

ЛЕГКО ЧИТАЕМ ПО-АНГЛИЙСКИ

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БОЛЬШИЕ
НАДЕЖДЫ

Charles Dickens

GREAT
EXPECTATIONS

*Подготовка текста,
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Chapter 1

My father's family name was Pirrip¹, and my Christian name was Philip². So, I called myself Pip³.

My sister — Mrs. Joe Gargery⁴, who married the blacksmith. I never saw my father or my mother. The shape of the letters on my father's, gave me an odd idea that he was a stout, dark man, with curly black hair.

That day I was at the churchyard. I was very sad and began to cry.

“Keep still⁵, you little devil!” cried a terrible voice, and a man stood up among the graves, “or I'll cut your throat!”

A fearful man with a great chain on his leg. A man with no hat, and with broken shoes, and with an old rag tied round his head.

¹ **Pirrip** – Пиррип

² **Philip** – Филип

³ **Pip** – Пип

⁴ **Joe Gargery** – Джо Гарджери

⁵ **Keep still!** – Замолчи!

“Oh! Don’t cut my throat, sir,” I pleaded in terror. “Pray don’t do it, sir.”

“Tell me your name!” said the man. “Quick!”

“Pip. Pip, sir.”

“Show me where you live,” said the man.

I pointed to where our village lay, a mile or more from the church.

“Now look here!” said the man. “Where’s your mother?”

“There, sir!” said I. “She lies there.”

“Oh!” said he. “And is that your father with your mother?”

“Yes, sir,” said I; “him too.”

“Ha!” he muttered then. “Who do you live with?”

“My sister, sir — Mrs. Joe Gargery — wife of Joe Gargery, the blacksmith, sir.”

“Blacksmith, eh?” said he. And looked down at his leg. You know what a file is?”

“Yes, sir.”

“And you know what wittles¹ is?”

“Yes, sir.”

“So you get me a file. And you get me wittles. Or I’ll have your heart and liver out.²”

I was dreadfully frightened. He held me by the arms, and went on in these fearful terms:—

“You bring me, tomorrow morning early, that file and the wittles. You will do it, and you will never say a word about me. So you will live. If you do not do this, my friend will take your heart and liver out. A boy may lock his door, may be warm in bed, may draw the clothes over his head, may think himself comfortable and safe, but

¹ **wittles** – жратва

² **Or I’ll have your heart and liver out.** – А не то я вырву у тебя сердце с печёнкой.

that man will softly creep and creep his way to him and tear him open¹. Now, what do you say?"

I said that I would get him the file, and I would get him some food I could, and I would come to him early in the morning.

"Now," he said, "you remember what you've promised, and you remember that man, and you get home!"

"Good night, sir," I faltered and ran away.

Chapter 2

My sister, Mrs. Joe Gargery, was more than twenty years older than I, and had established a great reputation with herself and the neighbors because she had brought me up "by hand²."

She was not a good-looking woman, my sister; and I had a general impression that she must have made Joe Gargery marry her by hand. Joe was a fair man, with curls of flaxen hair on each side of his smooth face, and with blue eyes. He was a mild, good-natured, sweet-tempered, easy-going, foolish, dear fellow.

Joe's forge adjoined our house, which was a wooden house, as many of the dwellings in our country were – most of them, at that time. When I ran home from the churchyard, the forge was shut up, and Joe was sitting alone in the kitchen. Joe and I were fellow-sufferers³. I raised the latch of the door and peeped in at him, sitting in the chimney corner.

"Mrs. Joe has been out a dozen times, looking for you, Pip. And she's out now."

¹ **tear him open** – зарежет его

² **she had brought me up "by hand"** – она воспитала меня «своими руками»

³ **fellow-sufferers** – товарищи по несчастью

“Is she? Has she been gone long, Joe?”

“Well,” said Joe, “about five minutes, Pip. She’s a coming! Get behind the door, old chap¹.”

I took the advice. My sister, Mrs. Joe, came in.

“Where have you been, you young monkey?” said Mrs. Joe, stamping her foot.

“I have only been to the churchyard,” said I, from my stool, crying and rubbing myself.

“Churchyard!” repeated my sister. “Churchyard, indeed! You may well say churchyard, you two. You’ll drive me to the churchyard, one of these days!”

