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J. Steinbeck



УЧПЕДГИЗ

1962

The Red  
Pony

ДЖОН СТЕЙНБЕК

# РЫЖИЙ ПОНИ

КНИГА ДЛЯ ЧТЕНИЯ  
НА АНГЛИЙСКОМ ЯЗЫКЕ  
ДЛЯ УЧАЩИХСЯ X КЛАССА  
СРЕДНЕЙ ШКОЛЫ

*Адаптация, примечания и словарь  
Е. И. ХАКИНОЙ*

ГОСУДАРСТВЕННОЕ  
УЧЕБНО-ПЕДАГОГИЧЕСКОЕ ИЗДАТЕЛЬСТВО  
МИНИСТЕРСТВА ПРОСВЕЩЕНИЯ РСФСР

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Талантливый американский писатель Джон Стейнбек родился в 1902 г. в Калифорнии. Ещё в детстве писателю пришлось столкнуться с ужасами капиталистического «рая». Прежде чем он начал писать, он прошёл большой жизненный путь, который можно сравнить с горьковскими «университетами».

Творческий путь Стейнбека — путь сложный и противоречивый. Его перу принадлежат такие получившие всемирную известность произведения, как «Райские пастбища» (1932 г.), «К неведомому богу» (1933 г.), «Тортилла Флэт» (1935 г.), «В неравной схватке» (1936 г.), «Мыши и люди» (1937 г.). В этих книгах он сумел ярко и беспощадно заклеить капиталистическую Америку, страну «изобилия», в которой, с одной стороны, гибнут от голода люди, а с другой — уничтожаются горы продуктов с тем, чтобы держать цены на должном уровне.

Вершиной творчества писателя является роман «Гроздь гнева» (1939 г.), который вошёл в золотой фонд американской литературы.

В рассказе «Рыжий пони», написанном в 1935 г., Стейнбек с мастерством, присущим настоящему художнику, передаёт психологию ребёнка, его мироощущение, порывы непосредственной души, ребяческую искреннюю привязанность и первые огорчения.

Произведения Стейнбека не раз издавались в СССР и пользуются у нас заслуженной популярностью.

*Е. Хакина*

## PROPER NAMES

Jody ['dʒoʊdi] — Джоди  
Carl Tiflin ['kɑ:l 'tɪflɪn] — Карл Тифлин  
Mrs. Ruth Tiflin ['mɪsɪz 'ruθ 'tɪflɪn] — миссис Руфь Тифлин  
Billy Buck ['bɪli 'bʌk] — Билли Бак  
Jess Taylor ['dʒes 'teɪlə] — Джесс Тейлор  
Gitano [ɡɪ'tænəʊ] — Гитано

Smasher ['smæʃə] — Громила } клички собак  
Doubletree Mutt ['dʌbltri 'mʌt] — Шелопай }  
Gabilan ['gæbɪlən] — Габилан } клички лошадей  
Nellie ['neli] — Нелли }  
Easter ['ɛstə] — Пасха }  
Riley ['raɪli] — Райли }, кличка кабана

Salinas [sə'liːnəs] — г. Салинас } (небольшие города в северной  
Monterey [ˌmɒntə'reɪ] — г. Монтерей } Калифорнии)  
Washington ['wɒʃɪŋtən] — г. Вашингтон  
United States [ju'naɪtɪd 'steɪts] — Соединённые Штаты (Америки)



## I. THE GIFT

At daybreak Billy Buck came out from the bunkhouse and stood for a moment on the porch looking up at the sky. When he had seen to the weather,<sup>1</sup> he blew his nose and walked down to the barn, rubbing his hands together. He curried and brushed two horses in the stalls, talking quietly to them all the time. He had hardly finished when the iron triangle started ringing at the ranch house. Billy laid down the brush and curry-comb and went up to breakfast. He came to the house while Mrs. Tiflin was still ringing the triangle. Billy Buck sat down on the steps, because he was a cow-hand, and he couldn't go first into the dining-room.

The triangle woke up the boy Jody. He was only a little boy, ten years old, with hair like yellow grass and with grey eyes. When he heard the triangle, he immediately jumped

<sup>1</sup> When he had seen to the weather — Произведя (когда он произвёл) наблюдения над погодой

out of bed. It didn't occur to him to disobey the triangle. He had always obeyed it; everybody he knew obeyed it. He took off his night-gown and in a moment he was dressed—blue shirt and overalls. It was late in the summer, so of course there were no shoes to bother with.<sup>1</sup> In the kitchen he washed himself at the sink and combed his wet hair with his fingers. As he left the sink, his mother said, "Breakfast is on the table. Go on in, so Billy can come."

As Jody sat down at the long table, Jody's tall stern father came in. Jody knew from the noise on the floor that he was wearing boots, but he looked under the table to make sure.<sup>2</sup> His father turned off the oil lamp over the table, for now the morning light came through the windows.

Jody did not ask where his father and Billy Buck were riding that day, though he wished to go with them. His father was a disciplinarian. Jody obeyed him in everything without any questions. Carl Tiflin sat down at the table.

"Where are the cows, Billy?" he asked.

"In the lower corral," Billy said.

Jody's mother put her head in the door. "What time do you think to be back, Carl?"

"I can't tell. I must see some men in Salinas. I may return only in the evening."

The eggs and coffee and big biscuits disappeared quickly. Jody followed the two men out of the house. He watched them mount their horses<sup>3</sup> and drive six old milk cows out of the corral. They were going to sell the old cows to the butcher.

When they had disappeared, Jody walked up the hill behind the house. The dogs trotted around the house corner smiling with pleasure. Jody patted their heads—Doubletree Mutt with the big thick tail and yellow eyes, and Smasher, the shepherd, who had killed a coyote and lost an ear in the fight. After the greeting, the dogs lowered their noses to the ground and went ahead, looking back now and then<sup>4</sup> to make sure that the boy was coming. They walked up through the chicken yard and saw the chickens eating.<sup>5</sup> Smasher

<sup>1</sup> there were no shoes to bother [ 'boðə ] with — можно было не утруждать себя башмаками

<sup>2</sup> to make sure — удостовериться, проверить

<sup>3</sup> He watched them mount their horses... — Он видел, как они сели верхом на лошадей...

<sup>4</sup> now and then — то и дело, время от времени

<sup>5</sup> saw the chickens eating — увидели, как едят цыплята

chased the chickens a little to keep in practice.<sup>1</sup> Jody continued to walk on through the large vegetable garden where the green corn was higher than his head. He went on to the sagebrush line where the cold spring ran out of its pipe and fell into a round wooden tub. He leaned over and drank some water. Then he turned and looked back at the ranch, at the low, white house, at the red flowers near it, and at the bunkhouse by the cypress tree where Billy Buck lived all alone. Behind him the birds were making a great noise among the dry leaves.

After a while the boy walked downhill again. The dogs had long ago given him up<sup>2</sup> and trotted away. He went back through the vegetable garden, and he stopped for a moment to smash a green melon with his foot, but he was not happy about it. It was a bad thing to do, he knew very well. He threw some dry leaves over the smashed melon to hide it.

At the house his mother bent over his rough hands, inspecting his fingers and nails. It did little good to start him clean to school<sup>3</sup> for too many things could happen on the way. She gave him his lunch and started him to school that was a mile away.

Jody started his journey. He filled his pockets with little stones that lay on the road, and now and then he threw a stone at a bird or at a rabbit that was sunning itself in the road too long. At the bridge he met two friends, and the three of them walked to school together, running and jumping and being rather silly.<sup>4</sup> School began only two weeks before, and the pupils had not got used to the discipline yet.

It was four o'clock in the afternoon when Jody returned to the ranch. He looked into the corral, but it was empty. His father was not back yet. At the ranch house, he found his mother sitting on the porch, mending socks.

She asked him what he had learned in school that day, but she didn't listen to his answer and said, "Jody, tonight fill the wood-box full. Last night it wasn't full. And Jody, don't forget to feed the chickens and to gather the eggs."

<sup>1</sup> to keep in practice — ради практики

<sup>2</sup> had long ago given him up — (собаки) давно отстали от него (to give up — отказаться)

<sup>3</sup> It did little good to start him clean to school — Наводить на него чистоту перед школой было бесполезно (good — зд. польза)

<sup>4</sup> being rather silly — дурачась

Jody went out and did his chores.<sup>1</sup> When the wood-box was full, Jody took his rifle up to the cold spring. He drank some water and then aimed the rifle at different things, at rocks, at birds, at the cypress tree, but he didn't shoot for he had no cartridges and wouldn't have any until he was twelve. He had two years to wait for cartridges. Nearly all his father's presents were given with reservations which hampered their value somewhat.<sup>2</sup> It was good discipline.

His father and Billy Buck returned when it was already dark. When they came into the house, Jody could feel that they smelled of brandy. He was very glad about it, for his father sometimes talked to him when he smelled of brandy, sometimes even told things he had done in the days when he was a boy.

After supper, Jody sat by the fireplace and waited for his father to tell him something. But he was disappointed. His father said to him sternly, "Go to bed, Jody. I'll need you in the morning."

That wasn't so bad. Jody liked to do things that were not ordinary. He looked at the floor and asked softly, "What are we going to do in the morning, kill a pig?"

"Never you mind.<sup>3</sup> You'd better go to bed."<sup>4</sup>

When the door was closed behind him, Jody heard his father and Billy laughing and he knew it was a joke. And later, when he lay in bed, he heard his father say, "But, Ruth, I didn't give much for him."

When the triangle sounded in the morning, Jody dressed more quickly than usual. In the kitchen, while he washed his face at the sink and combed back his hair, his mother said to him angrily, "Don't you go out until you eat a good breakfast."

He went into the dining-room and sat at the long white table. His father and Billy Buck came in. Jody knew from the sound on the floor that both of them were wearing shoes, but he looked under the table to make sure. His father

<sup>1</sup> did his chores [tʃɔ:z] — принялся за домашние дела

<sup>2</sup> Nearly all his father's presents were given with reservations [ˌreɪzə'veɪʃnz] which hampered their value somewhat.— Почти все отцовские подарки сопровождались какими-нибудь ограничениями, что до некоторой степени снижало их ценность.

<sup>3</sup> Never you mind.— Не твоё дело.

<sup>4</sup> You'd (you had) better go to bed.— Иди-ка лучше спать.

turned off the oil lamp, for there was enough daylight, and he looked stern, but Billy Buck didn't look at Jody at all.

Carl Tiflin said angrily, "You come with us after breakfast!"

Jody then couldn't eat his food. After breakfast the two men stood up from the table and went out into the morning light together, and Jody followed a little behind them.

His mother called, "Carl! Don't you let it keep him from school."<sup>1</sup>

They marched past the cypress tree where they usually killed pigs, so Jody understood it was not a pig killing. The sun shone over the hill and threw long, dark shadows of the trees and buildings. They crossed a field and went to the barn. Jody's father opened the door and they went in. In contrast to the sun the barn was black as night. Jody's father ordered "Come here!" Jody could begin to see things now. He looked into the box stall and then stepped back quickly.

A red pony colt was looking at him out of the stall. Its ears were forward and a light of disobedience was in its eyes. Its coat was rough and thick and its mane was long and tangled. Jody held his breath.<sup>2</sup>

"He needs a good currying," his father said, "and if I ever hear that you haven't fed him or left his stall dirty, I'll sell him in a minute."

Jody couldn't look at the pony's eyes any more. He looked down at his hands for a moment, and asked very softly, "Mine?" No one answered him. He put his hand out toward the pony. Its grey nose came close, sniffing loudly, and then the lips drew back and the strong teeth closed on Jody's fingers. The pony shook his head up and down and he seemed to laugh<sup>3</sup> with pleasure. Jody looked at his bruised fingers. "Well," he said with pride — "Well, I think he can bite all right." The two men laughed. Carl Tiflin went out of the barn, but Billy Buck stayed. It was easier to talk to Billy Buck. Jody asked again—"Mine?"

<sup>1</sup> Don't you let it keep him from school.— Смотри, как бы он не задержался, ему в школу идти (to keep from — удерживать от чего-либо).

<sup>2</sup> held his breath [breθ] — затаил дыхание

<sup>3</sup> he seemed to laugh — казалось, что он смеётся

Billy's tone became professional. "Sure!<sup>1</sup> That is, if you look after him and break him right.<sup>2</sup> I'll show you how. He's just a colt. You can't ride him for some time."

Jody put out his bruised hand again, and this time the red pony let his nose be rubbed.<sup>3</sup> "Where did you get him, Billy?"

"Bought him at a sheriff's auction," Billy explained.

A travelling circus went broke<sup>4</sup> in Salinas and had debts. The sheriff was selling their property at an auction."

The pony stretched out his nose and shook the forelock from his wild eyes. Jody stroked the nose a little. He said softly, "There isn't a saddle?"

Billy Buck laughed. "I forgot. Come along."<sup>5</sup>

In the saddle-room he took down a little saddle of red leather.

Jody couldn't trust himself to look at the saddle,<sup>6</sup> and he couldn't speak at all. He brushed the shining red leather with his fingers, and after a time he said, "It'll look pretty on him. If he hasn't a name already, I think I'll call him Gabilan Mountains," he said.

"It's a pretty<sup>7</sup> long name," said Billy Buck. "Why don't you just call him Gabilan? That means hawk. That will be a fine name for him."

Jody wanted to go back to the box stall. "Can I lead him to school, do you think—to show the kids?"

But Billy Buck shook his head. "He's not even halter-broke yet.<sup>8</sup> We had a hard time getting him here.<sup>9</sup> We almost had to drag him. You'd better start for school now."

"I'll bring the kids to see him here this afternoon," Jody said.

Six boys came over the hill half an hour earlier that afternoon, running hard across the field to the barn. And then they stood before the pony, and then they looked at Jody with admiration and respect. Before today Jody had been a boy, dressed in overalls and a blue shirt—quieter than most. But now he was different. Now he was better than they for he had his own pony. Gabilan put his head out of the stall and sniffed at them.

"Why don't you ride him?" the boys cried. "When are you going to ride him?"

Jody's courage was up.<sup>1</sup> "He's not old enough. Nobody can ride him for a long time. I'm going to train him on the long halter. Billy Buck is going to show me how."

"Well, can't we even lead him around a little?"

"He isn't even halter-broke," Jody said. He wanted to take the pony out for the first time all alone. "Come and see the saddle."

When they saw the red leather saddle, they couldn't speak at all. "It will look pretty on him," Jody explained.

He let them feel the red saddle and showed them the bridle. The whole thing was too wonderful. They had to go away after a little while and each boy, in his mind, searched among his possessions for something to offer in return for a ride on the red pony<sup>2</sup> when the time came.

Jody was glad when they had gone. He took a brush and a curry-comb from the wall and went into the box stall. The pony's eyes glittered, and Jody touched him on the shoulder and rubbed his neck as he had always seen Billy Buck do. Jody curried and brushed until the pony's coat began to shine. He braided the mane into many little pigtails, and he braided the forelock, and then he undid them and brushed the hair out straight again.

Jody did not hear his mother enter the barn. She was angry when she came, but when she looked in at the pony and at Jody working over him, she felt proud. "Have you forgotten the wood-box?" she asked gently. "It will be dark soon, and there's not a stick in the house, and the chickens aren't fed."

<sup>1</sup> Jody's courage was up. — Джоди расхрабрился.

<sup>2</sup> each boy, in his mind, searched among his possessions [pə'zeɪnz] for something to offer in return for a ride on the red pony — каждый из них перебирал в уме свои сокровища, отыскивая то, что можно будет предложить за разрешение покататься на рыжем пони

<sup>1</sup> Sure! — Конечно!

<sup>2</sup> if you... break him right — если ты будешь правильно его обезджать

<sup>3</sup> let his nose be rubbed — позволил почесать себе нос

<sup>4</sup> went broke — прогорел

<sup>5</sup> Come along. — Идём.

<sup>6</sup> couldn't trust himself to look at the saddle — не верил самому себе, боялся смотреть на седло (не мог поверить своим глазам)

<sup>7</sup> pretty, adv — довольно (Употребляется только с прилаг. и нареч.)

<sup>8</sup> He's not even halter-broke yet. — Он ещё и узды не знает.

<sup>9</sup> We had a hard time getting him here. — Мы с трудом доставили его сюда.

Jody quickly put down the brush and the curry-comb. "I forgot, ma'am."<sup>1</sup>

"Well, after this do your chores first. Then you won't forget. I expect you'll forget lots of things now if I don't keep an eye on you."<sup>2</sup>

"Can I have carrots from the garden for him, ma'am?"

She had to think about that. "Oh—I guess so, if you only take the big ones."

"Carrots keep the coat good,"<sup>3</sup> he said, and again she felt proud of him.

Jody never waited for the triangle to ring after the coming of the pony. It became his habit to jump out of bed even before his mother was awake, to put on his clothes and to go quietly down to the barn to see Gabilan. In the grey quiet mornings when the land and the houses and the trees were grey and black like a photograph negative, he walked quietly to the barn, past the sleeping stones and the sleeping trees. The good dogs came out of their little houses, barking. Then they caught Jody's scent,<sup>4</sup> and their tails rose up and waved a greeting—Doubletree Mutt with the big thick tail, and Smasher, the shepherd—then they went lazily back to their warm beds.

Everything seemed strange and wonderful to Jody—like a dream. When he first had the pony, he liked to torture himself during the walk by thinking Gabilan would not be in his stall, or the rats had eaten holes in the red saddle, or the mice had bitten off Gabilan's tail. He usually ran the last part of the way to the barn. He opened the barn door and stepped in, and no matter how quietly he opened the door,<sup>5</sup> Gabilan was always looking at him over the barrier of the box stall and he sniffed and stamped his front foot, and his eyes glittered.

Sometimes Jody found Billy in the barn. Billy stood with him and looked long at Gabilan and he told Jody many

<sup>1</sup> ma'am [mæm, məm, tæm] — мэм, мадам (Так Джоди обращается к матери, а к отцу — sir — сэр.)

<sup>2</sup> if I don't keep an eye on you — если я за тобой не буду приглядывать

<sup>3</sup> Carrots keep the coat good.— От моркови шкура становится хорошая.

<sup>4</sup> they caught Jody's scent — учуяли Джоди

<sup>5</sup> no matter how quietly he opened the door — как бы тихо он ни открывал дверь

things about horses. He told Jody how horses love conversation. He must talk to the pony all the time, and explain everything to him. Billy was not sure a horse could understand everything that was said to him, but he was sure he understood much. Billy could give examples, too. He had heard that a horse that was dead tired,<sup>1</sup> perked up<sup>2</sup> when he was told that he had only a little more to go. He had also known a horse that had got so much frightened that he couldn't move, but he stopped being afraid when his rider told him what was frightening him.

Jody listened carefully, for he knew and the whole country knew that Billy Buck was a fine hand with horses.<sup>3</sup> Billy's own horse nearly always won the first prizes.

Every morning, after Jody had curried and brushed the pony, he let down the barrier of the stall, and Gabilan raced down the barn and into the corral. Around and around he galloped. At last he raced to the water-trough and put his nose into the water. Jody was proud then, for he knew that bad horses only touched the water with their lips, but a fine horse put his whole nose into the water.

Then Jody stood and watched the pony, and he saw things he had never noticed before about any other horse. He noticed the moving ears which gave expression to the face. The pony talked with his ears. You could tell how he felt about this or that thing by the way he moved his ears.<sup>4</sup> They went back when he was angry or afraid, and forward when he was curious and pleased.

Billy Buck kept his word. In the early fall<sup>5</sup> the training began. First there was the halter-breaking,<sup>6</sup> and that was the hardest thing because it was the first thing. Jody held a carrot and pulled on the rope. But before long<sup>7</sup> Gabilan learned. Jody walked over the ranch leading him. Gradually he began to drop the rope until the pony followed him wherever he went.

<sup>1</sup> dead tired — смертельно уставшая

<sup>2</sup> perked up — приободрилась

<sup>3</sup> Billy Buck was a fine hand with horses — по части лошадей Билли Бак специалист

<sup>4</sup> You could tell how he felt about this or that thing by the way he moved his ears. — По тому, как он двигал ушами, можно было судить о том, как он относится к той или иной вещи.

