

STORIES FOR CHILDREN





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ЧИТАЕМ
ПО-АНГЛИЙСКИ

STORIES FOR CHILDREN



A READER
FOR THE 5—6th FORMS
OF THE ENGLISH-LANGUAGE SCHOOLS

Compiled and adapted by V. A. Verkhoglyad



РАССКАЗЫ ДЛЯ ДЕТЕЙ



КНИГА ДЛЯ ЧТЕНИЯ
В V—VI КЛАССАХ ШКОЛ С УГЛУБЛЕННЫМ ИЗУЧЕНИЕМ
АНГЛИЙСКОГО ЯЗЫКА

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К ЧИТАТЕЛЯМ

Дорогие ребята!

Перед вами книга, в которой собраны рассказы для детей английских и американских авторов. В них рассказывается о детях и взрослых, о птицах и животных, о старом автомобиле и старом автобусе, о доме, который умел ходить, и о многом другом.

Вы познакомитесь с маленьким английским мальчиком, которого зовут Пит. Каждый день Пит встречается с разными людьми и охотно помогает им в чем-нибудь.

В каждом рассказе есть что-то интересное. В одном говорится о том, как отмечали день рождения мальчика, в другом — о дне рождения любимой собаки, в третьем — каким образом в пирог попал наперсток, а в четвертом — о том, какой забавный способ изобрела обезьянка, чтобы согреться. Некоторые рассказы очень веселые, и, читая их, вы обязательно улыбнетесь или рассмеетесь.

Ребята! При чтении пользуйтесь сносками и словарем. Однако не нужно обращаться к словарю каждый раз, когда вы встречаете незнакомое слово. Если вы можете догадаться о значении слова, если вы понимаете содержание рассказа, то и в словарь не обязательно заглядывать. Закончив читать рассказ, постарайтесь ответить на вопросы и выполнить задания, которые даны в конце книги (перед словарем).

Ну, а теперь принимайтесь за чтение!

Составитель

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В книге собраны веселые и занимательные рассказы английских и американских авторов о детях и взрослых, о животных и птицах и о многом другом. В конце книги помещены вопросы и задания к каждому рассказу. Книга снабжена постраничными комментариями, англо-русским словарем и иллюстрациями. Она предназначена учащимся V—VI кл. школ с углубленным изучением английского языка, может быть также использована в 8 классе средней общеобразовательной школы.

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J FOR JOHN

(After Vera Colwell)

JOHN was very excited that morning because it was his birthday — and what luck, it was snowing!

He ran downstairs to breakfast. The table was laid for breakfast¹ and there was a special brown egg for him. But there was not the usual pile of presents at his plate. There was only one little box.

John was very disappointed.² Was he only going to have one present this year?

His mother smiled. "Open that box, dear, and see what's inside it," she said.

John opened it. Inside there were three keys — a big one,³ a middle-sized⁴ one and a small one. There was a piece of paper too, and on it he saw a big letter "J".

"What is it, Mummy?" he asked. He was very surprised.

"Well", said his mother. "You had your Christmas presents not long ago. So your father and I wished to give you your birthday presents in a different kind of way. We've hidden three presents for you. When you find out where these keys fit,⁵ you'll find your presents too. Each one will have a big 'J for John' on it so that you will know it is for you."

"Can I begin looking now?" asked John.

"When you've eaten your breakfast."

After breakfast John had a good look at the three keys. "I'll try the middle one first," he decided. He ran round the house in a great hurry, and tried to fit the key in all kinds of locks. Some of the locks were too large, and the key almost disappeared in them. Others were too small, and the key did not go in at all. He had no luck downstairs, so he went upstairs to his mother's room. He tried the drawer in the dressing-table and then in the wardrobe. The key fitted — CLICK — it turned and he looked inside.

There were his mother's dresses and her coat. But where was his present? He looked into all the corners and found a box. Tied to it was a label¹ with a big "J for John" on it.

He sat down on the floor to open the box. Inside was a pair of wellingtons, real boy's wellingtons. "I'll be able to go out in the snow even when it's deep," he thought.

Now he chose the small key. It was too small for the doors of the rooms, too big for his mother's little desk. But one of the drawers in the sideboard was locked and when he fitted the key in the keyhole, CLICK, it turned. Inside among the tablecloths was a parcel.² Tied to it was a label with a big "J" on it.

John tore open the parcel. There was a special kind of woollen cap with flaps to go over his ears. He smiled. "Now my ears will be warm when I go out in the snow," he thought.

There was only the big key left. "Where does this one fit?" he asked his mother.

"I mustn't tell you," she said, "but I *think* you've often seen someone with it."

John sat down by the fire and thought. Who used a big key like that? His father of course! "I know," he shouted. "It's the key to the shed. Can I go outside in the snow and try it?"

"Dress up warmly," said his mother.

"I shall put on my new wellingtons," said John, "and my new cap."

"And your coat," said his mother.

John quickly put on his things and was ready. He opened the door. Brrr — how cold it was! The yard was white and smooth. He put his foot in the snow — it was quite deep. But his father had cleared a path to the shed.³

Big flakes of snow were falling. He walked to the shed door and put the big key in the lock. It fitted. He used both hands to turn it, and — CLICK — the door opened.

Inside the shed were his father's garden tools. There was the wheelbarrow, but where was his present? Suddenly he saw it — a large parcel wrapped in brown paper⁴ and on top of it was a label, "J for John".

What was inside the parcel? It was quite long but not very high. He tore a corner of the paper and looked in. He could see something red and made of wood. Could it be — ? He pulled off the paper in

¹ The table was laid for breakfast — Стол был накрыт к завтраку

² John was very disappointed [disə'pɔɪntɪd] — Джон был очень разочарован.

³ a big one — большой ключ (Слово one употребляется вместо ранее упомянутого слова key во избежание его повторения.)

⁴ middle-sized — среднего размера

⁵ When you find out where these keys fit — Когда ты узнаешь, куда подходят эти ключи

¹ Tied to it was a label — К ней (коробке) был привязан ярлык

² among the tablecloths was a parcel ['pɑːsl] — среди скатертей был сверток

³ had cleared a path to the shed — расчистил тропинку к сараю (Здесь и далее используется время Past Perfect, которое образуется с помощью вспомогательного глагола had и третьей формы смыслового глагола. Переводится на русский язык прошедшим временем.)

⁴ wrapped in brown paper — завернутый в коричневую бумагу



a hurry¹ — yes, it was a sledge, the thing he had wanted more than anything! It was beautiful — bright blue and red.

“What a good thing tomorrow is Saturday,” he thought. “Father will have a holiday. What fun we’ll have!”

And so they did! They rushed down the hill on the sledge, fell into the snow and climbed the hill to do it all over again.

It was the most exciting birthday John had ever had.

PETE AND THE CAR

(After Leila Berg)

ONCE upon a time,² a little boy was walking down the road. His name was Pete.

It was a bright, sunny day, and Pete’s shadow, very black, was walking beside Pete on the pavement. Pete wanted very much to stand on his shadow’s head, but he couldn’t do it. He tried a lot of times. He jumped very quickly when he thought his shadow wasn’t watching. But he couldn’t do it.

He tried six times. Then he gave up,³ and his shadow went on walking quietly and blackly beside him.

Suddenly Pete saw a car. Of course, he had already seen a lot

of cars. Black and green and red and blue, they were passing him all the time he was walking down the road.

But this car was standing quite still by the pavement in front of a house. It was a yellow car. The hood was down, and Pete could see right into it. There was no one in it.

Pete poked his finger in the radiator¹ to see how far it will go.

Then he took a stick and drew P (for Pete) in the dust on the car. Then he drew M (for Motor-car) and S (for Stick). He wanted to write something (for Radiator), but he couldn’t think what it could be.

After that, he looked right into the open car. And his shadow climbed in front of him and sat right down on the seat. “Oh! Where are you?” said Pete.

Then Pete climbed over the door and he got in too. His shadow politely moved up a little, and Pete sat down beside it.

“Oh,” he said, “what a bouncy car.”² He bounced up and down two or three times. Then he pressed the horn.³ Peep. Peep-peep, Peep-peep. Peeeee-peep. “Out of the way!” shouted Pete, with his hands on the steering-wheel. “Out of the way, you silly people! Get out of the way!”

The car was still standing by the pavement, but Pete was having a very exciting time. He pressed the horn as hard as he could. It went on and on — Peeeee — and on and on — eeee — and just before it had got to eep, a man opened the front door of the house and ran down the steps.

He looked very angry. “Stop that,” he said. “Get out of my car.”

Pete got out quickly. His shadow got out too.

“What’s this?” said the man, pointing to the letters Pete had made on the car.

“That’s P for Pete and that’s M for Motor-car, and S for Stick — what I made them with. And I was going to write something for Radiator but I didn’t know what it was.”

“It’s R for Radiator,” said the man, still very angry.

So Pete picked up the stick⁴ and wrote R for Radiator on the car.

Then the man took Pete’s stick out of his hand and threw it right away, as far as he could.

Pete was very angry. “You shouldn’t do that,”⁵ he shouted. “That was *my* stick.”

¹ poked his finger in the radiator — сунул палец в радиатор (в решетку радиатора)

² a bouncy [ˈbaʊnsɪ] car — эд. прыгучая машина (to bounce [baʊns] — подпрыгивать)

³ he pressed the horn — он нажал гудок

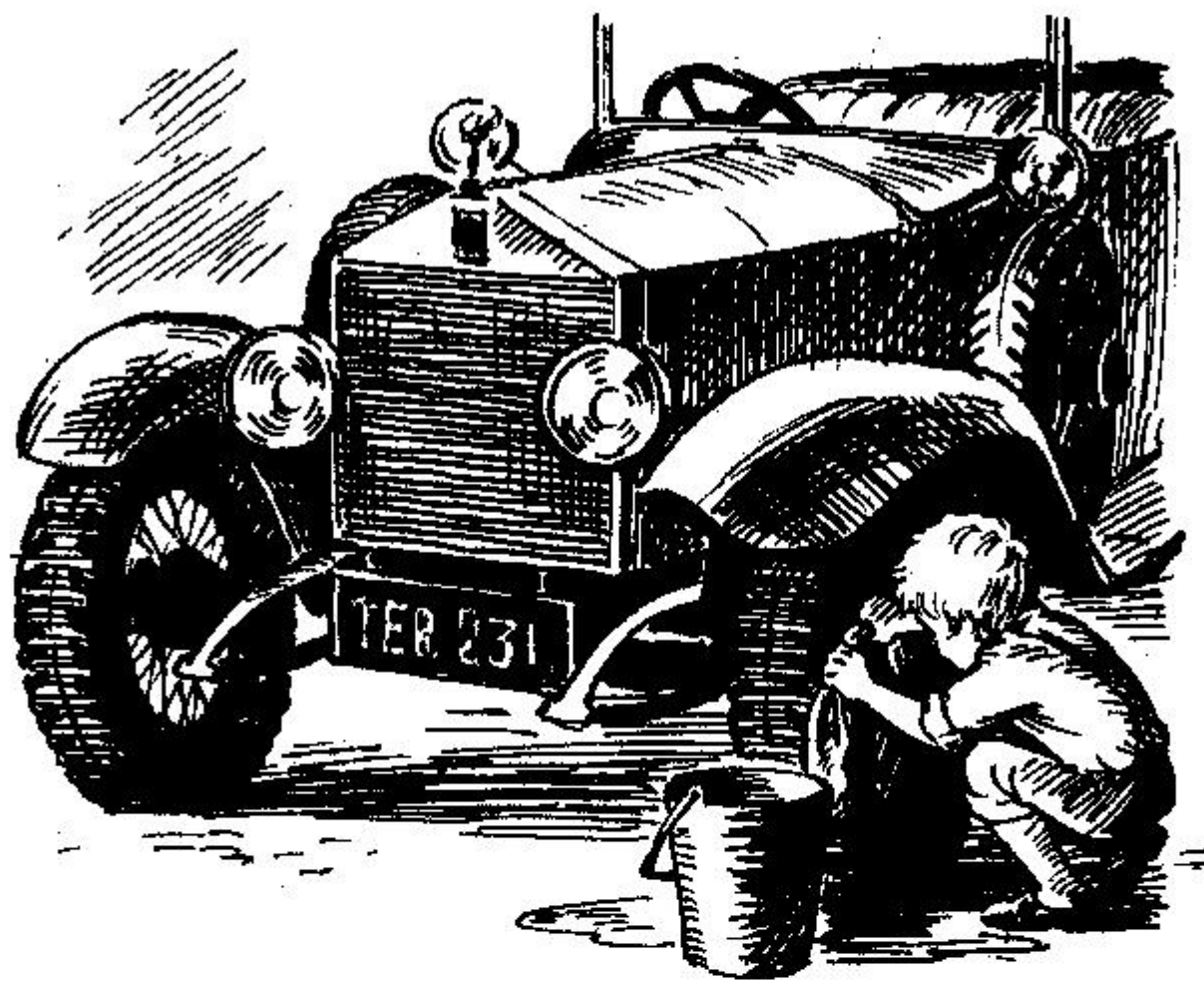
⁴ picked up — поднял, подобрал

⁵ You shouldn’t [ˈʃʊdn̩t] do that — Вам не следовало этого делать

¹ He pulled off the paper in a hurry — Он поспешно содрал бумагу

² Once [wʌns] upon [əˈpɒn] a time — Однажды

³ Then he gave up — Затем он бросил



But the man said, "If you help me to wash the car down,¹ then you can get in the car, and I'll take you for a ride to a shop. And in the shop I'll buy you a notebook and a pencil and you can write P for Pete as much as you like."

"And M for Motor-car, and S for Stick, and R for Radiator?" said Pete.

"Yes. And W for Wash," said the man. "And D for Don't-shout-so-much."

And he went into his garage, and brought out two big buckets of water and cloths. And Pete and the man began to slosh the water over the car.²

They sloshed it a lot of times, and the water was all round the car and all over the road and the pavement and Pete's shoes. It was very exciting to slosh the water over the car, and soon it was clean and bright.

The man was very pleased. He put the buckets and the cloths away. And Pete ran home very quickly to ask his Mummy if he could go in the man's car, because the man had told him to ask. When his Mummy saw who the man was, she said yes.

"You can get in now," he said. So Pete got in, in the driver's seat.

"No, not there," said the man.

"But I want to drive," said Pete.

"Not now," said the man. "Another day."

So Pete moved up, and his shadow moved up. The man sat down behind the steering-wheel. And the man's shadow sat on Pete's lap and Pete's shadow had to lean against the side of the car.³

Peep! They were off. And that was how Pete got a new notebook and pencil, and learned how to clean a car till it was bright and shiny. That was a good day.

CUCKOO!

(After Barbara Ker Wilson)

FOR his fifth birthday, Tim was given⁵ a cuckoo clock. It was a wooden clock with white numbers on its face, and two white hands that pointed to the time. All day long, and all night too, the clock said

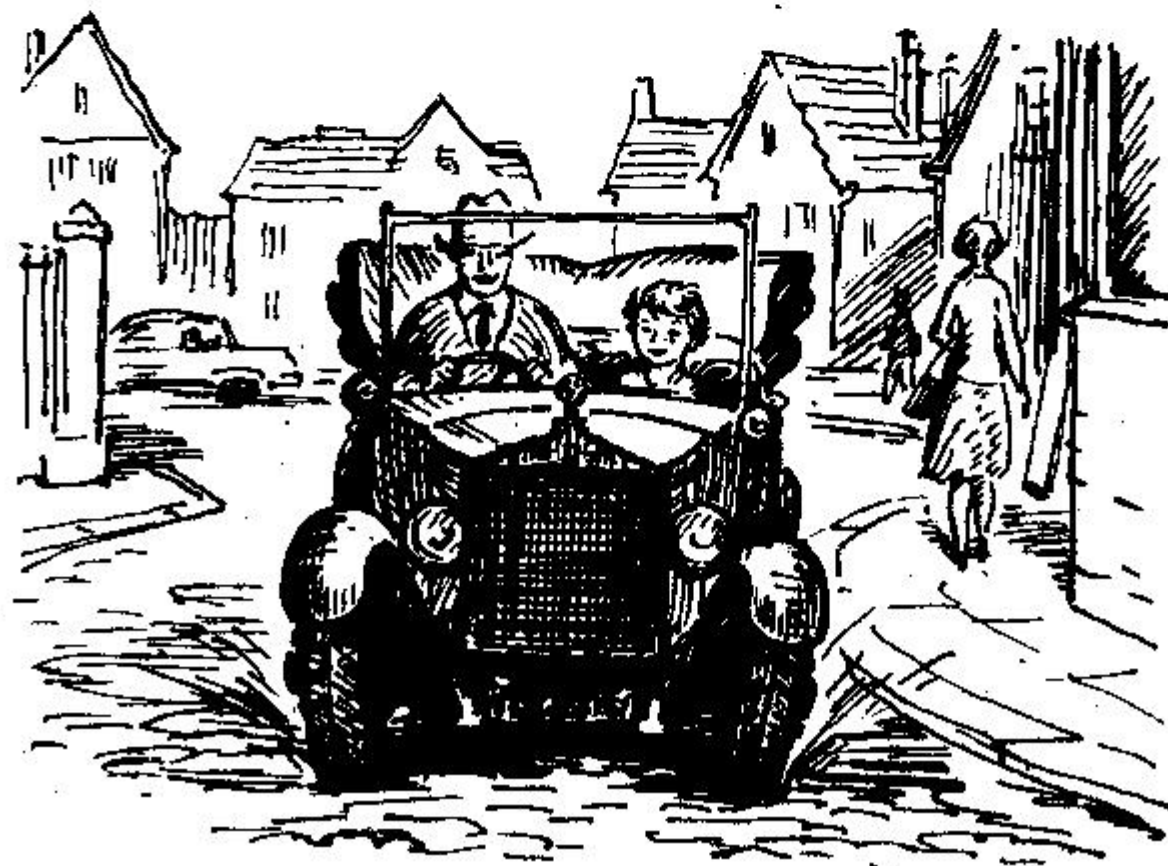
¹ If you help me to wash the car down — Если ты поможешь мне вымыть машину

² began to slosh the water over the car — начали поливать машину водой

³ And the man's shadow sat on Pete's lap and Pete's shadow had to lean against the side of the car. — И тень мужчины уселась на колени к Питу, а тени Пита пришлось прислониться к стенке машины.

⁴ Cuckoo ['ku'ku]! — Ку-ку!

⁵ Tim was given — Тиму подарили



tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock. But the best thing about Tim's cuckoo clock was this: every hour, a little door opened above the clock face, and a little wooden cuckoo popped out.

"Cuckoo! cuckoo! cuckoo!" he called, as many times as there were hours in the day.

Daddy hung the cuckoo clock on the wall in Tim's bedroom. Every morning at seven o'clock the little wooden bird popped out and sang seven "Cuckoos!" to let Tim know that it was time to wake up. In summer, when the sun shone brightly, Tim jumped up at once.¹ It seemed a shame² to lie in bed. But in winter, Tim liked to lie inside his warm bed, and not get up until Mummy called, "Breakfast's ready!" Then he jumped out of bed, took off his pyjamas, washed, brushed his teeth, put on his clothes, and combed his yellow hair all in a great hurry. And then he ran downstairs.

"You really must get up earlier, Tim," his mother said crossly.

But Tim did not take any notice;³ he stayed in bed longer and longer each winter day.

In January, Tim began to go to school. He had a new school bag and a shiny black pencil-box. After breakfast each morning, he left the house and walked to the bus stop at the corner of the street. There he got on the school bus with all the other boys and girls. The bus set off⁴ at half-past eight. Tim liked going to school. There were letters and numbers to learn about and plasticine to play with. Tim learned how to tell the time! Now he knew how many hours and minutes the hands of his cuckoo clock were pointing to. The little hand was the hour hand. It moved slowly past the numbers on the clock face. The big hand was the minute hand. It ran quickly past the numbers. They told the time together.

But though he enjoyed going to school, Tim was still very lazy those cold winter mornings. He got out of bed late each morning. Sometimes he was so late that he had to run to catch the school bus in time.⁵

On the first day of spring, Tim woke as usual at seven o'clock, when the little wooden cuckoo called to him seven times. He yawned and stretched.⁶

"Mmmmm — I don't want to get out of bed!" he thought.

Daddy came up and knocked on Tim's door.

"Time to get up, Tim!" he called.

But Tim stayed right where he was.



Mummy was busy in the kitchen. A nice smell of breakfast came from the kitchen under Tim's door.

"Breakfast's ready!" Mummy cried.

And still that lazy boy did not get out of bed.

"I shan't get up until my cuckoo calls out eight times!" he told himself.

And at that very moment the little doors opened above the clock face, and the little cuckoo popped out.

"Cuckoo! cuckoo! cuckoo! cuckoo! cuckoo! cuckoo! cuckoo! cuckoo!" he called.

"Eight o'clock," thought Tim. "Now I will get up!"¹

But what do you think happened? The cuckoo gave *another* call: "Cuckoo!"

This surprised and frightened Tim. "It's *nine* o'clock!" he cried. "I am late for the bus! What shall I do? Oh dear, oh dear!"²

He didn't *look* at the clock.

