver thought at first they wanted to deceive the old gentleman and were not going to work at all. And then he also thought it rather strange that Bates could not pass a fruit merchant without taking an apple from his stall and putting it into his pocket, while the Dodger every time he saw a little boy always pulled his cap from his head. Oliver thought this so bad, that he even wanted to say he was going back when suddenly the Dodger stopped and put a finger to his lip.

“Well, what is it?” asked Oliver.

“Hush!” answered the Dodger. “Do you see that old gent at the book-stall?”

“The old gentleman on the other side of the street?” said Oliver. “Yes, I see him.”

“He will do,” said the Dodger.

"Yes, quite well," said Charley Bates.

Oliver looked with astonishment first at one and then at the other of the boys, but he had no time to ask them any questions because they quickly crossed the street and stopped behind the old gentleman.

The old gentleman was dressed in a green coat with a black collar and white trousers. He had taken a book from the stall and was now reading it. It was clear that he was thinking of nothing except the book itself.

And what was now Oliver's horror when he suddenly saw that the Dodger put his hand into the gentleman's pocket and took a handkerchief out of it! Then the Dodger handed the handkerchief to Bates and in a second they were both running away along the street!

In an instant Oliver understood all: the big gold watch and the brooches; the handkerchiefs and the little games. He stood there for a moment, then feeling confused and frightened and not really knowing what he did, he started to run away as quickly as he could.

This was all done in a minute. The very second Oliver began to run, the old gentleman put his hand into his pocket and felt that his handkerchief was not

there. After this he looked round and, seeing Oliver running away, naturally thought he was the thief. He immediately shouted "Stop thief!" and began running after Oliver, book in hand. But the old gentleman was not the only one to cry out and run after Oliver. The Dodger and Master Bates had not run far away. They had simply hidden in the yard of the next house. Hearing the old gentleman's cry and seeing Oliver running, they understood everything. They did not think long about what to do and in less than a second joined the cry: "Stop thief!"

There is magic in the words "Stop thief!" The cry is taken up by a hundred voices and where a second ago there were but three or four men, there now gathers a crowd of a hundred or even more, each man crying out the same: "Stop thief!" So it was in this hunt too. In a few seconds a huge crowd was running after Oliver and every man in it was crying: "Stop thief!"

Stopped at last! A tall man who ran more quickly than the others hit Oliver hard on the back and pushed him into the mud and there the boy lay, blood running from his mouth and agony in his eyes.

Immediately everybody began to talk.

"Stand aside!"

"Give him a little air!"

"He doesn't deserve any air."

"Where's the gentleman?"

"Here he is, coming down the street."

"Let the gentleman pass."

The old gentleman had really come into the middle of the crowd. Almost at the same time a policeman appeared.

"Is this the boy?" he asked the old gentleman.

"Yes," said the gentleman, "I am afraid it is."

"Afraid!" exclaimed the policeman, greatly astonished at the use of the word. "Come, get up," he said to Oliver, taking him by the collar.

"It wasn't me, it wasn't me," cried Oliver. But the policeman did not listen to him. "Come, get up!" he repeated again.

"Don't hurt him," said the old gentleman.

"Oh no, I won't hurt him!" said the policeman, nearly tearing Oliver's jacket from his back. "Come, will you stand on your legs, you dog?"

Oliver got up with difficulty, the policeman took him by the neck and they started walking to the police office. The old gentleman walked just behind. After him went some people out of the crowd who wanted to see how it would all finish.

CHAPTER XI

At the police office they were met by another policeman.

"Well, what is it?" he asked the first policeman.

"A thief," answered the man who had taken Oliver.

"Has he stolen something from you?" the policeman continued, speaking to the old gentleman.

"Perhaps," said the old gentleman; "but I am not sure. Perhaps he did not. Could not you let the boy go? I should be very thankful to you."

"No, no," said the policeman. "He must go before the magistrate, and you, too, must wait for him. The magistrate will receive you in a few minutes."

And saying this the policeman pushed Oliver into a most terribly dirty little cell.

"This little boy is innocent," said the old gentleman to himself. "I see that in his face. I must do what I can for him." And he sat down on a chair to read the book he had taken with him.

In a quarter of an hour he was called by the policeman. "Come to the magistrate immediately," said the man.

The old gentleman closed his book and followed the policeman to the magistrate's office.

Mr. Fang, the magistrate, was already waiting for him, sitting at his table. Opposite him stood a policeman and beside the policeman--Oliver.

Mr. Fang was generally very red in the face because he drank too much. But this day he was especially red because he had just read a rather unpleasant article about himself in the newspaper.

Even before receiving any questions the old gentleman bowed to Mr. Fang and coming to his table, put his card on it. "Here is my name and address," he said, pointing to the card.

But Mr. Fang pretended not to hear him.

"Who are you?" he said.

The old gentleman said nothing and simply pointed again to his card.

"Policeman!" said Mr. Fang, pushing the card aside. "Policeman! Who is this man?"

"My name, Sir," said the old gentleman, "is Brownlow. But I too want to ask the name of the magistrate who permits himself to speak like that to an old man."

"Policeman!" said Mr. Fang. "With what is this fellow charged?"

"He is not charged," answered the policeman. "It

is the boy who is charged. The gentleman appears against the boy."

The magistrate knew this perfectly well, but he wanted to anger the old gentleman.

"Oh, you appear against the boy," said the magistrate, examining Mr. Brownlow from head to foot. "Well, what can you say?"

"I was standing at a bookstall," Mr. Brownlow began.

"Silence!" said Mr. Fang. "Policeman, what can you tell us about this?"

The policeman related the little he knew. He also said he had searched the boy but had found nothing.

"Has anybody else seen the theft?" continued the magistrate.

"No, nobody else has seen it," answered the policeman.

The magistrate sat silent for a few minutes. Then, turning to Mr. Brownlow, he almost shouted:

"Well, will you tell us what you have against this boy or not? And if you don't tell us everything clearly, I'll punish you for disrespect to a magistrate."

With great difficulty and with many interruptions Mr. Brownlow could at last say that he had first

felt that his handkerchief was not in his pocket, then had seen a boy run away and had at last run after him, thinking this was the thief.

"But now," said Mr. Brownlow, "I am not at all sure that he is really the thief. I even think he is not. Please be kind to him, especially as I see he is ill." Such were the words with which Mr. Brownlow finished his little speech.

"What's your name, you little rascal?" asked Mr. Fang.

Oliver tried to answer but could not. He was as white as the wall and it seemed to him that the room was turning round.

"What's your name, you rascal?" shouted Mr. Fang again. "Policeman, what's his name?"

Now the policeman asked Oliver, but again he got no answer.

"Oh, he will not speak to me," said the magistrate. "Very well, very well. Where does he live?"

"Where he can, I suppose, Sir," answered the policeman, speaking for Oliver.

At this moment Oliver lifted his head and asked for some water.

"That's nonsense!" said Mr. Fang. "Don't give him any water."

"I think he really is ill," said the policeman.

"I know better," said Mr. Fang.

"He will fall in a minute," said the old gentleman. "Help him to stand up."

"Stand away, policeman!" cried Mr. Fang. "Let him fall if he likes."

There was just time for Mr. Fang to give this kind permission because Oliver really fell down the same minute. The men in the office looked at each other, but all of them were afraid to help the boy.

"Let him lie there," said Mr. Fang. "He will soon be tired of it. My sentence is: three months hard labour."

The door was opened and the policemen were just preparing to carry the boy back into the cell, when a poorly but cleanly dressed old man ran into the office.

"Stop, stop!" he cried. "Don't take him away! Please stop a moment."

Although magistrates in England have the right to do what they like with the people whom the police bring to them—especially if these people belong to the poorer class—their offices are closed to the public. So we can easily understand that Mr. Fang was not at all pleased to see this new visitor.

"What is this? Who is this?" he cried. "Put the man out!"

"I will speak," cried the man. "I shall not permit you to put me out. I saw it all. It was at my book-stall—Mr. Fang, you must hear me."

Mr. Fang saw there could be a big scandal if he put the man out without letting him speak.

"Well," he said, "what have you to say?"

"I am the owner of the book-stall," began the man; "I saw three boys; two others and this one here. This boy did not go into the gentleman's pocket. It was one of the other two."

"And why did you not come here before?" interrupted Mr. Fang.

"There was nobody to look after the shop. Everybody had run after the boy. I got a man only five minutes ago and I have run here all the way."

"The old gentleman was reading, was he?" asked Fang.

"Yes," answered the man. "The very book he has now in his hand."

"Oh, that book, eh?" said Fang. "Has he paid for it?"

"No, he has not," answered the man with a smile.

"Dear me, I forgot all about it!" exclaimed the old gentleman.

"And you started a charge against a poor boy," said Fang with an ironical smile, "when you yourself had stolen a book? It is a good thing for you that this gentleman does not want to charge you with it. Be careful another time, or I shall put you in prison. The boy is discharged. Get out of the office, all of you!"

"But," cried the old gentleman, "listen to me. I'll. . . ."

He was very angry. But then he looked at Oliver Twist and forgot all his anger.

Oliver was lying on his back with his face as white as paper.

"Poor boy, poor boy!" said Mr. Brownlow. "I must take him into my house. Please call a coach, somebody."

A policeman called a coach and Mr. Brownlow, lovingly as a father, put Oliver into it. Then he got in himself and the coach slowly started on its way.

CHAPTER XII

After some time the coach stopped before a house in a quiet street near Pentonville. Here a bed was

prepared and Oliver was quickly put into it; and here for many days kind people did all they could for him.

But for many days Oliver saw and heard nothing. The sun rose and set; rose and set again many times after that and still the boy lay in bed without moving or saying a word. He had such high fever that for several days the doctor was afraid for his life.

But at last he woke up and raised himself in his bed.

"What room is this? Where am I?" he asked.

An old lady with a kind face rose from an armchair and came up to the bed.

"Hush, my dear," she said softly. "You must lie quietly, or you will be ill again! Lie down quickly."

Oliver fell back on his bed and went to sleep again. It was a healthy sleep this time and from this sleep he woke up next morning feeling much stronger. The crisis was over. In three days' time he could already sit in an armchair and have a good dinner. The kind old lady looked after him like a mother. Her name was Mrs. Bedwin and she was Mr. Brownlow's housekeeper.

One day he was just finishing his soup when somebody knocked at the door.

"Come in," said Mrs. Bedwin and Mr. Brownlow entered the room.

Oliver wanted to stand up. He wanted to show how thankful he was: Mrs. Bedwin had told him very much about all Mr. Brownlow had done for him. But he fell back on his armchair. He was still too weak. Mr. Brownlow's eyes filled with tears.

"Poor boy, poor boy," he said in a rather unusual voice. "I'm a little hoarse this morning, Mrs. Bedwin. I'm afraid I have caught cold."

"I hope not, Sir," said Mrs. Bedwin.

"Well, never mind that," continued Mr. Brownlow. "How do you feel, my dear?"

"Very happy, Sir," answered Oliver, "and very thankful to you for your kindness to me."

"Good boy," said Mr. Brownlow. "Have you given him his dinner already, Mrs. Bedwin?"

"He has just eaten his soup," answered Mrs. Bedwin.

"Well," said Mr. Brownlow, "I think a couple of glasses of port-wine will be good for him. What

do you think, Mrs. Bedwin?"

Mrs. Bedwin said she thought one glass was enough and Mr. Brownlow promised to send it up immediately.

"I hope, Oliver," then said Mr. Brownlow, "you will soon come down to my room and see my collection of books."

In the evening Mr. Brownlow sent Oliver a glass of port-wine and from then on he paid the boy a visit every day. And so Oliver lived in Mr. Brownlow's house getting stronger every day and little by little forgetting his hard life in the workhouse and his terrible adventure in London.

CHAPTER XIII

"Where is Oliver? Where is Oliver?" asked Fagin, seeing that Bates and the Dodger had come into the room without their third companion.

"What has become of the boy?" he continued. "Speak out, or I'll kill you!"

At last the Dodger opened his mouth.

"The police have got him," he said.

Hearing this, Fagin caught the Dodger by the

coat and was just preparing to give it him well, shouting "And where were you, you dog!" when the door suddenly opened and a new figure came in.

The newcomer was a strongly built, tall fellow of about thirty-five in a black coat and grey stockings. He had a brown hat on his head and a dirty handkerchief round his neck.

"Well, what are you doing? Beating the boys," he said, addressing himself to Fagin. "There is one thing I cannot understand—it is why they do not kill you. But you know what Bill Sikes wants, when he comes! A glass of gin and—quickly! And then you'll tell me why you are beating the boy."

After drinking two or three glasses of gin the man, who had called himself Sikes, said he wanted to hear why Fagin had started beating the boy. This question led to a conversation during which the whole story of Oliver's disappearance was made clear.

"I'm now afraid," said Fagin, "that he may say something about us, about where we live and what we do. And then it can easily reach the police."

"You are quite right," said Sikes. "Well, now the

question is that somebody must find out at the police office what happened there and where the boy is now."

"If he is in prison everything is all right," said Fagin, "but if he is not, matters are much worse."

At this moment the two young ladies, Betsy and Nancy, came into the room.

"Nancy," said Fagin, "will you go to the police office and find out all about Oliver?"

"No," answered Nancy, "I shall not."

"You must go," said Fagin, "you are just the right person for it."

"No, I won't go," said Nancy.

"You must go," said Sikes.

After a rather long discussion of the question, Nancy at last agreed to go.

"Go at once," said Sikes.

"Stop a minute," said Fagin. "Take this basket. Carry it in one hand. It looks more respectable, my dear."

"Give her a key to carry in the other hand," said Sikes. "It looks very real, like that."

"Yes," said Fagin, "it looks very real. There, very

good, very good indeed, my dear!" continued Fagin, rubbing his hands.

Nancy smiled to the whole company, turned round and went off.

The police office was rather far away and Nancy came there only in about an hour. She did not stop at the office, however, but went straight to the cells.

"Nolly, dear," said Nancy at the door of the first cell. "Nolly!"

There was no answer. Inside the cell was sitting a man whom Mr. Fang had put in prison for playing the flute in the streets. At that moment he was thinking about the flute which Mr. Fang had confiscated from him; so he had no interest in anything else and did not answer.

Nancy passed to the next cell and knocked there.

"Well?" cried a voice from out of the cell.

"Is there a little boy in there?" Nancy asked.

"No," answered the same voice. "There isn't a little boy in here."

Here was an old man of sixty-five who was in prison for not playing the flute, or, in other words, for begging in the streets.

Receiving no satisfactory answer from these two,

Nancy ran straight to the policeman who was sitting in the corridor and addressed him with the following words:

"Oh, my brother! My poor, dear little brother! Where have you put him? Please, please tell me what you have done with him, please do, kind Sir!"

"I haven't any little boys in here," said the policeman.

"And where is he? The little boy who was brought here in the morning?" cried Nancy.

"Why, the gentleman has taken him," answered the policeman.

"What gentleman? What gentleman?" cried Nancy.

"You see," said the policeman, "your little brother was brought here and put before the magistrate for stealing a handkerchief from an old gentleman. But then another gentleman came and said he was innocent. Suddenly your little brother fell on the floor. You could see he was very ill. After this the first gentleman took him to his home. The name of the old gentleman is Brownlow and he lives somewhere in Pentonville."

Hearing this, the young woman immediately ran

out of the office and went back to Fagin as quickly as she could.

"We must find him! We must find him as quickly as we can," exclaimed Fagin as soon as he had heard Nancy's story. "Nancy, you must bring him here. And Sikes will help you. Go to Pentonville, find out exactly where he lives and as soon as you see him coming out of the gent's house, bring him to me immediately."

CHAPTER XIV

One evening, Oliver was sitting in his room talking to Mrs. Bedwin when Mr. Brownlow suddenly asked the boy to come to him downstairs.

"Please go to the bookseller," said Mr. Brownlow to Oliver, when the boy came down to his room, "and carry these books back to him. Tell him I don't want them."

"I shall be back in a few minutes," said Oliver, preparing to start. He was very glad to be able to do something for the old gentleman.

Mrs. Bedwin went with Oliver to the street-door and gave him many instructions about the nearest way, and the name of the bookseller and the name

of the street; and after hearing from Oliver that he understood it all quite well, she told him to be very careful and not to catch cold. At last she permitted him to go out.

Oliver looked gaily round and smiled at her. She smiled back at him.

"I somehow don't like him to go out alone," she said to herself and went back into her room.

Oliver was walking along the street thinking about how happy he was and how good it would be to look—just for only one short moment—at his poor little friend Dick, when a young woman suddenly ran up to him crying, "Oh, my dear brother!" Oliver rushed back, but, the next moment, her two strong arms were round his neck.

"Don't," cried Oliver, "let me go! Who are you? Why are you stopping me?"

The only answer to this were further cries:

"Oh, Oliver!" cried the young woman, "I have found you at last! Why have you run away from home? Come home, dear, come! Oh, how glad I am that I have at last found you!"

Hearing these cries, several people who were in the street at that moment came up to them.

"What is the matter? What is the matter?" they asked.

"Oh, good people," answered the young woman, "this little boy is my brother and he ran away from his parents nearly a month ago. And he joined a company of thieves. And now he does not want to come home! Oh, please, help me, good people!"

"Go home, you little rascal," said one woman.

"I do not know her," cried Oliver. "I have no sister, and I have no father and no mother. I live in Pentonville with an old gentleman. His name is—"

"Only hear him!" shouted the young woman. "Only hear what he is saying when his old mother is crying for him at home!" And saying this the young woman for the first time showed Oliver her face.

"Why, it's Nancy!" exclaimed Oliver.

"You see he knows me!" cried Nancy. "He did not want to say he knew me, but he had to! Make him come home, oh, good people!"

"What is this?" suddenly shouted a man in a black coat and grey stockings coming out of a beer-shop. It was Sikes. "Young Oliver! I know this boy. Come home to your poor mother, you young rascal! Come home immediately!"

"I don't know these people. Help! Help!" shouted Oliver.

"Help!" repeated the man, taking Oliver by the arm. "I'll help you, rascal! What are these books? From where have you taken them? Come with your sister immediately."

What could Oliver do? What, indeed could a poor child do against a strong man and a big woman and what, especially, could he do if all the people who stood round them were against him?

In another moment he was dragged through a labyrinth of narrow streets—always further and further from Mr. Brownlow's house.



The gas-lamps were lighted, Mrs. Bedwin was waiting for already more than two hours at the open door, and Mr. Brownlow was still sitting in his room thinking about where Oliver could be. . . .

But Oliver did not come that day; nor the next; nor the next after that; nor for many, many days after.

CHAPTER XV

Nancy and Sikes dragged Oliver through one narrow street after another but the boy felt so miserable and was so frightened that he saw nothing and, of course, could not recognize the places through which he went. At last they stopped before a closed door. Sikes rang the bell. In a few seconds somebody opened it. Yet Oliver did not see his face because the person immediately stepped back. Sikes quickly pushed Oliver inside and then came in himself with Nancy. They were now, all three, in a dark passage and here they stopped and waited while the person who had let them in shut the door behind them.

"Is the old man at home?" asked Sikes.