She applied herself to set the tea-things. But, though I was hungry, I dared not eat my slice. I felt that I must have something in reserve for my dreadful acquaintance, and his ally the still more dreadful man.

It was Christmas Eve, and I had to stir the pudding for next day, with a copper-stick, from seven to eight. I decided to steal some food afterwards and bring it to my new “friend”. Suddenly I heard shots.

“Hark!” said I, when I had done my stirring; “was that great guns, Joe?”

“Ah!” said Joe. “A convict ran away.”

“What does that mean, Joe?” said I.

Mrs. Joe, who always took explanations upon herself, said, snappishly, “Escaped.”

I asked Joe, “What’s a convict?”

“There was a convict off last night²,” said Joe, aloud, “after sunset. And they fired warning of him. And now it appears they’re firing warning of another.”

“Who’s firing?” said I.

¹ **old chap** – старина

² **There was a convict off last night.** – Вчера вечером один арестант дал тягу.

“Ask no questions, and you’ll be told no lies,” said my sister.

It was not very polite to herself, I thought. But she never was polite unless there was company.

“Mrs. Joe,” said I, as a last resort, “Please tell me, where the firing comes from?”

“Lord bless the boy!” exclaimed my sister, as if she didn’t quite mean that but rather the contrary. “From the Hulks!”

“Oh-h!” said I, looking at Joe. “Hulks!”

“And please, what’s Hulks?” said I.

“Hulks are prison-ships²!” exclaimed my sister.

It was too much for Mrs. Joe, who immediately rose. “I tell you what, young fellow,” said she, “People are put in the Hulks because they murder, and because they rob, and forge, and do all sorts of bad things.”

I was in mortal terror of the man who wanted my heart and liver; I was in mortal terror of the iron leg; I was in mortal terror of myself, from whom an awful promise had been extracted.

In the early morning I got up and went downstairs; every board upon the way, and every crack in every board calling after me, “Stop thief!” and “Get up, Mrs. Joe!” I stole some bread, some cheese, about half a jar of mincemeat, some brandy from a bottle, a meat bone and a beautiful round compact pork pie.

There was a door in the kitchen, communicating with the forge; I unlocked that door, and got a file from among Joe’s tools. Then I opened the door at which I had entered when I ran home last night, shut it, and ran for the misty marshes.

¹ **Lord bless the boy!** – Наказание с этим мальчишкой!

² **prison-ships** – плавучая тюрьма

Chapter 3

It was a rainy morning, and very damp. The mist was heavier yet when I got out upon the marshes, so that instead of my running at everything, everything seemed to run at me. The gates and dikes and banks cried as plainly as could be, "A boy with Somebody's else's pork pie! Stop him!" The cattle came upon me, staring out of their eyes, and steaming out of their nostrils, "Halloa, young thief!"

All this time, I was getting on towards the river. I had just crossed a ditch, and had just scrambled up the mound beyond the ditch, when I saw the man sitting before me. His back was towards me, and he had his arms folded, and was nodding forward, heavy with sleep. But it was not the same man, but another man!

And yet this man was dressed in coarse gray, too, and had a great iron on his leg. All this I saw in a moment, for I had only a moment to see it in: he ran into the mist, stumbling twice as he went, and I lost him.

"It's the man!" I thought, feeling my heart shoot as I identified him.

Soon I saw the right Man, waiting for me. He was awfully cold, to be sure. His eyes looked so awfully hungry too.

"What's in the bottle, boy?" said he.

"Brandy," said I.

"I think you have got the ague," said I.

"Sure, boy," said he.

"It's bad about here," I told him. "You've been lying out on the meshes, and they're dreadful aguish."

"You're not a deceiving imp? You brought no one with you?"

"No, sir! No!"

“Well,” said he, “I believe you.”

Something clicked in his throat as if he had works in him like a clock, and was going to strike. And he smeared his ragged rough sleeve over his eyes.

“I am glad you enjoy the food,” said I.

“What?”

“I said I was glad you enjoyed it.”

“Thank you, my boy. I do.”

I had often watched a large dog of ours eating his food; and I now noticed a decided similarity between the dog’s way of eating, and the man’s. The man took strong sharp sudden bites, just like the dog.

“I am afraid you won’t leave any food for him,” said I, timidly.

“Leave for him? Who’s him?” said my friend.

“The man. That you spoke of.”