He jumped out of bed, out of his pyjamas, rushed to the bathroom, and washed his hands and face without soap. He took his shirt and trousers, socks and shoes, and put them on in such a hurry that his shirt was back-to-front, and his shoes were on the wrong

¹ at once [wans] — сразу, немедленно

² It seemed a shame — эд. Было стыдно

³ But Tim did not take any notice — Но Тим не обращал внимания

⁴ The bus set off — Автобус отправлялся

⁵ he had to run to catch the school bus in time — он должен был бежать, чтобы успеть на школьный автобус вовремя

⁶ He yawned [jənd] and stretched. — Он зевнул и потянулся.

¹ I will get up — я буду вставать (Здесь и далее с 1-м лицом единственного и множественного числа модальный глагол will выражает намерение, решимость, обещание.)

² Oh dear, oh dear! — восклицание, выражающее огорчение, сожаление, удивление

feet. He pulled his comb through his hair, then rushed downstairs!

"No time for breakfast!" he cried as he rushed through the kitchen. "I'm late for school!" and he ran straight out of the back door.

Mummy and Daddy were eating their eggs and bacon. They were very surprised and stopped eating, as Tim shut the kitchen door.

Tim ran down the road. He turned the corner — and there was the bus, still waiting for him! He jumped into it and sat down heavily, blowing and puffing.¹ After a moment he looked round. That was funny! There was no one else in the bus at all;² he was quite alone. "What has happened to all the other children?" thought Tim.

At that moment the bus driver appeared.

"Hallo, sonny,"³ he said when he saw Tim. "You're early today!"

"I'm late, you mean," Tim said.

The bus driver looked at his watch. "It's only ten minutes past eight," he said.

"Ten minutes past *nine*, you mean," said Tim. "It must be ten minutes past nine, because my cuckoo clock called out nine times, and it never makes a mistake!"

"Doesn't it now?" the bus driver said. "Are you quite sure about that?"⁴

"Of course I am!" Tim told him. Then he remembered something. "The last *cuckoo* sounded a little different from the other eight," he said. "Now I am not quite sure of it."

The bus driver threw back his head and laughed aloud. "That was a *real* cuckoo you heard!" he said. "I heard it myself this morning. Listen! If we keep quiet,⁵ we may hear it again."

Tim and the bus driver stayed quite still and listened attentively. Yes — there it was! Away in the distance⁶ they heard "*Cuckoo!*" and then "*Cuckoo!*" again.

That morning there had been a big brown bird (a real cuckoo!) on a branch of the tree near Tim's bedroom window. Because it was the first day of spring.

And after that morning Tim never got up late again.

¹ blowing and puffing — тяжело дыша

² There was no one else in the bus at all — В автобусе еще совсем никого не было

³ sonny ['sʌni] — сынок (встречается в обращениях)

⁴ Are you quite sure [ʃʊə] about that? — Ты уверен в этом?

⁵ If we keep quiet — Если мы с тобой не будем шуметь

⁶ Away in the distance ['distəns] — Вдали

A SPRING STORY

(After Vera Colwell)

THERE were once two little birds, called Bluetits.¹ Their breasts were bright yellow and their heads blue and white, so it looked as if² they were wearing blue caps.

Mr and Mrs Bluetit lived in a big garden. There were a lot of insects there. "This garden is a fine place to live," they said, "there is so much to eat."

Then one day spring came. Blue and white and yellow flowers came out in the garden, and the sun shone more warmly every day. "It is quite time we built our nest," said Mrs Bluetit.

"Let's fly to the wood first," said Mr Bluetit. The two birds flew busily amongst the trees and looked into hollows in the trees. But all the holes were too small or too large.

At last they found just the right place,³ a bird's nesting box in the garden. It had a little round hole for a front door and it was warm and dry inside. Mrs Bluetit was very pleased. "Now we can begin," she said.

"You find some moss in the wood," she said to her husband, "and I'll look near the house. Perhaps there will be something useful there."

And so there was — she found some soft wool and some little feathers, just the thing for a nest.

At last the nest was finished.⁴ "How soft and warm this will be for my babies," thought little Mrs Bluetit.

Next day she laid one egg and each day after that she laid one more.⁵ Now there were seven little white eggs with red spots on them in the nest. Mrs Bluetit settled down to keep the eggs warm and Mr Bluetit flew to a branch nearby and sang a gay song because he was happy.

Time went by⁶ and one day Mrs Bluetit heard a little noise in the nest. *Tap, tap! Tap, tap!* It was the baby birds. They were pecking at the shells of their eggs. One by one, seven very little birds came out of their shells. They were too young to have any feathers, but they all had wide-open beaks! Mr Bluetit gave one look inside the nest at his seven hungry children, then flew away in a hurry to find food for them.

All day he carried insects and dropped them into the little birds' mouths. Mrs Bluetit helped him but it was very hard work to

¹ Bluetit — собств. имя, образовано от blue tit — лазоревка (птица)

² as if — как будто

³ just the right place — как раз такое место, какое нужно

⁴ the nest was finished — гнездо было закончено

⁵ one more — еще одно (яйцо)

⁶ Time went by — Прошло время



PETE AND THE RAIN

(After Leila Berg)

ONE day it was raining. It rained and rained. Pete put on his raincoat with the hood, and his big wellingtons, and went outside to see what was happening.

It was a heavy rain. And it made great puddles in the street.

There was no one about but Pete.¹ Everyone was warm and dry indoors. Even Pete's shadow hadn't come out. It never came out in the rain.

But Pete didn't mind at all being alone.² For over the road, in a great puddle, boats were sailing. Pete was sure that they were boats.

The puddle was under a gate and hundreds of boats were sailing busily backwards and forwards.³ Pete stood and looked. This was something new. He looked attentively both ways, then he went to the gate.

As he went, he splashed and splashed with his wellington boots. And the water splashed all round him. Now he could see they weren't boats at all. They were very big bubbles.

¹ they were covered — они покрылись

² the nest was very crowded ['kraudid] — в гнезде стало тесно

¹ There was no one about but Pete. — Никого не было вокруг, кроме Пита.

² Pete didn't mind at all being alone — Пит был совсем не против побыть один

³ backwards ['bækwədz] and forwards ['fɔ:wədz] — назад и вперед

The rain was dropping from the gate and as each drop fell into the puddle it turned into a bubble and sailed merrily along. It *was* exciting.

Pete bent down beside the gate and watched. He tried to count the bubbles but they moved, and besides, new ones came all the time. So he gave it up. Sometimes they sailed one behind another, like ducks as they swam across a lake. Sometimes they went round in a ring.

Then Pete stood up and very carefully he put his foot on a bubble. It disappeared. He did it again. Then in a minute he was jumping up and down in the puddle, splashing about in his boots, stamping on every bubble the moment it popped up in the water.

Then at last he walked out. And his wellingtons were black and shiny with the wash they had had.

Now Pete saw that a river was running down the road. It was carrying along leaves, sticks and papers. And some of the rubbish stuck in the bars of the drains.¹ So the rain-water could not go down into the drains. It went over them and raced along like a wide, deep river.

As he watched, Pete thought that he saw a fish in the water. A very little black fish. It went up and down. But it wasn't a fish at all,² it was a little stick.

When Pete saw that it was only a stick, he ran along beside it. And when leaves and rubbish stopped it, he helped it along with his finger. It sailed beautifully. Pete was very pleased with it.

Pete and the stick went right down the hill together. It was a long way.

Suddenly, at the foot of the hill, Pete saw an old man with a walking-stick. He was poking his walking-stick into the drain and pushing all the rubbish off the bars. And just as Pete's little stick came sailing along, all the water started to go down the drain and carried the stick with it. Flick! It was gone.

Pete was very upset.³ He was so upset he couldn't say a word. He just looked at the drain.

Then at last he said, "Why did you do that? Now I've lost my sailing stick!"⁴

"Your sailing stick?" said the old man.

"It sailed all the way down the hill," said Pete.

"It is a very long way," said the old man.

"It sailed for miles," said Pete. "For miles and miles. And now I've lost it."

"I'm very sorry," said the old man.

"You shouldn't have done it,"¹ cried Pete.

"I was clearing the drains," explained the old man. "If there is a heavy rain and the water does not go down the drains, there will be water all over the place. We shall not be able to go anywhere at all."

"We could use boats,"² said Pete angrily.

"Who has boats?" said the old man. "I haven't. Have you?"

"We could make them," said Pete. "Of course we could. My Daddy could make them."

"He couldn't make them for everybody," said the old man. "Everybody will need his own boat. Your Dad will need a boat to go to work. Your Mum will need a boat to go shopping. You will need a boat when you go out to play. Others will need a boat to go to school. Your Dad couldn't make all those boats, you know."

"I don't care,"³ said Pete. "You were very bad to lose my sailing stick. What can I do now? I haven't got a sailing stick! I haven't got anything! And look at the rain! It's raining and raining."

"I'll tell you what," said the old man. "I have an idea."

Pete said nothing. He just waited.

"You see this very special walking-stick," said the old man. "I can use it for all kinds of things, you know. And this morning I am using it to clear the drains. I might let you help me."⁴



¹ And some of the rubbish stuck in the bars of the drains.— И мусор забил решетки водостока.

² at all — совсем

³ Pete was very upset [ap'set].— Пит очень расстроился.

⁴ sailing stick — плавающая палочка

¹ You shouldn't have done it — Вы не должны были этого делать

² We could use boats — Мы могли бы пользоваться лодками

³ I don't care — Мне все равно

⁴ I might let you help me.— Я мог бы разрешить тебе помогать мне.

"Help you clear the drains?" shouted Pete. "And poke the stick between the bars? And push the leaves away? And let the water go down?"

"Yes," said the old man. "I *might*. I'm not quite sure yet."

"Oh *please, please*," cried Pete, jumping up and down. "Please let me."

"All right," said the old man. "I will. But you must stop jumping and splashing me. And you must stop shouting."

"I will," promised Pete. "I'm not sure I'll remember, but I'll try."

And he and the old man went right up the hill. They poked the leaves off all the drains and let the water run in.

They went right to the top and took the walking-stick in turns¹ all the way. And when the work was over, the water slipped right down between the bars.

And soon there was no river left at all.² Just Pete and the old man with a walking-stick.

That was another good day.

PETE AND THE TRICYCLE

(After Leila Berg)

ONE day, Pete went out on his tricycle to buy a lollipop.³

It had rained all night long. But now the sun was shining, and the wind was blowing all over the pavements, blowing the rain away. The pavements were white and clean where the wind had dried them. And the big puddles, that were too deep for the wind to blow away, looked blue and white because the sky was shining in them.

Pete got on his tricycle and rode away. He felt important. He had never gone to a shop on his tricycle before.

"I'll ride through every puddle," he said to himself.

He rode right through the first puddle, and splashes of water flew up in the air. But when he looked round, the puddle was still there.

Behind his tricycle was a long black line. His front wheel had made it when it came out of the puddle. Pete noticed it and he was pleased.

"I meant to do that," he said. (But he hadn't really.)

So he rode right through the next puddle, and his black line shone behind him. But now, when he looked round, instead of⁴ one



black line there were three, because this puddle was a very big one, and all three of the wheels had gone right into it.

"I'm an engine-driver," cried Pete. "And those are my railway lines.¹ Oooo! Ooooooo!"

And he rode his tricycle through every puddle he could see.

Sometimes it was a small puddle, and then there was only one railway line. And sometimes it was a middle-sized puddle, and then there were two railway lines. And sometimes it was a very big puddle, with a lot of sky in it, and then the whole tricycle went through it, and there were three railway lines.

Suddenly Pete remembered that he was going to the shop on the corner to buy a lollipop. He put his hand in his pocket to make sure his two pennies were still there.² There was one of them — two of them... Pete felt each of them with his fingers.

"It was good of me to remember," he told himself. "I'm a very good rememberer." And he rode off up the road.

As he pedalled along, a little black and white kitten came out of a house. The kitten ran up to Pete's tricycle, doing a funny little dance, and Pete laughed at it. "You funny little kitten," he said. "You funny one."

But the kitten didn't understand about tricycles. It suddenly put out a paw and patted the tricycle wheel, and the wheel hurt the

¹ in turns — по очереди

² there was no river left at all — зд. речка совсем исчезла

³ lollipop [lɒlɪpɒp] — леденец на палочке

⁴ instead [ɪn'sted] of — вместо

¹ railway lines — железнодорожный путь

² to make sure his two pennies were still there — чтобы убедиться, что два пенса все еще там

paw. The kitten cried and ran into the house. And Pete stopped pedalling and sat quite still. He was very upset.¹

Just then a lady ran out of the house and cried, "Oh, you've run over² my kitten. I saw you from the window. Poor little kitty."

"Well," said Pete, "I didn't do it on purpose.³ It was trying to pat my tricycle. It wanted to play."

Pete was very upset and he began to cry.

The lady looked at Pete. Then she said, "I think I've made a mistake. You don't look like a boy who runs over kittens on purpose. I think you're very fond of kittens. You look like a good driver too."

Then the lady said, "Would you like to see our three kittens? We have a white one, a black one, and one that is black and white."

Pete wiped his eyes.

"Oh, yes please, I would," he said. "Can I?"

So he left his tricycle in the hall, and went into the kitchen, where the three kittens were playing on the floor.

He took a piece of paper out of his pocket and rumped it. All the kittens ran after it when he threw it.

They ran and they jumped and they danced. And all the time they held their little tails up.

Even the kitten who had hurt its paw, the black and white kitten,



¹ He was very upset [ap'set]. — Он был очень расстроен.

² you've run over — ты переехал (задавил)

³ I didn't do it on purpose ['pə:pəs] — я сделал это не нарочно

played just as gaily as the others. And that made Pete feel much better.

"I'll be very careful when I come past this house next time. If a kitten comes out again, I mean. You don't have to worry. I'm a very good driver."

Then he said good-bye, and went out of the house. He walked backwards so that he could see the kittens until the last moment. Then he remembered about the lollipop.

"I'll come again," he called to the kittens. "I'm just going to a shop."

"You can come after dinner," said the lady. "If your Mummy lets you."

Pete was getting on his tricycle when a big man poked his head out of a window.

"Have you seen our kittens?" he said.

"Yes," said Pete.

"Did you like them?" said the man.

"Yes," said Pete again.

"Good," said the man, and closed the window. Pete waited for a minute or two, but the man didn't come back again. So Pete rode away.

Then he remembered about the lollipop again. He rode on to the shop and bought a little green one. Then he rode slowly back, sucking it. On the way he thought about what had happened.

Then he said to himself, "Anyway,¹ I found three kittens.



¹ Anyway — Во всяком случае (как бы там ни было)

"And I can go another day.

"And I will.

"And I'll take them a little stone to play with."

Then he and his shadow waved their lollipops, feeling happy again now, and rode right through a puddle.

And this time, it was such a great puddle, with sky and clouds and even sea-gulls in it, that there was room for Pete and his shadow as well.¹

So it ended up quite a good day after all.

THE SILVER THIMBLE

(After Helen Morgan)

KATE woke up one morning with the feeling that something special was going to happen. She lay quite still for a few minutes, and tried to think what it could be. Then she remembered. Today was Saturday and Aunt Dot and Uncle Ned were coming for the week-end.²

Kate leaned over the side of her bed³ and took her best doll, Dorabella, out of the doll's bed, and began to dress her. She was just putting on Dorabella's dress when the alarm clock rang and a moment or two later Mummy went downstairs.

With Dorabella under her arm, Kate climbed out of bed and followed Mummy down.

"Oh my dear!" cried Mummy, when she saw Kate. "You have already got up! And you have dressed Dorabella!"

"I put her best clothes on," explained Kate, "because Aunt Dot and Uncle Ned are coming. She can sit quietly on my little chair until it's time to go out."

"Is she going out then?" asked Mummy in surprise.

"Oh, yes," said Kate. "I told her last night she could go to the station with us to meet the train."

"Well, I'm afraid I shan't have time to go," Mummy said. "I have too much to do in the house, and I want to make Uncle Ned's favourite fruit cake. Daddy will have to take you."

"All right," said Kate. "May I have my breakfast now, please?"

"Go and put your dressing-gown on first," Mummy said, "and tell Daddy that breakfast will be ready in ten minutes."

After breakfast Kate and Daddy went upstairs to dress. Mummy cleared the table and washed up. Then she began to make the fruit cake.

¹ that there was room for Pete and his shadow as well — что было достаточно места и для Пита, и для его тени

² week-end ['wi:k'end] — время отдыха с пятницы или субботы до понедельника; конец недели, уикенд

³ Kate leaned over the side of her bed — Кейт перегнулась через край своей кровати

When Kate was ready except for¹ her hat and coat, she sat on a chair and waited for Daddy to finish dressing. He was putting on his shirt when one of the buttons jumped off and rolled across the floor.

"Oh dear," said Daddy. "Where did that go?"

"Under the bed, I think," Kate told him — and she knelt down² to look. "I can see it," she said, looking under the bed, "but I can't reach it."

So Daddy had to go down on the floor to reach the button with his long arm.

"Hold it for me, Kate," he said. "I shall have to go and ask Mummy to sew it on again."

Then Daddy went downstairs, got Mummy's workbox,³ took out a needle and thread and went into the kitchen. Kate followed him with the button.

Mummy wiped her hands on her apron.

"I must have my thimble," she said. "I can't sew without it. Run and bring it for me, will you, Kate?"

Kate ran to Mummy's workbox and took out the silver thimble. She put it in her pocket, closed the workbox and went back to the kitchen.

Daddy stood quite still while Mummy sewed the button on his shirt. Then he took the needle and put it away again. Mummy went on making the fruit cake, and Kate put on her hat and coat and waited for Daddy in the hall.

Mummy was making the dough for the cake when Daddy came downstairs again. "We're off⁴ now," he said. "We shan't be long."

"All right," said Mummy. "Good-bye."

"Good-bye," shouted Kate and, "Good-bye," said Daddy, and they left the house and went down the hill towards the station.

They hadn't gone very far when Kate suddenly remembered Dorabella.

"I forgot all about her because of the button," she said. "She's sitting on my little chair and waiting for me. I promised to take her out."

"Oh dear," said Daddy and looked at his watch. "We haven't much time now. She won't be sorry that we left her at home, will she?"

"Yes, she will," said Kate. "I promised to take her with us. She'll cry if we don't take her."

¹ except for — за исключением

² and she knelt [nelt] down — и она встала на колени (to kneel [ni:l] — становиться на колени)

³ workbox — рабочий ящик, шкатулка для рукоделия

⁴ We're off — Мы уходим

"Oh well," said Daddy, "if you promised, that's different. You wait here and I'll run back for her."

Off he went back up the hill, while Kate waited on the narrow footpath.¹ In a minute or two Daddy came running back with Dorabella under his arm.

"You were quite right," he said, giving her to Kate. "She looked as if she was going to cry. We must hurry now, or Aunt Dot and Uncle Ned will be there before us."

They hurried down the hill and arrived at the station just as the train came in. Aunt Dot was looking out of the carriage window and she waved to Kate.

Daddy went to find a taxi while Uncle Ned collected the luggage.

"I'm on holiday," he said, as they all got into the taxi.

Kate was very pleased. Dorabella had never been in a taxi before.

Mummy had coffee ready for them when they got home and the fruit cake in the oven was beginning to smell nice.

"I've dropped my silver thimble somewhere," said Mummy. "Will you try to find it for me, my dear?"

Kate put Dorabella into her pram and began to look for the thimble. She looked for it and looked for it but she couldn't see it anywhere.² Then Uncle Ned came into the kitchen.

"Mummy says you're playing 'Hunt the Thimble',"³ he said, "so I've come to join you."

He moved the cupboard⁴ and looked behind it and poked behind the gas-stove with a stick. Kate looked into the vegetable box and the dog basket, but they couldn't find the thimble anywhere.

Mummy came in and said, "Never mind!⁵ I shall find it when I sweep, I'm sure."

She opened the oven door to have a look at the cake.

"That smells very good," said Uncle Ned.

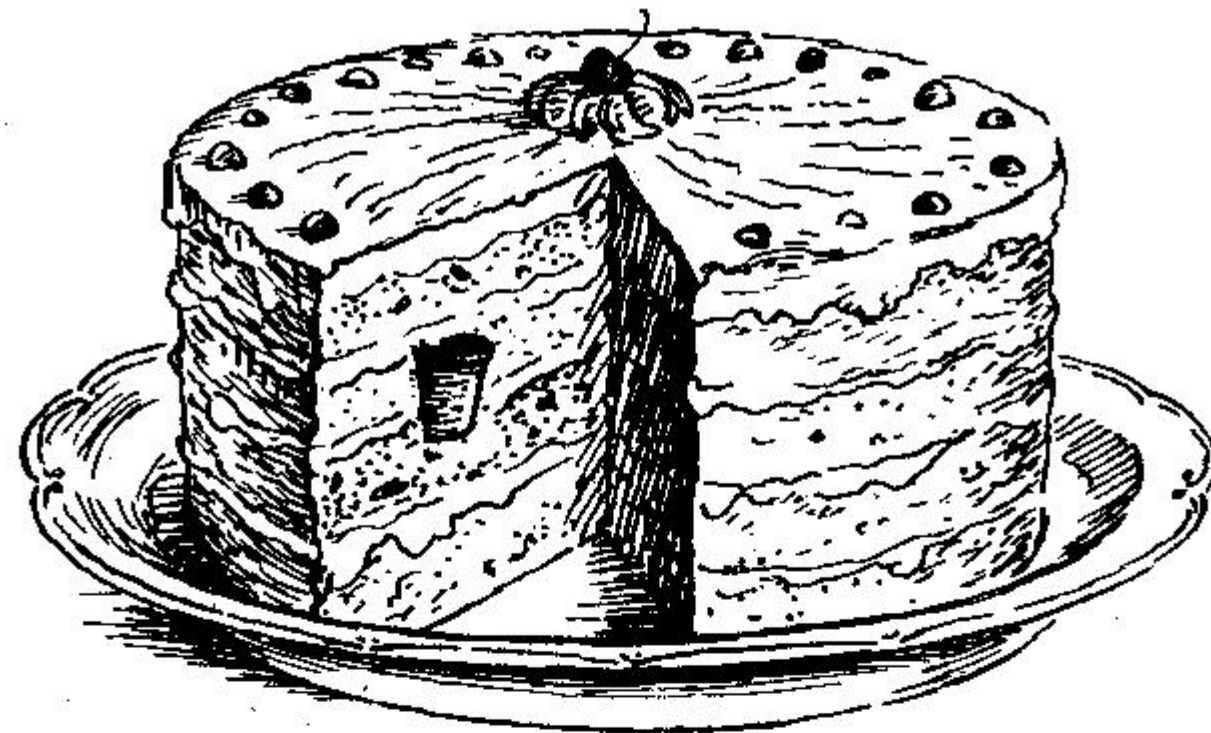
It *was* good. They had it for tea. Uncle Ned had one big piece and then he had another and then he said he thought he could eat a third.