"Yes," answered a voice which Oliver thought he knew. "And he will be very glad to see you three back, I can tell you!"

"Let's have a light," said Sikes, "or we shall break our legs!"

"Immediately," answered the voice and Oliver heard that somebody struck a match. By its light he now saw that Mr. John Dawkins, or the Dodger, was standing in front of him!

But there was no time to stop and look, because Sikes again pushed Oliver forward. They took a few steps and Oliver saw himself in a well-known room. Loud laughter greeted his entrance. Before him were Fagin and all his young pupils.

"Oh, Fagin! Oh, Fagin!" cried Charley Bates, who was the first to see Oliver. "Here he is, here he is. Oh, Fagin, just look at him! Fagin, do look at him! Please hold me, somebody, or I will die of laughter!"

"I am very glad to see you again," said Fagin. "What a good suit you have! But I think it is better for you to have it off just now; otherwise you may spoil it!"

Charley Bates was, it seemed, especially glad to hear this, because he immediately took Oliver into the next room and told him to take off his clothes at once. At the same time he gave Oliver a suit of the same kind he had worn before and told him to put it on the next day. What could Oliver do, but obey? And so he took off the fine jacket that Mr. Brownlow had given him and handed it over to Bates. The latter immediately took the new clothes under his arm and went out of the room, locking the door behind him and leaving Oliver alone in the dark.

And again little Oliver cried and cried and cried.

But nobody unlocked the door of his room that evening; nor did anybody come to him the next day but old Fagin who opened the door and put a cup of water and a crust of dry bread before him on the floor.

And so for many days Oliver remained a prisoner, locked up in a small dark room with nothing to eat but bread and water.

CHAPTER XVI

It was a cold, windy night when old Fagin, buttoning his overcoat to his very chin, started on a long walk through the town. On shutting the door of his house he looked round suspiciously and then began walking quickly in the direction of one of the darkest and most dangerous parts of London. He crossed many streets and squares and at last came to a little street lighted only by one lamp. Here he stopped at the door of a small house and rang the bell. The door was quickly opened and Fagin walked into a badly lit room. A man was sitting there drinking. Two bottles, already empty, stood on the table before him.

"I have come to you on business, Sikes," said Fagin, entering the room.

Sikes—because it was he—put his glass on the table.

"On business! What business?" he asked. "Well, say what you have to say."

"I want to speak to you about that affair at Chertsey," began Fagin. "When do you think of doing it? When?"

"I don't want to do it at all," answered Sikes.

"Not at all?" cried Fagin in astonishment. "Why not?"

"I will tell you," began Sikes. "One of my men, Toby Crackit, has been trying to do something for nearly two weeks and he says he can get neither of the two men in the house to help us."

"Do you want to tell me," cried Fagin, pale with anger, "that Toby can do nothing with either of the men!"

"Yes, that is what I want to tell you," answered Sikes.

There was a short pause.

"But couldn't you do it from the outside?" suddenly said Fagin, every muscle in his face moving with excitement.

"We have already thought about that," answered Sikes. "Toby and I both went over the garden wall last night. The house is shut up at night like a jail and the windows are so small, a man can't get through them. Of course if we only had a boy——"

Fagin's eyes glistened.

"I can give you a fine boy," he said in a hoarse whisper. "I can give you Oliver Twist. It's time for him to begin work and he is very small."

"Just the size I want," answered Sikes. "You see, I want him to get into a small window and then open the door for us."

"Oh, he will do everything you want," said Fagin. "But, of course, you must frighten him."

"Frighten him!" exclaimed Sikes. "I shall frighten him so that he will do anything I like. I shall simply shoot him if he tries to run away or anything like that! Think of that before you send him!"

"I have thought of all that," said Fagin. "You see, we must make him feel he is one of us. Let him feel, just once, he is a thief and he's ours! Ours for life!"

"All right," said Sikes. "That is decided. I'll take him and it will be the night after next."

"Good," said Fagin; "there is no moon?"

"No," answered Sikes. "And send the boy here to-morrow night. Nancy will go and fetch him "

The question was settled and Sikes started drinking again.

Fagin said good-bye and stepped out again into the cold, dark night.

CHAPTER XVII

When Oliver woke up he saw a pair of new shoes standing at his bedside. At first he was glad to see them because he thought Fagin would perhaps let him out now. But the old man appeared in a moment and told him in a very serious tone that he was sending him to Sikes that very evening.

"To—to—stop there, Sir?" asked Oliver anxiously.

"No, no, my dear. Not to stop there," answered Fagin. "We don't want to say good-bye to you for ever. Don't be afraid, Oliver, you will come to us again!"

He made a little pause.

"I suppose," he added, fixing his eyes on Oliver, "you want to know what you are going to do at Sikes' house?"

Oliver got very red in the face because he saw that the thief had read his thoughts, but he said, yes, he did want to know.

"Well, what do you think?" asked Fagin again.

"Really I don't know, Sir," answered Oliver.

"Bah!" said Fagin. "You will wait till Sikes explains it to you. But I want to tell you this: Sikes is a rough man and thinks nothing of blood, when it is a serious affair. Whatever happens, say nothing and do all Sikes tells you to do."

And saying this he went away.

Till the evening the boy remained in the room alone.

Then the door suddenly opened and Oliver saw the figure of a woman standing in the doorway.

"What's that? Who is there?" shouted Oliver.

"It's I, Nancy," answered a voice. "You must come with me. Are you ready?"

"Must I go with you?" asked Oliver.

"Yes," said Nancy, "I have come from Sikes. You must come with me."

"What for?" asked Oliver.

There was such terror in his voice that the woman did not at first know what to answer.

"What for?" she said after a pause raising her

eyes at first, but then turning them away from Oliver. "Oh, for nothing bad."

"I don't believe you," said Oliver; he had watched the movement of her eyes.

"As you like," said Nancy, pretending to laugh. "For no good then."

At this moment an idea came into Oliver's head. It was only eleven o'clock; there were still many people in the streets. Why could he not ask somebody to help him? He thought he could risk it. Anyhow, no good could come to him here at Fagin's house! And so he stepped forward and said he was ready.

Nancy took Oliver's hand, and drew the boy downstairs. The front door was quickly opened by somebody who stood in the darkness and was immediately closed again after they had gone out. Before the door a closed carriage was waiting and the woman drew Oliver into it so quickly that he could do nothing. At once they started. The carriage went very quickly all the time and Oliver had hardly time to think what to do next. Suddenly they stopped at the door of the very house where Fagin had been the day before.

For one short moment Oliver looked at the emp-

ty street, but there was nobody in sight and the cry for help died on his lips. The next moment it was too late; he was already in the house and the door was shut.

"Sikes!" cried Nancy.

"Hallo!" answered Sikes, coming out of the darkness with a candle. "So you've got the boy," he said, looking first at Oliver and then at Nancy.

"Yes, here he is," answered Nancy.

"Well, young one," said Sikes, addressing himself to Oliver. "Come here, and let me read you a lecture."

Saying this, Sikes first of all pulled Oliver's cap off his head and threw it into the corner of the room; then he took him by the shoulder, sat down by the table and put the boy in front of him.

"Now, first: do you know what this is?" asked Sikes, taking up a pocket-pistol which lay on the table.

Oliver answered in the affirmative.

"Well, then, look here," continued Sikes. "This is powder and here is a bullet." He loaded the pistol. "And now, you see, it is loaded."

"Yes, I see it is, Sir," answered Oliver.

"Well," said Sikes putting the pistol to Oliver's

head, "remember that if you say a word to anybody except me when you are out of doors, all that loading will be in your head the same minute. And now that you understand this, let us have some supper."

Nancy put a pot of porter and some food on the table, and both she and Sikes had a good meal, but we can easily understand that Oliver had no great appetite.

After supper, Sikes threw himself on the floor and Oliver lay down on a little mattress which Nancy had put on the floor for him.

"Call us at five!" cried Sikes and went to sleep immediately.

Oliver lay awake for a long time thinking about Sikes and about where he would go the next day, but at last he, too, fell asleep, tired out by everything.

When he woke up the next morning the table was covered with tea things and Nancy was preparing breakfast. It was still dark and the candle was burning. Oliver could hear the sound of the rain beating against the windows.

"Now, then!" shouted Sikes. "Half past five! Quick, or you'll get no breakfast, for it's late as it is!"

Breakfast was soon over; Nancy threw the boy a handkerchief to tie round his throat. Sikes showed Oliver that he still had the same pistol in his pocket, took the boy by the hand and both of them started out into the cold and dark morning.

CHAPTER XVIII

There was a strong wind and the clouds looked stormy. The night had been very wet and there were now large pools of water in the road. The sky was still dark, but you could see it was not quite black in some places. Slowly day was coming.

Soon they were outside that dark and little-known part of London where Sikes lived. One after another, street-lamps were put out, and carriages began to pass them. The public houses with gas burning inside were already open. Little by little, other shops began to be opened and Oliver saw more and more people in the street.

Sikes walked very quickly and Oliver had at times to run a little to keep pace with him.

Suddenly an empty cart came up behind them.

"Couldn't you give me a lift?" asked Sikes.

"Jump in," said the man. "Is that your boy?"

"Yes, he's my boy," answered Sikes, looking at Oliver and putting his hand into the pocket where the pistol was.

"Your father walks rather too quickly for you, doesn't he, boy?" asked the man.

"Not at all," said Sikes, not letting Oliver open his mouth. "He is used to it. Here, take hold of my hand, Ned, and get in. You can sit on that sack behind."

They travelled for a long time in the cart till it stopped at last before a public house.

Here Sikes got off and quickly lifted Oliver from his sack. Again he showed him the pistol in his pocket.

"Good-bye, boy," said the man.

"He's a bad boy," answered Sikes. "He never answers when you speak to him. A young dog. Don't take any notice."

The man drove away and Sikes went into the public house.

Many people were sitting there drinking and smoking. They took no notice of Oliver and very little of Sikes.

Sikes and Oliver had some cold meat for dinner, but Sikes sat so long after it, smoking one pipe after

another, that Oliver at last fell asleep and slept for several hours.

It was already quite dark when Sikes woke him up.

"Come," he said.

They left the public house and again began walking through the night. But this night was still darker and still colder than the preceding one.

There was nobody in the street. Big stormy clouds ran along the sky and all the windows were closed. Sikes did not say a word. On and on they went.

Soon they had left the last houses behind and were walking through a big field. And then Oliver suddenly heard the sound of running water and saw a river beside him.

"The river!" thought Oliver. "Now I understand! He has brought me to this lonely place in order to kill me."

He was just preparing to try and run away when he saw they were turning toward a dark and lonely house standing on the bank of the river. Sikes did not knock but simply pushed the door open and went in.

CHAPTER XIX

"Hullo!" cried a loud hoarse voice from inside.

"Don't make such a noise, Toby Crackit; better give us a light," said Sikes.

In a moment the man whom Sikes had called Toby Crackit came out with a candle. He was dressed in a blue coat with large brass buttons, an orange waistcoat and dark brown trousers.

"Sikes, I am glad to see you," he said, "because, you see, I was afraid you had given it up. And who is this?" he suddenly exclaimed, pointing to Oliver.

"It's one of Fagin's boys who is going to help us," answered Sikes. "But you must give us something to eat and drink, Toby. Oliver, you sit down near the fire and have a rest, because you'll have to go out with us again to-night, though not very far this time."

Oliver sat down near the fire as he was told. But he was so tired of everything—he scarcely understood where he was, or what was happening around him.

Toby put a bottle of gin and some food on the table and he and Sikes began eating and drinking.

"You must also take a glass, boy," said Toby.

"Please," said Oliver, looking into his face, "please, I really can't."

"Drink it immediately!" shouted Crackit. "Do you think I don't know what is good for you? Tell him to drink it, Sikes."

"Drink it, you young dog!" shouted Sikes.

What could little Oliver do, but swallow the glass as he was told? But after he had swallowed it, he immediately began coughing terribly and the two men laughed till tears came into their eyes.

After supper, the two men slept for some time sitting in their chairs, but Oliver could not go to sleep—he lay on the floor thinking where they would now go and what the two men wanted him to do.

Suddenly Toby Crackit jumped up and declared that it was half past one. In a second Sikes, too, was on his legs and both of them started certain preparations, the meaning of which Oliver could not very well understand. First of all they took several instruments from a box and placed them in their pockets, then put on their overcoats and buttoned them up to the very chin and at last Toby Crackit loaded two pistols, took one himself and gave the other one to Sikes.

"Now then!" said Sikes, taking Oliver by the hand. "But just look out before we go, Toby."

The man went to the door and came back saying that all was quiet.

"Take his other hand, Toby," said Sikes after this; and the thieves went out with Oliver between them.

The night was still darker than when they had come. Oliver could scarcely see anything in front of him, but Sikes and Toby probably knew the way well, because they walked along quite quickly.

After about an hour they stopped before a wall. Without thinking for even a moment, Toby Crackit climbed to the top.

"Now, give me the boy," he said from the top of the wall. "Pass him over to me. I'll take him."

Before Oliver had time to look round, Sikes had already passed him over to Toby and in three or four seconds both he and the thief were already lying on the grass on the other side. Sikes followed immediately after. Then, very slowly and trying to make no noise, they began walking towards a house, the dim silhouette of which Oliver could see in the distance.

In a few seconds they were already standing be-

fore the closed shutters of the windows and Sikes was taking the instruments out of his pocket.

And now for the first time Oliver really understood why they were all here; he understood that the two men had come here for housebreaking and perhaps even for murder. A cold sweat covered his face, his legs shook and he fell on the ground.

"Get up," said Sikes in a hoarse whisper, taking the pistol out of his pocket.

"Oh, please, please, please," cried Oliver. "Let me go. I will never come back to London! Never, never! Please do not make me do this."

Sikes was already lifting his pistol when Toby quickly placed one of his hands on Oliver's mouth and caught hold of Sikes' arm with his other hand. Then he whispered into Oliver's ear: "Another word and I'll break your head without any pistol, you little rascal!" Then speaking to the other thief he added: "You can start opening the shutters. He will do what we tell him. It's all right."

Sikes almost noiselessly started to work. In a few seconds a shutter was opened and Oliver saw a little window in front of him.

The window was rather high above the ground

and looked indeed very small. But a very thin boy like Oliver could pass through it.

"Now listen, you young dog," whispered Sikes, taking a dark lantern from his pocket. "I'm going to put you through there. Take this light. When you get through, go softly up the steps in front of you, then turn along the passage. You will soon come to the street door; then draw back the bolts and let us in."

Oliver had scarcely time to answer when Sikes took him under both arms and by the collar and gently put him through the window.

"Take the lantern," whispered Sikes, looking into the room. "Do you see the steps in front of you?"

Oliver, more dead than alive, could scarcely answer "Yes."

"Now," continued Sikes, still holding the boy by the collar, "if you think about running away, remember that I can shoot you at any moment. And do your work quickly as soon as I let you go."

"What's that?" suddenly whispered Crackit from below.

"Nothing," answered Sikes, letting Oliver go. "Now!"

The boy had decided to make use of the first suit-

able moment in order to run upstairs and wake the family. So he slowly started on his way.

"Come back! Come back!" suddenly cried Sikes aloud. "Back! Back!"

Terribly frightened by the stillness of the place and by the loud cry which followed this stillness, Oliver let his lantern fall on the ground and did not know whether to go back or forward.

The cry was repeated—a light appeared—Oliver saw two half-dressed people at the top of the stairs—a flash—a loud noise—smoke—a terrible pain—and Oliver ran back.

Sikes was still there—he took the boy by the collar with one hand and fired his pistol at the two men in the room. Then he dragged Oliver through the window. In a second he was already on the ground below with Crackit.

"Give me your handkerchief," he said. "Quickly! They have hit the boy! Just see how he bleeds!"

Then came the loud ringing of a bell, the noise of fire-arms and the shouts of several men. And then Oliver felt that he was carried by somebody running over uneven ground and then—he heard and saw nothing more.

"Stop, you rascal!" shouted Sikes to Toby Crack-it who, carrying no weight, was already far in front. "Stop and help me with the boy!"

Toby looked back. He could see nothing in the darkness but he could hear loud shouts and the barking of dogs.

"Come to me, quick!" cried Sikes, taking his pistol from his pocket.

Toby saw this was no joke and began slowly moving in his direction.

But now they both could not only hear, they could *see* men running after them.

"It's all up, Sikes!" cried Toby. "Drop the boy and let's run for our lives."

Sikes saw he could do nothing else—small as the boy was, it was scarcely possible to run fast with him on one's back. So he dropped Oliver onto the ground, fired his pistol into the air and, joining Toby, ran off as quickly as he could.

CHAPTER XX

The air grew colder as day came nearer. The rain was still coming down. The grass was wet and pools of water stood in all low places. But still Oliver lay unconscious on the spot where Sikes had left him.

At last a low cry of pain broke through the morning air—Oliver had come to himself. But he was so weak he could scarcely sit. And yet he sat up and looked round. The idea came to him that if he did not get somebody to help him he would die; so—with one terrible effort he got to his feet and started to walk. His head turned round and round and he walked like a drunken man. Several times he fell on the ground. But every time he got up again, and went further, further, further. . . .

At last he saw a house not far in front of him. With one last effort he dragged himself up to it, knocked at the door and fell down on the ground before it.

At this time the people who had taken part in last night's hunt were sitting before the fire, drinking tea. They were Mr. Giles, an old servant, Mr. Britles, his help and a travelling tinker. There were also two women in the room—the cook and her help. All of them were now listening to Mr. Giles, who was relating in detail the story of the night's adventure.

"It was about half past two," said Mr. Giles, "or perhaps it was a little nearer three when suddenly

I woke up and, turning in my bed, heard a strange noise."

At this point of the story the cook turned very pale and asked her help to shut the door, her help asked Brittles, who asked the tinker, who pretended not to hear.

"I heard a noise," continued Mr. Giles. "At first, I said to myself: 'This is an illusion' and I was just preparing to go to sleep again, when I heard the noise again, and this time much louder. I sat up in bed and listened. Then I heard it for a third time. 'Somebody,' I said to myself, 'is forcing a door or a window. What must I do now? I'll go and wake Brittles, or they will kill the poor boy in his bed.' Well, I got softly out of bed, put on a pair of. . ." At this point of the story the tinker stopped Mr. Giles:

"Don't forget there are ladies present," he said.

". . . of shoes," continued Mr. Giles, "took a loaded pistol and went to Brittles' room. 'Brittles,' I say to him, 'don't be frightened.'"

"So you did," said Brittles in a low voice.

"'We are dead men, I think,' I said," continued

Mr. Giles, "‘but don’t be frightened!’ And then we took a lantern and went downstairs."

Mr. Giles had just got up from his seat to illustrate what had then happened with the help of suitable gestures when he suddenly jumped up and then almost fell back into his chair. The rest of the company screamed or shouted.

"That was a knock," said Mr. Giles. "Open the door, somebody."

Nobody moved.

"It’s a strange thing, a knock at this time in the morning," said Mr. Giles turning from one pale face to another and himself looking very pale, "but the door must be opened. Do you hear, somebody?"

