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Ученый Отто Лиденброк, его племянник Аксель и их верный проводник Ганс отправляются вглубь вулкана, чтобы найти проход к центру Земли. Им предстоит пройти гранитные подземелья, преодолеть подземное море и стать свидетелями битвы настоящих динозавров.

Текст произведения снабжен грамматическим комментарием и словарем, в который вошли все слова, содержащиеся в тексте. Благодаря этому книга подойдет для любого уровня владения языком.

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A JOURNEY
TO THE CENTRE
OF THE EARTH
by Jules Verne

1.

On the 24th of May, 1863, my uncle, Professor **Otto Liedenbrock**¹, rushed into his little house in Hamburg. He was professor at the **Johannaem**², and was delivering a series of lectures on mineralogy. His teaching was to benefit himself, not others. He was a learned egotist. Germany has many professors of this sort. The name of Liedenbrock was honourably mentioned in colleges and learned societies. Moreover, my uncle was the curator of the museum of mineralogy formed by the Russian ambassador; a most valuable collection, the fame of which is European.

¹ **Otto Liedenbrock** — Отто Лиденброк

² **Johannaem** — Йоганнеум

He was a tall man, of an iron constitution, and with a fair complexion. His restless eyes were in incessant motion behind his spectacles. His long, thin nose was like a knife blade.

He lived in his own little house in **Königstrasse**¹, a structure **half brick and half wood**². My uncle was tolerably rich for a German professor. The house was his own, and everything in it: his goddaughter **Gräuben**³, a young girl of seventeen, **Martha**⁴, and myself. As his nephew and an orphan, I became his laboratory assistant. The blood of a mineralogist was in my veins, and in the midst of my specimens I was always happy.

¹ **Königstrasse** — Королевская улица

² **half brick and half wood** — наполовину из кирпича, наполовину из дерева

³ **Gräuben** — Гретхен

⁴ **Martha** — Марта

2.

One day I came to his study. It was like a museum. Specimens of every kind lay there in their places in perfect order, and correctly named, divided into inflammable, metallic, and **lithoid minerals**¹.

My uncle was sitting in a velvet armchair, and was looking at a book with intense admiration.

“Here’s a remarkable book! What a wonderful book!” he was exclaiming. “Don’t you see? I have got a priceless treasure, that I found this morning in the bookshop.”

“Magnificent!” I replied, with a good imitation of enthusiasm.

¹ **lithoid minerals** — камневидные материалы

Why worry about this old, bound in rough calf, yellow, faded volume?

“See,” the Professor went on. “Isn’t it a beauty? Yes; splendid! Did you ever see such a **binding**¹? Doesn’t the book open easily? Yes; it stops open anywhere. But does it shut equally well? Yes; for the binding and the leaves are flush. And look at its back, after seven hundred years!”

I asked a question about its contents, although I did not feel the slightest interest.

“And what is the title of this marvelous work?” I asked.

“This work,” replied my uncle, “this work is the **Heims Kringla**² of **Snorre Turleson**³, the most famous Icelandic author of the twelfth century! It is the

¹ **a binding** — переплёт

² **Heims Kringla** — «Хеймс Кригла»
(название книги)

³ **Snorre Turleson** — Снорре Турлесон

chronicle of the Norwegian princes who ruled in Iceland.”

“Indeed;” I cried, “and of course it is a German translation?”

“What!” sharply replied the Professor, “A translation! What can I do with a translation? This is the Icelandic original!”

“Ah!” said I; “and is **the type**¹ good?”

“Type! What do you mean by the type, wretched **Axel**²? Type! Do you **take it for**³ a printed book, you ignorant fool? It is a manuscript, a Runic manuscript.”

“Runic?”

“Yes. Do I need to explain what that is?”

“Of course not,” I replied in the tone of an injured man. But my uncle continued.

¹ **the type** — шрифт

² **Axel** — Аксель

³ **to take it for** — принимать за

“Runic characters were in use in Iceland in former ages. They were invented, it is said, by **Odin**¹ himself. Look there, and wonder, impious young man, and admire these letters, the invention of the Scandinavian god!”

Well, well! I was going to prostrate myself before this wonderful book, when a little incident happened to divert conversation into another channel. A dirty slip of parchment slipped out of the volume and fell upon the floor.