<sup>5</sup> In the early fall — Ранней осенью

<sup>6</sup> halter-breaking — тренировка с недоуздом

<sup>7</sup> before long — вскоре



And then came the training on the long halter. That was slower work. Jody stood in the middle of a circle, holding the long halter. He clucked with his tongue and the pony started to walk in a big circle. He clucked again to make the pony trot, and again to make him gallop. Around and around Gabilan went galloping and he was enjoying it immensely. Then Jody called, "Whoa,"<sup>1</sup> and the pony stopped. Before long Gabilan was perfect at it.<sup>2</sup> But in many ways<sup>3</sup> he was a bad pony. Now and then he bit Jody and stamped on his feet. Every time Gabilan did a bad thing he seemed to laugh to himself.

It didn't take Gabilan long to become perfect at halter work. Jody's father, watching the pony stop and start and trot and gallop, didn't like it.

"He's becoming almost a trick pony," he said. "I don't like trick horses. I guess you'd better get him used to the saddle before long."<sup>4</sup>

It was very hard to saddle the pony the first time. Gabilan threw off the saddle immediately. It had to be replaced again and again until at last the pony let it stay. Day by day Jody saddled the pony until at last the pony didn't mind the saddle<sup>5</sup> at all.

Then there was the bridle. The first time the pony wore the bridle, he moved his head about and worked his tongue against it<sup>6</sup> until the blood came out of the corners of his mouth, and his eyes became red with fear. Jody was glad, for he knew that only a bad horse does not hate training.

And Jody trembled when he thought of the time when he would first sit in the saddle. The pony would probably throw him off. There was no shame in that. The shame would come if he did not get right up<sup>7</sup> and mount again. Sometimes he dreamed that he lay in the dirt and cried and couldn't

<sup>1</sup> whoa [wou] — стоп!, тпру!

<sup>2</sup> Gabilan was perfect at it — Габилан проделывал это безупречно

<sup>3</sup> in many ways — эд. бывали частые случаи (во многом)

<sup>4</sup> you'd better get him used to the saddle before long — тебе бы лучше скорее приучить его к седлу

<sup>5</sup> didn't mind the saddle — не возражал против седла

<sup>6</sup> worked his tongue against it — мусолил языком (удила)

<sup>7</sup> if he did not get right up — если он не вскочит сейчас же на ноги

mount again. The shame of the dream lasted until the middle of the day.

Gabilan was growing fast. His mane was getting longer and blacker. Under the constant currying and brushing his coat was smooth and shining.

And then one day Carl Tiflin said, "The pony's growing faster than I thought. I guess you can ride him by Thanksgiving."<sup>1</sup>

Thanksgiving was only three weeks off.<sup>2</sup> Jody hoped it wouldn't rain, for rain would spoil the red saddle.

Gabilan knew and liked Jody by now. He neighed when Jody came across the field, and he came running when his master whistled for him. There was always a carrot for him every time.

Billy Buck gave him riding instructions over and over again.<sup>3</sup> "Now if he throws you off, don't let that stop you. No matter how good a man is, there's always some horse that can throw him off. You just mount again before he gets used to it. Pretty soon, he won't throw you off any more, and pretty soon, he can't throw you off any more. That's the way to do it."

"I hope it won't rain," Jody said.

"Why not? You don't want to be thrown into the mud?"

That was partly it, and he was also afraid that Gabilan might slip and fall on him and break his leg. He had seen that happen to men before.

He didn't like to think what would happen if he fell off the horse and couldn't mount again. Perhaps his father and Billy would never speak to him again, they would be so ashamed. The news would get about<sup>4</sup> and his mother would be ashamed too. And at school—it was too awful to think.

He began putting his weight in a stirrup<sup>5</sup> when Gabilan was saddled, but he didn't throw his leg over the pony's back. That was forbidden until Thanksgiving.

<sup>1</sup> Thanksgiving — День благодарения (религиозный праздник в Америке, последний четверг в ноябре)

<sup>2</sup> was only three weeks off — (до праздника) оставалось всего три недели

<sup>3</sup> gave him riding instructions over and over again — неустанно поучал Джоди правилам верховой езды

<sup>4</sup> The news would get about — Все об этом узнают

<sup>5</sup> He began putting his weight [weit] in a stirrup ['stirəp] — Он начал вдевать одну ногу в стремя

Every afternoon Jody put the red saddle on the pony and led him through the field to the hilltop from which it was possible to see the white town of Salinas and the fields of the great valley. Gabilan liked these trips and showed it by keeping his head very high and by looking at everything with interest. When the two came back from an excursion, they smelled of the sweet grass they had run through.

Time dragged on toward Thanksgiving, but winter came fast. The clouds hung all day over the land, and the winds blew all night. All day the dry leaves fell down from the trees until they covered the ground.

Jody wished it wouldn't rain before Thanksgiving, but it did. The brown earth turned dark and the trees glistened. During the week of rain, Jody kept the pony in the box stall, except for a little time after school when he took him out for exercise<sup>1</sup> and to drink in the upper corral. Gabilan did not get wet even once.

The wet weather continued until little new grass appeared. Jody walked to school dressed in a waterproof and short rubber boots. At last one morning the sun shone brightly. Jody, at his work in the box stall, said to Billy Buck, "Maybe I'll leave Gabilan in the corral when I go to school today."

"It will be good for him to be out in the sun," Billy said. "No animal likes to stay indoors too long."

"But if it begins to rain—" Jody said.

"It's not likely to rain today."<sup>2</sup> Well, and even if it rains,— why, a little rain doesn't hurt a horse," Billy Buck answered.

"Well, if it begins to rain, you put him into the box stall, will you, Billy?"<sup>3</sup> I'm afraid he may catch cold and I won't be able to ride him when the time comes."

"Oh sure! I'll put him in if we get back in time. But it won't rain today."

And so Jody, when he went to school, left Gabilan standing in the corral.

Billy Buck wasn't wrong about many things. He couldn't be. But he was wrong about the weather that day, for a little after noon the clouds covered the sky above the hills and the rain began to fall. Jody heard it start on the schoolhouse

roof. He wanted to hold up one finger and ask for permission to go out and, once outside,<sup>1</sup> to run home to put the pony in. He would be punished both at school and at home. He gave up the idea and thought of Billy's assurance that rain couldn't hurt a horse. When school was over at last, he ran home through the dark rain and cold wind.

From the top of the hill Jody could see Gabilan standing in the corral with his head down. His red coat was so wet that it was almost black. Jody came running and threw open the barn door and led the wet pony in by his forelock. Then he found a sack and rubbed him with it. Gabilan stood patiently, but he trembled like the wind.

When he had dried the pony as well as he could, Jody went up to the house and brought hot water to the barn and put the grain in it. Gabilan was not very hungry. He tried the hot grain, but he was not very much interested in it, and he still trembled now and then. A little steam rose from his wet back.

It was almost dark when Billy Buck and Carl Tiflin came home. "When the rain started we went to Ben's place,<sup>2</sup> and the rain did not stop all afternoon," Carl Tiflin explained. Jody looked reproachfully at Billy Buck and Billy felt guilty.

"You said it wouldn't rain," Jody accused him.

Billy looked away. "It's hard to tell, this time of the year," he said, but his excuse was lame.<sup>3</sup> He had no right to make mistakes and he knew it.

"The pony got wet through."<sup>4</sup>

"Did you dry him carefully?"

"I rubbed him with a sack and I gave him hot grain." Billy nodded.

"Do you think he has caught cold, Billy?"

"A little rain never hurt anything," Billy assured him.

Jody's father joined the conversation then and said, "A horse isn't a dog." Carl Tiflin hated weakness and sickness.

Jody's mother put their supper on the table, and they sat down to eat.

Billy Buck felt bad about his mistake. "Did you put a blanket on him?" he asked.

<sup>1</sup> for exercise — для разминки

<sup>2</sup> It's not likely to rain today. — Сегодня вряд ли пойдёт дождь.

<sup>3</sup> you put him into the box stall, will you, Billy? — поставь его в стойло. Хорошо, Билли?

<sup>1</sup> once outside — очутившись на свободе

<sup>2</sup> we went to Ben's place — мы пошли к Бену

<sup>3</sup> his excuse was lame — объяснение было неудачным

<sup>4</sup> got wet through — промок до костей

"No, I couldn't find any blanket. I laid some sacks over his back."

"We'll go down and cover him up after we have eaten." Billy felt better about it then. When Jody's father had gone out and his mother was washing dishes, Billy found a lantern and lighted it. He and Jody walked through the mud to the barn. The barn was dark and warm. "You hold the lantern!" Billy ordered. He felt the pony's legs, put his cheek against the pony's grey muzzle and he looked at his eyes, and he drew back the lips to see the gums, and he put his fingers inside the ears. "He does not feel well," Billy said. "I'll give him a rub-down."<sup>1</sup>

Then Billy found a sack and rubbed the pony's legs and chest. Gabilan was strangely spiritless. He patiently let himself be rubbed. At last Billy brought an old blanket from the saddle-room, and threw it over the pony's back and tied it at the neck and chest.

"Now he'll be all right in the morning," Billy said.

Jody's mother looked up when he came back to the house. "It is late and you are not in bed yet," she said. She brushed the tangled hair out of his eyes and said, "Don't worry about the pony. He'll be all right. Billy is a good horse doctor."

Jody hadn't known that she could see his worry. He moved away from her and went to bed, but it was a hard thing to go to sleep.<sup>2</sup> He awakened after what seemed a long time. The room was dark but there was a greyness in the window as at dawn. He got up and found his overalls and was putting them on when he heard the clock in the other room strike two. He laid his clothes down and got back into bed. It was broad daylight<sup>3</sup> when he awakened again. For the first time he had slept through<sup>4</sup> the ringing of the triangle. He jumped out of bed, quickly put on his clothes and went out of the door still buttoning his shirt. His mother looked after him for a moment and then went quietly back to her work. Her eyes were kind and her mouth smiled a little.

Jody ran on toward the barn. Halfway there he heard the hollow cough of the red pony. He broke into a run.<sup>5</sup> In the

<sup>1</sup> I'll give him a rub-down.— Я его разотру как следует.

<sup>2</sup> to go to sleep — уснуть

<sup>3</sup> It was broad [brɔ:d] daylight — Было совсем светло

<sup>4</sup> had slept through — проспал

<sup>5</sup> He broke into a run.— Он бросился бегом.

barn he found Billy Buck with the pony. Billy was rubbing his legs with his strong hands. He looked up and smiled. "He just caught a little cold," Billy said. "We'll have him out of it in a couple of days."<sup>1</sup>

Jody looked at the pony's face. The eyes were half closed and the ears hung sideways and his head was low. Jody put out his hand, but the pony did not move close to it. He coughed again.

Jody looked back at Billy Buck. "He's awfully sick, Billy."

"Just a little cold, as I said," Billy answered. "You go and have your breakfast and then go back to school. I'll take care of him."<sup>2</sup>

"But you have other things to do. You may leave him."<sup>3</sup>

"No, I won't. I won't leave him at all. Tomorrow's Saturday. Then you can stay with him all day." Billy had failed again, and he felt bad about it. He had to cure the pony now.

Jody walked up to the house and took his place indifferently at the table. The eggs and bacon were cold, but he didn't notice it. He didn't even ask to stay at home from school. His mother brushed his hair back when she took his plate. "Billy will take care of the pony," she assured him.

At school he couldn't answer any questions nor read any words. He couldn't even tell anyone the pony was sick. And when school was finally over, he was afraid to return home. He walked slowly and let the other boys leave him.<sup>4</sup> He wanted to walk on and on and never arrive at the ranch.

Billy was in the barn, as he had promised, and the pony was worse. His eyes were almost closed now, and he could hardly breathe. Jody looked miserably at the pony's coat. The hair was rough and unbrushed and had lost all its old shining. Billy stood quietly beside the stall. Jody hated to ask, but he had to know.

"Billy, is he—is he going to get well?"

Billy put his fingers under the pony's jaw and felt about.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> We'll have him out of it in a couple ['kʌpl] of days.— Мы его вылечим через несколько (букв. пару) дней.

<sup>2</sup> I'll take care of him.— Я за ним присмотрю.

<sup>3</sup> You may leave him.— Вдруг ты его оставишь.

<sup>4</sup> let the other boys leave him— отстал от товарищей

<sup>5</sup> felt about — пощупал

"Feel here," he said and he put Jody's fingers on a large lump under the jaw. "When that gets bigger, I'll open it up and then he'll get better."

"What is the matter with him?"<sup>1</sup> Jody asked.

Billy didn't want to answer, but he had to. He couldn't be wrong three times. "Strangles,"<sup>2</sup> he said shortly, "but don't you worry about that. I'll pull him out of it. Horses worse than Gabilan got well. I'm going to steam him now. You can help."

"Yes," Jody said miserably. He followed Billy into the grain room and watched him make the steaming bag.

"I'll be making the bag and you run to the house for a kettle of boiling water," Billy said.

When Jody came back with the kettle, Billy fitted the bag tightly around Gabilan's nose. Then through a little hole in the side of the bag he poured the boiling water. A cloud of steam rose up. The pony breathed loudly. His legs trembled, and his eyes closed again. Billy poured in more water and kept the steam rising<sup>3</sup> for fifteen minutes. At last he put down the kettle and took the bag from Gabilan's nose. The pony looked better. He breathed freely, and his eyes were open wider than they had been.

"See how good he feels," Billy said. "Now we'll put the blanket on him again. Maybe he'll be well in the morning."

"I'll stay with him tonight," Jody said.

"No. Don't do it. I'll bring my blankets down and stay the night. You can stay tomorrow and steam him if he needs it."

It was already evening when they went to the house for their supper. Jody didn't even realize that someone else had fed the chickens and filled the wood-box.

Jody's father didn't speak at all while the family ate supper, but after Billy Buck had taken his blankets and gone to sleep in the barn, Carl Tiflin built a high fire in the fireplace and told stories. He told about the wild man who had a tail and ears like a horse. He told about the famous Maxwell brothers<sup>4</sup> who found gold and hid it so carefully that they could never find it again.

<sup>1</sup> What is the matter with him? — Что с ним?

<sup>2</sup> strangles — мыт (болезнь лошадей)

<sup>3</sup> kept the steam rising — продолжал паровую ванну

<sup>4</sup> Maxwell brothers — братья Максвелл (герои сказки)

Jody sat with his chin in his hands, and his father noticed that he wasn't listening very carefully. "Isn't that funny?" he asked.

Jody laughed politely and said, "Yes, sir." His father was angry then. He didn't tell any more stories. After a while, Jody took a lantern and went down to the barn. Billy Buck was asleep, and the pony seemed to be much better. Jody stayed a little while, stroking the red rough coat. Then he took up the lantern and went back to the house. When he was in bed, his mother came into the room.

"Are you warm enough? It's getting cold."

"Yes, ma'am."

"Well, get some rest<sup>1</sup> tonight." She stood for some minutes. "The pony will be all right," she said.

Jody was tired. He went to sleep quickly and didn't awaken until dawn. The triangle sounded, and Billy came up from the barn before Jody could get out of the house.

"How is he?" Jody asked.

"Pretty good. I'm going to open that lump this morning. Then he'll be better maybe."

After breakfast, Billy got out his best knife, one with a sharp point. He tried the point again and again on his thumb, and at last he tried it on his upper lip.

As soon as Jody saw the pony, he knew he was worse. His eyes were closed and his head hung so low that his nose almost touched the hay on the floor.

Billy lifted the weak head and made a quick cut with his knife. Jody saw the yellow pus run out. He held up the head while Billy mopped the wound.

"Now he'll feel better," Billy assured him. "That yellow pus makes him sick."

Jody looked unbelievably at Billy Buck, "He's very sick."

Billy thought a long time what to say. He almost pronounced another assurance, but he saved himself in time.<sup>2</sup> "Yes, he is pretty sick," he said at last. "But I've seen worse ones get well. We'll pull him through. You stay with him. If he gets worse, you can come and get me."<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Well, get some rest — Ну, постарайся выспаться

<sup>2</sup> he saved himself in time — вовремя удержался

<sup>3</sup> you can come and get me — ты придёшь за мной

For a long time after Billy went away, Jody stood beside the pony, stroking him behind the ears. The pony didn't move his head as he had done when he was well. His breathing was becoming harder and harder.

The dog Doubletree Mutt looked into the barn, waving his big tail, and Jody was so angry at his health that he found a stone on the floor and threw it at him.

In the middle of the morning, Billy Buck came back and made another steam bag. Jody watched to see <sup>1</sup> whether the pony felt better this time as he had done before. His breathing became a little easier, but he didn't raise his head.

Saturday came. Late in the afternoon, Jody went to the house and brought his blankets down and made up a place to sleep in the hay. He didn't ask permission. He knew from the way his mother looked at him that she would let him do almost anything. That night he left a lantern burning over the box stall. Billy had told him to rub the pony's legs every little while.<sup>2</sup>

At nine o'clock the wind began to howl around the barn. And in spite of his worry Jody went to sleep, but the pony's breathing sounded in his dreams. And in his sleep he heard a noise which went on and on <sup>3</sup> until it awakened him. The wind was blowing in the barn. He jumped up and saw that the barn door was open and the pony was gone.

He caught the lantern and ran outside, and he saw Gabilan weakly moving into the darkness with his head down. When Jody ran up and caught him by the forelock, he allowed himself to be led and put into his stall. Jody didn't sleep any more then. The pony's breathing became louder and sharper.

Jody was glad when Billy Buck came in at dawn. Billy looked at the pony for some time. He felt the ears and flanks. "Jody," he said, "I've got to do something <sup>4</sup> you must not see. You run up to the house for a while."

Jody caught him by the arm. "You're not going to shoot him?"

Billy patted his hand. "No. I'm going to open a little hole in his windpipe so that he can breathe. His nose is

<sup>1</sup> watched to see — ждал

<sup>2</sup> every little while — время от времени

<sup>3</sup> went on and on — длился бесконечно

<sup>4</sup> I've got to do something — Мне придётся кое-что сделать

filled up. When he gets well, we'll put a little brass button in the hole for him to breathe through."

Jody couldn't go away. It was awful to see Gabilan's windpipe cut, but it was more terrible to know it was cut and not to see it. "I'll stay right here,"<sup>1</sup> he said miserably. "Are you sure you must do it?"

"Yes. I'm sure. If you stay, you can hold his head."

The fine knife came out again and the point was tried just as carefully as it had been the first time. Jody held the pony's head, while Billy found the right place to make the cut. Jody cried as the bright knife cut into the throat. The pony stamped weakly and then stood still, trembling violently. The blood ran quickly out up the knife and across Billy's hand. Jody held his head down while Billy mopped the new wound.

The rain, brought in by the night wind, began to fall on the barn roof. Then the triangle rang for breakfast. "You go up and eat while I wait," Billy said. "We must keep this hole from plugging up."<sup>2</sup>

Jody walked slowly out of the barn. He was too miserable to tell Billy that the barn door had opened and the pony had gone out. He went out into the wet grey morning and walked up to the house, taking pleasure in getting into all the puddles.<sup>3</sup> His mother fed him and put dry clothes on him. She didn't ask him any questions. She understood that he couldn't answer any questions. But when he was ready to go back to the barn, she brought him a pan of hot food. "Give him this," she said.

But Jody didn't take the pan. He said, "He won't eat anything," and ran out of the house. At the barn, Billy showed him what to do when the hole became plugged up.

Jody's father walked into the barn and stood with them in front of the stall. At last he turned to the boy. "Come with me! I'm going to drive over the hill." Jody shook his head.

Billy said angrily, "Let him alone.<sup>4</sup> It's his pony, isn't it?"

<sup>1</sup> right here — здесь же (right, *adv* — как раз, именно)

<sup>2</sup> We must keep this hole from plugging up. — Мы должны проследить, чтобы ранка не засорялась (*букв.* не забивалась).

<sup>3</sup> taking pleasure in getting into all the puddles — находя удовольствие в том, что влезал во все лужи

<sup>4</sup> Let him alone. — Оставьте вы его в покое.

Carl Tiflin walked away without another word.

All morning Jody kept the wound open and the air was passing in and out freely. At noon the pony lay wearily on his side and stretched out his nose.

Billy came back. "If you're going to stay with him tonight, you must take a little nap,"<sup>1</sup> he said. Jody went out of the barn. The sky had cleared and it was now almost blue.

Jody looked at the house and the old bunkhouse and at the dark cypress tree. The place was familiar, but so changed. It wasn't the same place any more. A cold wind blew out of the east now, which meant that the rain was over for a little while.

Doubletree Mutt came up to Jody through the vegetable garden, and Jody, remembering how he had thrown the stone at him, put his arm about the dog's neck and kissed him on the wide black nose. Mutt sat still, as though he knew that something was happening.