Mr. Giles now looked at Mr. Brittles, but this young man probably thought he was nobody—because he did not even move from his place.

Mr. Giles then looked at the tinker—but the tinker had suddenly fallen asleep.

"If Brittles wants to have some company," said Mr. Giles after a short silence, "I am ready to go with him to the door."

"So am I," said the tinker, suddenly waking up.

Brittles agreed to open the door on these conditions and the whole company, including the two wo-

men who were afraid to be left behind, directed itself to the entrance. As they walked, they all talked at the same time and very loudly to show that they were a large force.

At last Mr. Giles gave the command to open the door. Brittles obeyed the command and the whole group—the back ones looking over the shoulders of those in front—saw nothing more terrible than little Oliver lying on the ground with eyes closed and blood running onto the ground from his wound.

“A boy!” exclaimed Mr. Giles. “A wounded boy! Drag him into the room, Brittles! Quickly!”

Brittles did as he was told with the help of the tinker.

“Here he is!” shouted Giles, when they came into the room. “Here’s one of the thieves, Mrs. Maylie, Miss Rose! Here he is in our hands! Wounded.”

A very pleasant girl’s voice came from the top of the stairs.

“Giles,” said the voice. “Is he seriously wounded?”

“Most seriously, Miss Rose,” answered Giles.

“Then carry him upstairs,” continued the voice.

“And put him into the room near the library.”

“But don’t you want to come down and look at

him before we take him up," said Giles, "because you know he is very bad and can die at any moment."

"Not now, not now," answered the one who had been called Miss Rose. "The doctor must see him first. Brittles, go immediately to the doctor and bring him here as quickly as you can."

Mr. Giles looked at Oliver closely. He only now saw the boy's pale face and his thin little body.

He bent over Oliver and helped to carry him upstairs. And there was in his movements a softness like that of a woman.

CHAPTER XXI

The owner of the house—Mrs. Maylie, a rather old woman dressed all in black with a sad but kind expression on her face—was sitting in her room taking tea. With her was her niece, Rose, a very beautiful and kind-looking young girl of not more than seventeen.

Mr. Giles had already gone to them and was now telling them in detail about the events of the night.

"When will the doctor come?" anxiously asked Miss Rose.

"We can expect him any minute," answered Giles. "Brittles went for him a long time ago."

At that very moment the door opened and a fat gentleman ran into the room. It was the doctor.

"I never heard of such a thing!" he exclaimed. "My dear Mrs. Maylie! And in the middle of the night! And so unexpected! No, I never heard of such a thing!"

It seemed as if the doctor was especially astonished that this had been quite unexpected and that it had taken place in the middle of the night.

"And how do you feel, Mrs. Maylie?" continued the doctor. "And you, Miss Rose?"

"Oh, we are quite all right," answered Rose. "But upstairs there is one who wants your help immediately."

"Where is he?" asked the doctor. "Giles, show me the way, please. I'll come to you again, Mrs. Maylie, after I have finished with the patient."

The doctor was busy with the patient much longer than he or the ladies had expected.

In fact, he came back only in an hour and, in reply to all questions about the patient, only looked very serious and said nothing.

"He is not in danger, I hope?" insisted the old lady.

"No, he is not in danger," answered the doctor at last. "But tell me, have you seen the thief, you or Miss Rose?"

"No, we haven't," answered Mrs. Maylie.

"But haven't you heard anything about him?"

"No."

"I beg your pardon," said Mr. Giles. "I was just going to tell you about him when the doctor came in."

The fact was that Mr. Giles had not told the ladies anything about Oliver. He thought it was perhaps he who had shot the boy and he was a little ashamed of it.

"One moment, Giles," said Mrs. Maylie. "Rose wanted to see the man, but at first I did not want to let her go."

"And now," said the doctor, "will you perhaps let her see him in my presence?"

"Yes," said the old lady, "she may go, but I, too, want to come with her."

"Very good, very good," said the doctor. "He has not been shaved for a long time, but you will see he does not look very terrible."

And offering his hand, the doctor led the two ladies to Oliver's room. Here he went straight to the bed and quickly opened its curtains.

Instead of a terrible housebreaker or murderer, they saw before them a thin and pale little child! He was sleeping and smiling in his sleep.

"What is this?" exclaimed the old lady. "I am sure this boy could never be the pupil of thieves and murderers!"

"Who knows, who knows," said the doctor.

"There is one thing that we must do first of all," said Rose. "We must tell Giles and all of them not to say a word about him to the police. Otherwise they will put him in prison and—who knows—perhaps even hang him!"

"You are quite right, my dear," said the old lady. "I shall give orders to Giles immediately, though of course I should like to know something more about him."

"He will wake up soon and then we can ask him to tell us all about himself," said the doctor.

The ladies and the doctor had to wait a long time because Oliver slept for many hours. When at last he woke up, he said he wanted to tell everything to Mrs. Maylie. The doctor had already informed him

where he was and that the lady of the house had shown great kindness to him.

And so they all three went again to Oliver's room and heard his story. It was a sad thing to hear, this long catalogue of hard things which hard men had brought upon a poor boy. And after hearing it through, both Mrs. Maylie and Rose tenderly kissed Oliver and told him they understood everything.

"And we shall not let you go from us till you are quite well again," said Mrs. Maylie. "And then we shall put you into some good school so that you will never again be miserable."

And so Oliver slept a happy sleep that night. It was his first happy sleep since he had left Mr. Brownlow's house.

CHAPTER XXII

Oliver was ill a very long time and even after he was well again the doctor said he was very weak and could not be moved from the house. And so Oliver lived in Mrs. Maylie's house. Here he found quiet and happiness. Every day he went to a white-headed old gentleman who taught him to read and write, then he had his dinner with Mrs. Maylie and

Rose and in the evenings he had his lessons to prepare. There was only one thing that troubled him: he often thought about Mr. Brownlow and Mrs. Bedwin and badly wanted to see them again. He was especially afraid Mr. Brownlow could think he was a thief and had stolen the books which he had given him to carry to the bookseller.

And so one day he asked the doctor if he could go with him to Mr. Brownlow's house. The doctor gladly agreed and they started. But what was Oliver's sorrow when they found the house locked, while an old man in the next house said that Mr. Brownlow and Mrs. Bedwin had gone to another part of the country without leaving their address.

Several months went by. Winter had already come when Oliver suddenly ran up to Miss Rose, his face redder than she had ever seen it before.

"Why are you so red in the face?" she asked.

"Oh, dear!" shouted Oliver, "I have seen Mr. Brownlow! You remember I told you about the gentleman who was so good to me."

"But where did you find him?" asked Rose.

"He was getting out of a coach," said Oliver, "and going into a house. I didn't speak to him—in fact I could not speak to him, for he didn't see me;

and then I trembled so, I was not able to go up to him. But then I asked the people if he lived there and they said he did. Look here," continued Oliver, giving Rose a piece of paper. "This is his address. I'm going there now. Oh, dear me! dear me! What shall I do when I see him again!"

Rose read the address. She immediately decided she could not let Oliver go there alone. It was quite possible that hearing nothing from Oliver for such a long time, Mr. Brownlow had begun to think that Oliver was a thief who had stolen his books and had run away. And who knew with what words Mr. Brownlow would meet Oliver?

And so Rose decided to go to Mr. Brownlow together with the boy. On coming there she could ask to see Mr. Brownlow alone and tell him all she knew about Oliver. This would guarantee a good reception for the boy.

"I'll come with you," she said to Oliver.

In little more than five minutes they were already driving in a coach on their way to Mr. Brownlow's house.

When they arrived there Rose left Oliver in the coach and went to Mr. Brownlow alone, as she had decided,

"Although I do not know you, Sir," began Rose, "I want to speak to you on some very important business. One day you showed great kindness to a young friend of mine and I am sure you are still interested in him."

And on the basis of both Oliver's words and her own impressions Rose told Mr. Brownlow all she knew about the boy.

"Oh, how happy I am!" exclaimed Mr. Brownlow, on hearing the whole story. "But why have you not brought him with you?"

"He is waiting in the coach at the door," answered Rose.

"At this door!" cried the old gentleman and without saying another word he ran down the stairs and jumped into the coach.

In a very short time Mr. Brownlow came back with Oliver. To see them both—it was clear this was the best day in their lives.

"But there is somebody else whom we must not forget," said Mr. Brownlow and with these words he left the room. In a moment he came back with Mrs. Bedwin.

"You are getting blinder every day," said Mr. Brownlow to her.

"Well, that I am, Sir," answered the old lady. "Eyes do not improve much at my age, you know."

"Put on your glasses and try to see why I have called you," continued Mr. Brownlow.

The old lady began looking in her pocket for her spectacles.

But Oliver could not wait any longer. Another moment and he was in her arms.

"It is my boy! It is my boy!" cried the old woman.

"My dear old nurse!" cried Oliver.

"I knew he would come back," said the old lady, holding him in her arms. "How well he looks! Where have you been, all this long, long time? Ah, the same kind face, but not so pale; the same soft eyes, but not so sad. I have never forgotten them, but have seen them every day while he was away."

CHAPTER XXIII

And so Oliver was happy—but what about the other boys and girls and the old men and old women who remained in the workhouse? Let us see what was happening in the workhouse that same winter evening.

It was an exceptionally cold winter evening. It was an evening for the rich to sit around a bright fire thinking how good it was they were not in the street; and for the poor—just to lie down in the street and die. Many of the hunger-worn close their eyes on English streets at such times.

Mrs. Corney, the clever and capable woman who was at the head of the workhouse, was sitting before a bright fire thinking about the nice tea she had prepared for herself, when suddenly somebody knocked at her door.

"Some old woman dying again," said Mrs. Corney. "They always die when I am taking my tea. Well, who is there? Say who you are and come in."

"It's I," said a man's voice from outside.

"Dear me!" exclaimed Mrs. Corney in a much kinder tone. "How do you do, Mr. Bumble?"

"Thank you," answered Mr. Bumble. "Bad weather! Do you know, Mrs. Corney, that we have given away a cheese and a half this very afternoon! And yet these poor people are not pleased."

"They are never pleased," said Mrs. Corney.

"Well," continued Mr. Bumble, "there is, for instance, a man with a large family to whom we gave a whole pound of cheese. And do you think he is

pleased? Do you think he is grateful? Not for a penny. Do you know what he does? He asks for coal. Just, he says, so much coal as you can put in a pocket handkerchief. And what would he do with coal, do you think? Toast his cheese with it and then come back for some more? That's how it is with these people, madam; give them coal to-day, they will come for it again to-morrow."

Mrs. Corney said she quite understood and quite agreed and so Mr. Bumble continued:

"The day before yesterday," he said, "a man, with scarcely a rag on his back, comes to the overseer, when he has company for dinner, and says: 'Give me some help.' As he does not want to go away, and shocks the company, the overseer sends him out a pound of potatoes. 'Dear me,' says the man, 'what shall I do with these? It would be just as good to give me a pair of iron spectacles.' 'Very good,' says the overseer, taking the potatoes from him. 'You won't get anything else here.' 'Then I'll die in the streets,' says the man. 'No, you won't,' says the overseer."

"Ha! ha! that was good. So like Mr. Grannett!" said Mrs. Corney.

"Well, madam," said Mr. Bumble. "Do you

know what he did? He went away and he *did* die in the streets."

"I couldn't believe that there were such rascals as that man if I did not hear it from you!" exclaimed Mrs. Corney. "But why do you give them anything at all!"

"Oh," said Mr. Bumble, "we must give them something; only the great principle is to give them exactly what they don't want; and then they get tired of coming. That is why, you see, we give out nothing but cheese to sick families. That's the rule all over the country just now, Mrs. Corney."

СЛОВАРЬ

CHAPTER I

Oliver Twist ['ɒlɪvə
twɪst] Оливер Твист
was born [wɒz bɔ:n] ро-
дился
to be born [tə bi: bɔ:n]
родиться
workhouse ['wɜ:khaʊs] ра-
ботный дом
there was nobody around
никого не было кругом
aunt [ɑ:nt] тетка
cousin ['kʌzn] двоюрод-
ная сестра
did not help much [dɪd nɒt
help mʌtʃ] не особенно
помогали (помогали не-
много)
perhaps [pə'hæps] может
быть
this was all the better
это было тем лучше
be this as it may [bi: ðɪs
æz ɪt meɪ] как бы то
ни было
world [wɜ:ld] мир
came into the world ро-
дился на свет

loud [laʊd] громкий
cry [kraɪ] крик
pale [peɪl] бледный
to rise, rose, risen [raɪz,
rouz, rɪzn] подняться
pillow ['pɪləʊ] подушка
weak [wi:k] слабый
voice [vɔɪs] голос
to let [tə let] позволять,
позволить
let me see [let mi: si:] дай-
те мне посмотреть
child [tʃaɪld] ребенок
was sitting [wəz 'sɪtɪŋ]
сидел
to be sitting [tə bi: 'sɪtɪŋ]
сидеть
fire ['faɪə] огонь
bed [bed] кровать
kind [kaɪnd] добрый
arms [ɑ:mz] руки
lips [lɪps] губы
forehead ['fɔ:ɪd] лоб
to pass [pɑ:s] пройти,
провести
around [ə'raʊnd] вокруг,
кругом

to fall, fell, fallen [fɔ:l, fel, fɔ:ln] падать, упасть
 back [bæk] назад
 to try [traɪ] пытаться, стараться
 to do what he could [tə du wɒt hi: kud] сделать все, что он мог
 it's all over [its ɔ:l 'ouvə] все кончено
 Thingummy ['θɪŋəmɪ] «как вас звать» — употребляется в качестве замены настоящей фамилии, когда она неизвестна
 at last [æt lɑ:st] наконец
 gruel ['gru:əl] каша
 to cry [tə kraɪ] кричать, плакать
 to put on [tə put ɒn] надеть
 hat [hæt] шляпа
 to add [əd] добавит, прибавит
 good looking [gud 'lʊkɪŋ] красивый
 was brought [wəz brɔ:t] была принесена, ее принесли
 to drink, drank, drunk [drɪŋk, drʌŋk, drʌŋk] пить
 what else could he do [wɒt els kud hi' du] что еще оставалось ему делать

CHAPTER II

during the first years [dʒuəriŋ ðə fɔ:st jə:z] в течение первых лет
 life [laɪf] жизнь
 to live [tə liv] жить
 country ['kʌntri] деревня
 place [pleɪs] место
 was sent [wəz sent] был послан, его послали
 to send, sent, sent [send, sent] послать
 a Mrs. Mann [ə'mɪsɪz mæn] некая госпожа Ман
 kind [kaɪnd] добрый
 to look after [tə lʊk 'ɑ:ftə] смотреть за...
 workhouse authorities ['wɜ:khaʊs ə:'θɔ:ritɪs] начальство работного дома
 seven pence halfpenny per week [sevn pens'heɪpni pə: wɪ:k] семь с половиной пенсов в неделю
 every ['evri] каждый
 food [fu:d] пища
 too much food [tu: mʌtʃ fu:d] слишком много пищи [еды]
 to put [tə put] класть
 greater ['greɪtə] больший
 part [pɑ:t] часть
 weekly stipend ['wi:kli stɪ'pend] еженедельная стипендия

pocket ['pɒkɪt] карман
 wisely ['waɪzli] умно,
 мудро
 smaller ['smɔ:lə] меньший
 true [tru:] истинный, пра-
 вильный, здесь: правда
 eight out of ten [eɪt aʊt
 əv ten] восемь из де-
 сяти
 to die [tə daɪ] умирать
 as a result [æz ə rɪ'zʌlt]
 в результате
 though [ðəʊ] хотя, одна-
 ко же
 rarely ['ræli] редко
 to open [tu ɒpən] откры-
 вать, вскрывать
 body ['bɒdi] тело
 to find, found, found
 [faɪnd, faʊnd] найти
 nothing ['nʌθɪŋ] ничего
 stomach ['stʌmək] живот,
 желудок
 very probably ['veri
 'prɒbəbli] очень вероят-
 но
 sometimes ['sʌmtaɪmz]
 иногда
 again [ə'geɪn] опять,
 опять-таки
 made an excursion [meɪd
 ən eks'kɜ:ʃn] совершали
 экскурсию, посещали
 farm [fɑ:m] ферма
 smaller official ['smɔ:lə
 ə'fɪʃl] мелкий служа-
 щий

Bumble [bʌmbəl] Бамбль
 (фамилия)
 the day before [ðə deɪ
 bɪ'fɔ:] накануне
 had to tell [həd tə tel]
 должен был сообщить
 were coming [wə'kʌmɪŋ]
 идут
 quite [kwɑɪt] совершенно,
 вполне
 clean [kli:n] чистый
 looked [lʊkt] выглядели
 happy ['hæpi] счастли-
 вый
 of course [əv kɔ:s] ко-
 нечно
 we must [wi: mʌst] мы
 должны
 strong [strɒŋ] сильный,
 здоровый
 far from it [fɑ: frəm ɪt]
 далеко от этого
 at the age [æt ðə eɪdʒ]
 в возрасте
 thin [θɪn] тонкий
 always ['ɔ:lweɪz] всегда
 went about hungry [went
 ə'baʊt 'hʌŋɡri] ходил
 голодный
 he was just nine years
 old ему как раз испол-
 нилось девять лет
 birthday ['bɜ:θdeɪ] день
 рождения
 coal cellar [kəʊl 'selə]
 кладовая, в которой
 хранится уголь

were punished [wɛə 'plɪʃt] были наказаны, их наказали	[ˈswɪ:tɪnɪs] чрезвычайно любезно
to punish ['plɪʃ] нака- зывать	walk [wɔ:k] прогулка
hungry ['hʌŋɡrɪ] голод- ный	are tired [ɑ:'taɪəd] устали
evening ['i:vɪŋ] вечер	drop [drɒp] капля
window ['wɪndəʊ] окно	to wave [tə w 'ɪv] махать, помахивать
taking her tea ['teɪkɪŋ hə: tɪ:] во время чае- пития	right [raɪt] правый
suddenly ['sʌdənli] вдруг	to continue [kən'tɪnju] продолжать
figure ['fɪɡə] фигура	lump [lʌmp] кусок
to pretend [prɪ'tend] де- лать вид	sugar ['ʃʊɡə] сахар
to feel [fi:l] чувствовать, испытывать	to cough [tə kɔ:f] кашлять
the greatest joy [ðə 'greɪtɪst dʒɔɪ] наивыс- шая радость	to keep, kept, kept [ki:p, kept] держать
Susan ['sju:zən] Сюзанна (имя)	a little [ə lɪtl] немного
upstairs [ʌp'steɪz] на- верх	ill [ɪl] больной
to wash [tə wɒʃ] вымыть	cupboard ['kʌbəd] бу- фет, шкаф для посуды
glad [glæd] счастливый, довольный	bottle [bɒtl] бутылка
business ['bɪznɪs] дело	glass [glɑ:s] стакан
to ask [tə ɑ:sk] спра- шивать, здесь: при- гласить	gin [dʒɪn] джин (вид водки)
to smile [smaɪl] улыбать- ся	to deceive [tə dɪ'si:v] об- манывать. вводить в заблуждение
don't be angry [daʊnt bɪ: 'æŋɡrɪ] не сердитесь	I do [aɪ du] я делаю
with great sweetness	dear as it is [dɪ:ə æz ɪt ɪz] несмотря на то, что это дорого
	to suffer [tə 'sʌfə] страдать
	kind [kaɪnd] добрый
	to be glad [tə bɪ: glæd] быть счастливым
	to speak, spoke, spoken [spɪk, spəʊk, spəʊkn] говорить

authorities [ɔ:'θɔ:ritiz] начальство, начальственные лица

to drink, drank, drunk [drɪŋk, dræŋk, drʌŋk] пить, выпить

to prepare [prɪ'pɜ:] приготовить

and now about business [ænd naʊ ə'baʊt 'bɪznɪs] теперь о делах

leather ['leðə] кожаный

copybook ['kɒpɪbuk] записная книжка

to go back, went back, gone back [gəʊ bæk, went bæk, gɒn bæk] вернуться

at once [æt wʌns] сразу, сейчас-же

was dressed [wəz drest] был одет

to be dressed [tə bi: drest] быть одетым

bow [baʊ] поклон

to want [tə wɔ:nt] хотеть

with anybody [wɪð 'eni-bɒdi] с кем бы то ни было

terrible ['terɪbl] ужасный

to shake, shook, shaken [ʃeɪk, ʃʊk, ʃeɪkn] трясти, махать

fist [fɪst] кулак

was shaking her fist at him показывала ему кулак

to understand, understood, understood [ʌndə'stænd, ʌndə'stʌd] понять

he knew only too well он слишком хорошо знал

to mean, meant, meant [mi:n, ment] значить, означать

sometimes ['sʌmtaɪmz] иногда, когда-нибудь

to kiss [tə kɪs] целовать

many times ['meni taɪmz] много раз

cheek [tʃi:k] щека

piece [pi:s] кусок

bread [bred] хлеб

butter ['bʌtə] масло

ever ['evə] когда-либо

CHAPTER III

to manage ['mænɪdʒ] управлять

special ['speʃl] специальный

system ['sɪstɪm] система

people [pi:pl] люди

possible ['pɒsɪbl] возможный

the least possible food [li:st] минимально-возможное количество пищи

in fact [ɪn fækt] на самом деле

alternative [ɔl'tə:nətɪv] альтернатива

either... or ['aɪðə... ə:]