He pulled the plate with the cake towards him and began to cut a piece. Half-way through, the knife stuck.⁶

"Hallo," said Uncle Ned. "What's this?" He poked in the cake with the knife and something tinkled down on the plate.

It was Mummy's silver thimble!

"Well," said Uncle Ned, "I've had cherry cake and coffee cake



and apple cake, but this is the first time I've ever had thimble cake! Very good it is, too!"

BUNCHY AND THE DOUGH

(After Joyce Lankester Brisley)

ONCE upon a time there was a little girl. Her name was Bunchy. She lived with her grandmother in a little house in the country.

It was a pretty little house with roses around it. And it had a pretty little garden with sweet peas and sunflowers in it. And the country around it was beautiful, with woods and meadows.

So Bunchy was a happy little girl, and her grandmother was a kind old lady.

There was only one bad thing: she had nobody to play with.

The house was far from the village, and only the peddler with his needles and buttons, or the grocer with his packets of tea and sugar sometimes came along the road.

But no one ever came and played with Bunchy.

One day Bunchy's grandmother had to go to market. It was rather rainy for Bunchy to go along too.

Grandmother took her big basket and her big umbrella, and started off. And Bunchy stood at the door, waving good-bye. She felt rather lonely, for she didn't know how to pass the hours by herself till Grandmother returned.¹

Grandmother got as far as the gate, and then she suddenly re-

¹ on the narrow ['nærou] footpath — на узкой тропинке

² but she couldn't see it anywhere ['eniweə] — но она нигде его не видела

³ 'Hunt the Thimble' — «Охота за наперстком»

⁴ moved [mu:vɪd] the cupboard — отодвинул буфет

⁵ Never mind! — Ничего! (Не беспокойтесь!)

⁶ Half-way through, the knife stuck. — На полпути нож застрял.

¹ how to pass the hours by herself till Grandmother returned — как провести время одной, до того как вернется бабушка

membered something. And she stopped and called back to her granddaughter.

"Bunchy, there's a small piece of dough on the shelf in the kitchen. It was left over¹ when I made the pie this morning. If you would like to have it to play with, you may, my dear." (She knew how Bunchy always liked to stand by the kitchen table and make things with little pieces of dough while her grandmother was rolling the dough for the pie.)

"Thank you, Granny," said Bunchy, and waved again and again from the doorway. Grandmother waved her umbrella for the last time before she went out of sight behind the hedge,² on her way to market.

Then Bunchy turned back into the house.

She went upstairs, and she went downstairs, and she looked out of all the windows. But she did not find anything interesting to do anywhere there. Then she thought, "I'll go to the kitchen and get Grandmother's piece of dough and play with it."

So she went to the kitchen. And there on a plate on the shelf was a little round piece of dough, soft and cold.

Bunchy rolled it between her hands, and she put it on the table, and pressed it out flat³ and rolled it up again several times.

"What fun it will be," said Bunchy to herself, "to make a little dough-girl to play with!"



¹ It was left over — Он (кусочек) остался

² she went out of sight [saɪt] behind the hedge — она скрылась из виду за оградой

³ pressed it out flat — придавила его, сделав плоским

So she got a knife from the cupboard, stood on a stool and started to cut out a little girl from the flattened dough¹ on the table. She began at the top of the head, all down one side, arm, and leg; then up the other leg and the other arm, up till she reached the head again.

And when the knife reached the place where it had made the first cut, and the little dough-girl was quite complete² — what *do* you think happened? Why, the little dough-girl lifted her head from the table and sat up. And while Bunchy, who was still standing on the stool, watched, with her mouth wide open in surprise, the little dough-girl pulled her legs from off the table and jumped down on to the kitchen floor!

"Well!" said Bunchy to herself. "Well, well, well!" (Which was what her grandmother always said when she was surprised!)

The little dough-girl began stretching herself as if she was doing exercises,³ but Bunchy soon saw that she was trying to make her arms and legs the same length. Then the dough-girl began to feel her head with her hands, and Bunchy suddenly thought:

"Why, I haven't given her any face!"

So she quickly got the currant-box from the cupboard, took out two currants, and pressed them into the little dough-girl's head, for eyes. Then she took a very little round piece of dough from the table and pressed it into the centre of the dough-girl's face for a nose. And then with a spoon she made a line below it for a mouth. And in a moment the little dough-girl was smiling at her!

Here was a playfellow!⁴

Bunchy made dough-buttons down the front of the little dough-girl's dress, and she was very pleased.

Then Bunchy gathered all the scraps of dough⁵ together in a ball. And, strangely enough,⁶ they made a piece which was as big as the first one. She rolled it out flat again.

This time she thought, "I'll make a pussy-cat." So she cut out a fine big one, head and ears and paws and tail. And when it was all complete, it got up, and jumped down on to the floor. Then it began to wave its white tail from side to side.

This was fun!

Bunchy stood rolling together the scraps of dough while she watched how her dough-girl and dough-cat were making friends.

Strangely enough, the dough ball was quite as big as before, so Bunchy rolled it out again on the table.

¹ the flattened dough — раскатанное тесто

² quite complete — совсем готовая

³ began stretching herself as if she was doing exercises — начала вытягиваться, как будто она делала зарядку

⁴ playfellow ['pleɪfəloʊ] — друг детства, товарищ детских игр

⁵ all the scraps of dough — все остатки теста

⁶ strangely enough — довольно странно

This time she thought, "I'll make a house." So she cut out a house, with a roof, a door and windows. And when the house was all complete it raised itself up¹ on the table and slipped down on to the floor. Then it grew and grew, until at last it was quite big for people like Bunchy herself.

The little dough-girl slipped one cold hand into Bunchy's hand and they went to the door of the house. The dough-cat ran in before them, leading the way² into a little white kitchen, with a table and chairs and a cupboard all made of dough (which surprised Bunchy, for she had not made any "inside" to the house).³

The dough-girl pulled out a chair for her, and Bunchy sat down carefully. She felt as if she was sitting on a piece of cold, soft rubber.

There was a black kitchen-range at one end of the room, just like the one in Grandmother's kitchen. Bunchy thought, "It is the same kitchen-range. How did it get into the dough-house? Did the kitchen itself turn into⁴ dough or is the dough-house still standing in the kitchen?" She couldn't make it out.⁵

While Bunchy was thinking about this, the little dough-girl put plates on the table. Then she took a pie from the oven, cut it and put some pieces on the plates on the table.

Then she signed to Bunchy to draw up her chair⁶ and eat, and in some surprise Bunchy did so.

The pie tasted very good, and Bunchy ate all the pieces. The dough-girl only pretended to eat (because she had no proper mouth).

When the meal was over, the dough-girl led the way⁷ up some funny soft stairs to the little bedroom above.

Here was a white dough-bed, with a thick dough-coverlet; and the little dough-girl signed to Bunchy to get into bed.

Just at that moment Bunchy heard a door shutting.⁸ Was it Grandmother who had come home from market?

Bunchy turned and ran from the room, down the dough-stairs and out into the kitchen and out of the dough-house.

Then the dough-house fell and rolled up into a little ball. And then the kitchen door opened and Grandmother came in, with her umbrella and her basket and many parcels.

¹ it raised itself up — он (дом) сам собой поднялся вверх (встал)

² leading the way — ведя (показывая дорогу).

³ for she had not made any "inside" to the house — так как она не делала «внутреннюю» часть дома

⁴ to turn into — превращаться

⁵ She couldn't make it out. — Она не могла это понять.

⁶ Then she signed [said] to Bunchy to draw up her chair — Затем она показала знаками, чтобы Банчи пододвинула свой стул

⁷ led the way — пошла первой

⁸ she heard a door shutting — она услышала, как закрылась дверь

"Well, my dear, did you have a good time while I was out?" asked Grandmother.

"Oh, yes, Granny!" said Bunchy. "I had such fun with the dough! I made a house, and a cat, and a little dough-girl."

"I thought so, as soon as I saw the dough-ball!" said Grandmother.

Now how *did* Grandmother know?

BLACKIE'S BIRTHDAY

(After Doris Rust)

ONE day Jane said to her little black dog, "Blackie, do you know that today is your birthday?"

"Woof!" answered Blackie, "Woof! Woof!" and he jumped up and down, wagging his tail.

"You're two years old today," Jane told him.

"Woof! Woof!" said Blackie.

Then he stopped jumping up and down and began to sniff the air.¹ "Sniff! Sniff!" he went.

"He can smell his birthday present, Mummy," laughed Jane, and she held more tightly a little parcel wrapped² in brown paper.

Blackie put his nose on the parcel and then he tried to take it away in his mouth.



¹ to sniff the air — нюхать воздух

² wrapped — завернутый

"No," said Jane. "No, Blackie. You mustn't hurry. Sit down. Sit."

Blackie sat.

"Stay!"¹

Blackie stayed quite still. Jane put the parcel on the ground in front of him.

"All right!" she said. "Open it!"

Blackie pulled the string off² with his teeth. Then he bit the brown paper away, piece by piece. "Gr... gr... gr..." he went, until all the paper was torn away.³ And what do you think he found inside? It was something that was his favourite thing to eat, something which he only had on his birthday or at Christmas. It was... *a cold sausage!*

As soon as he found it he ate it as fast as he could. Jane and her mother picked up the pieces of brown paper and string and threw them in the rubbish box.

"Blackie enjoyed his present," smiled Mummy. "As it's his birthday, I think he ought to do⁴ what he likes best of all, don't you?"

"And what he likes best of all," said Jane, "is jumping into the pond."

"Fetch your lead,⁵ Blackie!" said Mummy.

Blackie ran to the door where his lead hung from a hook. He pulled the lead from the hook and brought it to Jane and her mother. Jane fastened it to his collar.⁶ Then they all three went out of the house and up the road to the pond.

As soon as they were away from all the cars and lorries and bicycles, Jane let Blackie run without his lead. The first thing he did was to race as fast as he could to the pond. "Splosh! Splosh!" He was in the water. He swam across to the other side, and then he turned round and swam back again. When Jane and her mother reached the pond, they saw him coming out of the water.⁷ He looked very small and thin because his fur was all stuck together.⁸

Blackie shook himself and rolled on the grass to get dry. Then they walked a little farther.⁹ Soon Jane said, "I think Blackie would like to play hide-and-seek."

"Yes, of course," Mummy agreed. "You go and hide while Blackie and I shut our eyes."



¹ Stay! — здр. Жди!

² pulled the string off — стянул бечевку

³ until all the paper was torn away — до тех пор пока вся бумага не была оторвана

⁴ he ought to do — он должен делать

⁵ Fetch your lead — Сходи и принеси поводок

⁶ fastened ['fæstnd] it to his collar — прикрепила его к ошейнику

⁷ they saw him coming out of the water — они увидели, как он выбегает из воды

⁸ his fur was all stuck together — его шерсть вся прилипла

⁹ a little farther — немного дальше

(After Jean Sutcliffe)

Mummy sat down beside Blackie and she held her hands over his eyes so that he could not see where Jane was running.

"Cuckoo!" called Jane. "Cuckoo!"

Mummy took her hands away from Blackie's eyes. He looked first this way, then that way.

"Where's Jane?" Mummy asked him. "Where's Jane?"

Blackie lifted his long ears and put his head on one side. He loved playing hide-and-seek.

"Where's Jane?" Mummy asked him.

Blackie ran off over the grass, looking first behind one tree, then behind another tree.

"Cuckoo!" cried Jane. "Cuckoo!"

Her voice sounded quite near now. Blackie ran and looked behind a green bush and *there* was Jane. He was so pleased to see her that he almost knocked her down.¹

They played hide-and-seek for a long time. Sometimes Jane hid and sometimes Mummy hid. But Blackie always found them. He did not go and hide by himself² because he did not want to leave them.

That evening, after tea, Jane found a piece of blue ribbon and Mummy said she did not want it. So Jane put it through Blackie's collar and tied it in a bow.

"There!" she said. "Now you're a birthday dog with a pretty bow."

But Blackie didn't like the blue bow at all. He shook his head and turned it round until he could reach the bow with his mouth. Then he pulled at it and untied it.³ Every time Jane made a nice new bow, Blackie pulled at it and untied it with his teeth. And then, at last, when Jane wasn't looking, he pulled it right off and tore it into little pieces.

"Oh! Blackie!" said Jane.

"Never mind!"⁴ Mummy said, "Blackie just doesn't feel comfortable in a bow. And I really think he's rather tired. Let's say good night to him."

Blackie was already climbing into his basket. Jane patted his head. "Good night, Blackie-dog," she said softly.

Blackie opened one eye and gave a long, happy sigh. Ah-a-ah! What a day! He had had a cold sausage and his usual dinner. He had jumped into the pond. He had played hide-and-seek. And he had torn a silly, blue bow into little pieces. He had had a lovely birthday.

¹ he almost knocked [nɒkt] her down — он чуть не сбил ее с ног

² by himself — сам

³ Then he... untied [ʌn'taɪd] it. — Затем он его... развязал.

⁴ Never mind [maɪnd]! — Ничего! (Не беда!)

NOW most of the time Jacko was a good little monkey. But sometimes he was naughty, and even Mrs Robb said, "No, *no*, Jacko, you must not do that," but he would go on¹ doing what he wanted to do.

Well, one day Mrs Robb was busy, because four people were coming to tea. That meant she had to do a lot of cooking. So she shut Jacko in his cage in the dining-room, and said, "You must stay here till I've finished, Jacko, or you'll be in the way."²

And Jacko understood and smiled and said, "That's all right."

He sat quietly in his cage. And even went into the dark part of his cage, and lay down on the soft old shawl that was there, and had a short rest. When he got up again, he felt fine. Mrs Robb came in and put a plate of thin potato scones near the fire. They were very good potato scones — thin and almost as big as a dinner plate. They were piled one on top of the other.³

Jacko looked at the scones and began to feel a little cold. He wanted to go and sit on his little stool near the fire and be as warm as the thin potato scones.

Just then Mr Robb came into the dining-room, so Jacko told him all about what he wanted to do.

"Hello, Jacko," said Mr Robb. "Do you want to come out?"

Jacko said, "Yes, I do."

Mr Robb opened the door of the cage. Jacko jumped down on to the floor, ran across to the fire, and sat down on his little stool. He held out his hands to the fire and turned his head and smiled happily at Mr Robb.

"Were you cold?" said Mr Robb.

And Jacko said, "Yes, I was very cold."

Soon Mr Robb went out of the room and Jacko sat alone looking at the plate of big, thin, warm potato scones beside the fire.

Then he stretched out his hand⁴ and picked one up. It was like a little round mat, so he put it on his stool and sat on it. It felt nice and warm. Then he picked another up and put it on his head. He had a very little head, so it hung down all round and he couldn't see. Jacko didn't like that, so he made two holes to look through in the part that came over his face.

Jacko was rather pleased with himself, and sat there on his

¹ but he would go on — но он обычно продолжал (Здесь и далее глагол would выражает часто повторяющиеся привычные действия, относящиеся к прошедшему времени.)

² you'll be in the way — ты будешь мне мешать

³ They were piled one on top of the other. — Они были сложены стопкой одна на другой.

⁴ he stretched out his hand — он протянул руку



potato scone mat feeling that he was very clever. Then his back felt a little cold. So he put his hand out, and took another one off the plate, and put it round his shoulders like a shawl. Ah! That felt nice and warm! And there he sat, and almost went to sleep he was so warm and comfortable.

Well, suddenly the door opened, and Mrs Robb came in. "I must let Jacko out of his cage now," she said to herself, and she went to the cage to do this. The door was open, and the cage was empty.

"Now how did he get out?" said Mrs Robb. "And where is he?"

Then she turned round and saw something very strange sitting up on the little stool in front of the fire.

"Oh," she cried. "What's that? Jacko! Is that you?"

Jacko turned his head and looked at Mrs Robb through the two holes in the scone that was over his face.

"Jacko!" said Mrs Robb. "What will you do next?" And he looked so funny that she began to laugh, and she laughed so much that she had to sit down. And Mr Robb heard her and came into the room and said, "What's the matter?"¹

"Look," said Mrs Robb, and she pointed at Jacko.

Then Mr Robb started to laugh, and he laughed so much that he had to sit down. And they both laughed and laughed.

But Jacko didn't like them laughing.² He thought he was a *clever* little monkey, not a funny one.

He took the potato scone off his head and put it carefully back

¹ What's the matter? — В чем дело?

² didn't like them laughing — не нравилось, что они смеются (над ним)

on the plate; he took the one off his shoulders and put it on top of the other one. Then he put the one from the stool on top of that.

Then he got off his stool and walked across the floor, and jumped up into his cage and went into the little dark bedroom part, and covered himself up with the soft old shawl. And he didn't come out till after tea, although the door was left wide open.

Wasn't he a funny little monkey?

PETE AND THE LETTER

(After Leila Berg)

ONE day, Pete was walking along the pavement. He was trying not to step on the lines between the paving stones.¹ He walked very carefully. He sometimes took very little steps and sometimes very large steps. "If I step on twenty lines,"² Pete said to himself, "I'll turn into an elephant. A very big elephant."

So he walked along very carefully, watching the pavement. "One," he said, and, "oh, *two*!" And his shadow stayed behind him so as not to be in the way.

It was a beautiful October morning, the day Pete was an elephant. Everything was golden. The trees were golden in the sun, and the roads were gold.

There were heaps of fallen leaves³ on the pavement. Pete walked through them. He carried the leaves in little piles on his shoes. "How long can I keep them like that, I wonder?" he said to himself. But they always slipped off in the end, one by one, and left his shoes dusty and grey.

"I will drop some on my shadow when it isn't looking," thought Pete. "That will be a surprise for it. I wonder how it will get out again." So he kicked some leaves over his shadow. But his shadow guessed what Pete was going to do. Very quickly it got out of the way, just in time.

There was a bright-yellow leaf on the pavement. Pete picked it up and looked at it. He wanted to know how such a bright-yellow leaf *tasted*. And he was just putting it in his mouth when he remembered it was dirty, so he dropped it again. Scrunch scrunch, went his feet through the dry leaves.

Now there were no leaves at all. The pavement was clean. So Pete stepped over the lines again, playing his elephant game. The stones were all different shapes and sizes,⁴ and that made it very

¹ He was trying not to step on the lines between the paving stones. — Он старался не наступать на трещины между плитами тротуара.

² If I step on twenty lines — Если я наступлю на двадцать трещин

³ heaps of fallen leaves — кучи опавших листьев

⁴ The stones were all different shapes and sizes — Камни (мостовой) были все разной формы и размеров



hard to go from one stone to the next and not step on the lines. "Three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten. If I'm not careful, I'll soon turn into an elephant!" His shadow kept carefully behind him.

Pete was watching the pavement lines so very carefully, he didn't look at all where he was going. A sort of car¹ came out of a gate, like a chair on wheels, and Pete almost fell into it.

His feet stepped all over the place² before he could stand straight again. "You've turned me into an elephant!" he cried.

"You don't look like an elephant," said the lady who sat in the chair.

"You've turned me into an elephant!" Pete shouted. "You made me step³ on hundreds and millions of lines, and now I am an elephant. And I wasn't going to be an elephant till I got to the top of the hill, so I could run all the way down!"

"I'm very sorry. But you weren't looking where you were going. And my leg is bad, and you might have hurt it."⁴

"Did I?" said Pete.

"No," said the lady. "Next time I come out of this gate, I'll sound my horn."

"Have you really got a horn?" said Pete.

¹ A sort of car — эд. Какая-то тележка

² His feet stepped all over the place — эд. Ему пришлось несколько раз переступить ногами на одном месте

³ You made me step — Вы заставили меня наступить

⁴ you might have hurt it — ты мог бы ушибить ее

"Of course," said the lady. "Will you post a letter for me?"

"Show me the horn," said Pete.

"But will you post a letter for me?"

"Is this it?" said Pete.

"But please, will you post my letter?"

"Can I honk it?" said Pete.

"If you post a letter for me,"¹ said the lady, "you can honk it when you come back."

Now Pete was worried.² "But I'm an elephant," he said. "I have to stay on the pavement and be careful about the lines. I can't post letters now."

"But you were going up the hill anyway," said the lady. "The letter-box is only on the top of the hill. And that's where you said you wanted to change into an elephant and run all the way down."