Except for the wind, the farm was very quiet. Jody knew his mother wouldn't mind<sup>2</sup> if he didn't go in to eat his lunch. After a little while he went slowly back to the barn. Mutt went into his own little house and whined softly to himself for a long time.

When Jody came in, the pony still lay on his side. His hair looked so dry and dead that Jody knew at last there was no hope for the pony. He had seen the dead hair before on dogs and cows, and it was a sure sign. He sat on the box and for a long time he kept his eyes on the moving wound, and at last he fell asleep, and the afternoon passed quickly. Just before dark his mother brought some food and left it for him and went away. Jody ate a little of it, and, when it was dark, he put the lantern on the floor by the pony's head so that he could watch the wound and keep it open. The wind was blowing violently, bringing the north cold with it. Jody brought a blanket from his bed in the hay and wrapped himself in it. Gabilan's breathing was quiet at last; the hole in his throat moved slowly. Jody put his hands down on his head and slept. In his sleep he felt that the wind became stronger.

<sup>1</sup> take a little nap — вздремнуть малость

<sup>2</sup> wouldn't mind — не рассердится

It was daylight when he awakened. The barn door stood open. The pony was gone. He jumped up and ran out into the morning light.

The pony's tracks were clear enough. Jody broke into a run and followed them. As he followed the tracks, a shadow cut across in front of him.<sup>1</sup> He looked up and saw a circle of black buzzards. The birds soon disappeared over the hill. Jody ran faster then, forced on by panic and rage.<sup>2</sup>

At the top of the hill he saw what he was looking for. Below, in one of the little clearings in the brush, lay the red pony. And in a circle round him stood the buzzards, waiting for the moment of death they knew so well.

Jody ran down the hill. When he arrived, it was all over. The first buzzard sat on the pony's head. Jody threw himself into the circle like a cat. The black birds rose in a cloud, but the big one on the pony's head was too late. As it was going to fly away, Jody caught its wing and pulled it down. It was nearly as big as he was. The free wing beat at his face but he hung on.<sup>3</sup> Jody fell on the great bird. He held the neck to the ground with one hand while his other found a sharp stone. He struck again and again, until the buzzard lay dead. He was still beating the dead bird when Billy Buck pulled him off.

His father moved the buzzard with his foot. "Jody," he explained, "the buzzard didn't kill the pony. Don't you know that?"

"I know it," Jody answered.

It was Billy Buck who was angry.<sup>4</sup> He had lifted Jody in his arms, and turned to carry him home. But he turned back on Carl Tiflin. "Of course he knows it," Billy said angrily. "Can't you see how he feels about it?"

<sup>1</sup> a shadow ['ʃædɔʊ] cut across in front of him — чья-то тень пересекла ему путь

<sup>2</sup> forced on by panic ['rænik] and rage — подгоняемый страхом и яростью

<sup>3</sup> he hung on — не отпускал (птицу)

<sup>4</sup> It was Billy Buck who was angry. — Но тут рассердился Билли Бак. (Конструкция It is (was)... who (which, that)... употребляется для выделения одного из членов предложения.)



## II. THE GREAT MOUNTAINS

On a hot midsummer afternoon the little boy Jody looked about the ranch to find something to do. He had been to the barn, had thrown stones at the swallows' nests until he broke every one of the eggs. Then at the ranch house he set the rat trap where Doubletree Mutt, that good big dog, would get his nose snapped.<sup>1</sup> Jody was not a cruel boy; he was bored with the long hot afternoon. Doubletree Mutt put his stupid nose in the trap and got it snapped, and yelped with pain and limped away with blood on his nostrils. No

<sup>1</sup> would get his nose snapped — прищемит себе нос

matter where<sup>1</sup> he was hurt, Mutt limped. It was his habit. Once when he was young, Mutt was caught in a coyote trap, and always after that he limped, even when he was scolded.

When Mutt yelped, Jody's mother called from the house, "Jody, stop torturing that dog and find something to do."

Jody felt mean then, so he threw a stone at Mutt. Then he took his slingshot from the porch and walked up toward the brush line to kill a bird. It was a good slingshot, with new rubber, but though Jody had often shot at birds, he had never hit one. He walked up through the vegetable garden. And on his way he found a wonderful stone, round and flat and not very heavy. He put it into the slingshot and went to the brush line. In the bushes the little birds were working, scratching, flying a little and scratching again. Jody pulled back the rubbers of the slingshot and came up quietly. One little thrush paused and looked at him, ready to fly. Jody came up nearer, moving one foot slowly after the other. When he was quite near, he carefully raised the slingshot and aimed. The stone whizzed; the thrush started up and flew right into it. And down the little bird went with a broken head.<sup>2</sup> Jody ran to it and picked it up.

"Well, I got you," he said.

The bird looked much smaller dead than it had looked alive. Jody felt a little pain, so he took out his pocket-knife and cut off the bird's head. Then he cut off the bird's wings; and finally he threw all the pieces into the brush. He didn't care<sup>3</sup> about the bird, or its life, but he knew what older people would say if they had seen him kill it; he was ashamed because of their opinion. He decided to forget the whole thing as quickly as he could, and never to mention it.

The hills were dry at this season, and the wild grass was yellow. But where the cold spring, running from an iron pipe, filled the water tub and the water spilled over, there was a patch of fine green grass, deep and sweet. Jody drank from the tub and washed the bird's blood from his hands in the cold water. Then he lay on his back in the grass and looked up at the summer clouds. He closed one eye and it seemed to him that he had brought the clouds down and that he could put up his fingers and stroke them. He helped

<sup>1</sup> no matter where — куда бы ни, где бы ни

<sup>2</sup> And down the little bird went with a broken head.— Птичка упала с пробитой головой. (Инверсия употреблена для усиления.)

<sup>3</sup> He didn't care — Он не беспокоился, ему было наплевать

the gentle wind to push them down the sky; it seemed to him that with his help they went faster. He pressed one fat white cloud over the mountains, out of sight.<sup>1</sup> Jody wondered what the cloud saw behind the mountains, then. He sat up to see the mountains better. Curious, secret mountains, he thought of them.

"What is on the other side?" Jody asked his father once.

"More mountains," I guess.

"And on the other side of them?"

"More mountains on and on,<sup>2</sup> and at last you come to the ocean."

"But what is there in the mountains?"

"Cliffs and brush and rocks and dryness."

"Were you ever there?"

"No."

"Has anybody ever been there?"

"A few people have, I guess. It's dangerous with all those cliffs. I've read there is more unexplored land in these mountains than in any place in the United States." His father was proud, it seemed, that it was so.

"And at last the ocean?"

"At last the ocean."

"But," the boy insisted, "but in between? Does anybody know?"

"Oh, a few people do, I guess. But there's nothing there. No food and not much water. Just rocks and cliffs and woods."

"It would be good to go there."

"What for? There's nothing there."

Jody knew something was there, something curious and secret. He could feel that this was so.

He said to his mother, "Do you know what is there in the big mountains?"

She looked at him and then back at the fierce mountains, and then she said, "Only the bear, I guess."

"What bear?"

"The bear that went over the mountain to see what he could see."<sup>3</sup>

Jody asked Billy Buck, the ranch hand, if it was possible

that ancient cities were lost in the mountains, but Billy agreed with Jody's father.

"It is impossible," Billy said. "There is nothing to eat there unless the people that live in the mountains can eat rocks."<sup>1</sup>

That was all the information Jody ever got, and it made the mountains dear to him, and terrible. He often thought of the miles and miles of ridge after ridge until at last there was the sea. When the peaks were pink in the morning, Jody liked the mountains; and when the sun went over the edge in the evening and the mountains looked red, then Jody was afraid of them.

Now he turned his head toward the mountains of the east, the Gabilans, and they were fine mountains, with ranches in their creases, and with pine trees growing on the hillsides. People lived there, and battles had been fought against the Mexicans there. Jody looked back for a moment at the Great Mountains and he was frightened by the contrast. The home ranch below him was sunny and safe. The house shone in the white light and the barn was brown and warm. The red cows on the hill were moving slowly toward the north. Even the cypress tree by the bunkhouse was usual and safe. The chickens scratched about in the farmyard with quick steps.

Then a moving figure caught Jody's eye.<sup>2</sup> A man was walking slowly over the top of the hill, on the road from Salinas, and he was moving toward the house. Jody stood up and moved toward the house too, for if someone was coming, he wanted to be there to see. By the time the boy had got to the house, the walking man was only half-way down the road. As he approached nearer, Jody could tell he was old. Jody saw that he was dressed in blue jeans and in a coat of the same material. He wore big shoes and an old hat. Over his shoulder he carried a full sack. In a few moments he had come near enough so that his face could be seen. And his face was as dark as dried meat. The moustache over his mouth was blue-white against the dark skin,<sup>3</sup> and his hair was white, too. His face was bone, not

<sup>1</sup> out of sight — эд. прочь (букв. вне поля зрения, вне видимости)

<sup>2</sup> on and on — всё дальше и дальше

<sup>3</sup> Слова из детского стихотворения.

<sup>1</sup> unless the people that live in the mountains can eat rocks — если только люди, живущие в горах, не могут питаться камнями

<sup>2</sup> caught Jody's eye — бросилась Джоди в глаза

<sup>3</sup> against the dark skin — на фоне тёмной кожи



flesh,<sup>1</sup> and his nose and chin were sharp and long. The eyes were large and deep and dark. The pupils were very black, but the eyeballs were brown. There were no wrinkles in the face at all. This old man wore a blue coat buttoned to the throat with brass buttons, as all men do who wear ne shirts. Out of the sleeves came strong bony hands hard as wood.

The old man came close to the gate and put down his sack when he noticed Jody. He asked in a soft voice, "Do you live here?"

Jody was embarrassed. He turned and looked at the house, and he turned back and looked toward the barn where his father and Billy Buck were. "Yes," he said, when no help came from either direction.<sup>2</sup>

"I have come back," the old man said. "I am Gitano, and I have come back."

Jody could not take all this responsibility. He turned suddenly, and ran into the house for help, and the door banged after him. His mother was in the kitchen cooking supper.

"It's an old man," Jody cried excitedly. "It's an old paisano,<sup>3</sup> and he says he has come back."

His mother asked patiently, "What's the matter now?"

"It's an old man outside. Come on out."

"Well, what does he want?" She took off her apron and smoothed her hair with her fingers.

"I don't know. He came walking."<sup>4</sup>

His mother smoothed down her dress and went out, and Jody followed her. Gitano had not moved.

"Yes?" Mrs. Tiflin asked.

Gitano took off his old black hat and held it with both his hands in front of him. He repeated, "I am Gitano, and I have come back."

"Come back? Back where?"

Gitano's right hand described the circle of the hills, the fields and the mountains, and ended at his hat again.

"Back to the ranch. I was born here, and my father, too."

"Here?" she asked. "This isn't an old place."

"No, there," he said, pointing to the western ridge. "On the other side, in a house that is gone."<sup>1</sup>

At last she understood. "The old house that has been washed away,<sup>2</sup> you mean?"

"Yes, señora.<sup>3</sup> The house that the rains washed down."

Jody's mother was silent for a little while, and thoughts about the house she was born in, ran through her mind, but quickly she cleared them out. "And what do you want here now, Gitano?"

"I will stay here," he said quietly, "until I die."

"But we don't need an extra man<sup>4</sup> here."

"I cannot work hard any more, señora. I can milk a cow, feed chickens, cut a little wood; no more. I shall stay here." He pointed to the sack on the ground beside him. "Here are my things."

She turned to Jody. "Run down to the barn and call your father."

Jody ran away, and he returned with Carl Tiflin and Billy Buck behind him. The old man was standing as he had been, but he was resting now.

"What is it?" Carl Tiflin asked. "What is Jody so excited about?"

Mrs. Tiflin pointed to the old man. "He wants to stay here. He wants to do a little work and stay here."

"Well, he can't stay here. We don't need any more men. He's too old. Billy does everything we need."

They had been talking over him as though<sup>5</sup> he didn't exist, and now, suddenly, they both looked at Gitano and were embarrassed.

Gitano cleared his throat.<sup>6</sup> "I am too old to work. I have come back where I was born."

"You weren't born here," Carl Tiflin said sharply.

"No. In the mud house over the hill. It was all one ranch before you came."

"In the mud house that was washed down?"

"Yes. I and my father. I will stay here now on the ranch."

<sup>1</sup> in a house that is gone — в хижине, которая исчезла

<sup>2</sup> has been washed away — была смыта (дождем)

<sup>3</sup> señora — исп. сударыня

<sup>4</sup> we don't need an extra man — нам не нужен ещё один человек (extra — дополнительный, добавочный)

<sup>5</sup> as though — как будто, словно

<sup>6</sup> cleared his throat — откашлялся

<sup>1</sup> (His face was) bone, not flesh — кожа да кости

<sup>2</sup> ...from either direction — ...ни с той, ни с другой стороны

<sup>3</sup> paisano [paɪ'saɪnoʊ] — исп. крестьянин

<sup>4</sup> He came walking. — Он пришёл пешком.

"I tell you you won't stay here," Carl Tiflin said angrily. "I don't need an old man. This isn't a big ranch. I can't afford food and doctor bills for an old man.<sup>1</sup> You must have relatives and friends. Go to them. It is like begging to come to strangers."<sup>2</sup>

"I was born here," Gitano said patiently and firmly. Carl Tiflin didn't like to be cruel, but he felt he must.

"You can eat here tonight," he said. "You can sleep in the little room of the bunkhouse. We'll give you your breakfast in the morning, and then you'll have to go along. Go to your friends. Don't come to die with strangers."

Gitano put on his black hat and bent to pick up the sack. "Here are my things," he said.

Carl turned away. "Come on, Billy, we'll finish down at the barn. Jody, show him the little room in the bunkhouse."

He and Billy turned back toward the barn. Mrs. Tiflin went into the house, saying over her shoulder, "I'll send some blankets down."

Gitano looked questioningly at Jody. "I'll show you where it is," Jody said.

There was a small bed, a box with a lantern, and a chair in the little room of the bunkhouse. Gitano laid his sack carefully on the floor and sat down on the bed. Jody stood shyly in the room, not wishing to go. At last he said, "Did you come out of the big mountains?"

Gitano shook his head slowly. "No, I worked down in the Salinas Valley."

The thoughts of the afternoon didn't let Jody go.<sup>3</sup> "Did you ever go into the big mountains over there?"

The old dark eyes grew fixed,<sup>4</sup> as if they looked on the years that were living in Gitano's head.

"Once — when I was a little boy, I went with my father."

"Over there, into the big mountains?"

"Yes."

"What was there?" Jody cried. "Did you see any people or any houses?"

"No."

<sup>1</sup> I can't afford food and doctor bills for an old man. — Я не в состоянии прокормить старика и оплачивать счета врачам.

<sup>2</sup> It is like begging to come to strangers. — Приходить к чужим людям равносильно нищенству.

<sup>3</sup> didn't let Jody go — не оставляли Джоди (не давали ему покоя)

<sup>4</sup> The... eyes grew fixed — глаза уставились в одну точку

"Well, what was there?"

Gitano's eyes remained fixed. A little wrinkle came between his brows.

"What did you see there?" Jody repeated.

"I don't know," Gitano said. "I don't remember."

"Was it terrible and dry?"

"I don't remember."

In his excitement Jody had lost his shyness. "Don't you remember anything about it?"

Gitano's mouth opened, and remained open while he tried to find the right word.<sup>1</sup> "I think it was quiet — I think it was nice."

It seemed that Gitano had remembered something, for his eyes became soft and a little smile played in them.

"Didn't you ever go back to the mountains again?" Jody insisted.

"No."

"Didn't you ever want to?"

But now Gitano's face became impatient. "No," he said in a tone that told Jody he didn't want to talk about it any more. The boy stood curiously fascinated.<sup>2</sup> He didn't want to go away from Gitano. His shyness returned.

"Would you like<sup>3</sup> to come down to the barn and see the horses?" he asked.

Gitano stood up and put on his hat and prepared to follow.

It was evening now. They stood near the water-trough while the horses came in from the hillsides for an evening drink. Gitano put his big bony hands on the top rail of the fence. Five horses came down and drank, and then stood rubbing their sides against the wood of the fence. Long after they had finished drinking, an old horse appeared over the top of the hill and came slowly down. It had long yellow teeth; and its ribs and hip-bones jutted out<sup>4</sup> under its skin. It came slowly up to the trough and drank water with a loud noise.

<sup>1</sup> the right word — нужное слово

<sup>2</sup> stood curiously fascinated [ˈkjuəriəsli ˈfæsɪneɪtɪd] — стоял, как заворожённый

<sup>3</sup> Would you like — Не хотели ли бы вы

<sup>4</sup> its ribs and hip-bones jutted out — её рёбра и подвздошные кости выступали

"That's old Easter,"<sup>1</sup> Jody explained. "That's the first horse my father ever had. He's thirty years old."

"He is no good any more,"<sup>2</sup> Gitano said.

Jody's father and Billy Buck came out of the barn.

"Too old to work," Gitano repeated. "He just eats and pretty soon he'll die."

Carl Tiflin caught the last words. He hated his brutality toward old Gitano, and so he became brutal again.

"I must shoot Easter," he said. "It'll save him a lot of pain and rheumatism."<sup>3</sup> He looked secretly at Gitano, to see whether he noticed the parallel, but the big bony hands did not move, and the dark eyes did not turn from the horse. "Old things ought to be put out of their misery,"<sup>4</sup> Jody's father went on. "One shot, a big noise, one big pain in the head maybe, and that's all. That's better than stiffness and sore teeth."<sup>5</sup>

Billy Buck broke in. "They have got a right to rest after they worked all their lives. Maybe they like just to walk around."

Carl had been looking steadily at the skinny horse. "You can't imagine what Easter used to look like,"<sup>6</sup> he said softly. "He could jump a high gate. I won a race on him when I was fifteen years old. I could sell him for two hundred dollars any time. You can't imagine how pretty he was." He stopped for he hated softness. "But he ought to be shot now," he said.

"He has got a right to rest," Billy Buck insisted.

Jody's father had a humorous thought. He turned to Gitano. "If ham and eggs grew on a side-hill, I'd turn you out to pasture<sup>7</sup> too," he said. "But I can't afford to pasture you in my kitchen."

He laughed to Billy Buck about it as they went on toward

<sup>1</sup> Easter — Пасха (кличка лошади)

<sup>2</sup> is no good any more — больше никуда не годится

<sup>3</sup> It'll save him a lot of pain and rheumatism ['ru:mætɪzəm]. — Это избавит его от многих страданий и ревматизма.

<sup>4</sup> Old things ought to be put out of their misery ['mɪzəri]. — Стариков следует избавлять от страданий.

<sup>5</sup> stiffness and sore teeth — боль в суставах и больные зубы

<sup>6</sup> what Easter used to look like — как Пасха выглядел раньше

<sup>7</sup> If ham and eggs grew on a side-hill, I'd turn you out to pasture. — Если бы ветчина и яйца росли на горных пастбищах, я бы отправил тебя пастись туда.

the house. "It would be a good thing for all of us if ham and eggs grew on the side-hills."

Jody knew that his father was looking for a place to hurt Gitano. In Jody his father knew every place where a word would hurt.

"He's only talking," Jody said. "He didn't mean it<sup>1</sup> about shooting Easter. He likes Easter. That was the first horse he had ever had."

The sun hid behind the high mountains as they stood there, and the ranch became silent. Gitano seemed to be more at home in the evening.<sup>2</sup> He made a curious sharp sound with his lips and stretched one of his hands over the fence. Old Easter moved stiffly to him, and Gitano rubbed his neck under the mane.

"Do you like him?" Jody asked softly.

"Yes—but he is no good."

The triangle sounded at the ranch house. "That's supper," Jody cried. "Come on to supper."

As they walked up toward the house, Jody noticed again that Gitano's body was as straight as that of a young man.<sup>3</sup>

Jody and Gitano came to the back steps and Mrs. Tiflin looked out through the door at them.

"Come quick, Jody. Come in to supper, Gitano."

Carl and Billy Buck had started to eat at the long table. Jody sat in his chair without moving it, but Gitano stood holding his hat until Carl looked up and said, "Sit down, sit down. You might as well eat<sup>4</sup> before you go." Carl was afraid he might soften and let the old man stay, and so he continued to remind himself that this couldn't be and that he must be stern.