“Oh ah!” he returned, with something like a gruff laugh. “Him? Yes, yes! He don’t want any wittles.”

“I thought he looked as if he did,” said I.

The man stopped eating, and regarded me with the greatest surprise.

“Looked? When?”

“Just now.”

“Where?”

“Yonder,” said I, pointing; “over there, where I found him sleeping, and I thought it was you.”

He held me by the collar and stared at me so, that I began to think his first idea about cutting my throat had revived.

“Dressed like you, you know, only with a hat,” I explained, trembling. “Didn’t you hear the cannon last night?”

“Then there was firing!” he said to himself.

“He had a badly bruised face,” said I, recalling what I hardly knew I knew.

“Not here?” exclaimed the man, striking his left cheek.

“Yes, there!”

“Where is he?” He crammed what little food was left, into the breast of his gray jacket. “Show me the way he went. I’ll pull him down¹, like a bloodhound. But first give me the file, boy.”

I indicated in what direction the other man had gone away, and he looked up at it for an instant. But then he sat on the wet grass and began to file his iron like a madman. I told him I must go, but he took no notice.

Chapter 4

I expected to find a Constable in the kitchen, waiting to take me up². But Mrs. Joe was busy in getting the house ready for the festivities of the day.

We were to have a wonderful dinner, consisting of a leg of pickled pork and greens, and a pair of roast stuffed fowls. A handsome mince-pie had been made yesterday morning, and the pudding was already on the boil.

Mr. Wopsle³, the clerk at church, was to dine with us; and Mr. Hubble⁴ and Mrs. Hubble; and Uncle Pumblechook⁵ (Joe’s uncle), who lived in the nearest town, and drove his own chaise-cart. The dinner hour was

¹ **I’ll pull him down.** – Я выслежу его.

² **to take me up** – чтобы взять меня под стражу

³ **Wopsle** – Уопса

⁴ **Hubble** – Хабл

⁵ **Pumblechook** – Памблчук

half-past one. Everything was most splendid, and not a word of the robbery.

The time came, without bringing with it any relief to my feelings, and the company came.

I opened the door to the company, and I opened it first to Mr. Wopsle, next to Mr. and Mrs. Hubble, and last of all to Uncle Pumblechook.

“Mrs. Joe,” said Uncle Pumblechook, a large hard-breathing middle-aged slow man, with a mouth like a fish, and dull staring eyes, “I have brought you, Mum, a bottle of sherry wine — and I have brought you, Mum, a bottle of port wine.”

Every Christmas Day he presented himself, as a profound novelty, with exactly the same words.

We dined on these occasions in the kitchen. My sister was lively on the present occasion, and indeed was generally more gracious in the society of Mrs. Hubble than in other company.

Among this good company I should have felt myself, even if I hadn't robbed the pantry, in a false position. They wouldn't leave me alone. It began the moment we sat down to dinner. Mr. Wopsle said grace with theatrical declamation¹, and ended with the very proper aspiration that we might be truly grateful. My sister said, in a low voice, “Do you hear that? Be grateful.”

“Especially,” said Mr. Pumblechook, “be grateful, boy, to them which brought you up by hand.”

Mrs. Hubble shook her head and asked, “Why is it that the young are never grateful?” Mr. Hubble answered, “They are just vicious.” Everybody then murmured “True!” and looked at me in a particularly unpleasant and personal manner.

¹ **theatrical declamation** – театральная декламация

“You must taste,” said my sister, addressing the guests with her best grace — “you must taste such a delightful and delicious present of Uncle Pumblechook’s! You must know, it’s a pie; a pork pie.”

My sister went out to get it. I heard her steps proceed to the pantry. I saw Mr. Pumblechook balance his knife. I felt that I could bear no more, and that I must run away. I ran for my life.

But I ran no farther than the house door. There stood a party of soldiers with their muskets.

Chapter 5

The sergeant and I were in the kitchen when Mrs. Joe stood staring.

“Excuse me, ladies and gentleman,” said the sergeant, “but I am on a chase in the name of the king, and I want the blacksmith.”

“And pray what might you want with him?” retorted my sister.

“Missis,” returned the gallant sergeant, “speaking for the king, I answer, a little job. You see, blacksmith, we have had an accident with handcuffs, and I find the lock of one of them goes wrong, and the coupling don’t act pretty. As they are wanted for immediate service, will you throw your eye over them¹?”