"But you've made me turn into an elephant already," said Pete. "You made me step on millions of lines. A thousand — twenty — million."

"Oh no, I didn't," cried the lady. "You only stepped on one."

"Which one?" said Pete.

"That one," said the lady and pointed. "The one near the gate."

Pete bent down and looked at it. And his shadow bent down too.

"Did I really only step on that one?" said Pete. "Wasn't that clever of me?"³

¹ If you post a letter for me — Если ты опустишь (в почтовый ящик) мое письмо

² Now Pete was worried. — Теперь Пит был озабочен.

³ Wasn't that clever of me? — эд. Как это было ловко с моей стороны!

"So now," said the lady, "you'll post my letter, won't you? Just at the top of the hill."

"All right," said Pete. "Was it seven I was up to?" And he went off, counting all the way.

The lady watched him. When he got to the top of the hill, he shouted, "Twenty!" and began to run down again as fast as he could. And his shadow raced in front.

"But you didn't post my letter," said the lady, sadly.

"Didn't I?" said Pete. And he looked at the letter, still in his hand. He thought a minute. Then he said, "Elephants don't post letters," and he gave it back to her.

"Oh, circus elephants do," said the lady quickly.

"Do they really?" said Pete. That was very interesting.

"Oh yes," cried the lady. "I know they do. Very clever circus elephants."

"Shall I be one?" said Pete. "Shall I be a circus elephant? I'll go up the hill doing a very funny dance. I'll go round and round, and do funny things with my feet. And when I get to the top I'll post the letter."

"I'll watch," said the lady. "And I'll clap."

"All right," said Pete. "But you mustn't clap till I tell you to."

Pete went off, turning round and round, and jumping a little on one foot now and then.¹ Long before he reached the top, he got dizzy.² The lady, who was watching him, was quite worried.

But at last Pete reached the letter-box. He sat down on the pavement in front of it, and put the envelope in his mouth. But he couldn't reach the letter-box at all that way.

So he stood up, with the envelope still between his teeth, and waved his head slowly, this way and that. Then at the last minute, he took the letter out of his mouth, stood on his tiptoes,³ and popped it in the box. "Clap!" he shouted.

The lady clapped as hard as she could.

Pete raced right down the hill back to her. "Was it a good circus?" he said.

"Beautiful. And I saw how fast you ran, too."

"Did you? I can run faster than I did then."

"Can you?" said the lady. "I couldn't."

"I think you will be able to when your leg's better," said Pete.

"Next week, we'll have a race. You might even beat me.⁴ You *might*." He nodded his head encouragingly.⁵

¹ now and then — время от времени

² he got dizzy — у него закружилась голова

³ stood on his tiptoes — встал на носки

⁴ You might [maɪt] even beat me. — Вы могли бы даже победить меня.

⁵ He nodded his head encouragingly [ɪn'kʌrɪdʒɪŋli]. — Он ободряюще кивнул головой.

Then he went off, doing his elephant dance all over again, because it was such a good one.

But when he had gone a little way off, the lady called him back. "You can honk the horn, you know," she said, "because you posted my letter."

"So I can," said Pete. "I forgot about that." He was very surprised at himself. He gave it one little honk, a short one. Then he gave it a very long one. The honk sounded very good both ways, but the long one was better.

And that was another good day.

PETE AND THE WHISTLE

(After Leila Berg)

ONE hot sunny day, when Pete's shadow looked much blacker than usual, and followed him around wherever he went,¹ Pete found a crowd of men at the end of his street. They had nothing on but their work-trousers and shoes, and they were digging, digging, digging, in the hot sun.

"What are you doing?" asked Pete.

"We're building a house," said one of them.

Pete was quiet for a minute. Then he said, "Tell me what you're *really* doing."

"We're building a house," said the man again. "Honestly we are."

Now Pete was very angry.

"But houses go up, not down," he cried. "You can't *dig* a house. You can dig potatoes, or worms, or something that you hid there last time, but how can you dig a house! *What* are you doing? Tell me!"

"Well," said the man, "if you listen very carefully — and very quietly — and leave my spade alone² — I'll explain to you." And he wiped his hands on his trousers, for they were dirty.

And Pete stopped being angry³ and listened.

"Now, this hole here," said the man, "this hole that we're digging, is to stand the house in."

"If we build the house right on top of the ground, without this hole, the wind will blow the house down. One puff, and there is no house left."⁴

"Like the three little pigs?" said Pete. "Like 'I'll huff and I'll puff?'⁵"

¹ wherever [weə'revə] he went — куда бы он ни шел

² and leave my spade alone — и оставишь в покое мою лопату

³ stopped being angry — перестал сердиться

⁴ One puff, and there is no house left. — Дунул — и дома как не бывало.

⁵ 'I'll huff and I'll puff' — «как начну я дуть, как начну я дуть»

"That's right," said the man. "I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow your house down. That's why we have to dig a hole for the walls to stand in."

And he took up his spade again, and went on digging. And Pete went on watching.

Then Pete wanted to see the other side of the hole. So he jumped across the hole, because it was still only a little one. And his shadow jumped too.

But Pete's shadow was silly. It fell in the hole.

"Dig my shadow!" shouted Pete. So the man took up a spadeful of Pete's shadow,¹ and tried to lift it up and put it near Pete. But the shadow fell off the spade and lay in the hole again. "Oh," said Pete. And the man said nothing because he was very hot; he just went on working.

Pete wanted to help. He said to the man, "I'm a very good digger. I dig very fast. Shall I help?"

But the man said, "No!"

"No thank you, you mean," said Pete sadly.

"No thank you," said the man, and went on digging.

Suddenly, just behind him, a terrible noise started, and all the ground began to shake.

Pete turned round quickly. He saw a man with a machine which was making a hole in the ground. The man had a shirt on and it shook when the man's arms shook with the machine.

"Can I do that?" said Pete, but the man could not hear him.

"Can I do it?" cried Pete, but the machine shouted louder than Pete — and the man did not hear a word.

Now another man came by. He was pushing a wheelbarrow. He filled it full of bricks,² then he went away with it.

When he came again, Pete said, "I can do that. I can put the bricks in. I'm very strong."

"All right," said the man. "You can help. But you must be very careful not to drop one on your foot."

"Of course I won't," said Pete.

So the three of them filled up the wheelbarrow, the man, and Pete, and Pete's shadow. But Pete's shadow only pretended that it was working, it didn't make the barrow any fuller. And when the bricks were tidily piled together,³ and there was no room for any more,⁴ the man said to Pete, "You can ride on top."

"Really?" said Pete.

"Really," said the man.



Then Pete sat on top of the bricks and the man pushed the wheelbarrow.

It was the first time Pete had ridden on a wheelbarrow full of bricks. It was a little uncomfortable, but not very, because the bricks were piled very tidily.

As for Pete's shadow, there was no room for it on the barrow. So it sat on the ground, and pretended it was having a ride in a different wheelbarrow, with black bricks in it.

At the place where Pete got off the wheelbarrow, a very big machine was working. It was digging up sand in one place, and pulling it up in another. It was very big and very clever and very quick.

Pete watched it for a while,¹ and thought. Then he put his hand in his pocket and took out a whistle. He threw it on the ground where the machine was working and waited. The machine won't want my whistle, he thought. I wonder what it will do.

The machine quickly picked up the whistle. Then it emptied it on the pile of sand.

"Don't do that!" shouted Pete angrily to the machine. And he ran as fast as he could to get his whistle back. But a man caught him and held him tight.

The man was very angry with him.

"That's a very silly thing to do," he shouted. "You might get a whole load of sand on top of you."² Go away at once."

¹ for a while — какое-то время

² You might get a whole load [load] of sand on top of you. — Машина могла сбросить тебе на голову целый ковш песка.

¹ a spadeful of Pete's shadow — полная лопата земли вместе с тенью Пита

² He filled it full of bricks — Он наполнил ее (тачку) кирпичами

³ And when the bricks were tidily piled together — И когда все кирпичи были аккуратно сложены

⁴ there was no room for any more — не осталось больше (пустого) местечка

HONK HONK!

(After Donald Bisset)

ONCE upon a time there was a goose whose name was William, but his mother, Mother Goose, always called him Willie.

"Now, go for a walk, Willie," she would say,¹ "and honk to the other geese."

Willie was very fond of honking!

"Honk honk!"

"Honk honk!"

"Honk honk!"

"Honk honk!" he went as he waddled along.

One day, when he was waddling along, he met a cat. It was a lovely black cat with two white paws in front. Willie was pleased.

"Honk honk!" he said to the cat. "Honk honk!"

"Mieow!" said the cat.

Willie was surprised. "What does 'mieow!' mean?" he thought. He thought that cats said "Honk honk!" just like geese.

He waddled a little further and nibbled at the grass. It was a lovely day. The sun was shining and all the birds were singing.

"Honk honk!" said Willie.

"Bow wow!" barked a dog that was running along the road.

"Neigh!" said the milkman's horse. And "Gee up!"² said the milkman.

Poor Willie couldn't understand a thing.

Just then a farmer passed by.³ "Hallo, goose!" he said.

"Honk honk!" said Willie.

Then some children passed. And one little boy came up to him and said, "Boo!"⁴

Willie was upset. He felt quite unhappy.

"I know I'm a goose," he thought. "But they needn't say 'Boo!' to me like that."

Soon he saw a goldfish. It was swimming in a pond. Willie loudly honked to it, but the goldfish just swam round and round and took no notice of him.⁵

He waddled a little further and met some cows.

"Moo!" they said. "MOOOOOO! MOOO!"

Then he met some hens.

"Cluck cluck cluck," they said, "cluck cluck cluck!" And the cock said, "Cockadoodledooo!"

"Let go of me!"¹ cried Pete. "I want my whistle! That machine's taken my whistle and I want it back. Look at it, look!"

The man looked. And just as he looked, the machine dropped another load of sand right on top of Pete's whistle.

"There now," said Pete bitterly. "Look what it's done. Bad old machine! And it's your fault! You didn't let me get it." And he put his thumb in his mouth, because he was very unhappy.

"Well," said the man, holding Pete very tightly, "we can't get it now. It'll be made into cement soon,² and the house will stand on it."

"On my whistle?"

"That's right," said the man. "And when this house is built, and people are living in it, then you can say to everyone, 'That house is sitting on my whistle!'"

"Yes," said Pete, and he felt better now. "That's what I'll say. I'll say, 'Get off my whistle, house, or I'll push you over!'"

He thought for a minute, then he said, "Will my whistle always be under the house? For ever and ever?"³

"For ever and ever," said the man.

"Then it'll get spoilt,"⁴ said Pete. "It won't be so good when the house is sitting on it."

"No," agreed the man, "it won't be so good to *whistle*. But it'll be very good to tell people about."

"Yes," said Pete, "it will be good to tell people about." He thought for a little. Then he said, "I'll start telling people now."

And he walked away over the ground, by the heaps of bricks, and the sand, and the wheelbarrows, and all the men in their dusty work-trousers. And his shadow walked behind and fell in all the holes because it never looked where it was going.

"Silly old shadow," said Pete.

Then he said, "I'm glad I'm not made into cement.⁵ I'm glad the house won't be sitting on *me*. Very glad!"

And away he ran.

That was another good day!

¹ Let go of me! — Отпустите меня!

² It'll be made into cement soon — Скоро его (вместе с песком) переработают в цемент

³ For ever and ever? — Навсегда-навсегда?

⁴ Then it'll get spoilt — Тогда он испортится

⁵ I'm glad I'm not made into cement. — Я рад, что из меня не сделали цемент.

¹ she would say — говорила она обычно

² Gee up ['dʒi:ʌp]! — Ho! (Пошел!)

³ passed by — проходил мимо

⁴ Boo! — Кыш!

⁵ took no notice of him — не обращала на него внимания



"Oh, I wish someone would say¹ 'Honk honk!' to me," thought Willie. "I feel so lonely!"

Some pigeons cooed² and ducks quacked and the crows in the tree tops cawed. But no one at all, *no one* said "Honk honk!" to him.

Poor Willie began to cry and tears ran down his beak and fell with a splash at his pretty pink feet. "Honk honk!" cried Willie.

Then from a long way away, he heard, "Honk honk! Honk honk! Honk honk!"

What a beautiful sound!

He looked up and saw a little blue motor-car. It was coming down the road.

"Honk honk!" it went. "Honk honk!"

"HONK HONK!" said Willie, "HONK HONK!"

"HONK HONK!" went the car as it passed.

Willie looked after it.

He *was* a happy goose.

"Honk honk!" went the car, disappearing round the corner.³

"Honk honk!" said Willie.

¹ I wish someone would say — Как бы я хотел, чтобы кто-нибудь сказал

² pigeons ['pɪdʒɪnz] cooed ['kuːd] — голуби ворковали

³ disappearing [ˌdɪsə'piəriŋ] round the corner — исчезающая за углом



3 GARAGE FOR GABRIEL

(After Catherine Wooley)

THERE was once a little car whose name was Gabriel.

Now poor Gabriel had no garage. He lived out-of-doors on a piece of waste land where they sold used cars.¹ He wore a sign that said, "FOR SALE — CHEAP."²

There were dents in his bumpers. His paint was rusty. His doors didn't close properly.

Every day Gabriel watched the shiny new cars as they rolled by. But they never even looked at Gabriel.

"Oh," thought Gabriel, "how I wish to whiz³ right along. How I wish to be new and shiny!"

"But, most of all," he thought sadly, "how I wish to have a garage!"

Well, one day two women came along.

They said to the man who sold cars, "Have you a small car?"

He pointed to Gabriel.

"We'll try it," they said. They climbed in.

¹ He lived out-of-doors on a piece of waste land where they sold used cars. — Он жил на открытом воздухе на пустыре, где продавались подержанные (бывшие в употреблении) автомобили.

² FOR SALE — CHEAP — Распродажа по сниженным ценам

³ to whiz [wɪz] — проноситься со свистом

"Now!" thought Gabriel. "I'll show them I can whiz right along. Then the ladies will buy me and give me a garage."
 Whiz, whiz, whiz,¹ went Gabriel round the streets.
 He was feeling very happy.
 Round and round the streets. *Whiz, whiz, whiz!*
 "That will show them," he thought.
 But the ladies cried, "Thank you, we don't want this car. It won't slow down at all."
 Gabriel felt very sad.
 Next day a student came.
 "Here's a fine car," said the man.
 "I'll try it," said the student.
 "Oh!" thought Gabriel. "This time I'll go very slowly, if that's what they want. Then the student will buy me and give me a garage."
 So he went v-e-r-y, v-e-r-y, v-e-r-y s-l-o-w-l-y.
 But the student said, "That car is too slow!"
 And he went off.
 Gabriel felt very sad.
 But the next day a young woman came.
 This time Gabriel decided to do the right thing.
 "I won't go too fast and I won't go too slow," he said. "But I'll show her I've got power in my engine. Then she'll buy me and give me a garage."
 The young woman started the engine.²
 "BANG!" shouted Gabriel. "BANG, BING, BANG, POP, POP!"
 "Oh!" cried the young woman. "This car's much too noisy!"
 And she went off.
 "Oh, dear!" cried poor Gabriel. "Won't *anyone* ever buy me and give me a garage? I'll never be so noisy again!"
 So the next day when a man came and pressed the starter, Gabriel didn't make any noise. Not *any* noise.
 "This car won't even start," said the man. He turned and left.
 Well, Gabriel felt very unhappy. Now he was sure that he never would have a garage.³
 For a long time no one even looked at Gabriel. And then Jimmy and Jimmy's daddy came along.
 "Have you a car for sale?" asked Jimmy's daddy.
 The man was so angry with Gabriel, he said, "Yes — there's a very cheap car over there."
 "Let's try it," said Jimmy's daddy.

They climbed in.
 Gabriel was so surprised that he didn't have time to show off.¹ He just acted naturally. So Jimmy's daddy bought Gabriel.
 Then they drove up the street and stopped in front of a little yellow house.
 Then Jimmy's daddy greased Gabriel's engine till it purred like a pussy-cat.²
 "I sound very quiet!" thought Gabriel.
 Then Jimmy's daddy repaired the bumpers and the doors.
 "Oh, I feel good!" said Gabriel.
 And last of all, Jimmy's daddy gave Gabriel a coat of shiny red paint.
 "I look FINE!" shouted Gabriel.
 Then Jimmy and his daddy and his mummy and their cat all went for a ride.
 Every time they whizzed by another car, Gabriel bowed and smiled and the other cars bowed and smiled, too.
 And when they came home, they drove right up into a little, yellow garage!

THE OLD RED BUS

(After Jean Chapman)

NOT so very long ago an old red bus ran down to the station and back again. It was a rumbling, grumbling³ bus. It was a rusty and dusty bus. It was a jumping, bumping⁴ bus. And because it was all these things, some people walked to the station rather than rode in the old bus. It bumped and shook them about too much.

"This bus is worn-out,⁵" the driver said. "It needs a new engine to drive it. It needs new tyres. It needs new seats and new windows and new paint — in fact I think we need a new *bus*!"

Now the old red bus wasn't at all surprised to hear this. It felt worn-out. "I'll fall to pieces one day," the old bus thought. Climbing hills made its engine work so hard and shouting "honk-honk" at every corner made it feel tired, too. So all the old red bus wanted to do was to sleep in the sun for ever.

"UR-UR-UUUURRR!" it grumbled. "I'm so worn-out that I can't go further."

But while it was saying this, inside the bus the conductor was

¹ to show off — показать себя в выгодном свете (пустить пыль в глаза)

² till it purred [pəd] like a pussy-cat ['pusikæt] — пока он (мотор) не заурчал, как кошка

³ rumbling — гроыхающий (to rumble — гроыхать); grumbling — ворчащий (to grumble — ворчать, жаловаться)

⁴ bumping — ударяющий, наносящий удары (to bump — ударять, толкать)

⁵ This bus is worn-out — Автобус совсем старый (изношенный)

¹ Whiz, whiz, whiz — зд. подражание звукам, издаваемым быстро проносящейся машиной

² started the engine — завела мотор

³ Now he was sure [ʃuə] that he never would have a garage. — Теперь он был уверен, что у него никогда не будет гаража.

calling out, "Fares, please! Fares, please!" He sold pink tickets to passengers, and their money dropped into his black bag with a tinkling sound² — plink, plink, plink!

And inside the bus the driver was sitting in his front seat. He pulled off the brake and before the old bus knew what was happening it was rolling off down the road again.

"UUUUrrr-UUUUrrrr-UUUUrrrr!" the old bus grumbled. "Gggrrr! I'm too tired to go further!"

And to its surprise, the old red bus didn't.

Just then it ran over a piece of wood on the road.

"SSSSSSSSSSSS!"

The front tyre on the old red bus felt very funny. "Sssss!" It felt as if it was getting smaller and smaller. What was happening to its round sides? The front tyre on the old red bus was as flat as a piece of paper.

"Oh, my front tyre!" shouted the old red bus very much surprised.

And the driver stopped the bus and jumped out. The bus conductor jumped out. All the people poked their heads out through the windows.

"The front tyre is as flat as a pancake," the driver told the people, "we can't repair it here, so I think you had better walk to the station."

"We'll get the mechanic from the garage," the bus conductor told them.

So all the people climbed out of the red bus and looked at a big nail in the piece of wood that had made the hole in the tyre.

All the people said, "This is too bad. What we need is a new bus." And they walked off to the station.

When the mechanic came, he said, "This bus needs more than a new tyre."

"Yes," the driver answered. "It's worn-out. What we need is a new bus. Could you sell us a new bus?"

"Not today," the mechanic said, "but in some weeks we'll make this old bus as good as new at the garage."

Everyone thought this was a wonderful idea — even the old red bus. So when the break-down van³ came, the bus helped as much as it could. The break-down van had a crane on its back. The crane lifted the front wheels of the bus away, away, away off the ground. With just its two back wheels on the road the old red bus ran along behind the break-down van all the way to the garage.

Some people saw the old red bus and they said to one another,



"It looks as if we'll have a new bus. The old bus must be going to the scrap-heap!"¹

At the garage the mechanics took out all the worn-out parts of the engine and put in new parts. They greased the engine. They gave the bus new tyres and new seats. Then they gave the bus a new coat of shiny red paint. The old bus didn't feel old any longer.

When the time came for the red bus to drive along the road to the station, everyone wanted a ride. All the people crowded in and said, "This isn't the old rumbling, grumbling bus! This couldn't be the old dusty, rusty bus! Don't tell us this is the old jumping, bumping bus!"

But we know it was, don't we?

THE BOY WHO RAN AWAY

(After Helen Clare)

THERE was once a little boy who was walking in the park and looking for adventures. He did not like his mother to hold his hand, and he did not like everybody to notice his sister as she sat in her pram and waved her rattle.

They had not gone very far when they came to the pond. There were ducks on it, and everybody was watching them. The little

¹ Fares, please! — Пожалуйста, платите за проезд!

² a tinkling sound [saund] — звенящий звук

³ break-down van — аварийная машина

¹ The old bus must be going to the scrap-heap [ˈskræpɦɪp]! — Старый автобус, должно быть, отправили на свалку!

boy's mother also stopped to watch them, and then by chance she let go of¹ his hand.

"Aha!" thought the little boy, "now I'll run away."

So he ran and he ran. He had not gone very far before he met a scooter,² a bright yellow scooter. It was scooting up the road on its bright red wheels.