Gitano laid his hat on the floor and shyly sat down. He didn't reach for food.<sup>5</sup> Carl had to pass it to him. "Fill yourself up."<sup>6</sup> Gitano ate very slowly, cutting little pieces of meat and potato.

<sup>1</sup> He didn't mean it — Он не сказал это всерьёз

<sup>2</sup> Gitano seemed to be more at home in the evening. — Вечером Гитано, казалось, чувствовал себя свободнее (почти как дома).

<sup>3</sup> Gitano's body was as straight as that of a young man. — Гитано был строен, как юноша. (That заменяет впереди стоящее сущ. body во избежание его повторения.)

<sup>4</sup> You might as well eat — Уж так и быть, поешь

<sup>5</sup> He didn't reach for food. — Он не потянулся за едой.

<sup>6</sup> Fill yourself up. — Ешь досыта.

The situation didn't stop worrying Carl Tiflin. "Haven't you got any relatives in this part of the country?" he asked.

Gitano answered with some pride, "My brother-in-law is in Monterey. I have cousins there, too."

"Well, you can go and live there, then."

"I was born here," Gitano said softly.

Jody's mother came in from the kitchen, carrying a large pudding.

Carl said to her smilingly, "Did I tell you what I said to him? I said if ham and eggs grew on the side-hills, I'd put him out to pasture, like old Easter."

Gitano stared at his plate without touching the food.

"It's too bad<sup>1</sup> he can't stay," said Mrs. Tiflin.

"Now don't you start anything," Carl said angrily.

When they finished eating, Carl and Billy Buck and Jody went into the living-room to sit for a while, but Gitano, without saying "Good-bye" or "Thank you", walked through the kitchen and out of the back door. Jody sat and secretly watched his father. He knew how mean his father felt.

"This country's full of these old paisanos," Carl said to Billy Buck.

"They're very good men," Billy defended them. "They can work to an older age than white men. I saw one of them a hundred and five years old, and he could still ride a horse. A white man as old as Gitano could not walk twenty or thirty miles."

"Oh, they are strong, I am sure," Carl agreed. "Say, are you defending him too? Listen, Billy," he explained, "I'm having a hard time keeping this ranch out of the Bank<sup>2</sup> and I cannot take on anybody else to feed. You know that, Billy."

"Sure, I know," said Billy. "If you were rich, it would be different."

"That's right, and besides he has relatives, a brother-in-law and cousins in Monterey. Why should I worry about him?"<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> It's too bad — Очень жаль

<sup>2</sup> I'm having a hard time keeping this ranch out of the Bank. — Мне и так с трудом удаётся уберечь ранчо от посягательств банка.

<sup>3</sup> Why should I worry about him? — Почему я должен беспокоиться о нём?

Jody sat quietly listening, and he seemed to hear<sup>1</sup> Gitano's gentle voice, "But I was born here." Gitano was mysterious like the mountains. There were mountain ranges as far as the eye could see, but behind the last range there was a great unknown country. Gitano was an old man, and behind the dull dark eyes there was some unknown thing. Jody felt himself irresistibly drawn<sup>2</sup> toward the bunkhouse. He got up from his chair while his father was talking and went out of the door without making a sound.

The night was very dark and distant noises were clearly heard. Jody went across the dark yard. He could see a light in the window of the little room of the bunkhouse. Because the night was still, he walked quietly up to the window and looked in. Gitano was sitting in the chair and his back was toward the window. His right arm was moving slowly back and forth in front of him. Jody opened the door and walked in. Gitano stood up and, seizing a piece of deerskin, he tried to throw it over the thing in his hand, but the skin dropped. Jody stood embarrassed by the thing in Gitano's hand, a thin and beautiful sword with a golden hilt.

"What is it?" Jody asked.

Gitano looked at him angrily, and picked up the deerskin and wrapped the beautiful sword in it.

Jody put out his hand. "Can I see it?"

Gitano's eyes looked at him angrily and he shook his head.

"Where did you get it? Where does it come from?"

Now Gitano looked at him steadily as though thinking. "I got it from my father."

"Well, where did he get it?"

Gitano looked down at the deerskin in his hand. "I don't know."

"Didn't he ever tell you?"

"No."

"What do you do with it?"

Gitano looked surprised a little. "Nothing. I just keep it."

"Can I see it again?"

The old man slowly unwrapped the shining sword for a

<sup>1</sup> he seemed to hear — ему казалось, что он слышит

<sup>2</sup> Jody felt himself irresistibly drawn... — Джоди непреодолимо тянуло...

moment. Then he wrapped it up again. "You go now. I want to go to bed." He blew out the lamp almost before Jody had closed the door. As he went back toward the house, Jody knew one thing very well. He must never tell anyone about the sword.

On his way across the dark yard Jody passed Billy Buck. "Your parents are wondering where you are," Billy said.

Jody came into the living-room, and his father turned to him. "Where have you been?"

"I went out to see if I caught any rats in my new trap."

"It's time for you to go to bed," his father said.

Jody was first at the breakfast table in the morning. Then his father came in, and at last, Billy Buck. Mrs. Tiflin looked in from the kitchen.

"Where's the old man, Billy?" she asked.

"I guess he went for a walk," Billy said. "I looked into his room and he wasn't there."

"Maybe he went early to Monterey," said Carl. "It's a long way."

"No," Billy explained. "His sack is in the little room."

After breakfast Jody walked down to the bunkhouse. The ranch seemed especially quiet this morning. When he was sure no one was watching him, Jody went into the little room, and looked into Gitano's sack. A pair of cotton underwear was there, a pair of jeans and three pairs of worn socks. There was nothing else in the sack. Jody felt a sharp loneliness. He walked slowly back toward the house. His father stood on the porch talking to Mrs. Tiflin.

"I guess old Easter's dead at last," he said. "I didn't see him come down to drink with the other horses."

In the middle of the morning Jess Taylor from the ridge ranch rode down.

"You didn't sell that old grey horse of yours, did you, Carl?"

"No, of course not. Why?"

"Well," Jess said. "Early this morning I saw a funny thing. I saw an old man on an old horse, no saddle, only a piece of rope for a bridle. He wasn't on the road at all. He was moving straight through the brush. I think he had a gun. At least<sup>1</sup> I saw something shine in his hand."

"That's old Gitano," Carl Tiflin said. "I'll see if any of my guns are missing." He went into the house for a minute. "No, all are here. Which way was he going, Jess?"

"Well, that's the funny thing. He was going straight back into the mountains."

Carl laughed. "They never get too old to steal,"<sup>2</sup> he said. "I guess he stole old Easter."

"Do you want to go after him, Carl?"

"Certainly not, it saves me burying that horse. I wonder where he got the gun. I wonder why he went there."

Jody walked up through the vegetable patch, toward the brush line. He looked carefully at the mountains—ridge after ridge until at last there was the ocean. For a moment he thought he could see a black speck moving slowly up the farthest ridge. Jody thought of the sword and of Gitano. And he thought of the great mountains. He felt such a loneliness that he wanted to cry. He lay down in the green grass near the round wooden tub at the brush line. He covered his eyes with his hands and lay there a long time, and he was full of a strange sadness.

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<sup>1</sup> are missing — пропали

<sup>2</sup> They never get too old to steal. — Они будут воровать до смерти.

<sup>1</sup> at least — по крайней мере



### III. THE PROMISE

In a mid-afternoon in spring, the little boy Jody walked along the brush lined road toward his home ranch. Banging his knee against the bucket in which he used to carry his lunch, he got a good drum, while his tongue beat sharply against his teeth to imitate a trumpet. Some time before there was a big band, but the other members of the band that walked gaily from the school, had turned into the various little canyons and taken the roads to their home ranches. Now Jody marched alone, lifting high his knees and pounding his feet; but he imagined that behind him there was an army with great flags and swords, silent but dangerous.

The afternoon was green and gold with spring. Under the branches of the oaks the plants were pale and tall, and on the hill the grass was smooth and thick. The brushes shone with new silver leaves and the leaves on the oaks were golden green. Such a strong spring smell hung over the hills that the horses galloped madly and then stopped; lambs, and even old sheep jumped in the air unexpectedly and landed on stiff

legs,<sup>1</sup> and went on eating; young calves butted their heads together and drew back and butted again.

As the silent army marched by, led by Jody, the animals stopped their feeding and their play and watched it go by.

Suddenly Jody stopped. He went down on his knees. He had seen a toad moving on the road. His rough hand went out and grasped it and held firmly while the little beast struggled. Then Jody turned the toad over to see its pale gold stomach. With his forefinger he stroked gently the throat and chest until its eyes closed and it fell asleep.

Jody opened his lunch pail and put the first game<sup>2</sup> inside. He moved on now, his bare feet were slow and silent. Jody imagined that in his right hand there was a long gray rifle, and that he was hunting for bears and tigers. The hunting was very good, for by the time Jody reached the road where the mail box stood on a post, he had captured two more toads, four little lizards, a blue snake, sixteen yellow grasshoppers and a brown newt from under a rock. He put them all into his lunch bucket.

When he came to the road where the mail box was, he forgot all about the rifle, and the tigers and bears disappeared from the hillsides. Even the game in the lunch pail ceased to exist, for the little red metal flag was up<sup>3</sup> on the mail box, which meant that something was inside. Jody put his pail on the ground and opened the letter box. There was a catalog and the Salinas Weekly Journal<sup>4</sup> there. He closed the box, picked up his lunch pail and trotted over the bridge and down into the ranch. He ran past the barn and past the bunkhouse and the cypress tree. He banged the front door of the ranch house calling, "Ma'am, ma'am, there's a catalog."

Mrs. Tiflin was in the kitchen making cheese out of milk. She put down her work and washed her hands under the tap. "Here I am, Jody. Here in the kitchen."

He ran in and banged his lunch pail on the sink. "Here it is. Can I open the catalog, ma'am?"

Mrs. Tiflin took up the spoon again and went back to her cheese. "Don't loose it, Jody. Your father will want to

<sup>1</sup> landed on stiff legs — опускались на несогнутые ноги

<sup>2</sup> game — эд. добыча

<sup>3</sup> was up — был поднят

<sup>4</sup> the Salinas Weekly Journal ['dʒə:nəl] — Салинасский еженедельный журнал

see it. Oh, Jody, your father wants to see you before you go to do your chores."

Jody closed the new catalog in alarm. "Ma'am?"

"Why don't you ever listen? I say your father wants to see you."

The boy laid the catalog gently down. "Is it something I did?"

Mrs. Tiflin laughed. "Always a bad conscience.<sup>1</sup> What did you do?"

"Nothing, ma'am," he answered. But he couldn't remember, and besides it was impossible to know what action might later be considered as a crime.<sup>2</sup>

"He said he wanted to see you when you returned home." His mother continued. "He is somewhere near the barn."

Jody turned and went out of the house. Hearing his mother open the lunch pail and then gasp with rage,<sup>3</sup> he remembered something and he trotted away toward the barn, deliberately not hearing<sup>4</sup> the angry voice that called him from the house.

Carl Tiflin and Billy Buck, the ranch hand, stood at the lower pasture fence, talking slowly. In the pasture half a dozen<sup>5</sup> horses nibbled at the sweet grass. The mare, Nellie, stood rubbing herself against the gate.

When Jody arrived beside the men, he put one foot on the lowest fence rail and looked into the pasture too. The men glanced at him.

"I wanted to see you," Carl said in the stern tone he used with children and animals.

"Yes, sir," said Jody guiltily.

"Billy says you took good care of the pony before it died."

No punishment was in the air. Jody grew bolder. "Yes, sir, I did."

"Billy says you are patient with horses."

<sup>1</sup> Always a bad conscience ['kɒnfəns].— Всегда у него совесть нечиста.

<sup>2</sup> what action might later be considered as a crime — какой поступок может впоследствии рассматриваться как преступление

<sup>3</sup> ...gasp with rage—...задохнулась от гнева

<sup>4</sup> deliberately [drɪ'libərətli] not hearing — делая вид, будто не слышит (букв. намеренно не слыша)

<sup>5</sup> half a dozen ['dʌzn] — несколько

<sup>6</sup> you took good care of the pony — ты хорошо ухаживал за пони

Jody felt a warm friendliness for the ranch hand.

Billy put in, "He trained that pony very well."

Carl Tiflin came gradually to the point.<sup>1</sup> "If you could have another horse would you work for it?"

Jody trembled. "Yes, sir."

"Well, look here,<sup>2</sup> then. Billy says the best way for you to be a good hand with horses<sup>3</sup> is to raise a colt."

"It's the only good way," Billy interrupted.

"Now, look here, Jody," continued Carl. "It will cost me five dollars to take the mare to the stallion. I'll pay the money, but you'll have to work for it all summer. Will you do that?"

Jody felt that he was trembling again, "Yes, sir," he said softly.

"And you'll never complain? And you'll always remember when you are told to do something?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, all right, then. Tomorrow morning you take Nellie up to the ridge ranch, to Jess Taylor who keeps a stallion. You'll have to take care of Nellie, too, till the colt is born."

"Yes, sir."

"And now you'd better go to feed the chickens and fill the wood-box."

Jody moved quietly away. In passing behind Billy he almost put out his hand to touch Billy's leg.

He did his chores very seriously like never before. This night he did not throw the grain to the chickens so that they had to leap over each other and struggle to get it. No, he spread the grain so far and so carefully that the hens couldn't find some of it at all. And in the house, when his mother said that only bad boys filled their lunch pails with reptiles, he promised never to do it again. Indeed, Jody felt that he was too grown-up now to put toads in his lunch pail, or for any other foolishness. He carried in so much wood and built such a high structure with it that his mother was afraid it might come down.<sup>4</sup> When he had finished, when he had

<sup>1</sup> came gradually ['grædjuəli] to the point — не сразу заговорил о главном (букв. постепенно подошёл к тому, что хотел сказать)

<sup>2</sup> look here — послушай

<sup>3</sup> the best way to be a good hand with horses — лучший способ стать специалистом по части лошадей

<sup>4</sup> might come down — может рухнуть

gathered eggs that had remained hidden for weeks, Jody walked down again past the cypress tree, and past the bunkhouse toward the pasture. A fat toad that looked at him from under the water-trough had no emotional effect on him at all.<sup>1</sup>

Carl Tiflin and Billy Buck were not in sight,<sup>2</sup> but from a ringing on the other side of the barn Jody knew that Billy Buck was starting to milk a cow.

The other horses were eating at the end of the pasture, but Nellie continued to rub herself against the gate. Jody walked slowly near, saying, "Nellie, dear, Nellie." The mare's ears went back and her lips drew away from her yellow teeth. She turned her head around. Jody climbed to the top of the fence and hung his feet over and looked kindly down on the mare.

It became dark while he sat there. Billy Buck, walking toward the house carrying a full milk bucket, saw Jody and stopped. "You'll have to wait a long time," he said gently. "You'll get tired waiting."

"No, I won't, Billy. How long will it be?"

"Nearly a year."

"Well, I won't get tired."

The triangle at the house rang loudly. Jody climbed down from the fence and walked to supper beside Billy Buck. He even helped Billy to carry the milk bucket.

The next morning after breakfast Carl Tiflin folded a five-dollar bill<sup>3</sup> in a piece of newspaper and gave it to Jody. Billy Buck led the mare Nellie out of the pasture.

Jody took hold of the halter<sup>4</sup> and started up the hill toward Jess Taylor's ranch with Nellie behind him. The warm morning sun shone on Jody's back so sweetly that he had to take a stiff legged jump<sup>5</sup> now and then in spite of<sup>6</sup> his decision to be grown-up. On the fences the blackbirds were calling. The larks were singing, and the wild doves among the leaves of the oaks made strange sounds. In the fields

<sup>1</sup> had no emotional effect on him at all — не вызвала у него никаких эмоций

<sup>2</sup> were not in sight — (их) не было видно

<sup>3</sup> a five-dollar bill — бумажка в пять долларов

<sup>4</sup> took hold of the halter — ухватился за недоуздок

<sup>5</sup> to take a stiff legged ['stif 'legid] jump — попрыгать на несогнутых ногах

<sup>6</sup> in spite of — несмотря на

the rabbits sat sunning themselves, and only their ears could be seen above the grass.

After walking uphill for an hour, Jody turned into a narrow road that led to the ridge ranch. He could see the red roof of the barn above the oak trees, and he could hear a dog barking near the house.

Suddenly he heard the step of a horse behind him, but before he could turn, a hand caught him by the overall straps and lifted him off the ground. Jess Taylor sat the boy behind him on the horse.

After a while Jess said, "Maybe you'll climb off and go up to the house for some time and leave Nellie with me. Maybe you'll get a piece of pie up there."

But Jody shook his head. "She's mine, and the colt is going to be mine. I'm going to raise it."

"Yes, that's a good thing," Jess said. "Carl takes good decisions sometimes. Don't worry about Nellie. She'll be all right."

Jess lifted the boy down. He rode away leading Nellie, and Jody went to the house to wait for them.

Only after Jody had handed over the five dollars, and after he had eaten two pieces of pie, he started for home again. He climbed on Nellie and rode her most of the way home.

The five dollars his father had paid reduced Jody to slavery<sup>1</sup> for the whole late spring and summer. When the hay was cut, he drove a rake.<sup>2</sup> In addition,<sup>3</sup> Carl Tiflin taught him to milk, and put a cow under his care,<sup>4</sup> so that a new chore was added night and morning.

Jody went to see the mare Nellie every day, but he saw no change whatever.<sup>5</sup>

One afternoon Billy Buck came out of the barn when Jody was helping Doubletree Mutt, the big serious dog, to dig out a gopher.

"Let's go up and have a look at Nellie," Billy said.

<sup>1</sup> reduced Jody to slavery — (из-за этих пяти долларов) Джоди должен был работать, как раб (re'duce — эд. свести до положения)

<sup>2</sup> drove a rake — сгребал (сено) (бука. работал граблями)

<sup>3</sup> in addition [ə'dɪʃn] — кроме этого, вдобавок

<sup>4</sup> put a cow under his care — заставил его ухаживать за одной коровой

<sup>5</sup> saw no change whatever — не видел совершенно никаких изменений



Immediately Jody followed him. Doubletree Mutt watched them over his shoulder; then he growled to show that the gopher was practically caught. When he looked over his shoulder again, and saw that neither Jody nor Billy was interested, he climbed out of the hole and followed them up the hill.

The grass was so dry that it made a swishing sound as Jody and Billy Buck walked through it. Halfway up the hill they could see Nellie nibbling at the wild oats. When they approached, Nellie looked at them and her ears went back. Billy walked up to her and put his hand under her mane and patted her neck, until her ears came forward again and she nibbled at his shirt.

Jody asked, "Do you think she is really going to have a colt?"

Billy drew the lids back from the mare's eyes with his fingers. He felt the lower lip and said, "I shouldn't be surprised."

"Well, she isn't changed at all. It's already three months."

Billy rubbed the mare's forehead while she grunted with pleasure. "I told you you'd get tired waiting. The colt will be born in at least<sup>1</sup> eight months, about next January."

Jody sighed deeply. "It's a long time, isn't it?"

"And then it'll be about two years more before you can ride."

Jody cried out in despair, "I'll be grown-up."

"Yes, you'll be an old man," said Billy.

"What color do you think the colt will be?"

"Why, you can never tell.<sup>2</sup> The colt may be black or gray. You can't tell. Sometimes a black mare may have a white colt."

"Well, I hope it's black, and a stallion."

"Your father won't let you have a stallion."

"Maybe he will," Jody said. "I could train him well."

"You can never trust a stallion," Billy said. "Stallions are mostly fighting and making trouble. Very often they don't want to work. Your father won't let you keep a stallion."

Nellie moved slowly away, nibbling at the dry grass. Jody said, "Tell me how it'll be, Billy. Is it like when the cows have calves?"

<sup>1</sup> at least — по крайней мере

<sup>2</sup> Why, you can never tell. — Ну, трудно сказать.

"Almost the same. Sometimes you have to be there to help the mare. And sometimes if it's wrong,<sup>1</sup> you have to—" he paused.

"Have to what, Billy?"

"Have to tear the colt to pieces<sup>2</sup> to get it out, or the mare will die."

"But it won't be that way this time, will it, Billy?"

"Oh, no. Nellie has had good colts."

"Can I be there, Billy? Will you call me? It's my colt."

"Sure, I'll call you. Of course I will."

"Tell me how it'll be."