Joe threw his eye over them, and pronounced that the job would take two hours.

“Would you give me the time?” said the sergeant, addressing himself to Mr. Pumblechook.

“It’s just gone half past two.”

¹ will you throw your eye over them? – не будете ли вы так добры взглянуть на них?

"That's not so bad," said the sergeant, reflecting; "How far are the marshes? Not above a mile, I reckon?"

"Just a mile," said Mrs. Joe.

"Convicts, sergeant?" asked Mr. Wopsle.

"Ay!" returned the sergeant, "two. They are out on the marshes, and we are going to catch them."

At last, Joe's job was done. As Joe got on his coat, he proposed that some of us should go down with the soldiers. Mr. Pumblechook and Mr. Hubble declined, but Mr. Wopsle said he would go, if Joe would. Joe said he was agreeable, and would take me, if Mrs. Joe approved. Mrs. Joe said, "If you bring the boy back with his head blown to bits by a musket, don't ask me to put it together again."

When we were all out in the raw air and were steadily moving towards the marshes, I whispered to Joe, "I hope, Joe, we shan't find them." and Joe whispered to me, "I'd give a shilling if they had run, Pip."

The weather was cold and threatening, the way dreary, darkness coming on, and the people had good fires and were celebrating the day. A few faces hurried to glowing windows and looked after us, but none came out. Joe took me on his back. With my heart thumping, I looked all about for any sign of the convicts. Finally, I saw them both. The soldiers stopped.

After that they began to run. After a while, we could hear one voice calling "Murder!" and another voice, "Convicts! Guard! This way for the runaway convicts!" The soldiers ran like deer, and Joe too.

"Here are both men!" cried the sergeant. "Surrender, you two!"

Water was splashing, and mud was flying.

“Mind!” said my convict, wiping blood from his face with his ragged sleeves, and shaking torn hair from his fingers: “I took him! I give him up to you! Mind that!”

The other was bruised and torn all over.

“Take notice, guard — he tried to murder me,” were his first words.

“Tried to murder him?” said my convict, disdainfully. “Try, and not do it? I took him; that’s what I done. dragged him here. He’s a gentleman, if you please, this villain. Now, the Hulks has got its gentleman again, through me!”

The other one still gasped, “He tried — he tried to — murder me.”

“Look here!” said my convict to the sergeant. “I tried to kill him? No, no, no.”

The other fugitive, who was evidently in extreme horror of his companion, repeated, “He tried to murder me. I should have been a dead man if you had not come up.”

“He lies!” said my convict, with fierce energy.

My convict never looked at me, except that once. He turned to the sergeant, and remarked,

“I wish to say something. It may prevent some persons laying under suspicion alonger me¹.”

“You can say what you like,” returned the sergeant, standing coolly looking at him with his arms folded, “but you’ll have opportunity enough to say about it, and hear about it, you know.”

“A man can’t starve; at least I can’t. I took some wittles, at the village over there.”

“You mean stole,” said the sergeant.

“And I’ll tell you where from. From the blacksmith’s.”

¹ It may prevent some persons laying under suspicion alonger me. — Это для того, чтобы подозрение не пало на кого другого.

“Halloa!” said the sergeant, staring at Joe.

“Halloa, Pip!” said Joe, staring at me.

“It was some wittles — that’s what it was — and liquor, and a pie.”

“You’re welcome,” returned Joe, “We don’t know what you have done, but we wouldn’t have you starved, poor miserable fellow. Would us, Pip?”

Something clicked in the man’s throat, and he turned his back.

Chapter 6

The fear of losing Joe’s confidence, and of sitting in the chimney corner at night staring at my forever lost companion and friend, tied up my tongue. In a word, I was too cowardly to tell Joe the truth.

As I was sleepy before we were far away from the prison-ship, Joe took me on his back again and carried me home.

By that time, I was fast asleep, and through waking in the heat and lights and noise of tongues. As I came to myself (with the aid of a heavy thump between the shoulders), I found Joe telling them about the convict’s confession, and all the visitors suggesting different ways by which he had got into the pantry. Everybody agreed that it must be so.

Chapter 7

When I was old enough, I was to be apprenticed to Joe. Therefore, I was not only odd-boy about the forge, but if any neighbor happened to want an extra boy to frighten birds, or pick up stones, or do any such job, I was favoured with the employment.