"Hey!"³ said the little boy. "Where are you going?"

"I'm going scooting. Would you like to come with me?"

"Yes," said the little boy, and they scooted off.

They hadn't gone far before they met a tricycle, a bright blue tricycle. It was pedalling up the path.

"Hey!" said the little boy. "Where are you going? I ran away from Mummy until I met this scooter."

"Oh," said the tricycle, "I'm going to meet my friend. Do you want to come with me?"

"Yes," said the little boy, and they pedalled off.

They hadn't gone far before they met a bicycle, a black and silver bicycle. It was ringing its bell.

"Hey!" said the little boy. "Where are you going? I ran away from Mummy until I met a scooter. And I scooted on the scooter until I met a tricycle."

"I see," said the bicycle. "I'm going for a fast run. Do you want to come with me?"

"Yes," said the little boy. So they cycled off. They pedalled and they pedalled to the top of a hill, and flew down not pedalling at all.

"Phew!"⁴ said the little boy, "that was lovely!"

They hadn't gone far when they met a new motor-car, a brand-new⁵ motor-car. It was honking on its horn.

"Hey!" said the little boy. "Where are you off to? I ran away from Mummy until I met a scooter, and I scooted on the scooter until I met a tricycle, and I pedalled on the tricycle until I met this bicycle."

"Ha, ha!" said the motor-car. "I'm going for a joy-ride. Do you want to come with me?"

"Yes," said the little boy and climbed in. So they went off. They hadn't gone far, when they saw a bus, a great red bus.

"If you want to go farther, just whistle to that bus because this is where I live," said the new motor-car.

"Hey!" said the little boy. "Where are you going? I ran away

from Mummy until I met a scooter, and I scooted on the scooter until I met a tricycle, and I pedalled on the tricycle until I met a bicycle, and I cycled on the bicycle until I met the motor-car."

"Humph!"¹ said the bus. "I'm going to the country. If you want to come with me, you'd better get in."

"All right," said the little boy and jumped in the bus, and the bus went off.

Now, they'd gone a good distance when they saw a green train.

"This is where I stop," said the bus to the little boy. "You'd better catch that train² if you're going on again."

"Hey!" said the little boy. "Where are you going? I ran away from Mummy until I met a scooter, and I scooted on the scooter until I met a tricycle, and I pedalled on the tricycle until I met a bicycle, and I cycled on the bicycle until I met a motor-car, and I whizzed off in the motor-car until I met this bus."

"Pouff!"³ said the green train, "I'm going to the seaside, much faster than a bus. Jump in if you want to, I haven't time to wait."

"Rather,"⁴ said the little boy, and climbed up on the engine, and the train went off:

"Pouff! Pouff! Pouff!"

They passed through the country-side, until at last the little boy saw the great sea.

"Pouff!" said the green train. "If you want to cross the channel,⁵ you'd better call a ship."

"Hey!" said the little boy, waving to a ship. "Where are you sailing to, I'd like to know? I ran away from Mummy until I met a scooter, and I scooted on the scooter until I met a tricycle, and I pedalled on the tricycle until I met a bicycle, and I cycled on the bicycle until I met a motor-car, and I whizzed off in the motor-car until I met a bus, and I rode in the bus until I met a train."

"I'm sailing to the Continent," said the ship. "If you want to come too, I'll let down the gangway."⁶

"I do," said the little boy, and ran aboard the ship.⁷

And it wasn't very long before they reached the other side.

Now, just as they were docking, they saw a silver aeroplane.

"There," said the ship, "you'd better catch that."

"Hullo-o!" cried the little boy, putting both his hands up. "Where are you flying to? I ran away from Mummy until I met a scooter, and I scooted on the scooter until I met a tricycle, I pedalled on

¹ by chance [tʃa:ns] she let go of — случайно она отпустила

² a scooter ['sku:tə] — детский самокат; to scoot (to go scooting) — эд. ехать на самокате

³ Hey [heɪ]! — Эй! (оклик)

⁴ Phew [fju:]! — Фу! (выражает удивление, облегчение)

⁵ brand-new — совершенно новый

¹ Humph [hʌmfi]! — Гм!

² You'd better catch that train — Тебе лучше успеть на тот поезд

³ Pouff [pu:f]! — Фу! (выражает презрение)

⁴ Rather ['ræðə] — эд. Конечно (да)

⁵ to cross the channel ['tʃænl] — переправиться через пролив

⁶ I'll let down the gangway — я прикажу спустить трап

⁷ ran aboard [ə'bo:d] the ship — взбежал на борт корабля



the tricycle until I met a bicycle, and I cycled on the bicycle until I met a motor-car. I whizzed off in the motor-car until I met a bus; I rode in the bus until I met a train, and I went in the train until I met a ship."

"M-m-m-m-m," said the aeroplane. "I'm going back to England. Do you want to come with me?"

"Yes, please," said the little boy, and climbed up the steps.

"Put your head inside, or you'll lose it in the clouds," said the aeroplane.

They flew so fast they were back in a few minutes. They landed at the aerodrome about five o'clock.

On his way home the little boy saw a postman. He was standing in the street with a sack on his back.

"I say," said the little boy, "where are you going? I ran away from Mummy until I met a scooter, and I scooted on the scooter until I met a tricycle, and I pedalled on the tricycle until I met a bicycle, and I cycled on the bicycle until I met a motor-car. I whizzed off in the motor-car until I met a bus, I rode in the bus until I met a train, and I went in the train until I met a ship, and I sailed off in the ship until I met an aeroplane."

"Umph!"¹ said the postman and put his sack down, "I am a postman and I am delivering the last post."

"Oh?" said the little boy. "Do you go near Croydon?"

"Yes," said the postman, "I know where you live. Jump in the sack and I'll give you a ride."

¹ Umph [ʌmf]! — Хм! (Гм!) (выражает сомнение, неуверенность)

So the little boy rode in the postman's sack, and the postman walked till they came to a house in Croydon, with a fence around it and a garden in the front.

"Now," said the postman, "I'll knock on the door, and when the door opens, you jump out."

So the little boy got ready and the postman knocked: "Rat-a-tat-tat!"

And when the door opened, the postman said, "A parcel." And the little boy jumped out: "Bo! Bo! Bo! I ran away from Mummy until I met a scooter, and I scooted on the scooter until I met a tricycle, and I pedalled on the tricycle until I met a bicycle, and I cycled on the bicycle until I met a motor-car. I whizzed off in the motor-car until I met a bus, and I rode in the bus until I met a train, I went in the train until I met a ship, and I sailed off in the ship until I met an aeroplane, I flew in the aeroplane until I met the postman! And he's brought me with the letters in the very last post!"

So they thanked the postman kindly and said, "Good evening." And the little boy was very glad to see all his family, and the family were very glad to see the little boy. And as he was so hungry, they gave him a big supper. He had all the good things he liked the best before he went to bed.

PETE AND THE SPARROW

(After Leila Berg)

ONE day, Pete was walking up the hill. It was a lovely bright spring morning, and the birds were singing as loudly as they could.

His shadow walked very blackly on the wall beside him, but Pete took no notice of it¹ today.

For it was springtime, and new exciting things were happening every day.

Suddenly Pete noticed a cat. It was creeping slowly and quietly up a tree. He stopped to watch it. He liked climbing trees, too.

But when Pete watched he could see the cat wasn't playing. It was going somewhere special. It was a busy cat.

"What are you doing up there?" he called. But the cat only went on climbing.

And now Pete saw it was trying to catch some birds who were talking together on the farthest branch.

"Come down at once, you naughty cat!" he called. "Leave them alone!"²

¹ but Pete took no notice of it — но Пит не обращал на нее никакого внимания

² Leave them alone! — Оставь их в покое!

But the cat took no notice at all. It crept carefully along the branch.

"I'll be angry with you!" shouted Pete.

But just at that moment, the birds flew up in the air, all together. They did it so suddenly, and their wings made such a loud noise, that the cat nearly fell off the branch.

"There!" said Pete.

"You see!" said Pete.

"What did I tell you!" said Pete. And he went on his way. He was glad that the birds had flown away from the cat, and as he went, he sang to himself a happy song that he had made up.

"Spring ter-ring, ter-ring,
Spring ter-ring, ter-ring,
Ter-ring,
Ter-ring,
Buttercups and daisies."¹

Now he walked along a low wall, trying to balance himself carefully.² He was a slow goods train,³ which was taking tractors to a farm.

All at once, he saw there was a bird on the wall in front of him.

"Oooooo!" went Pete the goods train. "Peep-peep."

But the bird didn't move. And Pete, who had expected the bird to fly away, almost lost his balance, as he tried to stop in time.

"You silly old bird!" he shouted. And he jumped in the air, just a little jump on top of the wall, to shoo the bird away. But it still didn't move.

Pete looked at it. It was a very little bird.

He sat down on the wall, and put his face quite close to the bird. It blinked its bright eyes at him.

Very slowly Pete put out a finger and stroked the little bird on the head. It was soft and warm.

Then he put out his finger and did it again, because he had never done such a thing before. Then for a long time he looked right into the bird's eyes, and the bird looked at him.

Then he jumped off the wall, and started to walk up the hill again.

But just in front of him, a man was standing, looking at a tree. So Pete stopped.

"What are you looking at?" said Pete politely.

The man didn't answer.

Pete looked hard at the tree, but there didn't seem to be



anything special to see. "What are you looking at?" said Pete again.

But the man still said nothing.

That made Pete angry. "It's very rude not to tell people what you're looking at, when you're looking at a tree," he said, "when they're very polite and ask you, and wait for you to tell them."

The man turned round. "I'm looking at a bird," he said.

"I was looking at a bird before," said Pete. "I put my face quite close to it, and I stroked its head. Is yours an eagle bird?"

But the man said nothing. He just looked into the tree. "My bird was an eagle bird," said Pete.

Then the man said, "Did you honestly *stroke* a bird?"

"Yes," said Pete. "I told you. I stroked its head with my finger. It sat on the wall, and it nearly made me fall off,"¹ he said.

"Show me the bird," said the man.

But Pete said to him quietly, "You know what you should say,² don't you?"

"What should I say?" asked the man.

"You should say 'Please', shouldn't you?"

"Please show me the bird," said the man.

So Pete took his hand, and they went to the wall and found the bird. It was still sitting there. The man picked it up, and held it gently in his hand. And Pete stroked it again. Then he put his cheek against its face in case³ it wanted to whisper something. But it said nothing.

¹ *buttercups and daisies* — лютики и маргаритки

² *trying to balance* ['bæləns] *himself carefully* — эд. стараясь сохранить равновесие

³ *goods train* — товарный поезд

¹ *and it nearly* ['nɛli] *made me fall off* — эд. и я из-за нее чуть не упал

² *what you should* [ʃud] *say* — что вы должны сказать

³ *in case* — в случае

"It's a baby bird," said the man. "That's the mummy bird who's making all that fuss¹ in the tree. She's calling him."

"Why doesn't he go then?" said Pete. "Can't he hear her?"

And the man said, "Why, he can't fly properly yet. He flew *down* from his tree, because he was trying very hard. And besides it's easier to come down. But going up is difficult." And he walked back to the tree, with the little bird in his hand. And Pete ran in front.

"Here he is," cried Pete up into the branches. "He's coming now."

Then the man put the bird on a branch, as high as he could reach. The mother bird called again. The baby bird fluttered his wings,² then up, up he went, trying very hard, till he reached home at last.

The man and Pete looked at each other. "Will his Mummy be angry, do you think?" said Pete.

"I don't think so," said the man. "She'll probably give him a very good big dinner."

Pete thought for a moment. Then he said, "That's what my Mummy likes to do. Give me a lot of nice things to eat."

And he said good-bye to the man, and walked down the hill again, singing his own spring song.

"Spring ter-ring, ter-ring,
Spring ter-ring, ter-ring,
Ter-ring,
Ter-ring,
Buttercups and daisies."

Yes, that was a special day.

PETE AND THE WONDERFUL TAP

(After Leila Berg)

ONE day, Pete was looking for an ant. He knew where to look because he often saw ants. But today there were no ants. Pete looked and looked... and at last he saw one. It was hurrying along.

"Where did you come from?" said Pete. "Are you going in, or coming out?"

And he put a very little stick in front of it, to see what the ant would do.³

The ant went over it. "I would go under it," said Pete, "if I were an ant."⁴

¹ who's making all that fuss — которая поднимает такой шум

² fluttered his wings — захлопал крыльями

³ what the ant would do — что муравей будет делать

⁴ I would go under it... if I were an ant. — Я бы пробрался под ней (палочкой)... если бы я был муравьем.

While Pete was looking at the ant, he saw a white dog. It was watching him.

It looked at Pete. And Pete looked at it, then looked at the ant again. When Pete looked again at the dog, it opened its mouth wide and laughed.

Pete slowly put out a hand, and kept it wide open, so that the dog could see there was nothing in his hand that could hurt. He knew this was the right thing to do, because someone had told him. And the dog got up, and came over and licked his open hand.

Then Pete said, "Would you like to sit near me? You can if you like." And he patted the place on the door-step near him. The dog came and sat there.

The dog put out its tongue and panted,¹ huh, huh, huh. Pete looked at him, and looked away. He wondered how it felt to do that. After a minute or two, he put out his tongue, too. Then both of them sat on the door-step, panting. Huh, huh, huh, huh.

But Pete got tired of this.

"Come on, dog," he said. "You're my dog, and you must come with me, and do what I tell you." The dog got up.

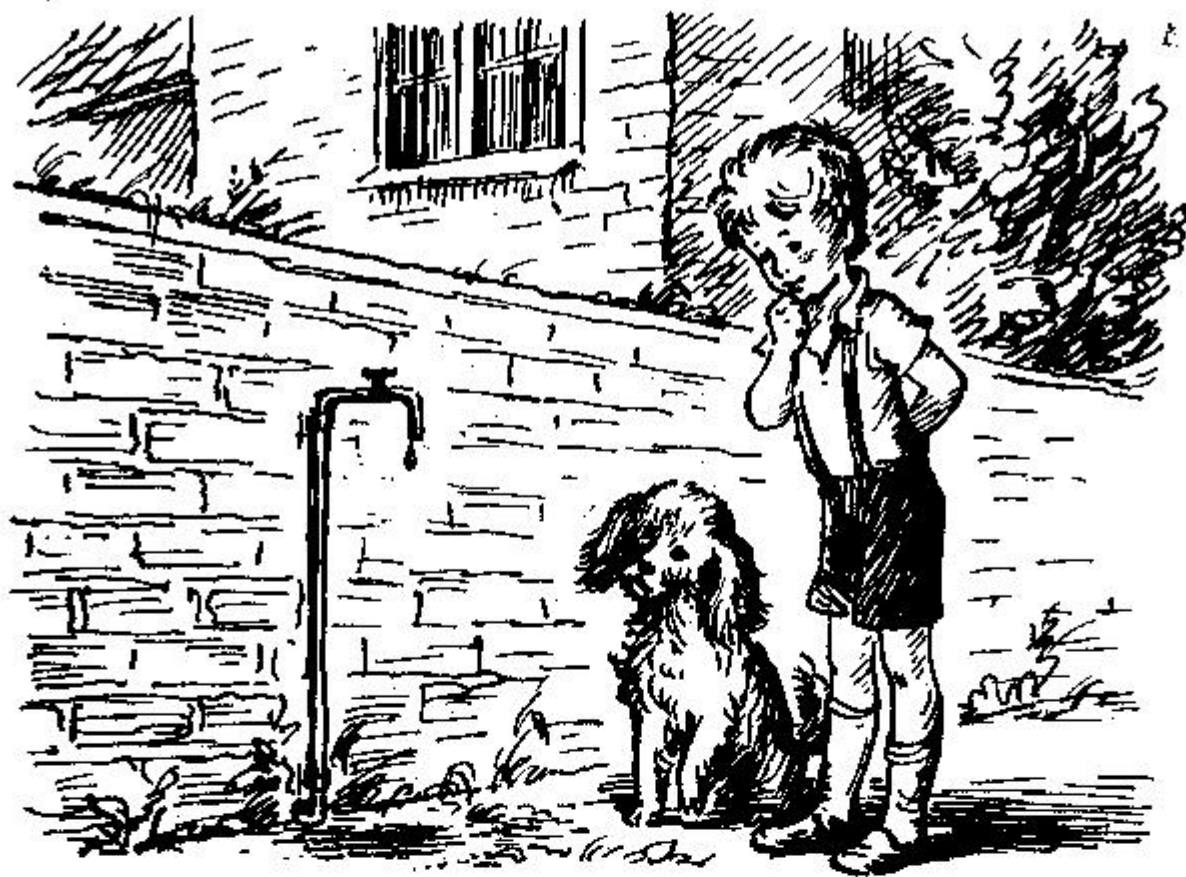
As they walked along, Pete shouted, "Bad dog, good dog, come here. Do that at *once*. Fetch it, fetch it."

The dog didn't know what Pete was talking about, but he was a kind dog and didn't mind, so he walked on with Pete, and just didn't take any notice.

Then they began to run, and sometimes Pete ran in front of the dog, shouting, "Come on, come on." And sometimes Pete ran behind



¹ The dog put out its tongue [тлг] and panted — Собака высунула язык и задышала



the dog, shouting, "Come on, come on." It was very nice both ways.

At last they came to a little low wall with a house behind it, and they rested. While they were resting, something said, "Pete." After a moment, it said it again, "Pete." Then it waited and said, "Pete."

"Who is saying that?" said Pete.

And something said, "Pete." Pete looked very angry.

But the white dog was sitting with his head on one side and looking at a tap that was fastened to the wall.¹

In a minute the tap said, "Pete." And there was a round wet spot below the tap,² on the ground.

Pete stood beside the dog and watched too. First the tap got wet with the drop that was coming. Then the wetness grew into a little drop. Then it grew and grew until it was a ball. Then it began to shake... and shake... and shake... and at last it fell.

And before it fell, it tried to hold on to the tap, but it couldn't. So it called out, "Pete!" And the spot on the ground under the tap grew wetter and blacker.

Pete was pleased. He began to play a very good game with the tap, and the dog played too.

Pete put his hands over his face and started to count very fast. Then when the tap said "Pete", the dog said "Out" (that was the way he barked). And that meant Pete must stop counting.

If he had counted up to fifty before he stopped, then Pete won.

¹ that was fastened ['fæstnd] to the wall — который был прикреплен к стене

² a round wet spot below [bi'lou] the tap — круглое мокрое пятно под краном

And if he didn't get to fifty, then who won? Nobody.

Four times Pete played this game and won. The fifth time he counted up to fifty... up to sixty... up to seventy! And nothing happened.

Pete bent down and looked at the tap. He touched it with his finger. It was quite dry.

"Oh!" said Pete.

"Bad thing," said Pete.

"Just when I was winning," said Pete.

He turned the handle of the tap round and round. But nothing happened. He turned it again round and round — and then something happened.

Someone said, "Hey!"

Pete turned round. There was a man behind him. He had a big spanner. He pushed Pete aside¹ and started unscrewing the tap.²

"What are you doing to my tap?" said Pete. "It was saying 'Pete' and I counted up to fifty, and I won every time, and I'd have won again³ only it's stopped saying Pete, and now it's dry. And why are you taking it to pieces? Will you make it say 'Pete' again?"

Then he sat down on the wall again and put his thumb in his mouth, because he had never had a tap that said "Pete" before, and he was sad to lose it.

The man said nothing. He had put out the tip of his tongue⁴ between his teeth, to help him unscrew the tap properly. And when Pete looked at the dog, he saw the dog had put out the tip of his tongue, too.

So after a minute, Pete did the same. There they all sat, the three of them, with the tips of their tongues out.

Then Pete remembered he was angry with the man. So he said, "Why are you spoiling my game, and sitting near my dog?"

"Well," said the man, "it may be your game, but it's *my* tap. And it's *my* dog."

Pete was very surprised. He didn't say a word.

"His name is Trip," the man said.

"What are you doing to the tap?" asked Pete.

The man said nothing for a little. He was still trying to unscrew it. At last he said, "I'm putting a new washer⁵ on it because it drips and drips."

"But I like it to drip," said Pete sadly. "It says 'Pete' That's my name."

¹ pushed Pete aside — отстранил Пита

² started unscrewing ['ʌn'skru:ɪŋ] the tap — начал развинчивать кран

³ I'd have won again — я бы снова выиграл

⁴ He had put out the tip of his tongue [tʌŋ] — Он высунул кончик языка

⁵ a washer — прокладка, шайба

"Really?" said the man. "What a clever tap!"

"So will you leave it?" asked Pete.

"Well," said the man, "it's like this. This water comes miles and miles to get to this tap. It comes from rivers, and ponds, and streams, and at last it gets into this tap. You wouldn't want it all to pop out again, just to say 'Pete', would you now?"

"Yes," said Pete. "I like it."

"I know what you mean," said the man, looking at him. "I would like it if it said 'Bert' ¹ (that's my name). And *he*" (he nodded to the dog), "he would like it if it said 'Trip'."

"Trip," said Pete. "I think it said 'Trip' too."

"But it didn't say 'Bert' I suppose?" said the man sadly.

Pete thought. "Mm", he said, "it did, just once."

"That's wonderful," said the man. He looked very happy again. And soon he finished the tap. "It's lucky you were here to listen to it, or we'd never have known.² Now we can tell everyone about it when we go home for our dinners."

"But it won't ever do it again, will it?" said Pete slowly. "You've made it stop."