"Why, you have seen the cows calving. It's almost the same. If it is a good birth, the head and forefeet come out, and the colt starts to breathe. You must be there, because if its feet aren't right the colt may smother."

"We'll have to be there, then, won't we?"

"Oh, sure, we'll be there."

They turned and walked slowly down the hill toward the barn. Jody had to say a certain thing although he didn't want to. "Billy," he began miserably, "Billy, you won't let anything happen to the colt, will you?"

And Billy knew he was thinking of the red pony, Gabilan, and how it died of strangles. Billy knew he had never made a mistake before that, and now he was capable of failure.<sup>3</sup> This fact made Billy less sure of himself than he had been. "I can't tell," he said roughly. "All kinds of things may happen, and they won't be my fault. I can't do everything." He felt badly about his lost prestige,<sup>4</sup> and he said angrily, "I'll do everything I know, but I can't promise anything. Nellie is a good mare. She has had good colts before. She ought to have a good one this time." And he walked away from Jody and went into the saddle-room beside the barn, for his feelings were hurt.<sup>5</sup>

Jody often went to the brush line behind the house. A thin spring ran from an iron pipe into an old green wooden tub. Where the water spilled over and sank into the ground,

<sup>1</sup> if it's wrong — если не всё идёт как надо

<sup>2</sup> to tear... to pieces — разорвать... на куски

<sup>3</sup> and now he was capable of failure ['feiljə] — а сейчас он может ошибиться снова

<sup>4</sup> He felt badly about his lost prestige [pres'ti:ʒ]. — Он остро переживал потерю своего авторитета.

<sup>5</sup> his feelings were hurt — его самолюбие было задето

there was a patch of green grass. Even when the hills were brown in the summer, that little patch was green. The water ran softly into the tub all the year round. This place had become a center-point for Jody. When he was punished, the cool green grass and the singing water comforted him. When he sat in the grass and listened to the singing stream, he forgot all the unpleasant things that happened during the day.

On the other hand,<sup>1</sup> he hated the black cypress tree by the bunkhouse as much as he loved the water tub; for to this tree all the pigs came, sooner or later, to be killed. Pig killing was very interesting, but it made Jody's heart beat so fast that it hurt him. After the pig killing Jody had to go to the water tub to sit in the grass until his heart became quiet. The water tub and the black cypress were opposites and enemies.

When Billy left him and walked angrily away, Jody turned toward the house. He thought of Nellie as he walked, and of the little colt. Then suddenly he saw that he was under the black cypress, under the very tree<sup>2</sup> where the pigs were killed. He brushed his hair off his forehead and hurried on. It seemed to him an unlucky thing to be thinking of his colt under the cypress tree, especially after what Billy had said. To counteract any evil result<sup>3</sup> he walked quickly past the ranch house, through the chicken yard, through the vegetable patch, until he came at last to the brush line.

He sat down in the green grass. The running water sounded in his ears. He looked over the farm buildings and across at the round hills that were yellow with grain. He could see Nellie feeding on the slope. As usual the green patch filled Jody with dreams. Jody saw a black, long-legged colt, butting against Nellie's flanks, demanding milk. And then he saw himself breaking a large colt to halter.<sup>4</sup> In a few moments the colt grew into a magnificent animal, with a broad chest and a high neck and with a tail like black flame. This horse was terrible to everyone but<sup>5</sup> Jody. In the schoolyard

<sup>1</sup> on the other hand — с другой стороны

<sup>2</sup> under the very tree — под тем самым деревом

<sup>3</sup> To counteract any evil result — Чтобы дурная примета не оправдалась

<sup>4</sup> he saw himself breaking a large colt to halter — представил себе, как он тренирует большого жеребёнка с недоуздком

<sup>5</sup> but — кроме

the boys begged rides,<sup>1</sup> and Jody smilingly agreed. As soon as they mounted, the black demon threw them off. Why, that was his name, Black Demon! For a moment he remembered the singing water and the grass and the sunshine, and then—

Sometimes in the night the ranch people, safe in their beds,<sup>2</sup> heard roaring hoofs go by. They said, "It's Jody, on Demon. He is helping out<sup>3</sup> the sheriff again," and then—

There was a contest at Salinas. When Jody rode the black horse to the start, the other contestants gave up first place, for it was well known that Jody and Demon were the best man and best horse. And then—

The President wrote a letter and asked Jody and Black Demon to help catch a bandit in Washington. Jody settled himself comfortably in the grass. The little stream ran singing into the water tub.

The year passed slowly on. Time and again<sup>4</sup> Jody gave up his colt for lost.<sup>5</sup> No change had taken place in Nellie.<sup>6</sup> She still drove a light cart and pulled a hay rake when the hay was being put into the barn.

The summer passed, and the warm bright autumn. And then the strong morning winds began to blow along the ground, and the air became cold, and the oak turned red. One morning in September, when he had finished his breakfast, Jody's mother called him into the kitchen. She was pouring boiling water into a bucket full of oat.

"Yes, ma'am?" Jody asked.

"Watch how I do it. You'll have to do it after this every morning."

"Well, what is it?"

"Why, it's warm food for Nellie. It'll keep her in good shape."

<sup>1</sup> begged rides — просили покататься

<sup>2</sup> safe in their beds — мирно спящие

<sup>3</sup> is helping out — выручает

<sup>4</sup> time and again — неоднократно, не раз

<sup>5</sup> gave up his colt for lost — терял всякую надежду на то, что у него когда-нибудь будет жеребёнок

<sup>6</sup> No change had taken place in Nellie. — Нелли совсем не изменилась (to take place — иметь место, происходить).

<sup>7</sup> It'll keep her in good shape. — Это ей будет полезно (in good shape — в хорошем состоянии).

Jody rubbed his forehead with a finger. "Is she all right?" he asked timidly.

Mrs. Tiflin put down the kettle. "Of course she's all right, only you must take better care of her from now on.<sup>1</sup> Here, take this breakfast out to her!"

Jody took hold of the bucket and ran, down past the bunkhouse, past the barn, with the heavy bucket banging against his knees. He found Nellie playing with the water in the trough, not so much drinking as pouring the water on the ground.

Jody climbed the fence and put the bucket of steaming food beside her. Then he stepped back to look at her. And she was changed. Her stomach was swollen. When she moved, her feet touched the ground gently. She put her nose into the bucket and noisily ate the hot breakfast. And when she had finished and had pushed the bucket around the ground with her nose a little, she stepped quietly over to Jody and rubbed her cheek against him.

Billy Buck came out of the saddle-room and walked over. Nellie put her head under Billy's arm and rubbed her neck up and down between his arm and his side. "You must treat her very nicely now," Billy said.

"How long will it be?" Jody asked softly.

"About three months," Billy said aloud. "But I can't tell exactly."

Jody looked at the ground. "Billy," he began nervously, "Billy, you'll call me when it is being born, won't you? You'll let me be there, won't you?"

"Carl says he wants you to start right at the start," said Billy. "That's the only way to learn. Nobody can tell you anything."

Jody took hold of Nellie's mane. "You'll tell me what to do about everything, won't you? I think you know everything about horses, don't you?"

Billy laughed. "Why, I'm half horse myself", he said. "My ma<sup>2</sup> died when I was born, and my old man<sup>3</sup> was a government packer in the mountains, and there were no cows around most of the time, and therefore he gave me mostly

<sup>1</sup> from now on — отныне и впредь

<sup>2</sup> ma [mæ] — мама

<sup>3</sup> old man — эд. отец («старик»)

mare's milk." He continued seriously, "And horses know that. Don't you know it, Nellie?"

The mare turned her head and looked full into his eyes<sup>1</sup> for a moment, and this is a thing horses never do. Billy was proud and sure of himself now. He boasted a little. "I'll see<sup>2</sup> that you get a good colt. I'll teach you everything. And if you do as I tell you, you'll have the best horse in all the country."

That made Jody feel happy and proud, too; so proud that when he went back to the house, he bent his legs and swayed his shoulders as horsemen do. And he whispered, "Whoa, you Black Demon, you! Steady down there<sup>3</sup> and keep your feet on the ground."

Winter came with its cold and winds and rains. The hills lost their yellow color, and the winter streams ran noisily down the canyons. Mushrooms appeared and the new grass started before Christmas.

But this year Christmas was not the central day to Jody. Some time in January when the colt was to be born,<sup>4</sup> had become the central day to him. When the rains fell, he put Nellie in a box stall and gave her warm food every morning and curried her and brushed her.

Once Billy laid his strong hand against Nellie's swollen stomach. "Feel here," he said quietly. "You can feel it move. I guess it would surprise you if there were twins."

"You don't think so?" Jody cried. "You don't think it will be twin colts, do you, Billy?"

"No, I don't, but it does<sup>5</sup> happen sometimes."

During the first two weeks of January it rained hard. Jody spent most of his time, when he wasn't in school, in the box stall with Nellie. Twenty times a day he put his hand on her stomach to feel the colt move. Nellie became more and more gentle and friendly to him. She rubbed her nose on him. She neighed softly when he walked into the barn.

Carl Tiflin came to the barn with Jody one day. He looked at the brushed and curried coat, and he felt the sides and shoulders. "You've done a good job," he said to Jody. And

<sup>1</sup> looked full into his eyes — посмотрела ему прямо в глаза

<sup>2</sup> I'll see — эд. Я постараюсь

<sup>3</sup> Steady down there — Стой

<sup>4</sup> was to be born — должен был родиться

<sup>5</sup> Глагол do употреблён здесь для усиления.

this was Carl's greatest praise. Jody was full of pride for hours afterwards.

The fifteenth of January came, and the colt was not born. And the twentieth came; Jody was full of fear. "Is it all right?" he asked Billy.

"Oh, sure."

And again, "Are you sure it's going to be all right?"

Billy stroked the mare's neck. She swayed her head. "I told you it wasn't always the same time, Jody. You just have to wait."

When the end of the month arrived with no birth, Jody was full of despair. His sleep grew restless, and he had bad dreams.

On the night of the second of February he awakened crying. His mother called to him, "Jody, you're dreaming. Wake up."

Jody was filled with misery and despair. He lay quietly a few moments, waiting for his mother to go to sleep, and then he quickly put on his clothes, and went out on his bare feet.

The night was black and thick. A little rain fell. The barn door screeched as he opened it, a thing it never did in the daytime. Jody found a lantern and a box of matches. He lighted the lantern and went up to Nellie's stall. She was standing up. Her whole body swayed from side to side. Jody called to her, "So, Nellie, so-o, Nellie," but she did not stop her swaying nor look around. Then Billy Buck's voice came from the hayloft right above the stall.

"Jody, what are you doing?"

Jody started back and looked miserably up toward the place where Billy was lying in the hay. "Is she all right, you think?"

"Why, sure I think so."

"You won't let anything happen, Billy, are you sure you won't?"

Billy shouted down at him, "I told you I'd call you, and I will. Now you get back to bed and stop worrying that mare."

Jody moved back with fear, for he had never heard Billy speak in such a tone. "I only thought I'd come and see," he said. "I woke up."

Billy softened a little then. "Well, you get back to bed. I don't want you to worry her. I told you I'd get you a good colt. Run along now."

Jody walked slowly out of the barn and blew out the lantern. The night was black and cold. He wanted to believe everything Billy said as he had believed before the pony died. The damp ground chilled his bare feet. At the cypress tree the sleeping turkeys awoke in alarm, and the two good dogs remembering their duty came out, barking to frighten away the coyotes they thought were under the tree.

As Jody went through the kitchen, he turned over a chair. Carl called from his bedroom, "Who's there? What's the matter there?"<sup>1</sup>

And Mrs. Tiflin said sleepily, "What's the matter, Carl?"

The next second Carl came out of the bedroom carrying a candle, and found Jody before he could get into bed. "What are you doing here?"

Jody turned shyly away. "I went to see the mare."

For a moment anger at being awakened fought with approval in Jody's father. "Listen," he said finally, "there's not a man in this country that knows more about colts than Billy. You leave it to him."

Words burst out of Jody's mouth. "But the pony died—"

"Don't blame him for that," Carl said sternly. "If Billy can't save a horse, it can't be saved."

Mrs. Tiflin called, "Make him clean his feet and go to bed, Carl. He'll be sleepy all day tomorrow."

It seemed to Jody that he had just closed his eyes to try to go to sleep when he was shaken by the shoulder. Billy Buck stood beside him, holding a lantern in his hand. "Get up," he said. "Hurry up."<sup>2</sup> He turned and walked quickly out of the room. Mrs. Tiflin called, "What's the matter? Is that you, Billy?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Is Nellie ready?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"All right, I'll get up and heat some water."

Jody jumped into his clothes so quickly that he was out of the door before Billy's lantern was halfway to the barn. It was already dawn in the mountain-tops, but the light had not reached the ranch yet. Jody ran quickly after the lantern

<sup>1</sup> What's the matter there? — Что там происходит?

<sup>2</sup> Hurry up. — Скорее.

and caught up with Billy <sup>1</sup> just as he reached the barn. Billy hung the lantern on a nail and took off his coat. Jody saw that he wore only a shirt under it.

Nellie was lying on the ground. Her whole body twisted with a spasm. The spasm passed. But in a few moments it started over again, and passed.

Billy said nervously, "There's something wrong." His bare hand disappeared. "Oh," he said. "It's wrong." He sighed heavily and his forehead was covered with perspiration. Nellie cried with pain. Billy said again, "It's wrong. I can't turn it."

He looked for a long minute at Jody standing in the back of the stall. Then Billy came up to the barn window and took a hammer with his wet right hand.

"Go outside, Jody," he said.

The boy stood still and stared at him.

"Go outside, I tell you. It'll be too late."

Jody didn't move.

Then Billy walked quickly to Nellie's head. He cried, "Turn your face away, I tell you turn your face."

This time Jody obeyed. He turned his head aside. He heard Billy whispering in the stall. And then he heard a hollow crunch of bone. Nellie neighed loudly. Jody looked back in time to see the hammer rise and fall again on Nellie's forehead. Then Nellie fell heavily to her side and trembled for a moment.

Billy jumped to the swollen stomach; his big pocket-knife was in his hand. He lifted the skin and drove the knife in.<sup>2</sup>

In some time Billy dropped the knife. Both his arms dragged out a big, white bundle from the terrible hole. His teeth tore a hole in the covering. A little black head appeared and smooth, wet ears. The little colt drew a breath<sup>3</sup> and then another. For a moment Billy held the little black colt in his arms and looked at it. And then he walked slowly over and laid it in the straw at Jody's feet.

Billy's face was covered with perspiration and his arms and hands were wet and red. His body trembled and his teeth chattered. He had lost his voice, and he spoke in a

whisper. "Here's your colt. I promised. And here it is. I had to do it — had to." He stopped and looked over his shoulder into the box stall. "Go get hot water and a sponge," he whispered. "Wash him and dry him the way his mother would. You'll have to feed him by hand. But here's your colt as I promised."

Jody stared at what used to be Nellie, and didn't move.

"Will you go now for the water?" Billy shouted. "Will you go?"

Then Jody turned and trotted out of the barn into the dawn. He felt pain from his throat to his stomach. His legs were stiff and heavy. He tried to be glad because of the colt, but the bloody face, and tired eyes of Billy Buck hung in the air before him.

<sup>1</sup> caught up with Billy — догнал Билли

<sup>2</sup> drove the knife in — вонзил нож

<sup>3</sup> drew a breath — вздохнул



#### IV. THE LEADER OF THE PEOPLE

On Saturday afternoon Billy Buck, the ranch hand, raked together the last of the old year's haystack and threw the hay over the fence to a few uninterested cattle. High in the air small clouds were driven eastward by the March wind. The wind could be heard blowing in the brush on the ridges, but it didn't penetrate into the ranch.

The little boy, Jody, came out from the house eating a thick piece of bread and butter. He saw Billy raking the hay. Jody walked down dragging his feet in a way he had been told was destructive to good shoe-leather.<sup>1</sup> A flock of white

<sup>1</sup> dragging his feet in a way he had been told was destructive to good shoe-leather ['ʃu:leðə] — такой походкой, от которой, как ему неоднократно говорилось, рвутся даже добротные кожаные подошвы

pigeons flew out of the black cypress tree as Jody passed, and circled the tree and landed again. A cat leaped from the bunkhouse porch, galloped on stiff legs across the road, turned and galloped back again. Jody picked up a stone to throw at the cat, but he was too late, for the cat was under the porch before he could throw the stone. He threw the stone into the cypress tree and started the white pigeons on another flight.<sup>1</sup>

Arriving at the haystack, the boy leaned against the fence. "Will that be all of it, do you think?" he asked.

The middle-aged ranch hand stopped his raking and put down the fork on the ground. He took off his black hat and smoothed down his hair. "All that is left is damp," he said. He put on his hat and rubbed his dry hands together.

"There must be plenty of mice," Jody said.

"Yes, very many of them," answered Billy.

"Well, can I call the dogs and hunt the mice, when you finish?"

"Sure, I guess you can," said Billy Buck. He lifted some damp hay and threw it into the air. Immediately three mice leaped out and hid under the hay again.

Jody sighed with satisfaction. Those fat, smooth mice were doomed. For eight months they had lived and grew in the haystack. They had been safe from cats, from traps, from poison and from Jody. Now the time of disaster<sup>2</sup> had come; they would not live another day.

Billy looked up at the tops of the hills that surrounded the ranch. "Maybe you'll ask your father before you do it," he said.

"Well, where is he? I'll ask him now."

"He rode up to the ridge ranch after dinner. He'll be back pretty soon."

"I don't think he would care,"<sup>3</sup> Jody answered.

As Billy went back to his work, he said sternly, "You'd better ask anyway."<sup>4</sup> You know him."

<sup>1</sup> started the... pigeons ['pɪdʒɪnz] on another flight — вспугнул голубей, и они снова поднялись в воздух

<sup>2</sup> the time of di'saster — час расплаты

<sup>3</sup> I don't think he would care. — Я думаю, что он не будет возражать.

<sup>4</sup> You'd (had) better ask anyway. — Тебе бы лучше всё-таки спросить.

Jody did know.<sup>1</sup> His father, Carl Tiflin, declared that he must give permission for anything that was done on the ranch, whether it was important or not. Jody looked up at the little clouds driven by the wind. "It looks like rain,<sup>2</sup> Billy?"

"It might rain. The wind is good for it, but not strong enough."

"Well, I hope it won't rain before I kill those damned mice." He looked over his shoulder to see whether Billy had noticed the grown-up oath.<sup>3</sup> Billy worked on without saying anything.

Jody turned back and looked at the side-hill where the road from the outside world came down. The hill was red with March sunshine. Halfway up the hill Jody could see Doubletree Mutt, the black dog, digging in a squirrel hole. He dug very seriously which showed that he did not know that no dog had ever caught a squirrel by digging in a hole.

Suddenly, while Jody watched, the black dog stopped digging and looked up the hill. Jody looked up too. For a moment Carl Tiflin on horseback stood out against the pale sky and then he moved down the road toward the house. He carried something white in his hand.

"He's got a letter," Jody cried. He trotted away toward the ranch house, for the letter would probably be read aloud and he wanted to be there. He reached the house before his father did.

Jody ran into the kitchen. "We've got a letter!" he cried.

His mother looked up. "Who has?"

"Father has. I saw it in his hand."

Carl walked into the kitchen then, and Jody's mother asked, "Who's the letter from, Carl?"

He frowned quickly. "How did you know there was a letter?"

She nodded her head in the boy's direction. "Jody told me."

Jody was embarrassed.

His father looked down at him. "He's minding everybody's business but his own,"<sup>4</sup> Carl said. "He puts his big nose into everything."

<sup>1</sup> Jody did know.— Джоди хорошо знал. (Глагол до употреблён для усиления.)

<sup>2</sup> It looks like rain? — Похоже, что будет дождь?

<sup>3</sup> the grown-up oath — ругательное слово, которым пользуются взрослые

<sup>4</sup> He's minding everybody's business [ˈbɪznɪs] but his own.— Он занимается чьими угодно делами, только не своими.

Mrs. Tiflin softened a little. "Well, he hasn't much to do. Who's the letter from?"

Carl Tiflin still frowned on Jody. "I'll find him things to do if he isn't careful." He held out a letter. "I guess it's from your father."

Mrs. Tiflin opened the envelope and took out the letter. Jody saw her eyes run back and forth over the lines. "He says, he's going to drive out on Saturday to stay for a little while with us. Why, this is Saturday. The letter must have been delayed."<sup>1</sup> She looked at the postmark. "The letter was sent the day before yesterday. It should have been here yesterday." She looked up questioningly at her husband, and then her face became angry. "Now why do you have such a look on you? He doesn't come often."