или... или

hunger ['hʌŋgə] голод

outside ['aʊt'saɪd] вне

inside ['ɪn'saɪd] в, внутри

perhaps [pə'hæps] может быть

bad, worse, the worst

[bæd, wɜ:s, ðə wɜst]

плохой, хуже, самый

плохой

to receive [tə rɪ'si:v] полу-

чать

nothing but ['nʌθɪŋ bʌt]

ничего кроме

thin [θɪn] здесь: жидкий

with plenty of water [wɪð

'plenti əv 'wɔ:tə] с до-

статочным количеством

воды

stone [stoun] камень, ка-

менный

hall [hɔ:l] зала

kettle [ketl] котел

master ['mɑ:stə] учитель

beside [bɪ'saɪd] рядом

spoon [spu:n] ложка

to give out, gave out,

given out раздавать

basin ['beɪsɪn] чашка,

миска

never ['nevə] никогда

to polish ['pɒlɪʃ] полиро-

вать

to shine, shone, shone

[ʃaɪn, ʃɔn] блестеть

appetite ['æpɪtaɪt] аппетит

the most terrible hunger

[ðə maʊst terɪbl'hʌŋgə]

страшнейший голод

neighbour ['neɪbə] сосед

wild [waɪld] дикий

hungry ['hʌŋgri] голод-

ный

eye [aɪ] глаз

to believe [bɪ'li:v] пове-

рить

really ['ri:əli] на самом

деле

evening ['i:vniŋ] вечер

to cast lots [kɑ:st lɒts]

тянуть жребий

the question was [ðə

kwestʃən wəz] вопрос

был в том

to draw, drew, drawn

[drɔ:, dru:, drɔ:n] тя-

нуть

ticket ['tɪkət] билет

lot [lɒt] жребий

to push [puʃ] толкать

to rise, rose, risen [raɪz,

rouz, rɪzn] подняться,

встать

please [pli:z] пожалуйста

basin and spoon in hand

с миской и ложкой

в руке

I want some more [aɪ

wɒnt sʌm mɔ:] я хочу

еще

fat [fæt] толстый

to turn [tɜ:n] повернуть-

ся, здесь: становиться

he turned very pale [tə:nd
'veri peil] он сильно по-
бледнел (дословно: стал
очень бледным)
to hear, heard, heard
[hi:ə, hə:d] слышать,
услышать
as if [æz if] как бы
to paralyze [tə 'pærəlaiz]
парализовать
astonishment [əs'tɒnɪʃ-
mənt] удивление
weak [wi:k] слабый
to beat [bi:t] бить
downstairs ['daun'steəz]
вниз, в нижний этаж
meeting ['mi:tɪŋ] собрание
to address [ə'dres] обра-
титься
chairman ['tʃeəmən] пред-
седатель
Limbkins ['lɪmkɪns]
Лимбкинз (фамилия)
I beg your pardon [aɪ
beg ʃɔ: pɑ: 'dæn] я прошу
извинения
asked for more [ɑ:skt fɔ:
mɔ:] попросил еще
there was a general start
[ðə wɔz ə 'dʒenərəl
stɑ:t] все были совер-
шенно изумлены
horror ['hɒrə] ужас
clearly ['kli:əli] ясно
after eating [ˈɑ:ftə 'i:tɪŋ]
после того, как он
поел

supper ['sʌpə] ужин
will be hung [wɪl bi: hʌŋ]
будет повешен
white [waɪt] белый
waistcoat ['weɪstkəʊt]
жилет
heated ['hi:tɪt] горячий
discussion [dɪs'kʌʃn] спор,
обсуждение
to start [stɑ:t] начаться
начинаться
immediately [ɪ'mɪdʒətli]
немедленно
decision [dɪ'sɪʒn] реше-
ние
to lock [tə lɒk] запирать
cellar ['selə] погреб
bill [bɪl] объявление
wall [wɔ:l] стена
will be given [wɪl bi:
ɡɪvən] будут даны (Fu-
ture Passive Voice)
useful ['ju:sfʌl] полезный
trade [treɪd] ремесло
to be sure [tə bi: ʃʊə]
быть уверенным
I never was surer я ни-
когда не был более
уверен
life [laɪf] жизнь

CHAPTER IV

crime [kraɪm] преступле-
ние
to remain [rɪ'meɪn] оста-
ваться

prisoner ['prɪznə] заклю-
 ченный, пленник
 was shut up [wɒz ʃʌt ʌp]
 был заперт
 to be shut up [tə bi: ʃʌt
 ʌp] быть запертым
 he was beaten [hi: wɒz
 'bi:tən] его били (досл.:
 он был избиваем)
 still less [stɪl les] еще
 меньше
 to allow [tu ə'laʊ] позво-
 лять
 he was not allowed [hi:
 wɒz nɒt ə'laʊd] ему не
 позволяли
 Gamfield ['gæmfɪ:ld] Гэм-
 филд (фамилия)
 chimney-sweep ['tʃɪmni
 swi:p] трубочист
 by profession [baɪ prə'feʃn]
 по профессии
 it must be said that сле-
 дует сказать, что; на-
 до сказать, что
 finances [faɪ'nænsɪz] фи-
 нансы
 were in a very bad state
 [wɛə ɪn ə'verɪ bəd
 steɪt] были в очень
 плохом состоянии
 amount [ə'maʊnt] коли-
 чество
 to smile [smaɪl] улыб-
 нуться, улыбаться
 get through [get θru:]
 пройти через

any chimney ['eni'tʃɪmni]
 любую трубу
 friend [frend] друг
 quite so ['kwait sou]
 именно так
 I am ready [aɪ æm 'redi]
 я готов
 walk in [wɔ:k ɪn] входите,
 войдите
 together [tə'geðə] вместе
 are often burnt [ɑ: ɒfn
 bə:nt] часто сгорают
 to be burnt сгорать
 always ['ɔ:lwɛz] всегда
 to happen [hæpn] слу-
 чаться
 lazy ['leɪzi] ленивый
 we must make them come
 down quickly мы дол-
 жны заставить их бы-
 стро спускаться
 quickly ['kwɪkli] быстро
 to light [tə laɪt] зажигать
 straw [strɔ:] солома
 to roast [tə rəʊst] под-
 жаривать
 it's all smoke in the
 chimney труба полна
 дымом
 just [dʒʌst] здесь: просто
 to be choked [tə bi: tʃəʊkt]
 задыхаться
 to laugh [lɑ:f] смеяться
 explanation [eksplə'neɪʃn]
 объяснение
 among themselves [ðem-
 'selvz] между собою

low [lou] тихий
 at least [æt lɪːst] по крайней мере
 nasty ['nɑːsti] гнусный, скверный
 you ought to take [ju ɔːt tə teɪk] вы должны были бы взять
 something less than ['sʌmθɪŋ les ðæn] несколько меньше чем
 come! [kʌm] да ну-же!
 three pounds ten [θriː paʊndz ten] три фунта десять шиллингов
 quite enough [kwaɪt ɪ'nʌf] вполне достаточно
 say [seɪ] скажем
 firmly ['fɜːmli] твердо
 pooh, pooh [puː, puː] ну, ну
 cheap [tʃiːp] дешевый
 silly ['sɪli] глупый
 fellow ['felou] малый, парень, приятель
 he wants the stick [hiː wɒnts ðə stɪk] ему нужна палка
 from time to time [frɒm taɪm tə taɪm] время от времени
 there is no need [ðə ɪz noʊ niːd] нет необходимости
 all right [ɔːl raɪt] хорошо
 instructions [ɪn'strʌkʃnz] инструкции

to bring, brought, brought [brɪŋ, brɔːt] доставить
 magistrate ['mædʒɪstreɪt] судья
 that very afternoon [ðæt 'veri 'ɑːftənʊːn] сегодня же днем
 had to give [həd tə gɪv] должен был дать
 sanction ['sæŋkʃn] санкция
 to sign [tə saɪn] подписать
 permitting [pə'mɪtɪŋ] позволяющий
 to fatten ['fætɪn] откормить
 why else [waɪ els] для чего бы иначе
 don't make your eyes red [daʊnt meɪk jɔː aɪz red] не делай себе глаза красными (не плачь)
 all the stronger [ɔːl ðə 'strɒŋgə] еще сильнее
 come [kʌm] здесь: погоди
 foolish ['fuːlɪʃ] глупо
 quite enough [kwaɪt ɪ'nʌf] вполне достаточно
 already [ɔːl'reɪdɪ] уже
 necessary ['nesɪsəri] необходимые
 to look sad [tə lʊk sæd] выглядеть печальным
 only ['ounli] единственный
 happy ['hæpi] счастливый

you want to be (a chimney-sweep) [ju wɒnt tə bi:] хочешь быть (трубочистом)
 word [wɜ:d] слово
 to arrive [tu ə'raɪv] прийти, прибыть
 magistrate's office ['mæ-dʒɪstreɪts 'ɒfɪs] камера судьи
 to stay [tə steɪ] оставаться, пребывать
 low [ləʊ] тихий
 my dear [maɪ di:ə] мой дорогой
 to add [tu æd] добавлять
 to remember [tə rɪ'membə] помнить
 to lead, led, led [tə li:d, led] вести, привести
 next [nekst] следующий
 big [bɪɡ] большой
 newspaper ['nju:spetə] газета
 piece [pi:s] кусок
 paper ['peɪpə] бумага
 to address oneself [tu ə'dres wʌn'self] обращаться
 to bow [tə baʊ] поклониться, кланяться
 did as he was told [dɪd æz hi: wəz təʊld] сделал как ему велели
 chimney-sweeping ['tʃɪmni 'swi:pɪŋ] очистка труб
 with all his heart [wɪð

ɔ:l hɪz hɑ:t] от всего сердца
 to pinch [tə pɪntʃ] щипать, ущипнуть
 to treat [tə tri:t] обращаться, обходиться
 to feed, fed, fed [tə fi:d, fed] кормить
 to turn [tə tə:n] повернуться
 honest ['ɒnɪst] честный
 to hope [tə haʊp] надеяться
 I hope I am [aɪ haʊp aɪ æm] надеюсь, что да
 to sign [tə saɪn] подписать
 inkstand ['ɪŋkstænd] чернильница
 to find, found, found [faɪnd, faʊnd] найти
 direction [dɪ'rekʃn] направление
 critical ['krɪtɪkəl] критический
 life [laɪf] жизнь
 another [ə'nʌðə] другой, еще
 second ['sekənd] секунда
 could be sent off [kʊd bi: sent ɒf] мог быть отправлен
 pause [pɔ:z] пауза
 possible ['pɒsəbl] возможно
 it happened [ɪt 'hæpənd] случилось

future ['fju:tʃə] будущий
 master ['mɑ:stə] хозяин
 expression [iks'preʃn] выражение
 fear [fi:ə] страх
 real [riəl] действительный, настоящий
 strange [streɪndʒ] странно, странный
 began crying [bi'gæn 'kraiɪŋ] начал плакать
 frightened ['fraɪtənd] испуганный
 knees [ni:z] колени
 do what you like [du wɒt ju laɪk] делайте что хотите
 to beat, beat, beaten [bi:t, bi:tən] бить
 looked at [lukt æt] посмотрели
 each other [i:tʃ'ʌðə] друг на друга
 older ['əʊldə] старший
 to refuse [ri'fju:z] отказывать, отказать
 to treat [tə tri:t] обращаться
 kindly ['kaɪndli] ласково
 the same evening [ðə seɪm 'i:vniŋ] в тот же вечер
 he will be quartered [hi: wɪl bi:'kwɔ:təd] он будет четвертован
 town [taʊn] город
 will be given [wɪl bi: gɪvən] будут даны

CHAPTER V

the next day [ðə nekst deɪ] на следующий день
 Sowerberry ['sauəberi] Соуэрберри (фамилия)
 coffin-maker ['kɒfɪn 'meɪkə] гробовщик
 by trade [baɪ treɪd] по профессии
 by the by [baɪ ðə baɪ] между прочим
 to think, thought, thought [tə θɪŋk, θɔ:t] думать
 myself [maɪ'self] сам
 Oliver was taken ['ɒlɪvə wəz teɪkən] Оливера привели
 he was told [hi: wəz təʊld] ему сказали
 was so tired [wəz sou 'taɪəd] так устал
 emotion [e'mouʃn] волнение
 he showed but little emotion [hi: ʃəʊd bʌt lɪtl e'mouʃn] он почти не обнаружил волнения (досл.: — он показал лишь малое волнение)
 took him by the hand [tuk hɪm baɪ ðə hænd] взял его за руку
 to pull [tə pul] натянуть
 over ['əʊvə] на
 cap [kæp] шапка

- pulled his cap over his eyes надвинул шапку на глаза
 silence ['saɪləns] молчание
 what he was like [wɒt hi: wəz laɪk] как он выглядел
 take that cap off your eyes [teɪk ðæt kæp ɒf jɔ: aɪz] подними шапку с глаз
 hold up your head [həʊld ʌp jɔ: hed] держи голову выше
 tear [tɪ:ə] слеза
 to roll down [tə rəʊl daʊn] катиться, скатиться
 cheek [tʃi:k] щека
 to cover [tə 'kʌvə] закрывать
 torrent ['tɒrənt] поток
 in the middle [ɪn ðə mɪdl] посередине
 the ungratefulest [ðə ʌn'ɡreɪtəfələst] самый неблагодарный
 indeed [ɪn'di:d] право, на самом деле, правда
 lonely ['ləʊnli] одинокий, одиноко
 to love [tə lʌv] любить
 don't be angry with me [daʊnt bi: 'æŋɡrɪ wɪð mi:] не сердитесь на меня
 heart [hɑ:t] сердце
 beat upon his heart [bi:t ə'pɒn hɪz hɑ:t] стал бить себя в грудь
 agony ['æɡəni] страдание
 dry your eyes [draɪ jɔ:r aɪz] утри глаза
 walked on [wɔ:kt ɒn] пошел дальше
 silence ['saɪləns] молчание
 shop [ʃɒp] лавка
 looking up ['lʊkɪŋ ʌp] поднимая глаза вверх
 pausing ['pɔ:zɪŋ] останавливаясь, делая паузу
 nobody else ['nəʊbədi els] никто другой
 bow [baʊ] поклон
 short [ʃɔ:t] короткий, небольшого роста
 middle-aged [mɪdl eɪdʒd] средних лет
 my dear [maɪ dɪ:ə] моя дорогая
 about whom [ə'baʊt hum] о ком
 to exclaim [tu ɪks'kleɪm] восклицать
 rather ['rɑ:ðə] скорее, здесь: довольно
 to grow, grew, grown [tə grəʊ, grʊ:, grəʊn] расти
 drinks [drɪŋks] питье
 kitchen ['kɪtʃən] кухня
 bag of bones [bæg əv baʊnz] мешок с костями
 bone [bəʊn] кость

meat [mi:t] мясо
 to leave, left, left [li:v,
 left] оставить
 dog [dɒg] собака
 since the morning [sɪns ðə
 'mɔ:nɪŋ] с самого утра
 will you eat it [wɪl ju i:t ɪt]
 станешь ли ты это есть
 to glisten [tə glɪsn] бле-
 стеть
 affirmatively [ə'fəmətɪvli]
 утвердительно
 well [wel] хорошо, здесь:
 ну
 horror ['hɒrə] ужас
 nothing was left ['nʌθɪŋ
 wəz left] ничего не ос-
 талось
 plate [pleɪt] блюдо
 counter ['kaʊntə] прила-
 вок
 you don't mind [ju daʊnt
 maɪnd] ты ничего не
 имеешь против, ты не
 возражаешь
 to sleep, slept, slept [tə
 slɪ:p, slept] спать
 to suppose [tə sə'pəʊz] по-
 лагать
 to lead, led, led [tə li:d,
 led] вести, привести
 full [fʊl] полный