Then the man came very close to Pete, and said, "Suppose, just suppose, you were terribly thirsty³ and you wanted a drink. And you thought as you turned on the tap, 'At last, I can have a drink.' And no water came out, because it had dripped, and dripped. It had said 'Pete' all the time. Or 'Trip' even. Or 'Bert'. And all the water had run out. What would you do then?"⁴

"I'd have milk," said Pete.

Then the man laughed. And the white dog opened his mouth and laughed too. So Pete did the same because they were his friends.

Then the man and the dog went up the path together, back to the house where they lived. And Pete waved to them.

Just as they went inside, the sun came from behind the clouds. And there was Pete's shadow behind him.

"Well!" said Pete. "I think you'll never guess what I've seen. It's a secret, such a secret. And I'll never tell you!"

But his shadow didn't mind. It was still friends with Pete, and jumped beside him all the way home.

That was a special day.

AT THE SEASIDE

(After Eileen Colwell)

STEPHEN and Janet were going to the seaside with their mother and father.

The day before they set out,¹ their mother gave them a red bag. "This is for your toys," she said. "You can take what you like with you to the seaside."

"I *must* take my boat," said Stephen. He had a small toy boat with a mast² and a sail and a flag which he often sailed in the paddling pool³ in the park.

"I can't go without Polly," said Janet. Polly was a little doll her Granny had given her.⁴

The children spent a happy afternoon looking at all their toys and choosing what to take with them. They put all kinds of things in the bag and each of them took a favourite book.

Next day the journey to the seaside seemed long, but at last they saw the shining sea and heard the sound of the waves.

Early next morning, Stephen and Janet went to buy their buckets and spades. Janet chose a blue one, Stephen a red one and they raced down to the beach⁵ to dig in the sand and make sand-pies.⁶

It was a lovely hot day. The sun shone all the time. The children on the beach ran in and out of the warm water, Stephen and Janet with them. Janet collected pretty pebbles and shells⁷ and Stephen sailed his boat.

Wherever Janet went,⁸ Polly went too. The little doll lived in Janet's pocket when she had one, and in the toy-bag when she hadn't. At night Polly slept on Janet's pillow.⁹

One day Stephen and Janet made a big sand-castle.¹⁰ Their father helped them to dig. There was quite a deep moat round it with water in it and Stephen sailed his boat there.

"I say, Janet," he said. "Let's have Polly as the captain of the boat."

"She'll fall off into the water," said Janet.

¹ The day before they set out — Накануне их отъезда

² mast [mɑːst] — мачта

³ paddling pool ['pædlɪŋpuːl] — «лягушатник» (мелкая часть бассейна для детей)

⁴ her Granny had given her — которую подарила ей бабушка

⁵ beach [biːtʃ] — пляж

⁶ sand-pies ['sændpraɪz] — куличики, пирожки из песка

⁷ pebbles and shells — галька и ракушки

⁸ Wherever [weə'veə] Janet went — Куда бы ни шла Дженет

⁹ pillow ['pɪləʊ] — подушка

¹⁰ sand-castle ['sændkɑːsl] — замок (дворец) из песка

¹ I would like if it said 'Bert' — Мне бы тоже хотелось, чтобы он (кран) говорил «Берт»

² or we'd never have known — а то мы бы никогда не узнали (об этом)

³ you were terribly thirsty — тебе бы очень хотелось пить

⁴ What would you do then? — Что бы ты тогда делал?

"Oh no, she won't. I'll fasten her to the mast with a rubber band."¹ Stephen ran off to look in the toy-bag. Well, there was a rubber band there, so he fastened the little doll to the mast. The boat looked much more real with the captain on board.²

But after a time the tide³ began to go down and the water in the moat disappeared. "I'll sail my boat in the sea," said Stephen.

He was tired of playing with the sand-castle.

"Give me Polly back first," said Janet.

"No," said Stephen crossly, "I want her for the captain," and he ran off, Janet after him. Into the sea he splashed and began to sail his boat.

"Don't let Polly sail away," cried Janet.

"Of course not, silly," said Stephen — he was still cross. "I'm holding the string so the boat can't get away."

But just then a big wave rolled in. Stephen lost hold of the string⁴ and the tide carried the boat away from him.

"Oh, what will happen to Polly!" cried Janet. She tried to walk through the water towards the boat, but it was too deep for her short legs. Stephen realized⁵ that he couldn't reach the boat either.

Janet began to cry. "Polly will never come back," she said.

"Run and fetch Daddy," said Stephen. "I'll stay here on the beach — perhaps someone will come along to help."

Janet ran off across the sand while Stephen tried to keep his eyes⁶ on the little boat, but it wasn't easy.

Then he saw a boy swimming not far away. "Hi!" he called. "Oh, please, will you catch my boat."

The boy turned his head and swam towards the boat, but he couldn't catch it and it sailed on. "Sorry!" he shouted. "Too far out for me, but I'll try to keep an eye on it."

Stephen was almost in tears. He knew it was his fault that Janet might lose her doll⁷ and he his boat. But here was his father running across the beach, and behind him, Janet and his mother.

"Show me where the boat is, Stephen," said his father. "It's so small that it's difficult to see it." Stephen pointed, and the boy in the water waved and called. Stephen's father ran into the water and began to swim.

"Oh, I hope that Daddy will save the boat and Polly," said Stephen. "It might sail right over to America!"¹

"Will Polly be safe?"² asked Janet, and held her mother's hand more tightly.

"I think so, my dear," said her mother. "Daddy's a very good swimmer."

Stephen's father had to swim quite a long way, for the tide was running out fast; but suddenly he saw the little boat. It was sailing bravely with its flag at the mast. And Polly was safe on board.

"Got it!" he shouted and caught the string. Then he turned and began to swim back towards the shore.

By this time several children had come up and were watching excitedly with Stephen and Janet. "Hooray!"³ "Hooray!" they shouted when Stephen's father came out of the water.

"I'm sorry, Janet," Stephen whispered, his face rather red; but Janet was looking at Polly. She was quite safe, but her dress was wet through and some of her hair had washed off in the sea.

"Polly's dress is spoilt,"⁴ Mummy," she said.

"Well, it was quite time she had a new one," said her mother. "I think I can make her one tomorrow. Everything will be all right. She is a brave little doll. It's not every doll that has sailed out to sea and nearly got wrecked."⁵

"No, but Polly is special," said Janet happily and hugged⁶ the little doll.

"And so is my boat," said Stephen. "It sailed very well!"

"Dinner-time!" said his mother. "Come along all of you. What an adventure!"

LITTLE BOY AND THE BIRDS

(After Eleanor Farjeon)

ONE summer, when I was a small boy, I had to keep the birds out of the peas.⁷ The peas were wanted as food for the cattle⁸ in winter.

From morning till evening I sat in the field, and when the birds came near me to steal the peas, I shook my rattle at them and sang:

¹ rubber band [bænd] — резиновое колечко

² The boat looked much more real with the captain on board [bɔ:d]. — Лодка с капитаном на борту гораздо больше походила на настоящую.

³ tide — морской прилив и отлив

⁴ lost hold of the string — выпустил бечевку

⁵ to realize ['rɪəlaɪz] — представлять себе, понимать

⁶ to keep his eyes — следить, не отрывать глаз

⁷ it was his fault [fɔ:lt] that Janet might lose her doll — по его вине Дженет может потерять свою куклу

¹ It might sail right over to America! — Она может уплыть в Америку!

² safe — невредимый, в безопасности

³ Hooray [hu'reɪ]! — Ура!

⁴ Polly's dress is spoilt — Платье Полли испорчено

⁵ nearly got wrecked [rekt] — чуть не попала в кораблекрушение

⁶ to hug — крепко обнимать, сжимать в объятиях

⁷ I had to keep the birds out of the peas — я должен был охранять горох от птиц

⁸ The peas were wanted as food for the cattle — Горох нужен был для корма скоту

*Fly, rascals, fly,
Or I'll make you into pie!*

Perhaps they knew what the words meant, and perhaps they did not; but whether they did or not, they flew away at once. Then I felt like a hero who had won a battle.¹

But as often as the birds flew away, they came back again. I could not understand why they came back. When I saw the birds, I got angry and again I shook my rattle at them, and sang my song. So all that summer the birds and I did not love each other.

There was one rook, a bold black very big rook, who did not mind my rattle or my song. He stayed among the peas, eating, till I came so near that I could touch him. I said to myself, "I'll catch him and take him home to my mother. She will make him into a pie. Rook Pie will be a tasty dish, and no mistake!"

I crept like a mouse up to the big black bird, and put out my hand to catch his tail. And at once he flew off with a loud "Caw-Caw!"² just as if he had laughed at me. But, "You wait, old bird!" I called after him. "I'll have you yet!" And I shook my rattle again, and sang:

*Fly, rascal, fly,
Or I'll make you into pie!*

One hot day I took my dinner out of a bag and began to eat. It was the food I liked: two big pieces of bread, with a slice of cold bacon between them, a sandwich. I had to open my mouth wide to bite it.

Each bite filled my mouth quite full, and I had to chew and chew before I was ready for the next one. This was hard work on a hot day, so perhaps that was why³ my head began to nod, and my eyes to close. Before I had half eaten⁴ my bread and bacon I was fast asleep.⁵

When I woke up, I was not in the same place at all. I was lying at the edge of a strange field. Slices of bread and bacon grew in that field.

Dear me, how good they smelled to a hungry boy like me! I ran quickly into the field and took a bite out of a slice as it grew. But I had hardly begun⁶ to chew it up before I heard a loud flutter of wings, and a harsh voice sang:



*Fly, rascal, fly,
Or I'll make you into pie!*

There, in the middle of the field, was a great black rook, as big as a giant. The rook was rattling his wings, and singing my own song at me. When I saw how big he was, I ran off.

"I'll never go near that place again!" said I to myself.

But in a little while I began to feel my hunger again.¹ And in spite of the rook² I crept back and tried to take another slice. This time I could take two bites before he came at me with his wings and his song, and I only got away just in time.³

When a boy wants his dinner as badly as I did, he forgets to be afraid; and so, for a third time I went to the bread-and-bacon field and began to eat.

This time I got three bites down, and just as I was feeling that all was going well, the rook came down on me. And before I could run, he had the tail of my coat in his beak.

He flew up, up, up, till I thought he was going to fly to the sun; but no, he only flew as high as the top of an elm where his nest was.

¹ who had won a battle — который выиграл битву

² Caw-Caw ['kɔ: 'kɔ:]! — Кар-кар!

³ perhaps that was why — может быть, поэтому

⁴ Before I had half eaten — Не успел я съесть половину

⁵ I was fast [fɔ:st] asleep — я крепко заснул

⁶ But I had hardly begun — Но едва я начал

¹ But in a little while I began to feel my hunger again. — Но через некоторое время я снова начал ощущать голод.

² in spite of the rook — несмотря на грача (несмотря на то, что я боялся грача)

³ I only got away just in time — я успел убежать как раз вовремя

What a great nest it was! Inside the nest there was his big black wife and his little black family. When they saw me, they all began to caw loudly.

"Oh, Daddy," said Mammy Rook. "I am glad you've caught that fat little rascal who is always coming after the bread and bacon!"

"Yes, here he is!" said Daddy Rook, "and if you want to please us all, you'll make him into pie."

"Little Boy Pie will be a tasty dish, and no mistake!" said Mammy Rook; and all the baby rooks cawed with joy:

"Little Boy Pie! Little Boy Pie!"

"Give me the boy, Daddy," said Mammy Rook.

"Catch him then!" said Daddy Rook, and threw me across the nest from his strong beak. But he threw me just a little too far. Instead of falling into the nest, I landed on the other side of it,¹ and I jumped quickly out of the nest! Yes, I jumped from the top of that tall elm, and fell down, down among the leaves and branches, until at last I came to the ground with a bump.

When I opened my eyes, I was sitting in my own field, with my own bread and bacon in my hand, and the rooks were all busy among the peas. I jumped up and shook my rattle, and sang my song at the top of my voice:

*Fly, rascals, fly,
Or I'll make you into pie!*

They flew off, and when they had gone, I ate up my bread and bacon.

But now I knew why the birds came back again and again, in spite of me and my rattle. They came because birds, like boys,² are hungry. I must not let them eat the peas, because the peas are wanted as food for the cattle in winter. But when I got home that day, I went into our garden and made a place for the birds to come and eat. My mother gave me pieces of bread to crumble there every day. I even saved a little bacon out of my sandwich for the birds.

So, if I had to keep the birds off with one hand, I fed them with the other. If I frightened them out of the field, I invited them into the garden. After that it seemed to me³ that the birds and I were not enemies as we had been before. We even became friends.

¹ Instead [in'sted] of falling into the nest, I landed on the other side of it.—
Вместо того чтобы упасть в гнездо, я приземлился на другом краю его.

² like boys — как и мальчики

³ it seemed to me — мне казалось

THE WILD LITTLE HOUSE

(After Ellis Dillon)

I

ONCE there was a wild little house. It stood in the middle of a street of tall stiff houses in a town on top of a hill. It was made of wood,¹ and it stood above the ground on four posts, like legs. One could get right in under it, and the little boy who lived in it often did this. His name was John.

An old sailor had built the house many years ago, and all the rooms inside looked like ships' cabins. The sailor brought home lamps, shelves and beds from his ship when it was broken after a long life of sailing the seas.²

"I would like to live on the seashore," the house thought. "There I could always see sailors, and listen to their wonderful stories about adventures on the seas. Nothing happens here."

And it looked up the street at the tall stiff houses on its left.

Tall stiff people lived in the tall stiff houses, and they never had any fun. But it was different in the little house, because John and his father and mother were always cheerful.

John's father was a shoemaker. He had a little workshop at the other end of the town, where he made or mended shoes all day. All the tall stiff people had big long feet, so it took a long time to make or mend their shoes.

Sometimes, when he had work to finish, the shoemaker brought home a bundle of shoes under his arm. Then, after tea, he sat in the kitchen and told John stories while he worked. As the story got more and more exciting, the shoemaker worked faster and faster with his hammer and then at last he said:

"So he killed the giant and married the king's daughter and they all lived happily ever after."

At night, when everybody in the town was asleep, the tall stiff houses whispered to each other. But they took no notice of the wild little house, because it was so small. So it just stood there on its four legs and thought wild thoughts about sailing the seas.³

II

One night two big black cats came into the garden of the little house. One of them was carrying a piece of meat. They sat down by one of the house's legs to share the meat.

After they had each had a few bites, one said to the other:

¹ It was made of wood — Он был сделан из дерева

² when it was broken after a long life of sailing the seas — зд. когда он пошел на слом после долгих лет плавания по морям

³ thoughts [θɔ:ts] about sailing the seas — мысли о плавании по морям



"This is much nicer than mice."

"And we can steal some more if we find any open windows," said the other.

"Dirty little thieves," said the house to itself angrily.

And it lifted the leg near which the two cats were sitting. They were terribly frightened and forgot about the meat. They cried out and ran off up the street.

The shoemaker and his wife sat up in bed and looked at each other. The shoemaker said:

"I thought the whole house shook."

"So did I," said his wife.

They listened for a while, and then they decided to go to sleep again and forget about it.

All night long the little house thought of what had happened.¹

"I moved my leg," it said to itself again and again. "I really moved my leg. If I hadn't got so angry with the cats, I might never have known I could do it."²

But it didn't move again that night, because it didn't want to wake the shoemaker and his wife again.

The next night, the wild little house waited until everybody in it had fallen asleep. At last all was quiet.

"I must find out how much I can do," it said to itself.

¹ thought of what had happened — думал о том, что случилось

² If I hadn't got so angry with the cats, I might never have known I could do it. — Если бы я так не рассердился на кошек, может быть, я никогда бы не узнал, что я могу так делать.

And it lifted the leg that had pushed the cats out¹ of the garden. Then it tried its other legs. Each one moved.

"What a fool I have been,"² thought the wild little house. "All these years I could have been moving around³ and I didn't even know it."

And it walked a step forward.

The shoemaker and his wife turned over in their sleep, but they didn't wake up. The house walked another step, very carefully, still, but much more easily.

"I'm getting used to it,"⁴ it thought, and walked two steps.

And then it stepped over the low front garden wall into the street.

"Now I'll see what the rest of the town is like," it said to itself.

The tall stiff houses whispered together. That bad wild little house was walking up the street! But they had no legs, so they could do nothing to stop it.

The little house walked very softly up to the top of the street. Then it turned into the next street, and the next, until it was many streets away from home. All the time it was hoping to see another little house like itself; but every house in that town was tall and stiff.

John woke up just as the house was starting back to its own garden. It was moving so softly that he was not at all frightened. He got out of bed and ran to the window. When he saw what was happening he nearly fell out,⁵ he was so surprised.

"Our house is walking!" he said. "I always knew it was a wild little house."

Then he stood happily at the window and looked through as they passed the tall stiff houses.

The wild little house saw that John was not asleep. Of course it did not want anyone to know it was now able to walk.

But, as if John knew what the house was thinking about,⁶ he whispered:

"It's all right, little house. I won't tell anyone."

Night after night the house stepped over the garden wall and walked about the town. It went into every street, but it never saw another wild little house like itself. "I'm the only one in the whole town," it said to itself at last, and it felt very lonely.

¹ that had pushed... out — которая вытолкнула

² What a fool I have been — Какой я был глупый

³ I could have been moving around — я мог бы передвигаться с места на место

⁴ I'm getting used to it — Я привыкаю к этому

⁵ he nearly ['næli] fell out — он чуть не вывалился (из окна)

⁶ as if John knew what the house was thinking about — как будто Джон знал, о чем думал дом

III

One evening a ship's captain came to visit John's father and mother. He stayed very late telling stories about ships that he had sailed in. The wild little house had not heard such good stories since the days of the old sea-captain who had built it.

At last the sailor started for home. The house watched him as he walked down the hill under the moon.

"That must be the road to the sea," it thought. "There must be another town down there by the sea. And it can't be so far away, or he would not set off to walk¹ there so late at night."

And it began to think, "I'd like to walk down the hill to the next town. It must be on the seashore."

The very next night, the shoemaker and his wife went to bed very early. John was tired too, because he had wakened up² every night when the house went walking about the town. By ten o'clock they were all in bed and fast asleep.³ The house stepped softly over the garden wall into the street. No one woke, not even John.

The wild little house went out of the town and began to walk down the hill to the sea.

It walked very slowly. It was a moonlight summer night again, and the fences and trees looked very strange to the little house,



¹ he would not set off to walk — он не отправился бы пешком

² because he had wakened up — потому что он просыпался

³ were... fast asleep — крепко спали

who had never been out in the country before.¹ For a long time it was so much interested in the new things it saw that it did not notice how long the road was. Then suddenly it felt very tired.

"This must be the longest road in the world," it thought. "I'm afraid I'll never reach the sea at all!"

It felt very sorry for itself. It felt lost among the dark trees,² and it almost wished to see the silly faces of the tall stiff houses again.

"But how they will laugh if I come back again so soon from my travels!" thought the little house.

"I must go on at any cost,"³ it said to itself, and it began again the slow walk down the hill.

All night long it walked. Then it went a little faster, but it still had to be careful not to wake John and his parents. And just when it was really morning, it reached the town by the sea.

The little house walked right through the town and looked at all the other houses with delight.⁴ They were all little houses, just like itself, though their paint was not so bright. It looked through the windows and saw fat cheerful people smiling in their sleep.

Half-way down the main street there was a little field, and the wild little house stepped over the low fence into it. In the very middle of the field it stood still and said:

"Here I stay!"

After a moment it said:

"Anyway I won't have time to walk home now, before the people get up."

It fell into a lovely dream as it saw the cheerful little houses all around, and at the end of the street a lot of boats. They were rising and falling on the slow waves.

IV

At his usual time the shoemaker woke up. A minute later his wife woke too, and he said to her:

"I feel very happy this morning, though I don't quite know why."

"So do I," said his wife. "I had a funny dream, that I was a baby being rocked in a cradle."⁵

"I dreamed that I was in a boat which was going up and down on the waves," said the shoemaker.

¹ who had never been out in the country before — который до этого никогда не был за городом

² It felt lost among [э'мал] the dark trees — Он чувствовал себя потерянным среди темных деревьев

³ I must go on at any cost — Я должен продолжать идти во что бы то ни стало

⁴ with delight [дэ'лайт] — с восторгом

⁵ that I was a baby being rocked in a cradle — что я ребенок и меня качают в колыбели

Just then John came into their bedroom.
 "Get up and look out of the window," he said.
 His father and mother rushed to the window.
 "What has happened? Where are we? Where have all the tall stiff houses gone?"¹
 "I know where we are," said the shoemaker. "This is the town by the sea!"
 "But how did we get here?" asked his wife in surprise.
 "I know," said John. "The house walked here by itself."
 "This is no time for jokes," said his mother crossly.
 "But it's true," said John, and he told them how the house had walked all over the town on the hill. "Last night I was very tired and fell asleep," he said, "and it must have walked all the way² down the hill until it came here."

"It must have done that, right enough,"³ said his father, but his mother said:

"I don't believe it."

So they all went out of the front door and stood in the little field where the house had decided to stay, and John said:

"Please, little house, show my mother that you are really able to walk."

"I don't see why not," thought the house.

And it lifted its legs and took a step forward.

"It's true, then," said John's mother.

Suddenly she said to the house:

"Walk back at once!"

"All right!" thought the house, and it stepped back to its old position.