Carl turned his eyes away from her. He could be stern with her most of the time, but when sometimes her temper arose,<sup>2</sup> he could not do anything.

"What's the matter with you?" she asked again.

In his explanation there was a tone of apology Jody himself might have used.<sup>3</sup> "It's only that he talks," Carl said. "Just talks."

"Well, what of it? You talk yourself."

"Sure I do. But your father only talks about one thing."

"Indians!" Jody broke in excitedly. "Indians and crossing the plains!"<sup>4</sup>

Carl turned angrily on him. "You get out! Go on, get out!"

Jody went miserably out and quietly closed the door. Under the kitchen window his downcast eyes fell upon a curiously shaped stone,<sup>5</sup> such a beautiful stone that he bent down and picked it up and turned it over in his hands.

The voices came clearly to him through the open kitchen window. "Jody is right," he heard his father say. "Just Indians and crossing the plains. I've heard that story about

<sup>1</sup> The letter must have been delayed. — Письмо, должно быть, задержалось.

<sup>2</sup> when her temper a'rose — когда она выходила из себя

<sup>3</sup> a tone of apology [ə'pɒlədʒi] Jody himself might have used — извиняющиеся нотки, которые, пожалуй, больше подходили бы Джоди

<sup>4</sup> crossing the plains — как был пересечён материк

<sup>5</sup> his downcast eyes fell upon a curiously [ˈkjʊəriəsli] shaped stone — он шёл, опустив голову, и вдруг увидел камень причудливой формы (downcast — потупленный)

how the Indians drove off the horses about a thousand times. He just goes on and on, and he never changes a word in the things he tells."

When Mrs. Tiflin answered, her tone was so changed that Jody, outside the window, looked up from his study of the stone.<sup>1</sup> Her voice had become soft and kind. She said quietly, "Look at it this way, Carl. That was the big thing in my father's life. He led a wagon train across the plains to the coast, and when it was finished, his life was done.<sup>2</sup> It was a big thing to do, but it didn't last long enough. Look!" she continued, "He did that big thing, and after he finished it, there wasn't anything more for him to do but to think about it and talk about it. If there had been any farther west to go,<sup>3</sup> he would have gone. He told me so himself. But at last there was the ocean, and he had to stop there."

"He goes down and stares over the ocean at the west," Carl said quietly. Then his voice sharpened a little. "And then he comes and tells people how the Indians drove off the horses."

"Well," she said, "it's everything to him. Try to be patient with him and pretend to listen."

Carl turned impatiently away. "Well, if it gets too bad, I can always go down to the bunkhouse and sit with Billy," he said angrily. He walked through the house and banged the front door after him.

Jody ran to do his chores. He threw the grain to the chickens without chasing any of them. He gathered the eggs from the nests and filled the wood-box with wood. Then Jody looked in to see whether his mother was still angry with him. "Is he coming today?" Jody asked.

"That's what his letter said."

"Maybe I'll better walk up the road to meet him."

"That would be nice," said Mrs. Tiflin. "He would probably like to be met."

"I guess I'll do it then."

Outside, Jody whistled loudly to the dogs. "Come on up the hill," he commanded. The two dogs waved their tails and ran ahead. The dogs leaped from the road and barked into

<sup>1</sup> looked up from his study of the stone—перестал рассматривать (изучать) камень и посмотрел вверх

<sup>2</sup> his life was done — смысл жизни для него был потерян

<sup>3</sup> If there had been any farther west to go — Если бы можно было идти дальше на запад

the brush after a rabbit. That was the last Jody saw of them,<sup>1</sup> for when they didn't catch the rabbit, they went back home.

Jody walked slowly up the hill toward the ridge top. When he reached the road, the afternoon wind struck him and blew up his hair. He looked down on the little hills and ridges below and then at the big Salinas Valley. He could see the white town in the valley. Below him, in an oak tree, a crow congress had convened.<sup>2</sup> The tree was black with crows all cawing at once.

Then Jody's eyes followed the road down from the ridge where he stood, behind the hill up to the other side. On that distant road he saw a cart slowly pulled by a horse. It disappeared behind the hill. Jody sat down on the ground and watched the place where the cart would reappear again. The wind sang on the hilltops and the clouds hurried eastward.

Then the cart came into sight and stopped. A man dressed in black dismounted from the cart. The horse moved on, and the man walked slowly up the hill beside it. Jody gave a glad cry and ran down the road toward them.

Jody tried to jump into the middle of his shadow at every step. A stone rolled under his foot and he fell down. Then he ran around a little bend, and there, a short distance ahead, were his grandfather and the cart. The boy stopped running and approached at a dignified walk.<sup>3</sup>

The grandfather was dressed in a black suit and he wore a black tie on a short, hard collar. He carried his black hat in his hand. His white beard was cropped close<sup>4</sup> and his white eyebrows hung over his eyes like moustaches. The blue eyes were sternly merry. He walked slowly and with great dignity.

When Jody appeared around the bend, Grandfather waved his hat and called, "Why, Jody! You have come down to meet me!"

Jody turned and matched his step to<sup>5</sup> the old man's step. "Yes, sir," he said. "We've got your letter only today."

<sup>1</sup> That was the last Jody saw of them — И больше Джоди их не видел

<sup>2</sup> a crow congress had convened [kən'vɪnd] — собрался конгресс ворон

<sup>3</sup> ap'proached at a dignified ['dɪgnɪfaɪd] walk — подошёл солидной походкой

<sup>4</sup> was cropped close — была коротко подстрижена

<sup>5</sup> matched his step to — пошёл в ногу с



"The letter should have been here yesterday," said Grandfather. "It certainly should. How are all the folks?"<sup>1</sup>

"They are fine, sir." He hesitated and then said shyly, "Would you like to come on a mouse hunt tomorrow, sir?"

"Mouse hunt, Jody?" Grandfather chuckled. "Have the people of this generation come down to hunting mice? <sup>2</sup> They aren't very strong, the new people, but I hardly thought they would hunt for mice."

"No, sir. It's just play. The haystack is gone. I'm going to drive out the mice to the dogs. And you can watch, or even beat the hay a little."

The stern, merry eyes turned down on him. "I see. You don't eat them, then. You haven't come to that yet."

Jody explained, "The dogs eat them, sir. It wouldn't be much like hunting Indians,<sup>3</sup> I guess."

"No, not much — but later, when the troops were hunting Indians and shooting children and burning teepees,<sup>4</sup> it wasn't much different from your mouse hunt."

They started down to the ranch, and they lost the sun from their shoulders. "You've grown," Grandfather said. "Nearly an inch, I should say."

"More," Jody boasted. "Where they mark me on the door, I'm up more than an inch since Thanksgiving even."

Grandfather's deep voice said, "Maybe you're getting too much yeast."

Jody looked quickly into the old man's face to see whether he meant offence,<sup>5</sup> but there was no desire to hurt, no punishment in the merry blue eyes. "We might kill a pig,"<sup>6</sup> Jody suggested.

"Oh, no! I couldn't let you do that. It isn't the time and you know it."

"You know Riley, the big boar, sir?"

"Yes, I remember Riley well."

"Well, Riley made a hole in the same haystack, and it fell down on him and smothered him."

"Pigs do that when they can," said Grandfather.

<sup>1</sup> How are all the folks? — Как все наши?

<sup>2</sup> come down to hunting mice? — дошли до того (так низко пали), что охотятся на мышей?

<sup>3</sup> It wouldn't be much like hunting Indians. — Это не то, что охота на индейцев.

<sup>4</sup> teepee — вигвам (жилище североамериканских индейцев)

<sup>5</sup> whether he meant offence — не хочет ли он обидеть его

<sup>6</sup> We might kill a pig. — Может быть, нам убить свинью.

"Riley was a nice boar, sir. I rode him sometimes, and he didn't mind."

A door banged at the house below them, and they saw Jody's mother standing on the porch waving her hand. And they saw Carl Tiflin walking up from the barn to be at the house to meet the old man.

Billy was hurrying toward the house too. He had shaven on a week day, for Billy respected Grandfather greatly, and Grandfather said that Billy was one of the few men of the new generation who had not gone soft.<sup>1</sup> Although Billy was in middle age, Grandfather considered him a boy.

When Jody and Grandfather arrived, the three were waiting for them in front of the gate.

Carl said, "Hello, sir. We've been waiting for you."

Mrs. Tiflin kissed Grandfather, and stood still while his big hand patted her shoulder. Billy shook hands, smiling under his moustache. "I'll put up your horse," said Billy, and he led the cart away.

Grandfather watched him go, and then, turning back to the group, he said as he had said a hundred times before, "There's a good boy. I knew his father, old Mule-tail Buck.<sup>2</sup> I never knew why they called him Mule-tail except that he packed mules".

Mrs. Tiflin turned and all of them went into the house. "How long are you going to stay, Father? Your letter didn't say."

"Well, I don't know. I thought I'd stay about two weeks. But I never stay as long as I think I'm going to."

In a short while they were sitting at the white table eating their supper. The oil lamp hung over the table. Outside the dining-room windows the big moths beat softly against the glass.

Grandfather cut his meat into small pieces and chewed very slowly. "I'm hungry," he said. "Driving out made me hungry. It's like when we were crossing. We all got so hungry every night that we could hardly wait to let the meat get done.<sup>3</sup> I could eat about five pounds of buffalo meat every night."

<sup>1</sup> who had not gone soft — которые не стали неженками, не избаловались

<sup>2</sup> Mule-tail Buck — Бак Бычий хвост

<sup>3</sup> we could hardly wait to let the meat get done — мы едва могли дожидаться, пока сварится мясо

"Moving around <sup>1</sup> makes one hungry," said Billy. "My father was a government packer. I helped him when I was a kid. The two of us could eat almost a whole deer."

"I knew your father, Billy," said Grandfather. "A fine man he was. They called him Mule-tail Buck. I don't know why except that he packed mules."

"That was it," Billy agreed. "He packed mules."

Grandfather put down his knife and fork and looked around the table. "I remember one time we ran out of meat—" <sup>2</sup> His voice dropped to a low sing-song. <sup>3</sup> "There was no buffalo, no antelope, not even rabbits. The hunters couldn't even shoot a coyote. That was the time for the leader to be on the watch. <sup>4</sup> I was the leader, and I kept my eyes open. Do you know why? Well, just the minute the people got hungry, they started killing the team oxen. <sup>5</sup> Do you believe that? I've heard of parties that ate up all their cattle. The leader of a party had to keep them from doing that."

In some way a big moth got into the room and circled the hanging oil lamp. Billy got up and tried to catch it between his hands. Carl struck with his palm and caught the moth and broke it. He walked to the window and dropped it out.

"As I was saying," Grandfather began again, but Carl interrupted him. "You'd better eat some more meat. All the rest of us are ready for our pudding."

Jody saw anger in his mother's eyes. Grandfather picked up his knife and fork. "I'm pretty hungry now," he said. "I'll tell you about that later."

When supper was over, when the family and Billy Buck sat in front of the fireplace in the other room, Jody anxiously watched Grandfather. He saw the signs he knew. His head leaned forward; his eyes lost their sternness and looked dreamily into the fire; the big thin fingers laced themselves on the black knees. "I wonder," he began, "I just wonder whether I ever told you how those Piutes <sup>6</sup> drove off thirty-five of our horses."

<sup>1</sup> moving around — походы, переезды с места на место

<sup>2</sup> we ran out of meat — у нас кончилось мясо

<sup>3</sup> His voice dropped to a low sing-song. — Он заговорил тихо, нараспев.

<sup>4</sup> to be on the watch — быть на страже

<sup>5</sup> team oxen — волы упряжки

<sup>6</sup> Piutes [pju:ts] — название индейского племени Северной Америки

"I think you did," Carl interrupted. "Wasn't it just before you went into their country?"

Grandfather turned quickly toward his son-in-law. "That's right. I guess I must have told you that story." <sup>1</sup>

"Lots of times," Carl said cruelly, and he avoided his wife's eyes. But he felt the angry eyes on him, and he said, "Of course I'd like to hear it again."

Grandfather looked back at the fire. His fingers unlaced and laced again. Jody knew how Grandfather felt, how sad and empty he was. He remembered his father said that he put his big nose into everything, and he arose to heroism. <sup>2</sup> "Tell us about the Indians," he said softly.

Grandfather's eyes grew stern again. "Boys always want to hear about Indians. It was a job for men, but boys want to hear about it. Well, let's see. Did I ever tell you how I wanted each wagon to carry a long iron plate?"

Everyone but Jody remained silent. Jody said, "No. You didn't."

"Well, when the Indians attacked, we always put the wagons in a circle and fought from between the wheels. I thought that if every wagon carried a long plate with rifle holes, the men could put the plates on the outside of the wheels when the wagons were in the circle, and they would be protected. But of course the party didn't want to do it. No party had done it before and they couldn't see why they should spend money on iron plates. They lived to regret it, <sup>3</sup> too.

Jody looked at his mother, and knew from her expression that she was not listening at all. Carl examined his hands and Billy Buck watched a spider crawling up the wall.

Jody knew in advance <sup>4</sup> exactly what words would follow. The story went on, speeded up for the attack, <sup>5</sup> grew sad over the wounds and deaths on the great plains. Jody sat quietly watching Grandfather. The stern blue eyes were dreamy.

When it was finished, Billy Buck stood up and stretched himself. "I guess I'll turn in," <sup>6</sup> he said. Then he turned to

<sup>1</sup> I must have told you that story. — Я, должно быть, рассказывал вам эту историю.

<sup>2</sup> he arose to heroism [ˈhɛrɔɪzɪz] — проявил героизм

<sup>3</sup> They lived to regret it. — Они потом пожалели об этом.

<sup>4</sup> in ad'vance — заранее, наперёд

<sup>5</sup> speeded up for the attack — (история) потекла быстрее, когда речь зашла об атаке

<sup>6</sup> to turn in — лечь спать

Grandfather. "I've got an old pistol at the bunkhouse. Did I ever show it to you?"

Grandfather nodded slowly. "Yes, I think you did, Billy. It reminds me of a pistol I had when I was leading the people across the plains." Billy stood politely until the little story was finished, and then he said, "Good night," and went out of the house.

Carl Tiflin tried to turn the conversation then. "How is the country between here and Monterey? I've heard it's pretty dry."

"It is dry," said Grandfather. "There's not a drop of water. But it's a long pull from '87.<sup>1</sup> The whole country was as dry as powder then, and in '61 I believe all the coyotes starved to death."

"Yes, but the rains came too early this year. We could do with some rain now."<sup>2</sup> Carl's eye fell on Jody. "Hadn't you better go to bed?"

Jody stood up obediently. "Can I kill the mice in the old haystack, sir?"

"Mice? Oh! Sure, kill them all. Billy said there isn't any good hay left."

Jody exchanged a secret and glad look with Grandfather. "I'll kill every one tomorrow," he promised.

Jody lay in his bed and thought of the world of Indians and buffaloes, a world that was gone forever. He wished he had been born in the heroic time,<sup>3</sup> but he knew he was no hero. No one living now, except maybe Billy Buck, could do the things that had been done. Giants had lived then, brave men, men of great heroism. Jody thought of the wide plains and of the wagons moving across them. He thought of Grandfather on a big white horse, leading the people.

Jody was up half an hour before the triangle sounded for breakfast. When he went through the kitchen, his mother said, "You're up early. Where are you going?"

"To get a good stick. We're going to kill the mice today."

"Who is 'we'?"

"Why, Grandfather and I."

<sup>1</sup> But it's a long pull from '87.— Но по сравнению с (18)87 годом это ещё ничего. (Но в (18)87 было много хуже.)

<sup>2</sup> We could do with some rain now.— Вот сейчас дождь был бы кстати.

<sup>3</sup> He wished he had been born in the heroic [hi'rouk] time — Он сожалел, что не родился в то героическое время

"So you've got him in it.<sup>1</sup> You always like to have someone in with you in case there is blame to share."<sup>2</sup>

"I'll be right back," said Jody. "I just want to have a good stick ready for after breakfast."

He closed the door after him and went out into the cool blue morning. The birds were noisy in the dawn and the ranch cats came down from the hill. They had been hunting mice in the dark, and although the four cats were full of mice meat, they sat at the back door and mewed piteously for milk. Doubletree Mutt and Smasher moved sniffing along the edge of the brush, but when Jody whistled, they raised their heads and waved their tails. They came down to him, wagging their tails and yawning. Jody patted their heads seriously, and moved on. He found an old broom handle. He whistled his new weapon through the air<sup>3</sup> and struck the ground for an experiment, while the dogs leaped aside and whined with fear.

Jody turned and started down past the house toward the old haystack ground to look over the field of battle, but Billy Buck, sitting patiently on the steps, called to him, "You'd better come back. It's only a couple of minutes till breakfast."

Jody changed his course and moved toward the house. He put his weapon on the steps. "That's to drive the mice out," he said. "I bet<sup>4</sup> they are fat. I bet they don't know what's going to happen to them today."

"No, nor you either," Billy remarked philosophically, "nor me, nor anyone."

Then Jody's mother came out on the porch and sounded the triangle.

Grandfather hadn't appeared at the table when they sat down. Billy nodded at his empty chair, "Is he all right? He isn't sick, I hope."

"He takes a long time to dress,"<sup>5</sup> said Mrs. Tiflin. "He combs his whiskers and cleans his shoes and brushes his clothes."

<sup>1</sup> you've got him in it — ты его впутал в это

<sup>2</sup> You always like to have someone in with you in case there is blame to share.— Ты любишь, чтобы всегда был кто-нибудь, на кого можно свалить вину.

<sup>3</sup> He whistled [wisd] his new weapon [werən] through the air— Он со свистом рассёк воздух своим новым оружием

<sup>4</sup> I bet — как пить дать, я уверен, держу пари

<sup>5</sup> He takes a long time to dress.— Он долго одевается.

Carl put sugar into his cup. "A man that's led a wagon train across the plains must be pretty careful how he dresses."

Mrs. Tiflin turned on him. "Don't say that, Carl! Please don't!" There was more of threat than of request in her tone. And the threat irritated Carl.

"Well, how many times do I have to listen to the story of the iron plates, and the thirty-five horses? That time is over and done with.<sup>1</sup> Why can't he forget it, now that it's done?" He became angrier while he talked, and his voice rose. "Why does he tell his stories over and over again? He came across the plains. All right! Now it's finished. Nobody wants to hear about it over and over again."

The door into the kitchen closed softly. The four at the table looked up, and then they looked at each other. Carl laid his spoon on the table and touched his chin with his fingers.

Then the kitchen door opened and Grandfather walked in. His mouth smiled and his eyes looked about.

"Good morning," he said, and he sat down at the table.

Carl could not leave it there.<sup>2</sup> "Did — did you hear what I said?"

Grandfather nodded.

"I don't know what got into me, sir. I didn't mean it. I was just joking."

Jody glanced in shame at his mother, and he saw that she was looking at Carl, and that she wasn't breathing. It was an awful thing that he was doing. It was a terrible thing to him to eat his words,<sup>3</sup> but to eat them in shame was much worse.

Grandfather looked aside. "I'm not angry," he said gently. "I don't mind what you said, but if it is true, I'm afraid I'll mind that."

"It isn't true," said Carl. "I'm not feeling well this morning. I'm sorry I said it."

"Don't be sorry, Carl. An old man doesn't understand things sometimes. Maybe you're right. The crossing is finished. Maybe it should be forgotten, now that it is over and done with."

Carl got up from the table, "I've had enough to eat. I'm going to work. Take your time,<sup>1</sup> Billy!" He walked quickly out of the dining-room. Billy swallowed the rest of his food and followed soon after. But Jody couldn't leave his chair.

"Won't you tell any more stories?" Jody asked.

"Why, sure I'll tell them, but only when — I'm sure people want to hear them."

"I like to hear them, sir."

"Oh! Of course you do, but you're a little boy. It was a job for men, but only little boys like to hear about it."

Jody got up from his place. "I'll wait outside for you, sir. I've got a good stick for those mice."

He waited by the gate until the old man came out on the porch. "Let's go down and kill the mice now," Jody called.

"I think I'll just sit in the sun, Jody. You go kill the mice".

"You can use my stick if you like."

"No, I'll just sit here a while."