CHAPTER VI

was alone [wəz ə'ləʊn]
 был один, остался один
 around [ə'raʊnd] кругом

everywhere ['evriwɛə]
 везде
 to the right [tə ðə raɪt]
 направо
 to the left [tə ðə left]
 налево
 in front [ɪn frʌnt] впереди
 behind [bi'hænd] позади
 finished ['fɪnɪʃt] окончен-
 ный, законченный
 unfinished [ʌn'fɪnɪʃt] не-
 оконченный, незакон-
 ченный
 half finished [hɑ:f 'fɪnɪʃt]
 полуготовый, полуокон-
 ченный
 silver ['sɪlvə] серебро, се-
 ребряный
 gold [ɡəʊld] золото, зо-
 лотой
 it too was like [ɪt tu:
 wəz laɪk] она тоже
 была похожа
 much older people [mʌtʃ
 'əʊldə pi:pl] люди го-
 раздо старше
 to be frightened [tu bi:
 'fraɪənd] испугаться
 presence ['prezəns] при-
 сутствие
 heart [hɑ:t] сердце
 heavy ['hevi] тяжелый
 made Oliver's heart heavy
 вызвало тяжелое чув-
 ство у Оливера (досл.:
 сделало его сердце тя-
 желым)

there was not even Mr.
Bumble to hear him не
было даже мистера
Бамбла, который бы
слышал его

again [ə'geɪn] опять, сно-
ва

for a long time [fɔ:r ə lɔŋ
taɪm] в течение дол-
гого времени

till he cried himself to
sleep [tɪl hi: kraid
him'self tə slɪp] пла-
кал пока не заснул

was awakened [wɔzə'wei-
knt] проснулся, был
разбужен

knocking ['nɒkɪŋ] стук

to knock [tə nɒk] стучать

shop-door [ʃɒp-dɔ:] дверь
лавки

at least [æt lɪ:st] по край-
ней мере

• before [bɪ'fɔ:] до тех пор,
пока

to put on [tə put ɒn]
надеть

clothes ['kləʊðz] одежда

at last [æt lɔ:st] наконец

drawing back ['drɔ:ɪŋ
bæk] отодвигая

to draw back [tə drɔ:
bæk] отодвинуть, ото-
двигать

bolt [bɒlt] болт, засов,
запор

to suppose [sə'pəʊz] пред-
полагать

key-hole ['ki: həʊl] замоч-
ная скважина

to continue [tə kən'tɪnju]
продолжать

I will beat you well я здо-
рово тебя побью

at all [æt ɔ:l] совсем,
вовсе

trembling ['tremblɪŋ] дро-
жащий

it is true [ɪt ɪz tru:]
правда

post [pəʊst] столб

to knock [tə nɒk] стучать
coming down ['kʌmɪŋ
daʊn] спускаясь

Claypole ['kleɪpəʊl] Клэй-
пол (фам.)

chief [tʃɪ:f] главный

help [help] помощник

you are under me [ju
ɑ: r'ʌndə mi:] ты под
моим начальством

(досл.: ты подо мной)

shutters ['ʃʌtəz] ставни

to hit, hit, hit [tə hɪt]
ударять

for themselves [fɔ: ðəm-
'selvz] для себя

after wishing ['ɑ:ftə'wɪʃɪŋ]
после пожелания

to wish [tə wɪʃ] поже-
лать

tone [toun] тон
 breakfast ['brekfəst] завтрак
 ready ['redi] готов
 to wait [tə weɪt] ждать
 did not wait to be asked
 a second time не ждал
 приглашения во вто-
 рой раз (не ждал вто-
 рого приглашения)
 bacon ['beɪkən] грудин-
 ка, бэкон
 to shut [tə ʃʌt] закры-
 вать
 behind the back [bi'haind
 ðə bæk] за спиной
 bit [bɪt] кусочек
 tea [ti:] чай
 box [bɒks] ящик
 to let alone [tə let ə'loun]
 оставлять в покое
 let the boy alone [let ðə
 bɔɪ ə'loun] оставь маль-
 чика в покое
 as a matter of fact [æz
 ə'mætə ɒf fækt] на са-
 мом деле, по существу
 дела
 relations [rɪ'leɪʃnz] род-
 ственники
 at least [æt li:st] по
 крайней мере
 does not let him alone
 не оставляет его в по-
 кое
 to laugh [tə lɑ:f] сме-
 яться

even ['i:vən] даже
 to pull [tə pul] тянуть,
 тащить
 took him by the nose [tuk
 him baɪ ðə nouz] брал
 его за нос
 different ['dɪfrənt] раз-
 личный
 nasty ['næ:sti] гадкий,
 скверный
 thing [θɪŋ] вещь
 generally ['dʒenerəli] обы-
 чно
 to torture [tə 'tɔ:tʃə] му-
 чить
 apparently [ə'pærəntli]
 очевидно
 how is your mother [haʊ
 ɪz jɔ:'mʌðə] что ты мне
 можешь сказать о твоей
 матери (досл.: как твоя
 мать?)
 don't you say anything
 [daʊnt ju sei 'eniθɪŋ]
 не смей ничего гово-
 рить
 turned red [tə:nd red] по-
 краснел,
 lips [lɪps] губы
 to tremble [tə trembl]
 дрожать
 how amusing [haʊ ə'mju-
 zɪŋ] как занятно, как
 забавно
 impression [ɪm'preʃn] впе-
 чатление

he started a new attack
[hɪ:'stɑ:tɪt ə nju ə'tæk]
он начал новое нападе-
ние

of what [əv wɒt] от чего
broken [brəʊkn] разбитый,
сломанный

nurse [nɜ:s] сиделка
to exclaim [tə ɪks'kleɪm]
воскликнуть

delighted [dɪ'laɪtɪt] в во-
сторге, очень доволь-
ный

better not ['betə nɒt] луч-
ше не надо, лучше не
смей

she was a nice one, she
was [ʃɪ: wəz ə naɪs wʌn]
ну и женщина она бы-
ла, нечего сказать

sorry ['sɔ:ri] огорчен

truth [tru:θ] правда

a real bad one [ə'ri:əl
bəd wʌn] действитель-
но была скверная жен-
щина

to look up [tə luk ʌp]
взглянуть

coldly ['kəʊldli] холодно

she was not hung [ʃɪ:
wəz nɒt hʌŋ] она не
была повешена

dark-red in the face
with anger ['æŋgə] по-
барповел от гнева

to jump up [tə dʒʌmp ʌp]
вскочить

to upset, upset, upset [tu
ʌp'set] опрокинуть

throat [θrəʊt] горло

collecting [kə'lektɪŋ] со-
брав

to collect [kə'lekt] со-
бирать

strength [streŋθ] сила

blow [bləʊ] удар

to throw, threw, thrown
[θrəʊ, θru:, θrəʊn] бро-
сать, кинуть

floor [flɔ:] пол

mild [maɪld] тихий, крот-
кий

ordinary ['ɔ:dɪnəri] обык-
новенный

movement ['mu:vmənt]
движение

slow [sləʊ] медленно

to change [tə tʃeɪndʒ] из-
мениться

fire ['faɪə] огонь

insult ['ɪnsʌlt] оскорбле-
ние

to awaken [ə'weɪkn] раз-
будить

had awakened a new spirit
in him [həd ə'weɪknt
ə nju 'spɪrɪt ɪn ɪm]
пробудило в нем но-
вые силы (досл.: пробу-
дило в нем новый дух)

to shout [tə ʃaʊt] кричать

next [nekst] здесь: со-
седний

to seize [tə si:z] схватить

got tired of beating [gɒt
 'taɪəd əv 'bi:tɪŋ] уста-
 ли бить
 to drag [tə dræg] вта-
 щить, волочить
 to lock up [tə lɒk ʌp]
 запереть
 nearly ['niəli] почти
 remark [rɪ'mɑ:k] замеча-
 ние
 clever ['kleɪvə] умный
 to reach [tə ri:tʃ] достиг-
 нуть
 waistcoat ['weɪstkəʊt] жи-
 лет
 police [pə'li:s] полиция
 to run away, ran away,
 run away [tə rʌn ə'wei,
 rʌn ə'wei] убежать

CHAPTER VII

he has not run away, has
 he? он ведь не убежал,
 неужели он убежал?
 (повторение вспомога-
 тельного глагола в воп-
 роде соответствует рус-
 ской форме с „неуже-
 ли“)
 what agony [wɒt 'æɡəni]
 какая мука
 from the very beginning
 с самого начала
 to flog [tə flɒɡ] пороть,
 выпороть
 of course [ɒf kɔ:s] конечно

penny ['peni] пенс (ко-
 пейка)
 to spare [tə spɛə] жалеть,
 щадить
 either ['aɪðə] также
 certainly ['sə:tnli] непре-
 менно
 to accompany [tu ə'kʌm-
 pəni] сопровождать
 accompanied by спрово-
 ждаемый
 condition [kən'dɪʃn] усло-
 вие, положение
 affair [ə'fɛə] дело
 not yet [nɒt jet] еще не,
 пока не
 tragic ['trædʒɪk] трагич-
 ный
 clear ['kli:ə] ясно
 keyhole ['ki:həʊl] замоч-
 ная скважина
 deep [di:p] глубокий,
 тяжкий
 let me out [let mi: aʊt]
 выпустите меня
 are you not afraid of it
 [ə'freɪd] разве ты его
 не боишься
 are you not trembling
 ['tremblɪŋ] разве ты
 не дрожишь
 to expect [tu ɪks'pekt]
 рассчитывать, ждать
 he must be mad [hi: mʌst
 bi: mæd] он очевидно
 сошел с ума

- as it was [æz it wəz] так как, поскольку
 dangerous [ˈdeɪndʒərəs] опасно
 to let out [tə let aut] пускать, выпускать
 madman [ˈmædmən] сумасшедший
 it was decided [ɪt wəz dɪ ˈsaɪdɪd] было решено
 happily [ˈhæpɪli] к счастью
 soon [su:n] скоро
 to unlock [tu ʌnˈlɒk] отпереть
 to drag out [tə dræg aut] вытащить
 altogether [ɔ:l təˈgeðə] вполне, полностью, всецело
 unkind [ʌnˈkaɪnd] недобрый
 rather [ˈrɑ:ðə] скорее
 left him no alternative [ɒlˈtə:nətɪv] не оставил ему другого выхода
 nearly [ˈni:əli] почти
 to follow [tə ˈfɒləu] следовать
 was shut up [wəz ʃʌt ʌp] был заперт
 to let out [tə let aut] выпускать
 late [leɪt] поздно
 remark [rɪˈmɑ:k] замечание
 usual [ˈju:ʒuəl] обычный, обыкновенный
 from the very moment of that weakness [ˈwi:kənəs] слабость
 during [ˈdʒuəriŋ] в течение
 beating [ˈbi:tɪŋ] избивание
 to hide, hid, hidden [tə haɪd, hɪd, hɪdn] спрягать
 as perhaps few children have ever cried как, наверно, немногие дети когда-либо плакали
 candle [kændl] свеча
 was burning low [wəz ˈbə:nɪŋ laʊ] горела слабо
 wind [waɪnd] ветер
 shadow [ˈʃædəʊ] тень
 trees [tri:z] деревья
 ground [graʊnd] земля
 to look [tə lʊk] выглядеть
 to shut, shut, shut [tə ʃʌt] закрыть, закрывать
 to leave, left, left [tə li:v, left] покинуть, оставить
 by the light of the dying candle при свете угасающей свечи

to tie [tə taɪ] связывать
handkerchief ['hæŋkətʃɪf]
носовой платок

ray [reɪ] луч

sun [sʌn] солнце

to look round [tə lʊk
raʊnd] оглядеться

he himself [hi: hɪm'self] он
сам

road [rəʊd] дорога

wagon ['wæɡən] телера,
фургон

to follow [tə 'fɒləʊ] сле-
довать

up hill [ʌp hɪl] в гору

along [ə'lɒŋ] вдоль

path [pɑ:θ] тропинка

running ['rʌnɪŋ] идущий

field [fi:ld] поле

to lead, led, led [tə li:d,
led] вести

to turn back [tə tə:n
bæk] вернуться назад

to decide [tə dɪ'saɪd] ре-
шиться

further ['fə:ðə] дальше

to reach [tə ri:tʃ] достиг-
нуть

still very early [stɪl 'veri
'ə:li] еще очень рано

garden ['gɑ:dn] сад

already [ɔ:l'reɪdɪ] уже

together [tə'geðə] вместе

to shut up [tə ʃʌt ʌp] за-
пирать

hush [hʌʃ] тише

nobody but me ['nəʊbɒdi
bʌt mi:] никто кроме
меня

happier ['hæpiə] счастли-
вее

I was dying [aɪ wəz
'daɪɪŋ] я умираю

don't stop [daʊnt stɒp]
не останавливайся

kiss me [kɪs mi:] поцелуй
меня

arm [ɑ:m] рука

round [raʊnd] вокруг

neck [nek] шея

he had to go on [hi: hæd
tə ɡəʊ ɒn] он должен

был идти дальше

joy [dʒɔɪ] радость

sorrow ['sɒrəʊ] горе

CHAPTER VIII

to reach [tə ri:tʃ] достиг-
нуть

path [pɑ:θ] тропинка

to end [tu end] кончаться

from here on [frɒm hi:ə
ɒn] отсюда

mile [maɪl] миля

town [taʊn] город

would be after him [wʊd
bi: 'ɑ:ftə hɪm] будут

гнаться за ним (would

употреблено здесь для

выражения будущего

действия в отношении

к прошедшему)

hiding ['haɪdɪŋ] прячась
to hide, hid, hidden [tə
haɪd, hɪd, hɪdn] пря-
таться

hedge [hedʒ] изгородь

noon [nuːn] полдень

milestone ['maɪlstəʊn] ка-
мень с указанием рас-
стояния

stone [stəʊn] камень

letters ['letəz] буквы

seventy ['sevəntɪ] семь-
десят

from there [frɒm ðə] от-
сюда

he rose to his feet [hɪː
rəʊz tə hɪz fiːt] он
встал на ноги

forward ['fɔːwəd] вперед
how shall I get to London
как мне добраться до
Лондона

bundle [bʌndl] узел

shirt [ʃəːt] рубашка

stockings ['stɒkɪŋz] чул-
ки

penny ['penɪ] пенс (мо-
нета)

they are of little help
[ðeɪ əː əv lɪtl help]
они приносят лишь не-
большую помощь

thought [θɔːt] мысль

to change [tə tʃeɪndʒ] пе-
ременить

shoulder ['ʃəʊldə] плечо

but [bʌt] кроме

once or twice [wʌns əː
twəɪs] один или два
раза

farm [fɑːm] ферма

to creep, crept, crept [tə
kriːp, krept] ползать,
залезать

hay-rick [heɪ-rɪk] стог
сена

to lie, lay, lain [tə laɪ,
leɪ, leɪn] лежать

for [fɔː] потому что

had ever been before
[həd'evə biːn bɪ'fɔː]
когда-либо был раньше

terribly ['terɪblɪ] ужасно
was tired [wəz 'taɪəd]
устал

to be tired [tə biː 'taɪəd]
устать

to fall asleep [tə fɔːl
ə'sliːp] заснуть

forgetting [fə'getɪŋ] за-
быв

all and everything [ɔːl
ænd 'evriθɪŋ] все и
всех

misery ['mɪzəri] несча-
стье, нищета

bravely ['breɪvli] храбро
way [weɪ] дорога

village ['vɪlɪdʒ] деревня
to buy, bought, bought
[tə baɪ, bɔːt] купить,
покупать

nothing else ['nʌθɪŋ els]
ничего другого

legs [legz] ноги
 hardly ['hɑ:dli] едва
 bottom ['bɒtəm] низ, дно
 steep [sti:p] крутой
 hill [hil] холм
 till [til] пока, до тех
 пор пока
 stage-coach [steɪdz kəʊtʃ] почтовая карета, ди-
 лижанс
 passenger ['pæsiŋdʒə] пас-
 сажир
 a halfpenny [ə heɪ'pni] пол пенса
 how far [haʊ fɑ:] как
 далеко
 gathering ['gæðərɪŋ] со-
 брав
 to gather [tə 'gæðə] со-
 брать
 strength [streŋθ] сила
 beside [bi'saɪd] рядом
 horse [hɔ:s] лошадь
 he had to stop [hi: həd
 tə stɒp] он должен
 был остановиться
 too short a distance [tu:
 ʃɔ:t ə'dɪstəns] слишком
 короткое расстояние
 road [raʊd] дорога
 farmer ['fɑ:mə] фермер
 to set dogs [tə set dɒgz]
 спускать собак, напра-
 вить собак
 to beg [tə beg] просить
 (милостыню)
 cheese [tʃi:z] сыр

once [wʌns] однажды,
 один раз
 town of Barnet ['Bɑ:nɪt]
 город Барнет
 to be shut [tə bi: ʃʌt]
 быть закрытым
 to rise [tə raɪz] вставать,
 всходить
 blue [blu:] голубой
 sky [skai] небо
 but what was that to
 Oliver до этого ли было
 Оливеру
 what to do next что
 делать затем, что де-
 лать в следующий мо-
 мент
 interest ['ɪntərest] интерес
 strange [streɪndʒ] стран-
 ный
 about the same age [ə'baʊt
 ðə seɪm eɪdʒ] пример-
 но того же возраста
 manners ['mænəz] ма-
 неры
 dirty ['dɑ:ti] грязный
 coat [kəʊt] пиджак
 unusual [ʌn'ju:ʒuəl] не-
 обычный
 straight [streɪt] прямой
 I have walked [aɪ həv
 wɔ:kt] я прошел
 I have been walking [aɪ
 həv bi:n 'wɔ:kiŋ] я
 иду(вот уже семь дней)
 Обратите внимание на
 разницу между Pre-

sent Perfect и Present Perfect Continuous
 I see [aɪ si:] понимаю
 is after you [ɪz 'ɑ:ftə ju] преследует вас (досл.: за вами)
 to suppose [tə sə'pəuz] предполагать
 near by [niə baɪ] находящийся вблизи
 ham [hæm] ветчина
 back room [bæk ru:m] задняя комната
 public house ['pʌblɪk haʊs] трактир
 jug [dʒʌg] кувшин, кружка
 beer [bi:ə] пиво
 to invite [tu ɪn'vaɪt] приглашать
 be merry [bi:'merɪ] веселиться
 was double {wəz dʌbl} удвоился
 to finish up [tə 'fɪnɪʃ ʌp] закончить
 to swallow [tə 'swɔ:ləʊ] глотать, проглотить
 lodging ['lɒdʒɪŋ] помещение, квартира
 don't you [daʊnt ju] не правда ли?
 roof [ru:f] крыша
 since [sɪns] с тех пор
 respectable [res'pektəbl] порядочный
 to introduce [tu ɪntrə'dʒʊs]