The shoemaker and his wife asked the house to go back home many times, but it did not want to. It just stood there. It felt pleased with itself, and enjoyed the sun and the warm air.

And so the shoemaker made up his mind⁴ to stay in the town by the sea. He made one of the rooms into a workshop. Then he announced to all the people that he was ready to mend their shoes, or even to make new ones for them. But he soon found out⁵ that the fat cheerful people had little work for him to do. The tall stiff people walked heavily, clump, clump, clump, so their shoes wore out quickly. But the fat cheerful people danced along so lightly and happily that the soles of their shoes rarely wore out before the uppers.⁶

¹ Where have... gone? — Куда исчезли...?

² and it must have walked all the way — и он, должно быть, прошел весь путь

³ It must have done [да] that, right enough — Должно быть, он сделал это, вполне возможно

⁴ made up his mind — решил

⁵ But he soon found out — Но скоро он обнаружил

⁶ the soles of their shoes rarely [редко] wore out before the uppers — подошвы их туфель редко снашивались раньше верха

Then the fat cheerful people all had feet that were the right shape, so that they were able to buy their shoes in the shops.

As soon as they heard that a wild little house had walked down the hill to their town, all the people came out to see it.

"We're sorry we have no shoes for you to mend," they said, "but we can't help that. How bright and neat your little house is, compared with our houses!"¹

And one of them laughed and said:

"Soon it will be just like our houses."

The wild little house felt uneasy² about that. It was proud of its shiny paint.

After a few days a man came and took photographs of the house for a newspaper.³ Then hundreds of people came from all over the country to see it. They stood in the street and looked into the little field at it, and they said:

"Just an ordinary little house on legs. There's nothing to see!"

The house did not like that.

"I'll show them if they think I'm an ordinary little house," it said, and it began to walk around the field.

"It's a wild little house, all right," said all the people.

Twice the house walked around its little field, and then it went back to the middle and stood there.

The people clapped and laughed.

"We'll tell everyone it really can walk," they said before they went home.

So the summer passed away, and crowds of people came every day to see the house that could walk. But after a while they got tired, and didn't want to go so far, and then there was no one left who had not seen it.⁴

V

John loved to live by the sea. He spent all day in the boats and on the shore, and he soon knew all the sea-captains who came in their ships to the town by the sea. But even he was not so pleased when he saw that his father had little work to do; and though John asked the wild little house many times to go home, it did not go.

In September the first storm came.

When the storm was over, the sun shone again, and one long golden day followed another. And then October came, and November. Other storms came, more often now. In between the storms the

¹ compared with our houses — по сравнению с нашими домами

² felt uneasy — почувствовал беспокойство (тревогу)

³ took photographs ['fotəgræfs] of the house for a newspaper ['nju:spetə] — сфотографировал дом для газеты

⁴ there was no one left who had not seen it — не осталось ни одного человека, который бы не видел его

sun only shone for an hour or two. The house's paint dried and shrivelled, and began to peel off.¹ The wild little house was no longer² the only neat little shiny house in the town. It was beginning to look like all the other little houses.

"This won't do,"³ said the wild little house to itself.

And it thought:

"If I stay here much longer, I may even fall down!"

So one rainy, windy night it began the long journey up the hill again. This time the shoemaker and his wife woke up, and John too, and they all leaned out of their windows and watched how the house walked along on its legs.

"We're going home to the tall stiff people who wear out their shoes quickly," said the shoemaker to his wife, and they were very pleased.

But though John knew it was a good thing that they were going home, he was sorry to leave the boats and the sea-captains behind.

Just before the people in the tall stiff houses got up, the wild little house reached its own garden in the town on top of the hill. It was tired out, but glad to be safe from the stormy sea.

When the townspeople got up, they were surprised to find that the little house had come back. By this time everyone knew that it was able to walk, and they all brought their shoes to mend.

VI

Winter passed away and spring came. Now the wild little house began to feel restless again.⁴

"But I don't think the good shoemaker and his wife will like it, if I go travelling", it thought.

One evening when John and his father and mother were sitting in the kitchen, they began to talk about the whole adventure.

"It was a lovely summer, by the sea," said his mother, "though we wanted so much to come home."

"Yes, I'd like to go again," said John, "when we have summer holidays."

"I could take some work with me and we could stay for a month," said the shoemaker sadly. "We haven't enough money to rent a house by the sea, and I think our wild little house has become a tame little house. I don't think it will go walking again."

But it did. When the days began to get warm and long, and the winds blew softly up the hill from the sea, one fine night the wild little house started down the hill again. It reached its own little field and settled down there, and stayed for a whole month. John

swam and sailed in the sea, and his father and mother took him out fishing nearly every day.¹

Then one morning they woke up to find themselves at home again.

Every year the wild little house took them to the sea. Its legs got a little worn, and the shoemaker made new ones for it.

After that the little house was quite happy with its one excursion every year. For the rest of the time it stayed at home among the tall stiff houses in the town on the hill.

When John grew up and became a sea-captain himself, the house stopped walking from place to place and stayed at home. It waited for him to come home between voyages, so that it could hear the wonderful stories about strange and terrible adventures he had had, and about the different places he had been.²

For in its heart it always remained a wild little house.

¹ shrivelled, and began to peel off — сморщилась и начала облупливаться

² was no longer — не был больше

³ This won't do — эд. Так больше не может продолжаться

⁴ to feel restless again — снова чувствовать беспокойство

¹ took him out fishing nearly [nearly] every day — брали его с собой на рыбалку почти каждый день

² places he had been — места, в которых он бывал

QUESTIONS AND TASKS

J for John

1. Why was John very excited that morning?
2. Why was John disappointed when he saw only a little box at his plate?
3. What did John see in the box when he opened it?
4. Explain why John's parents put three keys into the little box.
5. Where did John find his first present? What was it?
6. What was John's second present? Where did he find it?
7. What did John find in the shed? Was he glad when he saw the third present?
8. Using the text, describe how John spent his time on Saturday.
9. Find a sentence in the text to prove that John was very happy on his birthday. What do you think about his birthday?

Pete and the Car

1. Where was Pete walking?
2. What did he try to do as he walked? Could he do it?
3. What did Pete see suddenly?
4. What did the car look like? Find in the text the description of the car.
5. What did Pete write in the dust on the car?
6. How did Pete and his shadow get in the car?
7. Did Pete play a game in the car?
8. Why did the man run out of the house? Was he angry when he saw the letters P, M and S on the car?
9. What did the man say Pete could do?
10. Tell if Pete enjoyed washing the car with the man. Why was the man very pleased when they finished washing the car?
11. Where did the man and Pete go in the car? What did the man buy for Pete?
12. Explain why that day was good for Pete.

Cuckoo!

1. What was the present Tim got on his fifth birthday?
2. Where did the father hang the cuckoo clock?
3. How did the cuckoo clock wake up Tim in the morning?
4. When did Tim begin to go to school?
5. How did he get to school?

6. Read the part that tells why Tim liked going to school.
7. Using the text, prove that Tim was very lazy to get out of bed each morning in winter.
8. Why was Tim in a great hurry in the morning on the first day of spring?
9. Read the part that describes what Tim did after he had got up. What wrong things did he do that morning?
10. Was Tim really late or was he early when he got to the bus stop that morning? What was the time when he got into the school bus?
11. Explain why the bus driver laughed when he heard Tim's story.
12. What did Tim and the driver hear?
13. Did Tim ever get up late after that morning? How do you get up in the morning?

A Spring Story

1. Why did the birds decide to live in the garden?
2. What did Mrs Bluetit say when spring came?
3. What were the Bluetits looking for in the wood? Did they find a good hole for a nest there?
4. What did they find in the garden?
5. How did the birds build the nest?
6. How many eggs did Mrs Bluetit lay?
7. Why did Mr Bluetit sing his gay songs?
8. What did the baby birds look like when they came out of their shells?
9. Explain why Mr and Mrs Bluetit were very tired at the end of the day.
10. Why was the nest soon crowded?
11. Tell how the baby birds learned to fly.
12. Have you ever seen how baby birds learn to fly?

Pete and the Rain

1. Why did Pete put on his raincoat and his wellingtons when he went outside one day?
2. What did Pete first think he saw in the puddle under a gate? What were they really?
3. Could Pete count the bubbles?
4. What did Pete find in the water that was running down the hill?
5. Who did Pete see at the foot of the hill?
6. What was the old man doing?
7. Explain why Pete was very upset.
8. Was Pete willing to help the man?
9. How did Pete help the old man to clear the drains?
10. Tell why that was a good day for Pete.

Pete and the Tricycle

1. What was the weather like the day Pete went riding on his tricycle?
2. Why did Pete feel important?
3. Did a dog or a kitten run up to Pete's tricycle?
4. What happened to the kitten?
5. Why did Pete begin to cry?
6. Why did Pete go into the house?
7. What did he see in the kitchen?
8. What did Pete buy at the shop?
9. Find sentences in the text to prove that Pete was a kind-hearted boy.
10. Pete liked to imagine, didn't he? Tell what he imagined.
11. Why was that day quite a good day for Pete after all?

The Silver Thimble

1. What special thing was going to happen one morning?
2. Were Aunt Dot and Uncle Ned coming for a week or only for the week-end?
3. How did Kate dress her doll that morning?
4. Tell what happened when Daddy was putting on his shirt.
5. Who went to the station to meet Aunt Dot and Uncle Ned?
6. Why did Daddy have to go back home for a minute?
7. When did Daddy and Kate arrive at the station?
8. Who looked for the silver thimble?
9. Could they find it?
10. Where did Uncle Ned find Mother's silver thimble?
11. What can you say about Kate? Could she keep her promise? Was she a helpful girl? Characterize her.

Bunchy and the Dough

1. Where did Bunchy and her grandmother live?
2. Why was Bunchy a happy girl?
3. What was the only bad thing in Bunchy's life?
4. Why did Grandmother go to the market without Bunchy one day?
5. Using the text, prove that Bunchy felt rather lonely.
6. Why did Bunchy go to the kitchen?
7. What did Bunchy make out of the dough?
8. Was the dough magic? Why do you think so?
9. Did Bunchy enjoy playing with the dough?
10. How do you think Grandmother knew that Bunchy had played with the dough?
11. Tell if this story is real or fairy. Why do you think so?

Blackie's Birthday

1. How old was Blackie that day?
2. What was his birthday present?
3. Did he enjoy his present?
4. Why did Jane, her mother and Blackie go to the pond?
5. What did Blackie do there?
6. What was the game that Blackie liked to play? How did they play the game?
7. Did Blackie like the bow which Jane tied to his collar in the evening?
8. Read the part which tells that Blackie didn't like the blue bow.
9. Blackie had a wonderful time on his birthday, didn't he? Tell why Blackie was happy that day.
10. Find sentences in the text to prove that Blackie was a clever dog.
11. Tell what interested you most in this story.

Jacko and the Potato Scones

1. Was Jacko a good or naughty monkey?
2. Why did Mrs Robb shut Jacko in his cage?
3. What did he do in the cage?
4. Why did Jacko wish to go out of the cage?
5. Who opened the door of the cage?
6. What did Jacko do to warm himself?
7. Why did Mrs and Mr Robb laugh very much?
8. Why did Jacko jump into his cage?
9. Read the part that made you laugh or smile.

Pete and the Letter

1. How was Pete walking one day?
2. Which season was it?
3. Why did Pete walk very carefully?
4. What happened when Pete nearly fell into the lady's chair?
5. What did the lady ask Pete to do?
6. Did Pete post the letter for the lady?
7. Read the part that tells how Pete put the letter into the letter-box. Explain why he did it in such a strange way.
8. Why did the lady clap?
9. Did the lady let Pete honk the horn?
10. Was that day a good one for Pete? Explain.
11. Did Pete like doing things for people? Do you think he was a kind boy?
12. Why did Pete make a game of everything he did?
13. Using the text, prove that Pete had a wonderful imagination.

Pete and the Whistle

1. What were the workers doing?
2. Why did Pete say to the man, "I'm a very good digger. I dig very fast"?
3. Did the man let him dig?
4. How did Pete help the man with a wheelbarrow?
5. Did Pete enjoy helping the worker?
6. Why did Pete throw his whistle on the ground?
7. What happened to his whistle?
8. Why was the man very angry with Pete?
9. Why was Pete glad as he walked home?
10. Pete was a diligent boy, wasn't he?
11. Tell what interesting things Pete saw and learned that day.
12. So Pete had another good day, didn't he?

Honk Honk!

1. What was Willie?
2. What was Willie fond of doing?
3. Who did he meet one day?
4. What did the cat say?
5. Why was Willie surprised?
6. What was the day like? Find in the text the description of the day.
7. What did the dog say?
8. Explain why Willie was upset and unhappy.
9. Using the text, prove that Willie cried because he was very lonely.
10. What did Willie hear suddenly?
11. What did he see on the road?
12. Explain what made Willie happy.

A Garage for Gabriel

1. Where did Gabriel live?
2. Was he an old car or a new one? Find in the text the description of Gabriel.
3. What did Gabriel watch every day?
4. What did he think about?
5. Why did the two women not buy Gabriel?
6. Why did a student not buy Gabriel?
7. Who came the next day?
8. Why did the young woman not buy Gabriel?
9. Why did the man who came one day turn and leave?
10. Using the text, explain how it happened that Gabriel acted naturally when Jimmy and Jimmy's daddy came.
11. Explain why Gabriel was happy in his new home.
12. What do you think is better — to act naturally or to show off?

The Old Red Bus

1. A red bus that ran down to the station and back was very old, wasn't it? Find in the text the description of the old red bus.
2. Why did some people walk to the station rather than ride in the old bus?
3. What did the driver say about the old red bus? Read.
4. Why did the old red bus want to sleep in the sun for ever?
5. What happened one day?
6. Why did all the people walk off to the station?
7. Tell what the mechanics at the garage did with the old red bus. You may use the text.
8. How did the bus feel now?
9. Explain why everyone wanted a ride.
10. What did the people say?

The Boy Who Ran Away

1. Where was the little boy once walking?
2. Explain why the little boy ran away from Mummy.
3. What kinds of transport did the little boy meet on his way? Name them.
4. Where did the aeroplane land?
5. Who did the little boy see as he was walking home from the aerodrome?
6. Where did the postman take him?
7. Describe the meeting of the little boy and his family. What were their feelings?
8. Add some sentences to the story using the English proverb "East or West, home is best".

Pete and the Sparrow

1. Where was Pete walking one day?
2. What was the morning like? Find in the text the description of the morning.
3. What did Pete see suddenly?
4. Why was the cat creeping up a tree?
5. Tell what Pete did to protect the birds in the tree.
6. Pete was cheerful that morning, wasn't he? Explain why Pete sang a happy song.
7. What did Pete see on the wall later?
8. How do you know that Pete was fond of birds and animals?
9. Tell how Pete and the man helped the baby bird.
10. What kind of bird was the baby bird? What is a sparrow like?
11. Using the text, prove that Pete was a kind-hearted boy.
12. Pete liked to help others. Think about Pete's actions and prove that much happiness comes from helping others.

Pete and the Wonderful Tap

1. What did Pete and the dog come to?
2. What did Pete hear as they were sitting there?
3. Where did the sounds come from?
4. Read the part that tells how Pete and the dog played with the tap.
5. Why did they stop their game?
6. Who do you think turned off the water?
7. Explain why the man unscrewed the tap and put a new washer on it. Do you think he was right?
8. Pete, the man and the dog became great friends, didn't they?
9. Why did Pete's shadow, his good friend, come?
10. Why do you think that day was special for Pete?
11. Remember all the stories about Pete and describe his character.
12. Did you like Pete? Why?

At the Seaside

1. What did Stephen and Janet put in the red bag?
2. What did the children do on the beach? How did they play?
3. What was the day like? Find in the text the description of the day.
4. What did Stephen do when the water in the moat round the sand-castle disappeared?
5. What happened next?
6. Explain why Janet began to cry.
7. Using the text, prove that Stephen was very upset.
8. Who saved the boat and Polly? How did he do it?
9. Tell what you like to do on the beach.

Little Boy and the Birds

1. What did the boy do from morning till evening in summer?
2. Why do you think the birds came back again to the field?
3. What happened one hot day?
4. What grew in the strange field?
5. Was the boy hungry? What did he try to do several times?
6. Find in the text the description of the great black rook.
7. Where did the rook fly to with the boy in his beak?
8. What happened then?
9. What did the boy see when he opened his eyes?
10. Using the text, explain the reason why the birds came back again and again.
11. What did the boy do in the garden?
12. The birds and the boy became friends now, didn't they? Find sentences in the text to prove it.
13. How do you treat birds? Are you nice to them?

The Wild Little House

1. Where did the house stand?
2. What did it look like? Find in the text the description of the house.
3. Where did the wild little house want to live?
4. Explain why the wild little house wanted to live on the seashore.
5. What was John's father? What did he do?
6. What happened one night when two big black cats came into the garden of the little house?
7. Who was the first in the family to know that the house could walk?
8. Who came one evening to visit John's father and mother?
9. How did the wild little house find out the way to the sea?
10. The way to the sea was long and difficult for the little house, wasn't it?
11. Explain why the wild little house didn't want to go home.
12. Why did the house come back home in autumn?
13. Did the little house walk to the seaside again?
14. Explain why the house stayed at home when John grew up. You may use the text.
15. Did you like the story? Why?

VOCABULARY

able ['eɪbl]: **be able (to do something)**

быть в состоянии (сделать что-то)

act [ækt] *v* действовать, поступать

action [ækʃn] *n* действие

add [æd] *v* добавит

aerodrome ['æərədrəʊm] *n* аэродром

aeroplane ['æərəpleɪn] *n* самолет

all [ɔ:l]: **at all** совсем

almost ['ɔ:lmoʊst] *adv* почти, едва не

aloud [ə'laʊd] *adv* громко, вслух

although [ɔ:l'dəʊ] *conj* несмотря на то что

ant [ænt] *n* муравей

anywhere ['eniweə] *adv* где-нибудь, куда-нибудь

arrive [ə'raɪv] *v* прибывать

as [æz]: **as if** как будто

as soon as как только

back [bæk] *n* спина, задняя сторона
the back of the head затылок

backwards ['bækwədz] *adv* назад, задом

bacon ['beɪkən] *n* копченая свиная грудинка, бекон

balance ['bæləns] *n* равновесие; *v* балансировать, сохранять равновесие

bark [bɑ:k] *v* лаять

bars [bɑ:z] *n pl* решетка

basket ['bɑ:skɪt] *n* корзина

beach [bi:tʃ] *n* пляж

beak [bi:k] *n* клюв

believe [bi'li:v] *v* верить

bell [bel] *n* звонок

below [bi'ləʊ] *prep* ниже, под

bend [bend] *v* (**bent, bent**) сгибать(ся)

bend down наклоняться

bent [bent] *см.* **bend**

beside [bi'saɪd] *prep* рядом с, около, близ

bicycle ['baɪsɪkl] *n* велосипед; *v* ездить на велосипеде

bit [bit] *см.* **bite**

bite [baɪt] *n* кусок (пищи); *v* (**bit, bit**) кусать

bitterly ['bɪtəli] *adv* горько

blink [blɪŋk] *v* мигать, шуриться

bounce [baʊns] *v* подпрыгивать

bow¹ [bəʊ] *n* бант

bow² [bəʊ] *v* кланяться

brake [breɪk] *n* тормоз

breast [brest] *n* грудь

brick [brɪk] *n* кирпич

bright [braɪt] *a* яркий, блестящий

brush [brʌʃ] *v* чистить щеткой

bubble ['bʌbl] *n* пузырь

bucket ['bʌkɪt] *n* ведро

bump [bʌmp] *n* глухой удар; *v* ударять, толкать

bumper ['bʌmpə] *n* бампер; амортизатор

bundle ['bʌndl] *n* узел, связка

bush [bʊʃ] *n* куст, кустарник

button ['bʌtn] *n* пуговица

cabin ['kæbɪn] *n* каюта

captain ['kæptɪn] *n* капитан

carefully ['keəfəli] *adv* осторожно, с осторожностью

carriage ['kærɪdʒ] *n* ж.-д. пассажирский вагон

cattle ['kætl] *n* крупный рогатый скот

caw [kɔ:] *v* каркать

centre ['sentə] *n* центр, середина

chase [tʃeɪs] *v* гнаться, преследовать

cheap [tʃi:p] *a* дешевый

cheek [tʃi:k] *n* щека

cheerful ['tʃiəfʊl] *a* бодрый, веселый

chew [tʃu:] *v* жевать

Christmas ['krɪsməs] *n* рождество

clap [klæp] *v* хлопать, аплодировать

clear [kliə] *v* очищать

clever ['klevə] *a* умный; ловкий

click [klɪk] *n* шелканье (затвора); шелчок (в механизме)

cloth [klɒθ] *n* ткань, кусок материи, тряпка

coat [kəʊt] *n* слой, покров

coat of paint слой краски

collar ['kɒlə] *n* ошейник

comb [kəʊm] *n* гребень, гребенка; *v* чесать, расчесывать

comfortable ['kʌmfətəbl] *a* удобный

compare [kəm'preɪ] *v* сравнивать

complete [kəm'pli:t] *a* полный, законченный

conductor [kən'dʌktə] *n* кондуктор (автобуса, трамвая — в Англии)

continent ['kɒntɪnənt] *n* материк, континент

the Continent Европейский материк (в противоположность Британским островам)

coverlet ['kʌvəli:t] *n* покрывало, одеяло

crane [kreɪn] *n* (грузо)подъемный кран

creep [kri:p] *v* (**crept, crept**) ползать

crept [krept] *см.* **creep**

crossly ['krɒsli] *adv* раздраженно, сердито

crowd [kraʊd] *n* толпа; *v* собираться толпой, толпиться

crumble ['krʌmbl] *v* крошиться(ся)

cupboard ['kʌpbəd] *n* шкаф, буфет

currant ['kʌrənt] *n* коринка; смородина

cut [kʌt] *n* разрез; *v* (**cut, cut**) резать
cut out вырезать

D

dear [diə] *a* дорогой, милый; *int* выражает огорчение, сожаление, удивление

deliver [dɪ'lɪvə] *v* доставлять, разносить (письма)

dent [dent] *n* вмятина

describe [dɪs'kraɪb] *v* описывать

description [dɪs'kripʃən] *n* описание

dig [dɪg] *v* (**dug, dug**) копать, рыть

dish [dɪʃ] *n* блюдо, кушанье

distance ['dɪstəns] *n* расстояние

dock [dɒk] *v* входить в док

door-step ['dɔ:stɛp] *n* ступенька крыльца

dough [daʊ] *n* тесто

downstairs ['daʊn'steɪz] *adv* вниз (по лестнице); внизу, на нижнем этаже

drain [dreɪn] *n* водосток, канализационная труба

drawer [dɹəʊ] *n* ящик (выдвижной)

dream [dri:m] *n* сон, сновидение; мечта; *v* видеть сны, видеть во сне; мечтать

dressing-gown ['dresɪŋgaʊn] *n* халат

dressing-table ['dresɪŋteɪbl] *n* туалетный столик

drip [drɪp] *v* капать, падать каплями

drive [draɪv] *v* (**drove, driven**) управлять (автомобилем)

driven ['drɪvn] *см.* **drive**

drop [drɒp] *n* капля

drove [draʊv] *см.* **drive**

dry [draɪ] *a* сухой; *v* высыхать, засыхать

dug [dʌg] *см.* **dig**

E

eagle ['i:gl] *n* орел

ear [ɪə] *n* ухо

edge [edʒ] *n* край, кромка

elm [elm] *n* вяз

empty ['emptɪ] *a* пустой, порожний; *v* опорожнять, высыпать

end [end] *n* конец; *v* кончаться

engine ['endʒɪn] *n* двигатель, мотор; машина; паровоз

engine-driver ['endʒɪn draɪvə] *n* машинист
even ['i:vən] *adv* даже
ever ['evə] *adv* когда-либо
excited [ɪk'saɪtɪd] *a* возбужденный, взволнованный
exciting [ɪk'saɪtɪŋ] *a* захватывающий, волнующий
excursion [ɪks'kɜ:ʃən] *n* экскурсия, поездка
expect [ɪks'pekt] *v* ждать, ожидать