Jody turned sadly away, and walked down toward the old haystack. He tried to whip up his enthusiasm<sup>2</sup> with thoughts of the fat mice. He beat the ground with his weapon. The dogs whined about him, but he could not go. He saw Grandfather sitting on the porch, looking small and thin and black.

Jody gave up<sup>3</sup> and went to sit on the steps at the old man's feet.

"Are you back already? Did you kill the mice?"

"No, sir. I'll kill them some other day."

The morning flies buzzed close to the ground and the ants moved about in front of the steps. The porch boards grew warm in the sunshine.

Jody hardly knew when Grandfather started to talk. "I shouldn't stay here, feeling as I do." He examined his strong old hands. "I feel as though the crossing wasn't worth doing."<sup>4</sup> His eyes moved up the side-hill and stopped on a hawk resting on a dead branch. "I tell those old stories, but they are not what I want to tell. When I tell them I want people to feel what we felt then."

<sup>1</sup> Take your time.— Не спеш.

<sup>2</sup> to whip up his enthusiasm — подогреть свой энтузиазм

<sup>3</sup> gave up — отказался (от своего плана)

<sup>4</sup> I feel as though the crossing wasn't worth doing.— У меня такое чувство, будто мы зря пересекали материк.

<sup>1</sup> That time is over and done with.— То время ушло безвозвратно.

<sup>2</sup> could not leave it there — не мог это так оставить

<sup>3</sup> to eat his words — взять свои слова обратно

"It wasn't Indians that were important. It was westering<sup>1</sup> and westering. Every man wanted something, but all of them together wanted only westering. I was the leader, but if I hadn't been there, someone else would have been the leader. Westering was a big thing and I was the leader. That's what I should be telling instead of stories."

When Jody spoke, Grandfather started and looked down at him. "Maybe I could lead the people some day," Jody said.

The old man smiled. "There's no place to go. There's the ocean to stop you. There're many old men along the shore hating the ocean because it stopped them."

"And if we go in boats, sir?"

"There is no place to go, Jody. Every place is taken. But that's not the worst. Westering has died out of the people.<sup>2</sup> Westering isn't a hunger any more. It's all over. Your father is right. It is finished." He laced his fingers on his knee and looked at them.

Jody felt very sad. "If you'd like a glass of lemonade, I could make it for you."

Grandfather was about to refuse,<sup>3</sup> and then he saw Jody's face. "That would be nice," he said. "Yes, it would be nice to drink a lemonade."

Jody ran into the kitchen where his mother was washing the breakfast dishes. "Can I have a lemon to make a lemonade for Grandfather?"

His mother said, "And another lemon to make a lemonade for you."

"No, ma'am. I don't want a lemonade."

"Jody! You're sick!" Then she stopped suddenly. "Take a lemon out of the cooler," she said softly. "I'll bring you the squeezer."

<sup>1</sup> westering — стремление на запад (Американские пионеры покоряли западные территории, населённые индейцами.)

<sup>2</sup> Westering has died out of the people. — Люди больше не стремятся на запад.

<sup>3</sup> was about to re'fuse — собирался отказаться



## VOCABULARY

### A

about [ə'baʊt] *prep* о, об, насчёт  
 accuse [ə'kju:z] *v* обвинять, упрекать  
 ache [eɪk] *v* болеть  
 add [æd] *v* прибавлять  
 admiration [ˌædmə'reɪʃn] *n* восхищение  
 advance [əd'vɑ:ns] *v* двигать(ся) вперёд  
   *in advance* вперёд, заранее  
 afford [ə'fɔ:d] *v* позволять себе  
 afterwards [ˈɑ:ftəwədz] *adv* потом, впоследствии  
 against [ə'geɪnst] *prep* против, к, на (фоне), с  
 age [eɪdʒ] *n* возраст  
 agree [ə'grɪ:] *v* соглашаться  
 aim [eɪm] *v* целиться  
 air [eə] *n* воздух  
 alarm [ə'lɑ:m] *n* тревога, страх  
 all right [ˈɔ:l'raɪt] хорошо, ладно  
 aloud [ə'laʊd] *adv* громко  
 ancient ['eɪnʃənt] *a* древний  
 anger ['æŋɡə] *n* гнев  
 ant [ænt] *n* муравей  
 antelope ['æntɪləʊp] *n* антилопа  
 anxiously ['æŋkʃəsli] *adv* с тревогой, с волнением  
 approval [ə'pru:vəl] *n* одобрение  
 apron ['eɪprən] *n* передник, фартук  
 army ['ɑ:mɪ] *n* армия  
 as [æz, əz] *conj* когда, в то время как  
 as though [əz 'ðəʊ] как будто, словно  
 aside [ə'saɪd] *adv* в сторону

assurance [ə'ʃʊərəns] *n* уверенность  
 assure [ə'ʃʊə] *v* уверять, успокаивать  
 auction ['ɔ:kʃn] *n* аукцион  
 avoid [ə'vɔɪd] *v* избегать, сторониться  
 awake [ə'weɪk]: *be awake* бодрствовать  
 awaken [ə'weɪkən] *v* будить, просыпаться  
 awful ['ɔ:ful] *a* страшный

### B

back [bæk] *n* спина; *a* задний, отдалённый  
 back and forth взад и вперёд  
 back door чёрный ход  
 back steps ступеньки чёрного хода  
 bacon ['beɪkən] *n* бекон  
 band [bænd] *n* оркестр  
 bandit ['bændɪt] *n* бандит  
 bang [bæŋ] *v* ударять, хлопать, захлопнуться  
 bare [beə] *a* голый, обнажённый  
 bark [bɑ:k] *v* лаять  
 barn [bɑ:n] *n* конюшня  
 barrier ['bæriə] *n* загородка  
 battle ['bætl] *n* битва, сражение, бой  
 bear [beə] *n* медведь  
 beard [biəd] *n* борода  
 beast [bi:st] *n* зверь, животное  
 before long [bɪ'fɔ: 'lɔŋ] скоро, вскоре  
 beg [beg] *v* просить, умолять

**bend** [bend] *n* изгиб дороги;  
*v* (bent, bent) сгибать(ся)  
**bent** [bent] *см.* bend  
**beside** [bi'said] *prp* рядом с,  
 около  
**besides** [bi'saidz] *prp, adv* кро-  
 ме, кроме того  
**biscuit** ['biskit] *n* лепёшка  
**bit** [bit] *см.* bite  
**bite** [baɪt] (bit, bitten) *v* ку-  
 сать(ся)  
**bite off** откусить  
**bitten** ['bitn] *см.* bite  
**blackbird** ['blækbɜ:d] *n* чёрный  
 дрозд  
**blame** [bleɪm] *v* порицать, счи-  
 тать виновным  
**blanket** ['blæŋkɪt] *n* попона;  
 одеяло  
**blew** [blu:] *см.* blow  
**bloody** ['blʌdi] *a* окровавленный  
**blow** [bləʊ] (blew, blown) *v*  
 дуть  
**blow one's nose** сморкаться  
**blow out** тушить  
**blown** [bləʊn] *см.* blow  
**boar** [bɔ:] *n* кабан  
**board** [bɔ:d] *n* доска  
**boast** [bəʊst] *v* хвастаться  
**boiling water** ['bɔɪlɪŋ 'wɔ:tə] *n*  
 кипяток  
**bold** [bəʊld] *a* смелый  
**bone** [bəʊn] *n* кость  
**bonny** ['bɒni] *a* костлявый  
**boots** [bu:t] *n* сапоги  
**bored** [bɔ:d]; **be bored** скучать  
**box** [bɒks] *n* коробка, ящик  
**box stall** ['bɒks 'stɔ:l] стойло  
**braid** [breɪd] *v* заплетать  
**brandy** ['brændi] *n* коньяк  
**brass** [bræs] *a* медный  
**brass button** медная затычка  
**break** [breɪk] (broke, broken) *v*  
 объезжать, тренировать (ло-  
 шадей); (in) прерывать (разго-  
 вор)  
**break into a run** броситься  
 бегом  
**breathe** [bri:ð] *v* дышать  
**breathing** ['bri:ðɪŋ] *n* дыхание  
**bridle** ['braɪdl] *n* уздечка  
**bright** [braɪt] *a* яркий, блестя-  
 щий  
**broad** [brɔ:d] *a* широкий

**broke** [brəʊk] *см.* break  
**broken** ['brəʊkn] *см.* break  
**broom handle** ['brʊm'hændl] *n*  
 палка от метлы  
**brother-in-law** ['brʌðə'ɪnlɔ:] *n*  
 зять, шури  
**brow** [braʊ] *n* бровь  
**bruised** [brʊzɪd] *pp* укушенный  
**brush** [brʌʃ] *v* чистить щёткой;  
*n* щётка  
**brush** <sup>2</sup> *n* кустарник  
**brush line** заросли кустар-  
 ника  
**brutal** ['brʊtl] *a* жестокий  
**brutality** [brʊ'tælɪti] *n* жесто-  
 кость  
**bucket** ['bʌkɪt] *n* ведро, ведёрко  
**buffalo** ['bʌfələʊ] *n* буйвол  
**bundle** ['bʌndl] *n* узел  
**bunkhouse** ['bʌŋkhaʊs] *n* люд-  
 ская  
**burst** [bɜ:st] (burst, burst) *v*  
 вырваться  
**bury** ['berɪ] *v* хоронить, зары-  
 вать в землю  
**bush** [bu:ʃ] *n* куст  
**butcher** ['bʊtʃə] *n* мясник  
**butt** [bʌt] *v* ударять(ся) голо-  
 вой, бодаться  
**button** ['bʌtn] *n* пуговица; *v*  
 застёгивать на пуговицы  
**buzz** [bʌz] *v* жужжать  
**buzzard** ['bʌzəd] *n* коршун  
**by now** [baɪ 'naʊ] к настоящему  
 времени

### С

**call** [kɔ:l] (*pl.* calves [kælvz]) *n*  
 телёнок  
**calve** [kælv] *v* отелиться  
**calves** [kælvz] *pl.* от calf  
**candle** ['kændl] *n* свеча  
**canyon** ['kæniən] *n* каньон  
**capture** ['kæptʃə] *v* брать в  
 плен  
**carefully** ['keəfʊli] *adv* аккурат-  
 но, тщательно  
**carrot** ['kærət] *n* морковь  
**carry** ['kæri] *v* носить  
**cart** [kɑ:t] *n* двуколка, повозка  
**cartridge** ['kætrɪdʒ] *n* патрон  
**case** [keɪs] *n* случай  
**in case** в случае (если)

**catalog** ['kætəlɒg] *n* каталог  
**catch cold** ['kætʃ 'kəʊld] про-  
 студиться  
**cattle** ['kætl] *n* скот  
**saw** [kɔ:] *v* каркать  
**cease** [si:s] *v* переставать, пре-  
 кращать  
**center-point** ['sentə 'pɔɪnt] *n*  
 центр  
**central** ['sentrəl] *a* главный  
**certain** ['sɜ:tn] *a* определённый  
**certainly** ['sɜ:tnli] *adv* конечно  
**change** [tʃeɪndʒ] *v* (из)менять-  
 (ся); *n* изменение, перемена  
**chase** [tʃeɪs] *v* гнаться  
**chatter** ['tʃætə] *v* стучать (зу-  
 бами)  
**cheek** [tʃi:k] *n* щека  
**chest** [tʃest] *n* грудь  
**chew** [tʃu:] *v* жевать  
**chicken** ['tʃɪkɪn] *n* цыплёнок  
**chicken yard** птичий двор  
**chill** [tʃɪl] *v* охлаждать(ся)  
**chin** [tʃɪn] *n* подбородок  
**chores** [tʃɔ:z] *n* домашние дела  
**Christmas** ['krɪstməs] *n* рождество  
**chuckle** ['tʃʌkl] *v* посмеиваться  
**circle** ['sɜ:kl] *n* круг; *v* вра-  
 щаться  
**clean** [kli:n] *v* чистить  
**clear** [kliə] *v* проясняться;  
 очищать  
**clear out** отогнать  
**clearing** ['kliəriŋ] *n* расчищен-  
 ный участок земли  
**cliff** [klɪf] *n* скала  
**climb** [klaɪm] *v* подниматься,  
 влезать, взбираться  
**close** [kloʊz] *a* близкий; *adv*  
 близко; [kloʊz] *v* закрывать(ся)  
**clothes** [kloʊdɪz] *n* одежда  
**cloud** [klaʊd] *n* облако  
**cluck** [klʌk] *v* щёлкать  
**coat** [kəʊt] *n* шерсть (живот-  
 ного)  
**coffee** ['kɒfi] *n* кофе  
**collar** ['kɒlə] *n* воротник  
**color** ['kɒlə] *n* цвет  
**colt** [kəʊlt] *n* жеребёнок  
**comb** [kəʊm] *v* чесать; *n* гре-  
 бень  
**comfort** ['kʌmfət] *v* утешать  
**comfortable** ['kʌmfətəbl] *a* удоб-  
 ный

**command** [kə'mænd] *v* прика-  
 зывать  
**complain** [kəm'pleɪn] *v* жало-  
 ваться  
**consider** [kən'sɪdə] *v* считать,  
 полагать  
**constant** ['kɒnstənt] *a* постоян-  
 ный  
**contest** ['kɒntest] *n* состязание  
**contestant** [kən'testənt] *n* участ-  
 ник состязания  
**continue** [kən'tɪnju:] *v* продол-  
 жать(ся)  
**contrast** ['kɒntræst] *n* противо-  
 положность  
**cool** [ku:l] *a* прохладный  
**cooler** ['ku:lə] *n* холодильник  
**corn** [kɔ:n] *n* кукуруза  
**corral** ['kɔ:rəl] *n* загон  
**cost** [kɒst] (cost, cost) *v* сто-  
 ить  
**cotton** ['kɒtn] *a* хлопчатобу-  
 мажный  
**cough** [kɔ:f] *v* кашлять; *n* ка-  
 шель  
**country** ['kʌntri] *n* сельская  
 местность  
**couple** ['kʌpl] *n* пара  
**course** [kɔ:s] *n* направление  
**cousin** ['kaʊzn] *n* двоюродный  
 брат, двоюродная сестра  
**covering** ['kʌvərɪŋ] *n* плёнка  
**cow** [kaʊ] *n* корова  
**cow-hand** ['kaʊ,hænd] *n* скот-  
 ник  
**coyote** ['kɔɪəʊt] *n* койот  
**crawl** [krɔ:l] *v* ползать  
**crease** [kreɪs] *n* складка горы  
**cross** [krɒs] *v* пересекать  
**crow** [krou] *n* ворона  
**cruel** [kruəl] *a* жестокий  
**crunch** [krʌntʃ] *n* хруст; *v*  
 хрустеть  
**cry** [kraɪ] *v* плакать, кричать;  
*n* крик, плач  
**cure** [kjʊə] *v* лечить, вылечи-  
 вать  
**curious** ['kjʊəriəs] *a* странный,  
 возбуждающий любопытство;  
 любопытный  
**curry** ['kʌri] *v* чистить скреб-  
 ницей  
**curry-comb** ['kʌri'kəʊm] скреб-  
 ница

cut [kʌt] (cut, cut) *v* резать; *n* надрез  
cut off отрезать  
cypress tree ['saɪprɪs 'triː] кипарис

## D

damned [dæmɪd] *a* проклятый  
damp [dæmp] *a* влажный  
dangerous ['deɪndʒərəs] *a* опасный  
dark [dɑːk] *a* тёмный; *n* темнота, тьма  
daybreak ['deɪbreɪk] *n* рассвет  
daylight ['deɪlaɪt] *n* дневной свет  
daytime ['deɪtaɪm] *n* день  
day by day день за днём, изо дня в день  
dawn [dɔːn] *n* рассвет  
death [deθ] *n* смерть  
debt [det] *n* долг  
decide [dɪ'saɪd] *v* решать  
decision [dɪ'sɪʒn] *n* решение  
declare [dɪ'kleə] *v* заявлять  
deer [diə] *n* олень  
deerskin ['diəskɪn] *n* оленья кожа  
defend [dɪ'fend] *v* защищать  
demand [dɪ'mænd] *v* требовать  
demon ['dɪmən] *n* демон  
desire [dɪ'zaɪə] *n* желание  
despair [dɪ'speə] *n* отчаяние  
dig [dɪg] (dug, dug) *v* рыть  
dignity ['dɪgnɪti] *n* достоинство  
dirt [dɜːt] *n* пыль, грязь  
dirty ['dɜːti] *a* грязный  
disappear [dɪ'sə'pɪə] *v* исчезать  
disappoint [dɪ'sə'pɔɪnt] *v* разочаровывать  
disappointed [dɪ'sə'pɔɪntɪd] *a* разочарованный  
disciplinarian [dɪ'sɪplɪ'neəriən] *n* сторонник дисциплины  
discipline ['dɪsɪplɪn] *n* дисциплина  
dismount ['dɪs'maʊnt] *v* слезать с лошади  
disobedience [dɪ'sə'bɪdiəns] *n* непослушание  
disobey [dɪ'sə'beɪ] *v* ослушаться  
distant [dɪ'stənt] *a* дальний, далёкий

doctor ['dɒktə] *n* доктор  
done [dʌn]: be done кончатся, проходить  
doomed [dʊmd] *pp* обречённый  
dove [dʌv] *n* голубь  
downhill ['daʊnhɪl] *adv* вниз под гору  
drag [dræg] *v* тащить, тянуть, волочить, тянуться  
draw [drɔː] (drew, drawn) *v* тащить, тянуть  
draw back раздвигать(ся); оттягивать(ся); отступать  
drawn [drɔːn] *см.* draw  
dream [driːm] *n* сон, сновидение, мечта; *v* видеть сны, мечтать, воображать  
dreamy ['driːmi] *a* мечтательный  
drew [druː] *см.* draw  
dried [draɪd] *pp* высохший  
drink [drɪŋk] *v* пить; *n* питьё; глоток  
drive [draɪv] (drove, driven) *v* ехать, вести, править лошадей  
drive off угонять  
drive out изгнать, выгнать, выезжать;  
*n* катание, езда  
driven ['drɪvɪn] *см.* drive  
driving out ['draɪvɪŋ'aut] *поездка*  
drop [drɒp] *v* ронять, падать, бросать; *n* капля  
drove [drəʊv] *см.* drive  
drum [drʌm] *n* барабан  
dry [draɪ] *a* сухой; *v* вытирать  
dug [dʌg] *см.* dig  
dull [dʌl] *a* тусклый, скучный, тупой  
duty ['djuːti] *n* обязанность, долг

## E

eat up ['iːt'ʌp] *v* пожирать  
edge [edʒ] *n* край, хребет  
either ['aɪðə] *adv* также (*при отрицании*)  
embarrass [ɪm'bærəs] *v* смущать  
embarrassed [ɪm'bærəst] *pp* смущённый

empty ['emptɪ] *a* пустой  
envelope ['envɪləʊp] *n* конверт  
especially [ɪs'peʃəli] *adv* особенно  
ever ['evə] *adv* когда-либо  
exactly [ɪg'zæktli] *adv* точно  
examine [ɪg'zæmɪn] *v* рассматривать  
example [ɪg'zæmpl] *n* пример  
except [ɪk'sept] *ppp* кроме, за исключением  
exchange [ɪks'tʃeɪndʒ] *v* обмениваться; *n* обмен  
excitement [ɪk'saɪtmənt] *n* возбуждение  
excursion [ɪks'kɜːʃn] *n* поездка, экскурсия  
exist [ɪg'zɪst] *v* существовать  
expect [ɪks'pekt] *v* ожидать, полагать  
experiment [ɪks'perɪmənt] *n* опыт, эксперимент  
extra ['ekstrə] *a* дополнительный  
eyeball ['aɪbɔːl] *n* глазное яблоко  
eyebrow ['aɪbraʊ] *n* бровь