представить, познакомиться
 if you like [ɪf ju laɪk] если вы хотите, если ты хочешь
 to thank [tə θæŋk] благодарить
 kindness ['kaɪndnɪs] доброта
 to agree [tu ə'grɪ:] соглашаться
 what else could he do [wɒt els kʊd hi: du] что еще ему оставалось делать
 where else [weə els] куда еще
 conversation [kən'veɪ'seɪʃn] разговор
 rather ['rɑ:ðə] довольно
 lively ['laɪvli] оживленный
 Jack Dawkins [dʒæk dɔ:kins] Джек Даукинс (имя и фам.)
 to call [tə kɔ:l] звать, называть; здесь: прозвать
 the Dodger [ðə 'dɒdʒə] ловкач, „лукавый плутишка“
 upon [ə'pɒn] по (окончании)
 nightfall ['naɪtfɔl] наступление ночи
 for certain reasons [fɔ: 'sə:tn ri:znz] по некоторым причинам

square [skwɛə] площадь
 very light ['veri laɪt]
 очень светло
 carriage ['kærɪdʒ] эки-
 паж
 narrow, narrower, the nar-
 rowest ['nærou] узкий,
 уже, самый узкий
 unlighted [ʌn'laɪtɪt] не-
 освещенный
 to seem [tə si:m] пока-
 заться
 drunk [drʌŋk] пьяный
 seemed to do no business
 [si:md tə du nou
 'biznis] повидимому, не
 торговал
 to do good business де-
 лать хорошие дела
 public house ['pʌblɪk
 haus] трактир
 each one [i:tʃ wʌn] каж-
 дый
 full [fʊl] полный
 better ['betə] лучше
 to run away, ran away,
 run away [rʌn ə'wei,
 ræn ə'wei] убежать
 companion [kəm'pænjən]
 товарищ, спутник
 in front [ɪn frʌnt] перед
 ними
 to push [tə puʃ] толкнуть
 to enter [tu 'entə] войти
 sharp [ʃæ:p] пронзитель-
 ный
 whistle [wɪsl] свист

inside [ɪn'saɪd] изнутри
 "plummy and slam"
 ['plʌmi ænd slæm] (во-
 ровской пароль)
 signal ['sɪgnəl] сигнал
 everything was right
 ['evriθɪŋ wəz raɪt] все
 было в порядке
 candle [kændl] свеча
 to appear [tu ə'pi:ə] по-
 явиться
 passage ['pæsɪdʒ] проход
 darkness ['dɑ:knis] тем-
 нота
 there are two of you вас
 двое
 to pull [tə pul] тянуть,
 тащить
 forward ['fɔ:wəd] вперед
 Greenland ['grɪ:nlənd]
 Гренландия (green зеле-
 ный; игра слов: зе-
 леная страна, страна
 зеленых дураков)
 Fagin ['feɪɡɪn] Фэйгин
 (фам.)
 upstairs [ʌp'stæz] наверху
 he is sorting [hi: ɪz'sɔ:tiŋ]
 он разбирает
 handkerchief ['hæŋkətʃɪf]
 носовой платок
 to disappear [tə disə'piə]
 исчезать
 were left [wɛə left] оста-
 лись
 complete [kəm'pli:t] пол-
 ный

apparently [ə'pærəntli]	то smile [tə smail]
повидимому	улыб- нуться
pulling Oliver up a bro-	smiled too [smaɪld tu:]
ken staircase таща Оли-	улыбнулся также
вера вверх по сломан-	this is he [ðɪz ɪz hi:]
ной лестнице	вот он
badly ['bædli] плохо	he was very glad [hɪ wəz
the first thing~ [ðə fə:st	'veri glɑ:d] он был очень
θɪŋ] первое	рад
fire-place [faɪə pleɪs] ка-	to shake hands [tə ʃeɪk
мин	hændz] поздороваться
bottle [bɒtl] бутылка	за руку
red [red] красный, ры-	was so kind [wəz sou
жий	kaɪnd] был так добр
hair [hɛə] волосы	cap [kæp] шапка, кепка
dressed [drest] одетый	bundle [bʌndl] узелок
flannel [flænəl] фланель	went even so far [went
cooking ['kʊkɪŋ] стряпая	'i:vən sou fɑ:] зашел
to cook [tə kʊk] стря-	так далеко
пать	hardly even had time
sausage ['sɔ:sɪdʒ] сосиски	['hɑ:dlɪ 'i:vən həd taɪm]
to smoke [tə smʊk] ку-	едва даже имел время
рить	to notice [tə 'nəʊtɪs] за-
pipe [paɪp] трубка	метить
grown up man [graʊn ʌp	we have rather many of
mæn] взрослый муж-	them, haven't we? у
чина	нас их довольно много,
great number [greɪt	не правда ли?
'nʌmbə] большое коли-	wash [wɔ:ʃ] стирка
чество	we have taken them out
size [saɪz] размер	for the wash мы приго-
straight [streɪt] прямо	товили их к стирке
ear [i:ə] ухо	that's all [ðætɪz ɔ:l] вот
into his ear ['ɪntu hɪz i:ə]	и все
на ухо	for some reason or other
to turn round [tə tɜ:n	['ri:zən] по той или
raʊnd] обернуться	иной причине

to laugh [tə lɑ:f] смеяться
 supper ['sʌpə] ужин
 will want the glass after
 you захочет получить
 стакан после тебя
 soft [sɒft] мягкий
 he was fast asleep [hi: wəz
 fɑ:st ə'sli:p] он крепко
 заснул

CHAPTER IX

to wake up, woke up,
 woken up [weɪk əp,
 wouk əp, woukn əp]
 проснуться
 box [bɒks] коробка, ящик
 watch [wɒtʃ] часы
 several ['sevrəl] несколь-
 ко
 ring [rɪŋ] кольцо
 brooch [brʊtʃ] брошка
 bracelet ['breɪslɪt] браслет
 beautiful ['bjʊtɪfəl] пре-
 красный
 pretty ['prɪti] красивый
 all I have to live upon
 это все, на что я могу
 жить
 to cost, cost, cost [tə
 kɒst] стоить
 cost him very much money
 стоят ему очень до-
 рого, стоят ему много
 денег
 may I get up [meɪ aɪ get
 əp] могу я встать

certainly ['sətnli] ко-
 нечно
 for washing [fɔ: 'wɔ:ʃɪŋ]
 для умывания
 corner ['kɔ:nə] угол
 the evening before [ðə
 'i:vnɪŋ bɪ'fɔ:] прошлым
 вечером, накануне ве-
 чером
 Charley Bates ['tʃɑ:li beɪts]
 Чарли Бэйтс (имя и фам.)
 clear [kliə] ясно
 a favourite with old Fagin
 ['feɪvərɪt] любимец ста-
 рого Фэйгина
 sat down to take coffee
 ['kɒfi] сели пить кофе
 ham [hæm] ветчина
 we have [wi: hæv] да
 (проделали, сделали)
 pocket-book ['pɒkɪt bu:k]
 записная книжка
 green [grɪ:n] зеленый
 nice [naɪs] хороший,
 славный
 workman ['wɜ:k mən] ра-
 ботник, мастер
 isn't he [ɪznt hi:] не-
 правда ли
 loud [laʊd] громко
 to take off, took off,
 taken off [tə teɪk əf
 tu:k əf, teɪkn əf] сни-
 мать, удалять
 mark [mɑ:k] метка
 started laughing ['stɑ:tɪt
 'lɑ:fiŋ] начали смеяться

started playing ['stɑ:tɪt
 'pleɪŋ] начали играть
 unusual [ʌn'ju:ʒuəl] не-
 обычный
 game [geɪm] игра
 trousers ['traʊzəz] штаны
 up and down [ʌp ənd
 daʊn] взад и вперед
 in the manner [ɪn ðə
 'mænə] таким же об-
 разом
 to walk about the street
 [wɔ:k ə'baut] гулять по
 улицам
 any ['eni] любой
 shop-window [ʃɒp'windəʊ]
 окно магазина, вит-
 рина
 after ['ɑ:ftə] за
 on the look out [ɒn ðə
 lʊk aʊt] на чеку
 to step [tə step] насту-
 пить
 to fall upon him [fɔ:l ə'pɒn
 hɪm] навалиться на не-
 го
 at once [æt wʌns] одно-
 временно, сразу
 cried out [kraɪd aʊt] кри-
 чал
 funny ['fʌni] забавный,
 смешной
 Betsy [betʃi] Бэтси (имя)
 Nancy ['nænsi] Нэнси
 (имя)
 colour ['kʌlə] краска
 gay [geɪ] веселый

coldness ['kəʊldnɪs] холод
 inside [ɪn'saɪd] внутри
 pleasant [pleznt] прият-
 ный
 make them your models
 [meɪk ðəm jɔ: 'mɒdəlz]
 бери с них пример
 stopped short [stɒpt ʃɔ:t]
 внезапно остановился
 is hanging out [ɪz'hæŋɡɪŋ
 aʊt] высовывается, сви-
 сает
 to hang out, hung out,
 hung out [tə hæŋ aʊt,
 hæŋ aʊt] высовываться
 I did not notice it [aɪ
 dɪdnt'nəʊtɪsɪt] я не
 заметил, я не обратил
 внимания
 to hold, held, held [tə
 həʊld, held] держать,
 придерживать
 bottom ['bɒtəm] дно, ниж-
 няя часть
 clever ['klevə] умный
 shilling ['ʃɪlɪŋ] шиллинг
 if you go on like this
 [ɪf ju goʊ ɒn laɪk ðɪs]
 если ты будешь так
 продолжать
 you will be the greatest
 man of your time ты бу-
 дешь самым знамени-
 тым человеком своего
 времени

to take off the marks [tə teɪk ɒf ðə mɑ:kz] снимать метки, спарывать метки
 did not quite understand не совсем понял
 become, became, become [tə bi'kʌm, bi'keɪm] стать
 by taking [baɪ 'teɪkɪŋ] беря
 therefore ['ðɜ:fɔ:] следовательно
 best [best] лучше

CHAPTER X

playing ['pleɪɪŋ] играя
 the manner just described [ðə 'mænə dʒʌst dɪs-'kraɪbd] описанным только что способом
 to feel in need [tə fi:lɪn ni:d] чувствовать необходимость
 fresh [freʃ] свежий
 air [ɛə] воздух
 to allow [tu ə'laʊ] позволять
 on the back of the head на затылке
 slowly ['sləʊli] медленно
 at first [æt fə:st] сначала
 to deceive [tə di'si:v] обманывать
 were not going to work не собирались работать
 at all [æt ɔ:l] вовсе

fruit merchant [fru:t 'mɑ:tʃənt] торговец фруктами
 without taking [wið'aʊt 'teɪkɪŋ] без того, чтобы не взять
 apple [æpl] яблоко
 stall [stɔ:l] ларек
 putting ['putɪŋ] (и без того, чтобы не) положить
 to pull [tə pul] тащить
 finger ['fɪŋgə] палец
 he was going back он пошел домой
 lip [lɪp] губа
 hush [hʌʃ] тише
 gent [dʒent] сокращение от gentleman
 bookstall ['bukstɔ:l] книжный киоск, прилавок с книгами
 other side ['ʌðə saɪd] другая сторона
 he will do [hi: wɪl du] он подойдет
 astonishment [ə'stɒnɪʃ-mənt] удивление
 to cross [tə krɒs] пересечь
 was dressed [wəz drest] был одет
 coat [kəʊt] пиджак
 black [blæk] черный
 collar ['kɒlə] воротник
 white [waɪt] белый
 stall [stɔ:l] прилавок

it was clear [it wəz klɪə] было ясно
 except [ɪk'sept] за исключением
 itself [ɪt'self] сам
 horror ['hɒrə] ужас
 to hand [tə hænd] передать
 in an instant [ɪn ən 'ɪnstənt] в один момент
 feeling ['fi:lɪŋ] чувствуя
 confused [kən'fju:zd] смущенный
 not really knowing [nɒt 'riəli 'nəʊɪŋ] на самом деле не зная
 this was all done in a minute все это произошло в течение одной минуты
 the very second [ðə 'veri 'sekənd] в ту же самую секунду
 he looked round [hi: lukt raʊnd] он оглянулся
 running away ['rʌnɪŋ ə'weɪ] убегающий
 naturally ['nætʃərəli] естественно
 thief [θɪ:f] вор
 stop thief [stɒp θɪ:f] держи вора! (досл.: остави вора)
 yard [jɑ:d] двор
 everything ['evriθɪŋ] все
 to join [tə dʒɔɪn] присоединяться

there is a magic in the words "stop thief" в словах „держи вора“ есть что-то магическое
 the cry is taken up [ðə krai ɪz teɪkn ʌp] крик подхватывается
 where [wɛə] здесь: там, где
 a second ago [ə 'sekənd ə'ɡəʊ] секунду тому назад
 there were but three [ðə wɛə bʌt θri] было только трое
 there gathers a crowd [ðə 'gɑ:ðəz ə kraʊd] собирается толпа
 hunt [hʌnt] охота, травля
 huge [hju:dʒ] огромный
 crowd [kraʊd] толпа
 back [bæk] спина
 mud [mʌd] грязь
 to lie, lay, lain [tə laɪ, leɪ, leɪn] лежать
 blood running [blʌd 'rʌnɪŋ] с текущей кровью
 agony ['ægəni] страдание
 stand aside [stænd ə'saɪd] отойдите в сторону (досл.: станьте в сторону)
 coming down the street [ˈkʌmɪŋ daʊn ðə stri:t] идет по улице

let the gentleman pass
[let ðə 'dʒentlmən pɑ:s]
дайте пройти джентль-
мену

policeman [pə'li:smən] по-
лицейский

to appear [tu ə'pi:ə] по-
явиться

I am afraid it is [aɪm
ə'freɪd ɪt ɪz] я боюсь,
что это он

greatly astonished at
the use of the word
[æs'tɒnɪʃt] чрезвычайно
удивленный употребле-
нием этого слова

come, get up [kʌm get
ʌp] ну, вставай

collar ['kɒlə] воротник
it wasn't me [ɪt wɒznt mi:]
это не я

did not listen to him
[dɪd nɒt lɪsn tə hɪm] не
слушал его

to hurt [tə hæ:t] ушибить,
ранить, причинить боль

nearly tearing ['ni:əli
'teəriŋ] почти срывая

jacket ['dʒækɪt] куртка

you dog [ju dɒg] ты,
собака

with difficulty [wɪð
'dɪfɪkəlti] с трудом

neck [nek] шея

police office [pə'li:s 'ɒfɪs]
полицейский участок

how it would all finish
[haʊ ɪt wʊd ɔl 'fɪnɪʃ] чем
это все кончится

CHAPTER XI

they were met [ðeɪ wəz
met] их встретили, они
были встречены

to meet, met, met [tə
mi:t, met] встретить

to steal, stole, stolen
[sti:l, stəʊl, stəʊln]
украсть

has he stolen something
from you? украл ли
он что-нибудь у вас?

I am not sure [aɪ æm
nɒtʃʊə] я не уверен

to let go [tə let ɡəʊ]
отпустить

very thankful to you ['veri
'θæŋkfəl tə ju:] очень
вам благодарен

he must go before the
magistrate он должен
предстать перед судьей

most terribly dirty
[məʊst 'terɪblɪ 'dɜ:tɪ]
ужасно грязный

cell [sel] камера

innocent ['ɪnəsənt] невин-
ный

to himself [tə hɪm'self]
самому себе

to follow [tə 'fɒləʊ] сле-
довать

Fang [fæŋ] Фэнг (фам.)
generally ['dʒenərli] обычно

especially [is'peʃəli] особенно

unpleasant [ʌn'pleznt] неприятный

article ['ɑ:tɪkl] статья

even before receiving any question еще до того, как был задан вопрос

card [kɑ:d] карточка

pointing ['pɔɪntɪŋ] указывая

to pretend [tə pri'tend] делать вид

simply ['sɪmpli] просто

aside [ə'saɪd] в сторону

pushing the card aside отодвигая карточку в сторону

Brownlow ['braʊnləʊ] Браунлоу (фам.)

I too [aɪ tu:] я также

to permit oneself [tə pə'mɪt wʌn'self] позволять себе

like that [laɪk ðæt] подобным образом

to charge [tə tʃɑ:dʒ] обвинять

with what is this fellow charged? какое обвинение предъявлено этому человеку?

he is not charged он не обвиняется

to appear [tu ə'pi:ə] выступать, показывать

he appears against the boy он дает показания против мальчика

knew this perfectly well ['pə fɪktli] знал это прекрасно

to anger [tu 'aŋgə] рассердить

to examine [tu ɪg'zæmɪn] осмотреть

from head to foot [frɒm hed tə fut] с ног до головы

bookstall ['bukstɔ:l] книжная лавка

silence ['saɪləns] молчание, молчать!

to relate [tə ri'leɪt] рассказать, пересказать

the little he knew [ðə litl hi: nju] то немногое, что он знал

to search [tə sə:tʃ] обыскать

theft [θeft] воровство

silent ['saɪlənt] молчаливый, молча

what you have against что вы имеете против

to punish [tə 'pʌnɪʃ] наказать

disrespect ['dɪsrɪs'pekt] неуважение

interruption [ɪntə'rʌpʃn] перерыв

at all [at ə:l] совсем
sure [ʃu:ə] уверен
not at all sure совсем не
уверен

be kind [bi: kaɪnd] будьте
добры

especially as I see
[es'peʃəli æz aɪ si:]
особенно в виду того,
что я вижу

such [sʌtʃ] такой, тако-
вой

speech [spi:tʃ] речь
rascal ['rɑ:skəl] негодяй
was turning round [wəz
'tə:nɪŋ raʊnd] кружи-
лась

to turn round [tə tɜ:n
raʊnd] кружиться

nonsense ['nɒnsens] глупость

I know better [aɪ nou
'betə] я знаю лучше

help him to stand up
[help him tə stænd
ʌp] поддержите его
to stand away [tə stænd
ə'wei] отходить, отсту-
пить

permission [pə:'mɪʃn] раз-
решение

at each other [æt ɪ:tʃ
'ʌðə] друг на друга

let him lie [let him laɪ]
оставьте его, пусть
лежит

he will soon be tired of
it ему это скоро на-
доест (досл.: он скоро
устанет от этого)

sentence ['sentəns] при-
говор, решение

hard labour [hɑ:d 'leɪbə]
принудительные ра-
боты

to carry [tə 'kæri] нести,
переносить

poorly [pu:əli] бедно

cleanly ['kli:nli] чисто

to have a right to do
[tə hæv ə raɪt tə du:]
иметь право делать

what they like [wɔ:t ðeɪ
laɪk] все что угодно,
все что им нравится

to belong [tə bɪ'lɒŋ] при-
надлежать

poorer ['pu:ərə] здесь:
беднейший

are closed to the public
[ɑ: kləʊzd tə ðə 'pʌblɪk]
закрыто для публики
pleased [pli:zd] доволь-
ный

visitor ['vɪzɪtə] посети-
тель

put the man out [put
ðə mæn aʊt] выставите
этого человека

I will speak [aɪ wɪl spi:k]
я буду говорить (фор-
ма "I will" в первом
лице будущего време-

ни употребляется для выражения твердой решимости)
 I shall not permit [aɪ ʃəl nɒt pə'mɪt] я не позволю
 you must hear me [ju mʌst'hɪ:ə mi:] вы должны выслушать меня
 scandal ['skændəl] скандал
 without letting [wɪð'ɔ:t 'letɪŋ] не позволив
 two others and this one here двух других и этого, который здесь
 to look after [tə luk'ɑ:ftə] присмотреть
 the old gentleman was reading, was he? Старый джентльмен читал, что-ли?
 the very book [ðə 'veri buk] та самая книга
 dear me! [di:ə mi:] батюшки!
 I forgot all about it [aɪ fə'gɒt ɔ:l ə'baut it] я совсем забыл об этом
 you started a charge against [ju 'stɑ:tɪt ə tʃɑ:dʒ ə'geɪnst] и вы предъявили обвинение против
 ironically [aɪ'rɒnɪkəli] иронически
 yourself [jɔ: 'self] вы сами

to steal, stole, stolen [sti:l, stoul, stouln] украсть, красть
 to charge you with it [tə tʃɑ:dʒ ju wɪð it] обвинить вас в этом
 be careful [bi: 'kæfəl] будьте осторожны
 to put in prison [tə put ɪn prɪzn] посадить в тюрьму
 the boy is discharged [dɪs'tʃɑ:dʒd] с мальчика снято обвинение
 listen to me [lɪsn tə mi:] выслушайте меня
 angry ['æŋɡrɪ] сердитый
 anger ['aŋɡə] злость, раздражение
 coach [kəʊtʃ] извозчик
 lovingly ['lʌvɪŋli] с любовью, любовно