“What’s this?” cried my uncle.

And he laid out upon the table that piece of parchment, **five inches by three**², with certain mysterious characters.

The Professor raised his spectacles and pronounced:

¹ **Odin** — Один, верховный бог в германо-скандинавской мифологии

² **five inches by three** — размером 5x3 ДЮЙМОВ

“These are Runic letters; they are exactly like those of the manuscript of Snorre Turleson. But what is their meaning? It is certainly old Icelandic.”

Suddenly two o'clock struck by the little clock over the fireplace. At that moment our good housekeeper Martha opened the study door, and said:

“Dinner is ready!”

I followed her, and sat in my usual place. I waited a few minutes. Professor did not come. He had never missed the important ceremonial of dinner.

“I have never known such a thing,” said Martha. “Mr. Liedenbrock is not at table! Something serious is going to happen.”

After the dinner, I came back to the study.

3.

“Undoubtedly it is Runic,” said the Professor; “but there is a secret in it, and I want to discover the key.”

He finished the sentence with a violent gesture.

“Sit there,” he added “Sit there and write.”

I sat down.

“Now I will dictate to you every letter of our alphabet which corresponds with each of these Icelandic characters. We will see what that will give us.”

The dictation commenced. I did my best. Every letter came **one after the other**¹, with the following remarkable result:

¹ **one after the other** — одна за другой

*mm.rnlls esrevel seeIde
sgtssmf vnteief niedrke
kt,samn atrateS saodrrn
emtnaeI nvaect rrilSa
Atsaar .nvcrc ieaabs
ccrmi eevtVl frAntv
dt,iac oseibo KediiI*

When this work has ended my uncle tore the paper from me and examined it attentively for a long time.

“What does it all mean?” he asked mechanically.

I could not help him.

“This is what is called a cryptogram, or a cipher,” he said, “in which letters are purposely thrown in confusion. Under this jargon there may lie the clue to some great discovery!”

As for me, I thought that there was nothing at all in it; though, of course, I did not say so.

Then the Professor took the book and the parchment, and diligently compared them together.

“These two writings are not by the same hand,” he said; “the cipher is of later date than the book. There are two hundred years between the manuscript and the document.”

I agreed.

“I can imagine,” continued my uncle, “that some possessor of this book wrote these mysterious letters. But who was that possessor? Is there his name in the manuscript?”

My uncle raised his spectacles, and carefully examined the blank pages of the book. On the front of the second title-page he could distinguish some letters.

“**Arne Saknussemm**¹!” he cried in triumph. “That is the name of another Icelander, a savant of the sixteenth century, a celebrated alchemist!”

¹ **Arne Saknussemm** — Арне Сакнуссем

I gazed at my uncle with admiration.

“Those alchemists,” he resumed, “**Avicenna, Bacon, Lully, Paracelsus**¹, were the real and only savants of their time. They made discoveries at which we are astonished. Has not this Saknussem concealed under his cryptogram some surprising invention? It is so; it must be so!”

“No doubt,” I replied, “but why did he hide so marvellous discovery?”

“Why? Why? How can I tell? Did not **Galileo**² do the same with Saturn? We shall see. I will reveal the secret of this document, and I will neither sleep nor eat!”

My comment on this was “Oh!”

“First of all we must find out the key to this cipher; that cannot be difficult.”

At that I quickly raised my head.

¹ **Avicenna, Bacon, Lully, Paracelsus** — Авиценна, Бэкон, Люль, Парацельс

² **Galileo** — Галилей, итальянский физик, механик, астроном, философ, математик

“There’s nothing easier. In this document there are a hundred and thirty-two letters: seventy-seven consonants and fifty-five vowels. So this is a southern language. But what language is it?”

I was looking at the letters.

“This Saknussem,” the Professor went on, “was a very well-informed man; so he was not writing in his own mother tongue, he selected Latin. The savants of the sixteenth century generally wrote in Latin. So it is Latin.”

I jumped up in my chair. These barbarous words belong to the sweet language of **Virgil**¹!

“Yes, it is Latin,” my uncle went on; “but it is Latin confused and in disorder. Let us examine carefully. Here is a series of one hundred and thirty-two letters in apparent disorder. This arrangement has

¹ **Virgil** — Виргилий, древнеримский поэт.