F

face [feɪs] *n* циферблат (*у часов*)
fact [fækt]: *in fact* фактически, в действительности
fasten ['fɑ:sn] *v* прикреплять, привязывать
fault [fɔ:lt] *n* вина
feather ['feðə] *n* перо (*птичье*)
fed [fed] *см.* feed
feed [fi:d] *v* (fed, fed) кормить
feel [fi:l] *v* (felt, felt) чувствовать; ощущать, трогать
felt [felt] *см.* feel
fence [fens] *n* забор, изгородь
fetch [fetʃ] *v* (сходить и) принести
fill [fɪl] *v* наполнять
first [fɜ:st] *adv* сначала
fit [fɪt] *a* годный; *v* годиться, быть впору, вставлять
flakes [fleɪks] *n pl* хлопья
flake of snow снежинка
flap [flæp] *n* клапан; что-либо, прикрепленное за один конец, свешивающееся или развевающееся на ветру
flat [flæt] *a* плоский
flutter ['flʌtə] *n* маханье
for [fɔ:] *prep* в течение, для; *сj* так как, потому что
forward ['fɔ:wəd] *adv* вперед, дальше
frighten ['fraɪtn] *v* пугать
front [frʌnt] *n* передняя сторона (*чего-либо*); *a* передний
further ['fɜ:ðə] *adv* дальше, далее

G

gaily ['geɪli] *adv* весело
garage ['gærɑ:ʒ] *n* гараж
gas-stove ['gæsstəʊv] *n* газовая плита
gate [geɪt] *n* ворота
gay [geɪ] *a* веселый, радостный
giant ['dʒaɪənt] *n* великан, гигант
give [gɪv]: *give up* бросать, прекращать
goldfish ['gouldfɪʃ] *n* золотая рыбка
grease [ɡri:z] *v* смазывать (*маслом*)
grocer ['ɡrəʊsə] *n* торговец бакалейными товарами, бакалейщик
grumble ['ɡrʌmbəl] *v* ворчать, жаловаться
guess [ges] *v* угадывать; догадываться

H

hand [hænd] *n* рука; стрелка (*часов*)
handle ['hændl] *n* ручка, рукоятка
hang [hæŋ] *v* (hung, hung) вешать, прикреплять; висеть
hang down свисать, ниспадать
harsh [hɑ:ʃ] *a* резкий, неприятный
heap [hi:p] *n* куча, груда
hollow ['hɒləʊ] *n* дупло
honk [hɒŋk] *n* крик диких гусей; автомобильный гудок; *v* кричать (*о диких гусях*); сигнализировать, гудеть (*об автомобиле*)
hood [hʊd] *n* складной верх (*автомобиля*); капюшон
hook [hʊk] *n* крюк, крючок
hope [həʊp] *v* надеяться
horn [hɜ:n] *n* гудок, сирена автомобиля
hung [hʌŋ] *см.* hang
hurry ['hʌrɪ] *n* торопливость, поспешность; нетерпение, нетерпеливое желание (*сделать что-либо*)
be in a hurry торопиться, спешить
in a hurry поспешно
husband ['hʌzbənd] *n* муж

I

important [ɪm'pɔ:tənt] *a* важный, значительный
indoors ['ɪn'dɔ:z] *adv* внутри дома; в помещении
insect ['ɪnsekt] *n* насекомое

J

just [dʒʌst] *adv* точно, как раз

K

kick [kɪk] *v* ударять ногой
kitchen-range ['kɪtʃɪnreɪndʒ] *n* плита

L

label ['leɪbl] *n* ярлык
lady ['leɪdi] *n* дама, госпожа
the old lady старушка
land [lænd] *v* приземляться, делать посадку
laugh [lɑ:f] *v* смеяться
lean [li:n] *v* наклоняться; прислоняться, опираться
length [leŋθ] *n* длина
lick [lɪk] *v* лизать
lift [lɪft] *v* поднимать
like [laɪk] *v* любить, нравиться; *adv* подобно, так
line [laɪn] *n* линия
lock [lɒk] *n* замок
lollipop ['lɒlɪpɒp] *n* леденец на палочке
lonely ['ləʊnli] *a* одинокий
feel lonely чувствовать себя одиноким, испытывать чувство одиночества
longer ['lɒŋgə]: *not... any longer* больше не
lorry ['lɒri] *n* грузовой автомобиль, грузовик
lovely ['lʌvli] *a* красивый, прекрасный, восхитительный
luggage ['lʌɡɪdʒ] *n* багаж

M

machine [mə'ʃɪn] *n* машина; механизм
made [meɪd] *см.* make

main [meɪn] *a* главный
make [meɪk] *v* (made, made) заставлять
mat [mæt] *n* мат; циновка
meadow ['medəʊ] *n* луг, луговина
mechanic [mɪ'kænik] *n* механик
mend [mend] *v* чинить
merrily ['merɪli] *adv* весело, оживленно
middle ['mɪdl] *a* средний
middle-sized ['mɪdl'saɪzd] *a* среднего размера
mile [maɪl] *n* миля (= 1609 м)
milkman ['mɪlkmən] *n* продавец молока
moment ['məʊmənt] *n* момент, мгновение, минута
moonlight ['mu:nlaɪt] *n* лунный свет
moss [mɒs] *n* мох
motor-car ['məʊtəkɑ:] *n* легковой автомобиль
move [mu:v] *v* двигать, передвигать
move up пододвинуться

N

nail [neɪl] *n* гвоздь
naturally ['nætʃrəli] *adv* естественно
nearby ['niəbaɪ] *adv* неподалеку, поблизости, недалеко
neat [ni:t] *a* аккуратный, опрятный
needle ['ni:dl] *n* игла, иголка
neigh [nei] *n* ржание; *v* ржать
nest [nest] *n* гнездо
nesting box скворечник
nibble ['nɪbl] *v* щипать (*траву*)
nod [nɒd] *v* дремать, клевать носом
notebook ['nəʊtbʊk] *n* записная книжка, тетрадь
notice ['nəʊtɪs] *n* наблюдение; внимание; объявление; *v* наблюдать, обращать внимание, замечать
take notice наблюдать
take no notice of somebody, something не замечать кого-либо, чего-либо, не обращать внимание на кого-либо, что-либо

О

off [ɒf] *adv* указывает на удаление
one [wʌn] *n* употр. как слово-заменитель, чтобы не повторять ранее упомянутое существительное
ordinary ['ɔ:dnəri] *a* обычный, обыкновенный
oven ['ʌvən] *n* печь
own [aʊn] *a* собственный

Р

packet ['pækɪt] *n* пакет, связка
paint [peɪnt] *n* краска, окраска; *v* красить, окрашивать
pancake ['pæpkɛɪk] *n* блин, оладья
parcel ['pɑ:sl] *n* пакет, сверток
pass [pɑ:s] *v* проходить, проезжать
passenger ['pæsɪndʒə] *n* пассажир
pat [pæt] *v* погладить (кого-либо); похлопывать, шлепать
path [pɑθ] *n* тропинка, дорожка
pavement ['peɪvmənt] *n* тротуар, панель
paw [pɔ:] *n* лапа
pea [pi:] *n* горох; горошина
peck [pek] (at) *v* клевать, долбить клювом
pedal ['pedl] *v* нажимать педали, работать педалями; ехать на велосипеде
peddler ['pedlə] *n* корабейник, разносчик
perhaps [pə'hæps] *adv* может быть, возможно
pick [pɪk]: **pick up** поднимать, подбирать
pie [paɪ] *n* пирог
pile [paɪl] *n* куча, груда; *v* складывать, сваливать в кучу
plasticine ['plæstɪsɪn] *n* пластилин
pocket ['pɒkɪt] *n* карман
point [pɔɪnt] *v* показывать пальцем; указывать
poke [pouk] *v* совать, толкать.
poke out высовывать(ся)
politely [pə'laɪtli] *adv* вежливо, любезно
pond [pɒnd] *n* пруд

pop [pɒp]: **pop out** неожиданно выйти, выскочить
pop in всунуть
pop up неожиданно возникнуть
position [pə'zɪʃən] *n* положение; место
post [pəʊst] *n* почта; *v* отправлять по почте; опустить в почтовый ящик
post [pəʊst] *n* свая, подпорка
postman ['pəʊstmən] *n* почтальон
power ['paʊə] *n* сила, мощь
pram [præm] *n* детская коляска
press [pres] *v* нажимать, прижимать; давить
pretend [prɪ'tend] *v* притворяться, делать вид
pretty ['prɪti] *a* хорошенький, прелестный
probably ['prɒbəbli] *adv* вероятно
proper ['prɒpə] *a* правильный, надлежащий
properly ['prɒpəli] *adv* как следует, правильно
protect [prə'tekt] *v* защищать
puddle ['pʌdl] *n* лужа
pull [pul] *v* тянуть, тащить
purpose ['pʌpəs] *n* цель, намерение
on purpose нарочно
push [puʃ] *v* толкать
pussy-cat ['pusɪkæt] *n* кошка, кошечка, киска
pyjamas [pə'dʒæməz] *n pl* пижама

Q

quack [kwæk] *v* крякать (об утках)

R

race [reɪs] *n* состязание в беге, в скорости; *v* мчаться; состязаться в скорости
rascal ['rɑ:skəl] *n* мошенник
rather ['rɑðə] *adv* лучше, охотнее; до некоторой степени, довольно
rattle ['rætl] *n* детская погремушка; трещотка (ночного сторожа и т. п.); *v* трещать, сильно стучать

reach [ri:tʃ] *v* доставать, дотягиваться; достигать, доходить
remain [rɪ'meɪn] *v* оставаться
rent [rent] *v* брать в аренду, нанимать
repair [rɪ'peə] *v* ремонтировать, чинить
rest [rest] *n* покой, отдых; сон
rest [rest]: **the rest of** остаток, остальные, другие
ridden ['rɪdn] *см.* ride
ride [raɪd] *n* прогулка, поездка, езда (на машине, на велосипеде и т. п.); *v* (rode, ridden) ехать; кататься
ring [rɪŋ] *n* кольцо, круг
road [rəʊd] *n* дорога
rode [rəʊd] *см.* ride
roll [rəʊl] *v* катить(ся), вертеться; раскатывать (тесто)
roof [ru:f] *n* крыша
rook [ru:k] *n* грач
room [ru:m] *n* пространство, место
rubber ['rʌbə] *n* резина; каучук; резинка, ластик
rubbish ['rʌbɪʃ] *n* мусор
rude [ru:d] *a* грубый; невоспитанный
rumple ['rʌmpəl] *v* мять
rush [rʌʃ] *v* нестись, мчаться
rusty ['rʌstɪ] *a* заржавленный, ржавый; цвета ржавчины

S

sack [sæk] *n* мешок
sad [sæd] *a* печальный, грустный
safe [seɪf] *a* невредимый, в безопасности
sail [seɪl] *v* плавать; идти под парусами
sale [seɪl] *n* продажа
sand-pies ['sændpraɪz] *pl* куличики, пирожки из песка
sandwich ['sænwɪdʒ] *n* сандвич, бутерброд
sausage ['sɔ:sɪdʒ] *n* колбаса; сосиска
save [seɪv] *v* беречь, экономить
scope [skəʊp] *n* лепешка
scooter ['sku:tə] *n* детский самокат
scraps [skræps] *n pl* остатки
sea-gull ['si:ɡʌl] *n* чайка

seat [si:t] *n* сиденье, место
secret ['sɪkɪt] *n* секрет, тайна
seem [si:m] *v* казаться
settle ['setl] (**down**) *v* усаживать(ся); обосноваться
sew [sou] *v* шить
shadow ['ʃædəʊ] *n* тень
shake [ʃeɪk] *v* (shook, shaken) трясти(сь), встряхивать
shaken ['ʃeɪkən] *см.* shake
share [ʃeə] *v* делить(ся), разделить
shawl [ʃɔ:l] *n* шаль, платок
shed [ʃed] *n* сарай
shell [ʃel] *n* скорлупа, раковина
shiny ['ʃaɪni] *a* блестящий
shoemaker ['ʃu:meɪkə] *n* сапожник
shoo [ʃu:] *v* вспугивать, прогонять
shook [ʃuk] *см.* shake
shore [ʃɔ:] *n* берег (моря)
shout [ʃaʊt] *v* кричать
shut [ʃʌt] *v* (shut, shut) затворять(ся), закрывать(ся), запира(ть)ся
side [saɪd] *n* бок, сторона
sideboard ['saɪdbɔ:d] *n* буфет, сервант
sigh [saɪ] *n* вздох
sign [saɪn] *n* вывеска; *v* выражать жестом; подавать знак
sledge [sledʒ] *n* санки
slice [slaɪs] *n* ломтик, тонкий слой (чего-либо)
slip [slɪp] *v* проскользнуть, исчезнуть; соскользнуть; сунуть
slosh [slɒʃ] *v* окатывать водой
slow [sləʊ] (**down**) *v* замедлять
smell [smel] *v* пахнуть; нюхать
smile [smɪl] *v* улыбаться
sniff [snɪf] *v* вдыхать, втягивать носом; нюхать, чуют
so [soʊ] *adv* поэтому, так что
softly ['sɒtli] *adv* нежно
someone ['sʌmwʌn] *pron* кто-то, кто-нибудь
somewhere ['sʌmweə] *adv* где-то, куда-то
sound [saʊnd] *n* звук, шум; *v* звучать; казаться, создавать впечатление
spade [speɪd] *n* лопата

spanner ['spænə] *n* гаечный ключ
sparrow ['spærəʊ] *n* воробей
special ['speʃəl] *a* специальный, особый
spite [spaɪt]: *in spite of* несмотря на
splash [splæʃ] *n* брызги; плеск, всплеск;
v брызгать(ся); шлепать (*по грязи или воде*)
spoon [spuːn] *n* ложка
spot [spɒt] *n* пятно, пятнышко, крапинка
squeaky ['skwiːki] *a* пискливый
stamp [stæmp] *v* топать ногой
start [stɑ:t] *v* начинать; отправляться
starter ['stɑ:tə] *n* стартер, пусковой прибор
stay [steɪ] *v* оставаться неподвижным, замереть на месте
steal [stiːl] *v* воровать, красть
steering-wheel ['stiəriŋwiːl] *n* рулевое колесо
step [step] *n* ступенька; шаг; *v* ступать, шагать
stick [stɪk] *n* палка
stiff [stɪf] *a* чопорный, холодный
still [stɪl] *adv* неподвижно, спокойно, тихо
stool [stul] *n* табурет(ка)
storm [stɔ:m] *n* шторм, буря
straight [streɪt] *adv* прямо
stream [stri:m] *n* ручей
string [striŋ] *n* веревка; бечевка
stroke [stroʊk] *v* гладить (*рукой*), поглаживать, ласкать
student ['stju:dənt] *n* студент
suck [sʌk] *v* сосать
sunflower ['sʌn,flaʊə] *n* подсолнечник
suppose [sə'pəʊz] *v* предполагать, допускать, думать
surprise [sə'praɪz] *n* удивление; неожиданность; *v* удивлять, поражать

T

tap [tæp] *n* кран
taste [teɪst] *v* пробовать (на вкус)
taxi ['tæksi] *n* такси
terrible ['terəbl] *a* страшный, ужасный
thief [θi:f] *n* (*pl* **thieves**) вор

thieves [θi:vz] *pl* *or* **thief**
thimble ['θɪmbəl] *n* наперсток
thin [θɪn] *a* тонкий
though [ðəʊ] *conj* хотя, несмотря на
thread [θred] *n* нить, нитка
thumb [θʌm] *n* большой палец (*руки*)
tide [taɪd] *n* морской прилив и отлив
tightly ['taɪtlɪ] *adv* крепко
tinkle ['tɪŋklɪ] *v* звенеть, позвякивать
tool [tu:l] *n* рабочий (ручной) инструмент
top [tɒp] *n* макушка; верхний конец, верхняя поверхность, верх
towards [tə'wɔ:dz] *prep* к, по направлению
tractor ['træktə] *n* трактор
travel ['trævl] *n* путешествие
tricycle ['traɪsɪklɪ] *n* трехколесный велосипед
turn [tɜ:n] (*into*) *v* превращаться
twice [twais] *adv* дважды
tyre ['taɪə] *n* шина; покрышка

U

unscrew [ʌn'skru:] *v* отвинчивать, развинчивать
untie [ʌn'taɪ] *v* развязывать
until [ən'tɪl] *prep* до; до тех пор
upset [ʌp'set] *v* (**upset, upset**) расстраивать, огорчать
I am upset я расстроен
upstairs [ʌp'steəz] *adv* вверх (*по лестнице*), наверх

V

voyage ['vɔɪdʒ] *n* плавание, морское путешествие

W

waddle ['wɒdlɪ] *v* ходить вперевалку
wag [wæg] *v* махать
wag the tail вилять хвостом (*о собаке*)
warm [wɜ:m] *a* теплый; *v* греть(ся), согревать(ся)
wave [weɪv] *n* волна; *v* махать

way [weɪ] *n* манера, способ, образ действия
wellingtons ['welɪŋtənz] *n pl* высокие резиновые сапоги
wet [wet] *a* мокрый, влажный
wetness ['wetnis] *n* влажность, сырость
wheel [wi:l] *n* колесо
wheelbarrow ['wi:l,bærəʊ] *n* тачка
while [waɪl] *n* время, промежуток времени
in a little while скоро
whistle ['wɪsl] *n* свисток; *v* свистеть
whiz(z) [wɪz] *v* проноситься со свистом
wide [waɪd] *a* широкий

win [wɪn] *v* (**won, won**) выиграть, победить
wipe [waɪp] *v* вытирать
won [wɒn] *см.* **win**
wonder ['wʌndə] *v* удивляться
wood [wud] *n* дерево (*материал*); древесина
wooden ['wʊdn] *a* деревянный
woollen ['wʊlən] *a* шерстяной
worm [wɜ:m] *n* червяк, червь
worn-out ['wɔ:n'auɪt] *a* поношенный, изношенный
worry ['wʌrɪ] *v* беспокоиться

CONTENTS

К читателям	5
J for John	6
Pete and the Car	8
Cuckoo!	11
A Spring Story	15
Pete and the Rain	17
Pete and the Tricycle	20
The Silver Thimble	24
Bunchy and the Dough	27
Blackie's Birthday	31
Jacko and the Potato Scones	35
Pete and the Letter	37
Pete and the Whistle	41
Honk Honk!	45
A Garage for Gabriel	47
The Old Red Bus	49
The Boy Who Ran Away	51
Pete and the Sparrow	55
Pete and the Wonderful Tap	58
At the Seaside	63
Little Boy and the Birds	65
The Wild Little House	69
Questions and Tasks	78
Vocabulary	86

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