CHAPTER XII

quiet ['kwaɪət] тихий
 Pentonville ['pentɒnvɪl] Пентонвиль (название местности)
 the sun rose and set [ðə sʌn raʊz ænd set] солнце восходило и заходило
 without moving or saying a word [wɪð'ɔ:t 'mu:vɪŋ ɔ: 'seɪɪŋ ə wə:d] не двигаясь и не говоря ни слова
 fever ['fi:və] жар

several ['sevrəl] несколько
ко

was afraid for his life
[wəz ə'freɪd fɔ: hɪz laɪf]
боялся за его жизнь
to wake up, woke up,
woken up [weɪk ʌp,
'wouk ʌp, 'woukn ʌp]
проснуться

armchair ['ɑ:mtʃɜ:] кресло
softly ['sɒtli] мягко
quietly ['kwɪətlɪ] спо-
койно

healthy ['helθɪ] здоровый
crisis ['kraɪsɪs] кризис
was over [wəz 'oʊvə] про-
шел, миновал

in three days' time [ɪn
θri: deɪz taɪm] через
три дня

to look after [tə lʊk
'ɑ:ftə] заботиться

Bedwin ['bedwɪn] Бедвин
(фам.)

housekeeper [haʊs'ki:pə]
экономка

to knock [nɒk] стучать
how thankful he was [haʊ
'θʌŋkfəl] как он был
благодарен

about all [ə'baʊt ɔ:l] обо
всем

to fall back [fɔ:l bæk]
упасть назад

filled with tears [fɪld wɪð
ti:əz] наполнились сле-
зами

I'm a little hoarse [hɔ:s]
я немного охрип

I have caught cold [kɔ:t
kould] я простудился
never mind that ['nevə
maɪnd ðæt] ничего не
значит, пусть, не

обращайте внимания
thankful ['θʌŋkfəl] бла-
годарный

kindness ['kaɪndnɪs] до-
броды

couple [kʌpl] пара
port-wine [pɔ:t - waɪn]
портвейн

enough [ɪ'nʌf] доста-
точно

to send it up [tə send
ɪt ʌp] прислать его
наверх

to promise [tə 'prɒmɪs]
обещать

collection [kə'lekʃn] кол-
лекция, собрание

from then on с тех пор
to pay a visit [peɪ ə'vɪzɪt]
навестить

little by little [lɪtl baɪ
lɪtl] мало по малу

adventure [əd'ventʃə] при-
ключение

CHAPTER XIII

what has become of the
boy [bɪ'kʌm] что слу-
чилось с мальчиком

the police has got him
его схватила полиция
hearing ['hi:əriŋ] услы-
шав

to catch, caught, caught
[kætʃ, kɔ:t] схватить,
поймать

to give it him well хо-
рошенько ему задать
newcomer ['nju:kʌmə]
вновь пришедший

strongly built ['strɒŋli
bilt] крепко сложен-
ный

tall [tɔ:l] высокий
of about thirty-five при-
мерно тридцати пяти
лет

grey [grei] серый
brown [braʊn] коричне-
вый

dirty ['dɜ:tri] грязный
addressing himself [ə'dre-
sɪŋ hɪm'self] обращаясь
Bill Sikes [bɪl saɪks] Биль
Сайкс (имя и фам.)

after drinking ['ɑ:ftə
'drɪŋkɪŋ] выпив

who had called himself
[hu hæd kɔ:ld hɪm'self]
который назвал себя

to lead, led, led [tə li:d,
led] привести

during ['dʒʊəriŋ] в тече-
ние

disappearance [dɪsə'pi:ə-
rəns] исчезновение

was made clear [wəz meɪd
kli:ə] стало ясно

I'm now afraid [aɪm nau
ə'freɪd] я теперь боюсь
it can easily reach the
police ['i:zɪli ri:tʃ ðə
pɔ'li:s] это легко может
дойти до полиции

to find out, found out,
found out [faɪnd aʊt,
faʊnd aʊt] найти, уста-
новить

everything is all right
['evriθɪŋ ɪz ɔ:l raɪt] все
в порядке

matters ['mætəz] дело, во-
прос

matters are much worse
['mætəz ɑ: mʌtʃ wɜ:s]
дело обстоит значитель-
но хуже

will you go to the po-
lice не пойдете ли вы
в полицию (will во вто-
ром лице будущего
времени в вопросе вы-
ражает просьбу)

just the right person
[dʒʌst ðə raɪt 'pɜ:sən]
как раз подходящий
человек, как раз под-
ходящее лицо

I won't go—I will not go
[aɪ wəʊnt] я не пойду
(сокращенная форма бу-
дущего времени)

discussion [dis'kʌʃn] об-
суждение
to agree [tu ə'grɪ:] согла-
ситься
at once [at wʌns] не-
медленно
basket ['bɑ:skɪt] корзина
it looks [ɪt lu:ks] это
выглядит
respectable [rɪs'pektəbl̩]
прилично, респекта-
бельно
key [ki:] ключ
it looks very real like
that [rɪəl laɪk ðæt]
так как сейчас это вы-
глядит вполне есте-
ственно
rubbing ['rʌbɪŋ] потирая
to rub [tə rʌb] потирать
in about an hour [ɪn
ə'baʊt ən 'aʊə] спустя
примерно час
Nolly ['nɒli] Нолли (имя,
сокращение от Oliver)
for playing [fɔ: 'pleɪŋ]
за игру
flute [flu:t] флейта
to confiscate [tə 'kɒnfɪs-
keɪt] конфисковать
he had no interest in
anything else ничем
другим он не интересо-
вался
in other words [ɪn 'ʌðə
wə:dz] другими слова-
ми

receiving no satisfactory
answer [rɪ'sɪ:vɪŋ noʊ
sætɪs'fæktəri ɑ:nsə] не
получая удовлетвори-
тельного ответа
following ['fɒləʊɪŋ] сле-
дующий
please do [pli:z du] по-
жалуйста, скажите
for stealing [fɔ: 'sti:lɪŋ]
за кражу
somewhere ['sʌmwɛə] где-
то
as soon as [æz su:n æz]
как только
exactly [ɪg'zæktli] точно
gent's [dʒents] сокраще-
ние от gentleman's —
джентльмена

CHAPTER XIV

talking ['tɔ:kɪŋ] разгова-
ривая
downstairs [daʊn'steəz]
вниз
bookseller ['bukseɪlə] кни-
гопродавец
I shall be back [aɪ ʃæl
bi: bæk] я вернусь
to be able [tə bi: eɪbl̩]
иметь возможность
the nearest way [ðə
'ni:ərest weɪ] ближай-
шая дорога
careful ['keəfəl] осторож-
ный

to catch cold [tə kætʃ kould] простудиться
 to permit [tə pə'mit] поз-
 волить
 gaily ['geɪli] весело
 she smiled back at him
 она в ответ улыбу-
 лась ему
 somehow ['sʌmhaʊ] по-
 чему-то, как-то
 one short moment [wʌn
 ʃɔ:t'məʊmənt] на один
 короткий момент
 to rush back [tə rʌʃ bæk]
 отскочить
 don't [daʊnt] не надо
 let me go [let mi: goʊ]
 пустите меня
 several ['sevrəl] несколько
 what is the matter [wɒt
 ɪz ðə'mætə] в чем дело
 to join [tə dʒɔɪn] присо-
 единяться
 why [waɪ] как
 he did not want to say
 he knew me but he
 had to он не хотел
 сказать, что знает ме-
 ня, но должен был это
 сказать (проговорился)
 make him come home
 [meɪk hɪm kʌm hoʊm]
 заставьте его вернуться
 домой
 stockings ['stɒkɪŋz] чулки
 beer-shop [bi:ə ʃɒp] пив-
 ная

rascal ['ræ:skəl] негодяй,
 мерзавец
 help [help] помогите
 what are these books что
 это за книги
 indeed [ɪn'di:d] на самом
 деле
 against [ə'geɪnst] против
 strong [strɒŋ] сильный
 big [bɪɡ] большой
 were against him [wɜ:
 ə'geɪnst hɪm] были про-
 тив него
 to drag [tə dræg] тащить
 labyrinth ['læbɪrɪnθ] ла-
 биринт
 narrow ['nærəʊ] узкий
 always further ['ɔ:lwəz
 'fɑ:ðə] все дальше
 to light [tə laɪt] зажигать
 was waiting for already
 more than two hours
 [wəz 'weɪtɪŋ] ждал в
 течение уже больше
 двух часов
 nor [nɔ:] а также не

CHAPTER XV

miserable ['mɪzərəbl] не-
 счастливый
 to recognize [tə'rekəɡnaɪz]
 узнавать
 to ring, rang, rung [tə
 rɪŋ, rɒŋ, rʌŋ] звонить
 bell [bel] звонок
 to step back [tə step
 bæk] отступить назад

passage ['pɑsɪdʒ] про-
ход

person ['pɜːsən] лицо

old one [ould wʌn] ста-
рик

to see you three back
видеть вас всех трех
вернувшимися назад

I can tell you могу вас
уверить, уж я вам го-
ворю

let's have a light [lets
hæv ə laɪt] дайте свет
to strike, struck, struck
[tə straɪk, strak] чир-
кнуть

match [mætʃ] спичка
by its light [baɪ its laɪt]
при ее свете

in front of him [ɪn frʌnt
əv hɪm] перед ним

laughter ['lɑːftə] смех
to greet [tə griːt] привет-
ствовать

entrance ['entrəns] вход,
появление

pupils ['pjʊpɪlz] воспи-
танники, ученики

here he is [hɪə hɪː ɪz] вот
он

do look at him [du lʊk
æt hɪm] непременно по-
смотри на него

somebody hold me
['sʌmbədɪ haʊld miː]
кто-нибудь из вас под-
держите меня

to die with laughter [tə
daɪ wɪð 'lɑːftə] умереть
со смеху

suit [sjuːt] костюм
to have it off [tə hæv
ɪt ɒf] снять

to spoil [tə spɔɪl] испор-
тить

as it seemed [əz ɪt siːmd]
повидимому

especially [ɪ'speʃəli] осо-
бенно

of the same kind [ɒf ðə
seɪm kaɪnd] того же рода

to wear, wore, worn [tə
weə, wɔː, wɔːn] носить

to obey [tu ə'beɪ] слу-
шаться, повиноваться

what could Oliver do but
obey что оставалось
Оливеру делать, как

fine [faɪn] славный, хо-
роший

jacket ['dʒækɪt] куртка

to hand over [tə hænd
'ɒvə] передать

locking ['lɒkɪŋ] заперев

to lock [tə lɒk] запирать

to unlock [tu ʌn'lɒk] от-
пирать

nor did anybody come
to him the next day

but old Fagin никто не
пришел к нему также
и на следующий день,
кроме старого Фэйгина

crust [krʌst] корка
 dry [draɪ] сухой
 to remain [tə ri'mein] оставаться
 prisoner ['prɪznə] заключенный
 but bread [bʌt bred] кроме хлеба

CHAPTER XVI

windy ['windɪ] ветряной
 buttoning ['bʌtənɪŋ] застегнув
 to button [tə 'bʌtən] застегнуть
 overcoat ['oʊvəkəʊt] пальто
 to his very chin [tə hɪz 'veri tʃɪn] до самого подбородка
 on shutting [ɒn 'ʃʌtɪŋ] закрыв
 suspiciously [səs'pɪʃəsli] подозрительный
 direction [dɪ'rekʃn] направление
 darkest ['dɑ:kɪst] самый темный
 dangerous ['deɪndʒərəs] опасный
 to cross [tə krɒs] пересечь
 square [skwɛə] площадь
 badly lit ['bædli lit] плохо освещенный
 empty ['emptɪ] пустой

on business [ɒn 'bɪznɪs] по делам
 because it was he [bi'kɒz ɪt wəz hi:] так как это был он
 affair [ə'feə] дело
 Chertsey ['tʃɛtsɪ] Чертси (название места)
 not at all [nɒt ət ɔ:l] вовсе нет, совсем нет
 Toby Crackit ['toubɪ 'krækɪt] Тоби Крэки (имя и фам.)
 he can get neither of the two men ['naɪðə] он не может заполучить ни того ни другого (досл.: ни одного из двух людей)
 pale with anger [peɪl wɪð 'æŋɡə] бледный от злости
 can do nothing with either of the men ['aɪðə] ни с одним из двух человек не может ничего поделаться
 pause [pɔ:z] пауза
 from outside [frəm aʊt'saɪd] снаружи, с наружной стороны
 muscle [mʌsl] мускул
 moving ['mu:vɪŋ] двигающаяся
 excitement [ɪk'saɪtmənt] возбуждение

went over [went 'ouvə]

перелезли через
garden ['gɑ:dn] сад

wall [wɔ:l] стена

jail [dzeɪl] тюрьма

if we only had a boy

еслиб только у нас

был мальчик

glisten [glɪsn] блестеть,

заблестеть

hoarse [hɔ:s] хриплый

whisper ['wɪspə] шопот

it's time [ɪts taɪm] пора,

время

size [saɪz] размер

everything ['evrɪθɪŋ] все

anything I like ['eniθɪŋ

aɪ laɪk] все, что я за-

хочу

to shoot, shot, shot [tə

ʃu:t, ʃɒt] застрелить

let him feel he is one of

us дайте ему почувство-

вать, что он один из

нас

ours for his life ['aʊəz

fɔ: hɪz laɪf] наш на всю

жизнь

it is decided [ɪt ɪz dɪ'saɪdɪd]

решено

moon [mu:n] луна

there is no moon? ведь

луны нет? (вопроси-

тельно-утвердительная

форма, при которой

сохраняется конструк-

ция утверждения. Во-

прос получается тут в

результате определен-

ной интонации)

to fetch [tə fetʃ] доставить

was settled [wəz setld]

был разрешен

to settle [tə setl] разре-

шить, урегулировать

to step [tə step] шагать,

отправиться

CHAPTER XVII

a pair [ə peə] пара

at his bedside [æt hɪz

'bedsaɪd] у его кровати

to let out, let out, let

out [tə let aʊt] вы-

пускать

to appear [tu ə'pi:ə] по-

явиться

that very night [ðæt 'veri

naɪt] в ту же самую

ночь

to stop there [tə stɒp

ðeə] оставаться там

anxiously ['æŋkʃəsli] тре-

возно

for ever [fɔ: r'evə] на-

всегда

add, added ['ad] прибав-

лять

fixing ['fɪksɪŋ] устремляя

got very red in the face

сильно покраснел

he did want to know

он на самом деле хотел

знать

to explain [tu ɪks'pleɪn] объяснить
 rough [rʌf] грубый
 thinks nothing of blood ['θɪŋks 'nʌθɪŋ əv blʌd] ни во что не ставит кровь
 blood [blʌd] кровь (кро-
 вопролитие)
 whatever happens [wɒt-'evə 'hæpənɪz] что бы
 ни случилось
 to remain [tə ri'meɪn] оставаться
 in the door-way [ɪn ðə 'dɔːweɪ] в дверях
 terror ['terə] ужас
 what for [wɒt fɔː] зачем
 for nothing bad [fɔː 'nʌθɪŋ bəd] ни для чего пло-
 хого
 to believe [tə bi'li:v] ве-
 рить
 to watch [tə wɒtʃ] сле-
 дить
 movement ['mu:vmənt] движение
 as you like [æz ju laɪk] как хочешь
 pretending to laugh [prɪ-'tendɪŋ tə lɑːf] делая
 вид, что смеется
 to risk [tə rɪsk] риско-
 вать
 anyhow ['enihaʊ] как бы
 то ни было

to step forward [tə step 'fɔːwəd] шагнуть вперед
 he was ready [hiː wəz 'redi] он был готов
 downstairs ['daʊnstəːz] вниз по лестнице
 front [frʌnt] входной
 had hardly the time [həd 'hɑːdli ðə taɪm] едва
 имел время
 the very house [ðə'veri haʊs] того самого дома
 next [nekst] дальше
 empty ['empti] пустой
 in sight [ɪn saɪt] в виду
 the cry for help died on his lips [ðə kraɪ fɔː help daɪd ɒn hɪz lɪps] крик о помощи замер на его губах
 too late [tuː leɪt] слишком поздно
 young one [jʌŋ wʌn] молодой человек, юноша
 let me read [let miː riːd] дай мне прочитать
 lecture ['lektʃə] лекция
 to pull [tə pul] стащить
 corner ['kɔːnə] угол
 shoulder ['ʃouldə] плечо
 to put the boy [put ðə bɔɪ] поставить мальчика
 pocket-pistol ['pɒkɪt 'prɪ-stəl] карманный пи-
 столет
 answered in the affirm-ative ['ɑːnsəd ɪn ðə

ə'fəmətɪv] ответил
 утвердительно
 powder ['paʊdə] порох
 bullet ['bulɪt] пуля
 to load [tə laʊd] заря-
 жать
 out of doors [aʊt əf dɔːz]
 на улице
 loading ['ləʊdɪŋ] заряд-
 porter ['pɔːtə] портер
 (под пива)
 had a good meal [həd
 ə gud mi:l] хорошо
 поели
 meal [mi:l] еда
 threw himself [θruː
 hɪm'self] бросился,
 опустился
 mattress ['mætrəs] мат-
 рац
 call us at five [kɔːl əs æt
 faɪv] разбуди нас в
 пять
 tired as he was ['taɪəd
 əz hiː wəz] усталый,
 каким он был
 tea things [tiː θɪŋz] чай-
 ная посуда
 lay awake [leɪ ə'weɪk] не
 спал
 he would go on [hiː wʊd
 ɡoʊ ɒn] он отправится
 tired out by everything
 измученный всем
 was preparing [wəz
 prɪ'pæərɪŋ] пригото-
 влялся

breakfast ['brekfəst] зав-
 трак
 still dark [stɪl dɑːk] еще
 темно
 was burning [wəz 'bɜːnɪŋ]
 горела
 sound [saʊnd] звук
 rain [reɪn] дождь
 beating ['biːtɪŋ] ударяю-
 щий
 against the window по
 окну
 for it's late as it is уж
 и так поздно
 breakfast was soon over
 завтрак был скоро за-
 кончен
 to tie [tə taɪ] завязать
 throat [θrəʊt] горло

CHAPTER XVIII

wind [waɪnd] ветер
 cloud [klaʊd] облако
 stormy ['stɔːmɪ] грозовый
 wet [wet] сырой
 pool [puːl] лужа
 slowly the day was com-
 ing медленно наступал
 день
 little known [lɪtl nəʊn]
 мало известный
 street lamp [stri:t læmp]
 фонарь
 were put out [wəz put
 aʊt] тушили
 to pass [tə pɑːs] про-
 езжать мимо

public house ['pʌblɪk haus] трактир
 began little by little to be opened начинали мало по малу открываться
 to keep pace with him [ki:p peɪs] не отста-
 вать от него
 cart [kɑ:t] телера
 couldn't you give me a lift не можете-ли меня подвезти
 to jump [tə dʒʌmp] пры-
 гать
 walks rather too quickly for you [wɔ:ks 'ræ:ðə tu: 'kwɪklɪ fɔ: ju] ходит слишком быстро для вас
 not at all [nɒt æt ɔ:l] вовсе нет
 not letting [nɒt 'letɪŋ] не давая
 he is used to it [hi: ɪz ju:zd tu it] он привык к этому
 take hold of my hand [teɪk həʊld] держись за мою руку
 Ned [ned] Нед (имя)
 sack [s. k] мешок
 to travel [tə traʊvl] ехать, путешествовать
 don't take any notice [daʊnt teɪk 'eni'nəʊtɪs] не обращайтесь внимания

to drive away, drove away, driven away [tə draɪv ə'weɪ, draʊv ə'weɪ, drɪvn ə'weɪ] уезжать
 to smoke [tə sməʊk] курить
 they took no notice of Oliver они не обращали внимания на Оливера
 very little (notice) of Sikes очень мало внимания на Сайкса
 the preceding one [ðə pre'sɪ:dɪŋ wʌn] предыдущий
 on and on they went они все шли и шли
 running ['rʌnɪŋ] бегущий, текущий
 river ['rɪvə] река
 lonely ['ləʊnli] одинокий, пустынный
 in order [ɪn 'ɔ:də] для того, чтобы, с целью
 bank [bæŋk] берег

CHAPTER XIX

noise [naɪz] шум
 brass [brɑ:s] латунь, латунный, медный
 orange ['ɒrɪndʒ] оранжевый
 waistcoat ['weɪstkəʊt] жилет
 dark brown [dɑ:k braʊn] темно-коричневый

you had given it up
вы оставили это, от-
казались от этого

to point [tə pɔɪnt] указы-
вать

who is going to help us
который будет помо-
гать нам

you 'll have to вы должны
будете [ты должен бу-
дешь]

though [ðəʊ] хотя

as he was told [æz hi:
wəz təʊld] как ему
было сказано

he was so tired of every-
thing он так устал от
всего

everything ['evrɪθɪŋ] все
scarcely [skæslɪ] едва, с
трудом

but [bʌt] как не

to swallow [tə 'swɔ:ləʊ]
проглотить

began coughing [bɪ'gæp
'kɔ:fɪŋ] начал кашлять

to cough [tə kɔ:f] кашлять
would go [wʊ:d goʊ]
пойдут

wanted him to do хотели,
чтобы он сделал (ви-
нительный падеж с не-
определенным наклоне-
нием)

meaning ['mi:nɪŋ] зна-
чение

to place [tə pleɪs] поло-
жить, поместить

to button up [tə 'bʌtən
ʌp] застегнуть

to the very chin [tu ðə
'veri tʃɪn] до самого
подбородка

all was quiet ['ɔ:l wəz
'kwaɪət] все было в по-
рядке, все было тихо

climb [klaɪm] залезть

from the top of the wall
с верху стены

to pass over [tə pɑ:s'əʊvə]
передать

to follow [tə 'fələʊ] сле-
довать

dim [dɪm] тусклый

silhouette [sɪlu'et] си-
луэт

distance ['dɪstəns] рас-
стояние

housebreaking ['hausbrei-
kɪŋ] кража со взломом

murder ['mɜ:də] убийство

swent [swet] пот

to shake, shook, shaken
[tə ʃeɪk, ʃʊk, ʃeɪkən]
трясти, трястись

don't make me do this
не заставляйте меня де-
лать это

to catch hold, caught
hold, caught hold [kætʃ
həʊld, kɔ:t həʊld] схва-
тить

to whisper [tə 'wɪspə]
шептать

to break, broke, broken
[tə breɪk, brəʊk, brəʊkn]
сломать, разломать

to start opening [tə stɑ:t
'əʊpnɪŋ] начать открыв-
вать

almost ['ɔ:lmoʊst] почти
noiselessly ['nɔɪzlesli] бес-
шумно

to listen [tə lɪsn] слушать

young dog [jʌŋ dɒg]
собака досл.: молодой
пёс

through there [θru: ðə]
через это (окно)

softly ['sɒftli] тихо

up the steps [ʌp ðə steps]
вверх по ступенькам

to draw back, drew back,
drawn back [tə drɔ:
bæk, drəʊ bæk, drɔ:n
bæk] отодвинуть

had scarcely time to
answer ['skæslɪ] едва
имел время чтобы от-
ветить

by the collar [baɪ ðə
'kɒlə] за воротник

gently ['dʒentli] осторож-
но

steps [steps] ступеньки

more dead than alive [mɔ:
ded ðən ə'laɪv] ни
жив, ни мертв [скорее
мертвый, чем живой]

to make use [tə meɪk
ju:z] использовать

suitable ['sju:təbl] под-
ходящий

aloud [ə'laʊd] громко

stillness ['stɪlnɪs] тишина
let his lantern fall [let
hɪz 'læntən fɔ:l] уронил
фонарь (дал фонарю
упасть)

whether to go back or
forward ['weðə tə ɡəʊ
bæk ɔ: 'fɔ:wəd] идти
ли ему назад или впе-
ред

to appear [tu ə'piə] по-
явиться

half-dressed [hæf drest]
полуодетый

at the top [æt ðə tɒp]
наверху

flash [flæʃ] блеск, вспыш-
ка

smoke [sməʊk] дым

pain [peɪn] боль

to fire [tə 'faɪə] выстре-
лить

to hit, hit, hit [tə hit]
ударить, попасть в...,
подстрелить

to bleed, bled, bled [tə
bli:d, bled] истекать
кровью, кровоточить

ringing ['rɪŋɪŋ] звон. звук

bell [bel] колокол, коло-
кольчик

shout [ʃaʊt] крик

uneven [ˈʌnˈiːvn] неров-
ный

carrying no weight
[ˈkæriŋ noʊ weɪt] не
нося тяжести

to look back [tə lʊk
bæk] взглянуть назад

barking [ˈbɑːkiŋ] лай

joke [dʒoʊk] шутка

it's all up [ɪts ɔːl ʌp] все
пропало

to drop [tə drɒp] бро-
сать

for our lives [fɔːr ˈaʊə laɪvs]
для спасения наших
жизней

fast [fɑːst] быстро

on one's back [ɒn wʌns
bæk] на (своей) спине

join [dʒɔɪn] присоеди-
няться

CHAPTER XX

it grew colder as the day
came nearer станови-
лось холоднее по мере
наступления дня

wet [wet] сырой

pool [puːl] лужа

unconscious [ʌnˈkɒnʃəs]
без сознания

spot [spɒt] место

broke through [brʊk θruː]
прорвался через, раз-
дался в

had come to himself [həd
kʌm tə hɪmˈself] при-

шел в себя

effort [ˈefət] усилие

he got to his feet он встал
на ноги

to turn round [tə tɜːn
raʊnd] кружиться

drunken [ˈdrʌŋkən] пья-
ный

further [ˈfɜːðə] дальше

had taken part [həd
teɪkən pɑːt] принимали
участие

hunt [hʌnt] охота

Giles [dʒaɪlz] Джайльз
(фам.)

servant [ˈsɜːvənt] слуга

Brittles [brɪtlz] Бритльз
(фам.)

help [help] помощник

travelling [ˈtrævlɪŋ] бро-
дячий, странствующий

tinker [ˈtɪŋkə] лудильщик

cook [kʊk] кухарка

to relate [rɪˈleɪt] расска-
зывать, передавать

adventure [ədˈventʃə] при-
ключение

to wake up, woke up,

woken up [tə weɪk ʌp,

wʊk ʌp, wʊkən ʌp]

проснуться

to turn pale [tə tɜːn
peɪl] побледнеть

illusion [ɪˈljʊzn] вообра-
жение

to get to sleep [tə get
tə sli:p] заснуть

to force [tə fɔ:s] здесь:
взламывать

softly ['sɒftli] осторожно

pair [pɛə] пара

at this point [æt ðis
pɔɪnt] в этот момент

to be present [tə bi:
'preznt] присутство-
вать

shoes [ʃu:z] башмаки

so you did [sou ju did]
так вы и сделали

we are dead men [wi: æ:
ded men] мы погибли
(дословно: мы мертвые
люди)

seat [si:t] сидение

to illustrate [tu 'ɪljʊstreɪt]
иллюстрировать, рисо-
вать

suitable ['sju:təbl] под-
ходящий, соответствующий

gestures ['dʒestʃəz] жесты

to jump up [tə dʒʌmp ʌp]
подпрыгнуть

almost ['ɔ:lmoʊst] почти

to fall back, fell back,
fallen back [tə fɔ l bæk,
fel bæk, fɔ:lɪn bæk]
упасть назад

the rest [ðə rest] осталь-
ная часть

to scream [tə skri:m] кри-
чать

to move [tə mu:v] дви-
гаться, шевелиться

strange [streɪndʒ] странно

knock [nɒk] стук

turning ['tɜ:nɪŋ] пово-
рачиваясь

had suddenly fallen asleep
[həd 'sʌdənli fɔ:lɪn
ə'sli:p] внезапно заснул

wants to have some com-
pany [wɔ:nts tə hæv
sʌm 'kʌmpəni] хочет
иметь компанию

so am I [sou am aɪ] и
я тоже

to agree [tə ə'ɡri:] согла-
шаться

condition [kən'dɪʃn] усло-
вие

including [ɪn'kludɪŋ]
включая

who were afraid to be
left behind [wə ə'freɪd
tə bi: left bɪ'haɪnd]
которые боялись ос-
таться одни

directed itself [dɪ'rektɪt
ɪt'self] направилась

as they walked [æz ðei
wɔ:kt] в то время как
они шли

entrance ['entrəns] вход

at the same time [æt ðə
seɪm taɪm] в одно и
то же время

force [fɔ:s] сила

command [kə'mænd] при-
казание, команда
to obey [tu ə'bei] слу-
шаться, повиноваться
back ones [bæk wʌnz]
задние
shoulders ['ʃouldəz] пле-
чи
of those in front [əf
ðəʊz ɪn frʌnt] тех, ко-
торые были спереди
wound [wu:nd] рана
to drag [tə dræg] втащить
wounded ['wu:ndɪd] ра-
ненный
Maylie ['meɪli] Мэйли
(фам.)
Rose [raʊs] Роза [имя]
pleasant ['pleznt] прият-
ный
stairs [steəz] лестница
most seriously [məʊst
'sɪ:rɪəslɪ] очень серьез-
но
library ['laɪbrəri] библио-
тека
the one [ðə wʌn] та, ко-
торая
to bring, brought, brought
[brɪŋ, brɔ:t] привезти,
доставить
closely ['kloʊslɪ] внима-
тельно
body ['bɒdi] тело
to bend, bent, bent [tə
bend, bent] сгибаться,
нагнуться

a softness like that of a
woman мягкость как
у женщины

CHAPTER XXI

owner ['əʊnə] владелица
sad [səd] печальный
niece [ni:s] племянница
kind-looking [kaɪnd
'lʊkɪŋ] симпатичная
event [ɪ'vent] приключе-
ние
anxiously ['æŋksɪəslɪ] с
беспокойством
to expect [tu ɪks'pekt]
ожидать, предполагать
a long time ago [ə lɒŋ
taɪm ə'ɡəʊ] давно
fat [fæt] толстый
middle [mɪdl] середина
it seemed as if [ɪt 'si:mɪd
æz ɪf] казалось будто
unexpected [ʌnɪks'pektɪt]
неожиданно
especially [ɪs'peʃəlɪ] осо-
бенно, главным обра-
зом
was astonished [wəz
əs'tɒnɪʃt] был удивлен
it had taken place [ɪt
həd teɪkn pleɪs] про-
изошло
patient ['peɪʃənt] пациент
to be busy [tə bi: 'bɪzi]
быть занятым
to expect [tə ɪks'pekt]
предполагать

in fact [in fækt] на самом деле

he came back only in an hour он вернулся только через час

in reply [in ri'plai] в ответ

not in danger [nɒt in 'deɪndʒə] вне опасности

I was just going to tell я как раз собирался рассказать

to shoot, shot, shot [tə ʃu:t, ʃɒt] стрелять

he was a little ashamed [hi: wəz ə lɪtl ə'ʃeɪmd] ему было немного стыдно

presence ['prezəns] присутствие

he has not been shaved [hi: hæz nɒt bi:n ʃeɪvd] он небритый

offering his hand ['ɒfəriŋ hi:z hænd] предложив руку

straight [streɪt] прямо

curtain ['kɑ:teɪn] занавеска

instead of [ɪn'sted əv] вместо

housebreaker ['haʊsbreɪkə] * вломщик

first of all [fɜ:st əv ɔ:l] прежде всего

otherwise ['ʌðəwaɪz] иначе

to hang, hung, hung [tə hæŋ, hʌŋ] повесить
had to wait [həd tə weɪt] должны были ждать

to inform [tə ɪn'fɔ:m] информировать

lady of the house ['leɪdi əv ðə haʊs] хозяйка дома

catalogue ['kætəlɒɡ] список

to bring upon, brought upon [tə brɪŋ ə'pɒn, brɔ:t ə'pɒn] вызвать, здесь: причинить

after hearing it through ['ɑ:ftə 'hi:əriŋ ɪt θru:] выслушав все

tenderly ['tendəli] нежно

since [sɪns] с тех пор

CHAPTER XXII

to move [tə mu:v] двигать, перемещать
quiet [kwaɪət] спокойный, покойный

happiness ['hæpɪnɪs] счастье

white-headed [waɪt 'hedɪd] седовласый

to trouble [tə trʌbl] беспокоить

badly wanted ['bædli 'wɒ:ntɪt] страшно хотел

gladly ['glædli] с радостью

to agree [tu ə'gri:] согла-
шаться

what was [wɒt wəz] ка-
ково было

sorrow ['sɒrou] горече-
ние

country ['kʌntri] страна
without leaving [wið'au-
'li:vɪŋ] не оставив

to go by, went by, gone
by [baɪ] пройти

oh dear! [ou diə] батюш-
ки!

to tremble [tə trembl]
дрожать

was not able to go up
to him [wəz nɒt eɪbl]
был не в состоянии
подойти к нему

said he did [sed hi: dɪd] ска-
зали (что он тут живет)

a piece of paper [ə pi:s
ɔf 'peɪpə] клочок бумаги

quite possible [kwɔɪt
'pɒsɪbl] вполне возмож-
но

would meet [wu:d mi:t]
встретил бы (сослаг.
наклонение; would—
здесь имеет значение
русского „бы“)

on coming there [ɒn'kʌmɪŋ
ðə] придя туда

would guarantee [wu:d
gæɪən'ti:] гарантиро-
вало бы (сослаг. на-
клонение)

reception [ri'sepʃn] прием
to drive [draɪv] ехать

friend of mine [frend əf
maɪn] мой друг

to be sure [tə bi: suə]
быть уверенным

basis ['beɪzɪs] основание

on the basis of both
Oliver's words and her
own impression на осно-
вании как слов Оли-
вера, так и своего соб-
ственного впечатления.

blind [blaɪnd] слепой

you are getting blinder
every day вы слепнете
[теряете зрение] с каж-
дым днем все больше
и больше

that I do [ðæt aɪ du] это
так

to improve [tu ɪm'pru:v]
улучшать, улучшаться

age [eɪdʒ] возраст

glasses ['glɑ:sɪz] очки

spectacles ['spektəklz]
очки

in her arms [ɪn hə: ɑ:mz]
в ее объятиях

nurse [nɜ:s] няня

he would come back [hi:
wu:d kʌm bæk] он вер-
нется (здесь would
имеет значение буду-
щего по отношению к
прошлому)

I have never forgotten [aɪ
hæv 'nevə fɔ'gɒtn] я
не забыла ни на ми-
нуту

CHAPTER XXIII

what about [wɒt ə'baut]
как насчет

to remain [rɪ'meɪn]
оставаться

let us see [let əs si:]
давайте посмотрим

what was happening [wɒt
wəz hæpənɪŋ] что про-
исходило

exceptionally [ɪk'seɪʃə-
nəli] исключительно

bright [braɪt] светлый

hunger-worn ['hʌŋgə wɔ:n]
измученный голодом

clever ['klevə] умный

capable ['keɪpəbl] спо-
собный

at the head of [æt ðə
hed əf] во главе

in a much kinder tone
[təʊn] гораздо бо-
лее мягким тоном

weather ['weðə] погода

to give away, gave away,
given away [gɪv ə'wei,
geɪv ə'wei, gɪvn ə'wei]
отдать

cheese [tʃi:z] сыр

a cheese and a half [ə
tʃi:z ænd ə hæf] це-

лый сыр и еще поло-
вину

this very afternoon ['ɑ:ftə-
'nu:n] как раз сегодня
днем [после обеда]

they are never pleased
[pli:zd] они никогда

не бывают довольны

for instance [fɔ:rɪnstəns]
например

whole [həʊl] целый

pound [paʊnd] фунт

to be grateful ['ɡreɪtful]
быть благодарным

not for a penny [nɒt
fɔ:r ə'peni] ни на грош

coal [kəʊl] каменный
уголь

so much coal as столько
угля, сколько

pocket handkerchief но-
совой платок

to toast [təʊst] поджари-
вать

come back for some more
[kʌm bæk fɔ:səm
mɔ:] придет назад про-
сить еще

that is how it is with
these people [pi:pl] вот

как обстоит дело с
этими людьми

quite [kwaɪt] вполне

the day before yesterday
[ðə deɪ bɪ'fɔ: 'jestədeɪ]
третьего дня

scarcely a rag ['skæslɪ
ə ræg] в лохмотьях
overseer ['ouvəsi:ə] смо-
тритель

when he has company
for dinner ['kʌmpəni]
когда у него при-
глашены гости к обеду

give me some help по-
можите мне чем-нибудь
to shock [ʃək] шокиро-
вать, возмущать

company ['kʌmpəni] ком-
пания, общество

to send out [tə send aʊt]
высылать

potatoes [pə'tetɪtəʊz] кар-
тофель

iron ['aɪən] железный

spectacles ['spektəklz]
очки

you won't get anything
else here [wəʊnt get
'eniθɪŋ els] ничего дру-
гого здесь не полу-
чите

no, you won't [nəʊ ju
wəʊnt] нет (не умрете)
Grannett ['grænit] Гран-
нетт (фам.)

he did die [hi: did daɪ]
он действительно умер
to believe [tə bə'li:v] по-
верить

at all [æt ə:l] вообще, во-
обще

principle ['prɪnsɪpl] прин-
цип

exactly [ɪg'zæktli] как
раз

get tired of coming [get
'taɪəd əf 'kʌmɪŋ] устают
приходить

nothing but ['nʌθɪŋ bʌt]
ничего кроме

sick [sɪk] больной

rule [ru:l] правило

all over the country [ɔ:l
'əʊvə ðə 'kʌntri] по
всей стране

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