## F

face [feɪs] *n* лицо, морда  
fail [feɪl] *v* делать промах  
fall [fɔːl] *n* осень  
familiar [fə'mɪljə] *a* знакомый  
famous ['feɪməs] *a* известный, знаменитый  
farmyard ['fɑːmjɑːd] *n* двор фермы  
farther ['fɑːðə] *a compar.* дальше  
farthest ['fɑːðɪst] *a superl.* самый дальний  
fast [fɑːst] *a* быстрый  
fat [fæt] *a* жирный  
fault [fɔːlt] *n* вина  
fear [fiə] *v* бояться; *n* страх  
fed [fed] *см.* feed  
feed [fiːd] (fed, fed) *v* кормить; пасть  
feel [fiːl] (felt, felt) *v* чувствовать; щупать, ощупывать  
feeling ['fiːlɪŋ] *n* ощущение  
felt [felt] *см.* feel  
fence [fens] *n* изгородь  
fierce [fiəs] *a* свирепый

fight [faɪt] *n* бой; *v* сражаться  
fill [fɪl] *v* наполнять(ся)  
fill up закладывать, заполнять  
finally ['faɪnəli] *adv* в конце концов  
fine [faɪn] *a* хороший, прекрасный; острый  
fireplace ['faɪəpleɪs] *n* камин  
firm [fɜːm] *a* крепкий, твёрдый  
fit [fɪt] *v* прилаживать  
fixed [fɪkst] *a* неподвижный, устремлённый в одну точку  
flag [flæg] *n* флаг, флажок  
flame [fleɪm] *n* пламя  
flank [flæŋk] *n* ляжка  
flock [flɒk] *n* стая  
floor [flɔː] *n* пол, настил  
fly [flaɪ] *n* муха  
fold [fəʊld] *v* заворачивать  
folks [fouks] *n* родня  
foolish ['fuːlɪʃ] *a* глупый  
for [fɔː, fə] *ppp* вместо  
forbade [fə'beɪd] *см.* forbid  
forbid [fə'bɪd] (forbade, forbidden) *v* запрещать  
forbidden [fə'bɪdn] *см.* forbid  
forefeet ['fɔːfiːt] *n* передние ноги  
forefinger ['fɔːfɪŋgə] *n* указательный палец  
forehead ['fɔːrɪd] *n* лоб  
forelock ['fɔːlək] *n* чёлка  
forever [fə'revə] *adv* навсегда  
fork [fɔːk] *n* вилка, вилы  
friendliness ['frendlɪnɪs] *n* дружественное чувство, дружелюбие  
friendly ['frendli] *a* дружественный  
frighten ['fraɪtn] *v* пугать  
frighten away спугнуть  
front [frʌnt] *a* передний  
frown [fraʊn] *v* хмурить брови, смотреть неодобрительно

## G

gaily ['geɪli] *adv* весело  
gallop ['gæləp] *v* скакать галопом, галопировать  
game [geɪm] *n* добыча  
generation [dʒenə'reɪʃn] *n* поколение  
gentle ['dʒentl] *a* нежный

**get frightened** ['fraɪnd] испугаться  
**get out** ['get 'aʊt] *v* выходить, уходить  
**get tired** ['get 'taɪəd] уставать  
**get well** ['get 'wel] выздороветь  
**get wet** ['get 'wet] промокнуть  
**gift** [ɡɪft] *n* подарок  
**give up** ['ɡɪv 'ʌp] *v* отказаться  
**glance** [ɡlɑːns] *v* взглянуть  
**glass** [ɡlɑːs] *n* стекло  
**glisten** ['ɡlɪsn] *v* сверкать  
**glitter** ['ɡlɪtə] *v* блестеть  
**go along** ['ɡoʊ ə'ləŋ] *v* уйти прочь  
**go on** ['ɡoʊ 'ɒn] *v* продолжать(ся)  
**golden** ['ɡoʊldən] *a* позолоченный, золотистый  
**gopher** ['ɡoʊfə] *n* суслик  
**government** ['ɡʌvənmənt] *n* правительство  
**gradually** ['ɡrædʒuəli] *a* постепенно  
**grain** [ɡreɪn] *n* зерно  
**grasp** [ɡrɑːsp] *v* схватывать, зажимать  
**grasshopper** ['ɡrɑːshɒpə] *n* кузнечик  
**group** [ɡruːp] *n* группа  
**growl** [ɡraʊl] *v* рычать  
**grown-up** ['ɡroʊn'ʌp] *a* взрослый  
**grunt** [ɡrʌnt] *v* ворчать  
**guess** [ɡes] *v* считать, полагать  
**guilty** ['ɡɪltɪ] *a* виноватый  
**gum** [ɡʌm] *n* десна

## Н

**habit** ['hæbɪt] *n* привычка  
**had better** *c inf.* лучше бы  
**halfway** ['hɑːf'weɪ] *adv* на полпути  
**halter** ['hɔːltə] *n* корда, недоуздок  
**halter-breaking** тренировка на корде  
**halter broke** приученный к узде  
**ham** [hæm] *n* ветчина  
**hammer** ['hæmɪ] *n* молоток  
**hand** [hænd] *n* работник  
**hand over** ['hænd 'oʊvə] *v* передать

**hang** [hæŋ] (*hung, hung*) *v* висеть  
**hang over** нависать  
**hawk** [hɔːk] *n* сокол  
**hayloft** ['heɪlɒft] *n* сеновал  
**haystack** ['heɪstæk] *n* стог сена  
**health** [helθ] *n* здоровье  
**heat** [hiːt] *v* нагревать  
**heroic** [hɪ'roʊɪk] *a* героический  
**heroism** ['hɛrɔɪzɪzəm] *n* героизм  
**hesitate** ['hezɪteɪt] *v* колебаться  
**hid** [hɪd] *см* hide  
**hide** [haɪd] (*hid, hidden*) *v* прятать  
**hidden** ['hɪdn] *см* hide  
**hillside** ['hɪlsaɪd] *n* склон горы  
**hilltop** ['hɪltɒp] *n* вершина горы  
**hilt** [hɪlt] *n* рукоятка  
**hobble** ['hɒbl] *v* ковылять, хромать  
**hold out** ['hould 'aʊt] *v* протягивать  
**hold up** ['hould 'ʌp] *v* поднять  
**hole** [hoʊl] *n* дыра, отверстие  
**hollow** ['hɒləʊ] *a* глухой (*о звуке*)  
**hoof** [huːf] (*pl. hooves*) *n* копыто  
**hooves** [hu:vz] *pl. om* hoof  
**horseback** ['hɔːsbæk]: *on* horseback верхом  
**horseman** ['hɔːsmæn] *n* всадник  
**howl** [haʊl] *v* завывать, выть  
**humorous** ['hjuːmərəs] *a* смешной, забавный  
**hung** [hʌŋ] *см* hang  
**hunger** ['hʌŋɡə] *n* голод  
**hunt** [hʌnt] *v* охотиться; *n* охота  
**hunter** ['hʌntə] *n* охотник  
**hunting** ['hʌntɪŋ] *n* охота  
**hurt** [hɜːt] (*hurt, hurt*) *v* причинить боль, повредить; болеть

## И

**imitate** ['ɪmɪteɪt] *v* подражать  
**immensely** [ɪ'mensli] *adv* очень, чрезвычайно  
**impatient** [ɪm'peɪʃnt] *a* нетерпеливый

**impossible** [ɪm'pɔːsəbl] *a* невозможный  
**inch** [ɪntʃ] *n* дюйм  
**Indian** ['ɪndjən] *n* индеец  
**indifferent** [ɪn'dɪfrənt] *a* безразличный, равнодушный  
**indoors** [ɪn'dɔːz] *adv* взаперти  
**information** [ˌɪnfə'meɪʃn] *n* сведения  
**inside** [ɪn'saɪd] *adv* внутри  
**insist** [ɪn'sɪst] *v* настаивать, настойчиво требовать, спрашивать  
**inspect** [ɪn'spekt] *v* разглядывать  
**interested** [ɪn'trɪstɪd] *a* заинтересованный  
**interrupt** [ˌɪntə'rʌpt] *v* прерывать  
**iron** ['aɪən] *a* железный  
**irritate** ['ɪrɪteɪt] *v* раздражать, сердить

## Ј

**jaw** [dʒɔː] *n* челюсть  
**jeans** [dʒiːnz] *n* джинсы (*штаны*), бумажная ткань  
**job** [dʒɒb] *n* работа, дело  
**journey** ['dʒɔːni] *n* путь; путешествие  
**jump** [dʒʌmp] *v* прыгать; *n* прыжок

## К

**keep** [kiːp] (*kept, kept*) *v* держать, содержать  
**kettle** ['kɛtl] *n* чайник, котелок  
**kid** [kɪd] *n* ребёнок  
**kids** [kɪdz] *n* ребята, дети  
**kindly** ['kaɪndli] *adv* любезно, трогательно  
**knee** [niː] *n* колено

## Л

**lace** [leɪs] *v* плести  
**laid** [leɪd] *см* lay  
**lain** [leɪn] *см* lie  
**lamb** [læm] *n* овечка  
**lantern** ['læntən] *n* фонарь  
**lark** [lɑːk] *n* жаворонок  
**last** [lɑːst] *v* длиться, продолжаться

**lay** [leɪ] (*laid, laid*) *v* класть  
**lay** [leɪ] *см* lie  
**lazy** ['leɪzi] *a* ленивый  
**lead** [liːd] (*led, led*) *v* вести  
**leader** ['liːdə] *n* вождь  
**leaf** [liːf] (*pl. leaves*) *n* лист  
**lean** [liːn] (*leant, leant*) *v* прислоняться, наклоняться, опираться  
**leant** [lent] *см* lean  
**leap** [liːp] *v* прыгать  
**leather** ['leðə] *n* кожа  
**leaves** [li:vz] *pl. om* leaf  
**led** [led] *см* lead  
**lemon** ['lemən] *n* лимон  
**lemonade** ['leməneɪd] *n* лимонад  
**less** [les] *adv compar.* менее, меньше  
**let down** ['let 'daʊn] *v* опускать  
**lid** [lɪd] *n* веко  
**lie** [laɪ] (*lay, lain*) *v* лежать  
**lift** [lɪft] *v* поднимать  
**light** [laɪt] *v* зажигать; *n* свет, огонёк; *a* лёгкий  
**limp** [lɪmp] *v* хромать  
**line** [laɪn] *n* строчка; линия, ряд  
**lip** [lɪp] *n* губа  
**living-room** ['lɪvɪŋru:m] *n* гостиная  
**lizard** ['lɪzəd] *n* ящерица  
**loneliness** ['ləʊnlɪnɪs] *n* одиночество  
**long-legged** ['lɔːŋ 'legɪd] длинноногий  
**loud** [laʊd] *a* громкий  
**lower** ['ləʊə] *a* нижний; *v* опускать  
**lump** [lʌmp] *n* шишка

## М

**madly** ['mædli] *adv* бешено, неистово  
**magnificent** [mæɡ'nɪfɪsənt] *a* великолепный  
**mail box** ['meɪl bɒks] почтовый ящик  
**make sure** ['meɪk 'ʃʊə] удостовериться, убедиться  
**mane** [meɪn] *n* грива  
**march** [mɑːtʃ] *v* маршировать



**mare** [mɛə] *n* кобыла  
**mark** [mɑ:k] *v* отмечать  
**match** [mætʃ] *n* спичка  
**material** [mə'tiəriəl] *n* материал  
**mean** [mi:n] *a* подлый, скверный; *v* иметь в виду, означать  
**melon** ['melən] *n* дыня  
**mend** [mend] *v* штопать, чинить  
**mention** ['menʃn] *v* упоминать  
**merry** ['meri] *a* весёлый  
**metal** ['metl] *a* металлический  
**mew** [mjʊ] *v* мяукать  
**Mexican** ['meksikən] *n* мексиканец  
**mice** [maɪs] *pl.* от mouse  
**mid-afternoon** ['mid-ɑ:ftə'nʌn] *n* полдень  
**middle-aged** ['midl-'eɪdʒd] *a* пожилой  
**mild** [maɪld] *a* мягкий  
**milk** [mɪlk] *n* молоко; *v* доить  
**milk cow** [kəʊ] *n* дойная корова  
**mind** [maɪnd] *v* возражать  
**miserable** ['mɪzərəbl] *a* несчастный  
**misery** ['mɪsəri] *n* несчастье, страдание  
**miss** [mɪs] *v* чувствовать отсутствие кого-л., чего-л.  
**mor** [mɔ:p] *v* смазывать (рану), вытирать, осушать  
**mostly** ['mɔ:stli] *adv* главным образом  
**moth** [mɔθ] *n* моль  
**mount** [maʊnt] *v* сесть верхом  
**mouse** [maʊs] (*pl.* mice) мышь  
**moustache** [mə'stɑ:ʃ] *n* усы  
**move** [mu:v] *v* двигаться, брести; двигать, вскидывать (голову)  
**mud** [mʌd] *n* грязь  
**mudhouse** ['mʌdhəʊs] *n* землянка  
**mule** [mjʊl] *n* мул  
**muscle** ['mʌsl] *n* мускул  
**mushroom** ['mʌʃrʊm] *n* гриб  
**muzzle** ['mʌzl] *n* морда  
**mysterious** [mɪ'stiəriəs] *a* таинственный

## N

**nail** [neɪl] *n* ноготь; гвоздь  
**nearly** ['niəli] *adv* почти

**negative** ['negətɪv] *n* негатив  
**neigh** [neɪ] *v* ржать  
**nest** [nest] *n* гнездо  
**nemt** [njɜ:t] *n* тритон  
**nibble** ['nɪbl] *v* щипать  
**nightgown** ['naɪtgaʊn] *n* ночная рубашка  
**nod** [nɒd] *v* кивать головой  
**noisy** ['nɔɪzi] *a* шумный  
**noon** [nu:n] *n* полдень  
**nor** [nɔ:] *conj* и...не, также...не  
**nostril** ['nɔ:stri:l] *n* ноздря  
**notice** ['nəʊtɪs] *v* замечать  
**now and then** ['naʊ ənd 'ðen] *adv* то и дело; время от времени

## O

**oak** [əʊk] *n* дуб  
**oat** [əʊt] *n* овёс  
**obedience** [ə'bi:djəns] *n* послушание  
**obediently** [ə'bi:djəntli] *adv* покорно  
**obey** [ə'beɪ] *v* повиноваться  
**occur** [ə'kɜ:] *v* приходить в голову  
**oil lamp** ['ɔɪl læmp] керосиновая лампа  
**opinion** [ə'pɪnjən] *n* мнение  
**opposite** ['ɒpəzɪt] *n* противоположность  
**order** ['ɔ:də] *v* приказывать  
**ordinary** ['ɔ:dɪnəri] *a* обычный  
**ought** [ɔ:t] *adj* должен  
**outside** ['aʊt'saɪd] *n* наружная часть; *adv* снаружи; ['aʊtsaɪd] *a* внешний  
**overalls** ['əʊvəɜ:lz] *n* штаны, комбинезон  
**over and over again** ['əʊvəɜ: ənd 'əʊvəɜ: ə'geɪn] снова и снова

## P

**pack** [pæk] *v* упаковывать, заготовлять  
**packer** ['pækə] *n* упаковщик, заготовитель  
**pail** [peɪl] *n* ведро, ведёрко  
**pair** [peə] *n* пара  
**pale** [peɪl] *a* бледный

**palm** [pɑ:m] *n* ладонь  
**pan** [pæn] *n* кастрюля  
**parallel** ['pærəleɪ] *n* параллель  
**parents** ['peərənts] *n* родители  
**partly** ['pɑ:tlɪ] *adv* отчасти, частично  
**party** ['pɑ:ti] *n* отряд  
**pass** [pɑ:s] *v* проходить; передавать  
**past** [pɑ:st] *adv* мимо  
**pasture** ['pɑ:stʃə] *n* пастбище; *v* пастись  
**pat** [pæt] *v* гладить, похлопывать  
**patch** [pætʃ] *n* небольшой участок земли  
**patient** ['peɪʃnt] *a* терпеливый  
**pause** [pɔ:z] *v* делать паузу  
**peak** [pi:k] *n* пик, вершина  
**penetrate** ['penɪtreɪt] *v* проникать  
**perfect** ['pɜ:fɪkt] *a* безупречный, совершенный  
**perspiration** [pɜ:spə'reɪʃn] *n* пот, испарина  
**philosophically** [fɪlə'sɔ:fɪkəli] *adv* философски  
**photograph negative** ['fəʊtəgrɑ:f 'negətɪv] негатив  
**pie** [paɪ] *n* пирог  
**pig** [pɪg] *n* свинья  
**pigeon** ['pɪdʒɪn] *n* голубь  
**pigtail** ['pɪgteɪl] *n* косичка  
**pine-tree** ['paɪn-tri:] *n* сосна  
**pink** [pɪŋk] *a* розовый  
**pipe** [paɪp] *n* жёлоб для стока воды, трубка  
**pistol** ['pɪstl] *n* пистолет  
**piteously** ['pɪtiəsli] *adv* жалобно  
**plain** [pleɪn] *n* равнина  
**plate** [pleɪt] *n* тарелка; щит  
**play** [pleɪ] *v* играть; *n* игра  
**pleasure** ['plezə] *n* удовольствие  
**plenty** ['plenti] *n* множество  
**plug up** ['plʌg'ʌp] *v* засорять (ся)  
**point** [pɔɪnt] *n* острие; *v* указывать  
**poison** ['pɔɪzn] *n* яд  
**polite** [pə'laɪt] *a* вежливый  
**pony** ['rəʊni] *n* пони  
**porch** [pɔ:ʃ] *n* крыльцо  
**position** [pə'zɪʃn] *n* положение

**possessions** [pə'zeʃnz] *n* имущество  
**possible** ['pɒsəbl] *a* возможный  
**post** [pəʊst] *n* почта; столб  
**postmark** ['pəʊstmɑ:k] *n* почтовый штемпель  
**pound** <sup>1</sup> [paʊnd] *n* фунт  
**pound** <sup>2</sup> [paʊnd] *v* бить  
**pour** [pɔ:] *v* лить, вливать  
**powder** ['paʊdə] *n* порошок  
**practically** ['præktɪkəli] *adv* фактически  
**praise** [preɪz] *n* похвала  
**prepare** [prɪ'reə] *v* готовить (ся)  
**press** [pres] *v* жать, нажимать  
**pretend** [prɪ'tend] *v* притворяться  
**pretty** ['prɪti] *a* прелестный; *adv* довольно  
**pride** [praɪd] *n* гордость  
**prize** [praɪz] *n* приз  
**professional** [prə'feʃənəl] *a* профессиональный, опытный  
**pronounce** [prə'naʊns] *v* произносить  
**property** ['prɒpəti] *n* имущество  
**protect** [prə'tekt] *v* защищать  
**pudding** ['pu:dɪŋ] *n* пудинг  
**pull** [pul] *v* тянуть, тащить  
**pull down** прижимать  
**pull off** оттащить  
**pull out** вытаскивать  
**pull through** спасти (от болезни)

**punish** ['pʌnɪʃ] *v* наказывать  
**punishment** ['pʌnɪʃmənt] *n* наказание  
**pupil** ['pjʊpl] *n* зрачок  
**pus** [pʌs] *n* гной  
**push** [pʊʃ] *v* толкать  
**put up** ['put'ʌp] *v* поставить

## Q

**questioningly** ['kwɛstʃənɪŋgli] *adv* вопросительно

## R

**rabbit** ['ræbɪt] *n* кролик  
**race** [reɪs] *v* мчаться; *n* состязание, гонки  
**rail** [reɪl] *n* перекладина

**raise** [reɪz] *v* поднимать; воспитывать  
**rake** [reɪk] *n* грабли; *v* сгребать, подчищать граблями  
**ranch** [rɑːntʃ] *n* ранчо  
**ranch hand** *n* батрак  
**rat** [ræt] *n* крыса  
**realize** [ˈriːəlaɪz] *v* понимать, осознавать  
**reappear** [ˈriːəˈpiə] *v* появляться вновь  
**relatives** [ˈrelətɪvz] *n* родственники  
**remark** [rɪˈmɑːk] *v* замечать  
**remind** [rɪˈmaɪnd] *v* напоминать  
**replace** [rɪˈpleɪs] *v* класть обратно на место  
**reproachfully** [rɪˈprəʊtʃfʊli] *adv* укоризненно  
**reptile** [ˈreptail] *n* пресмыкающееся  
**request** [rɪˈkwest] *n* просьба  
**respect** [rɪsˈpekt] *n* уважение, почтительность; *v* уважать  
**responsibility** [rɪsˌpɒnsəˈbɪlɪti] *n* ответственность  
**restless** [ˈrestlɪs] *a* беспокойный  
**rib** [rɪb] *n* ребро  
**ridden** [ˈrɪdn] *см.* ride  
**ride** [raɪd] (*rode, ridden*) *v* ехать верхом; *n* езда  
**ridge** [rɪdʒ] *n* гребень горы, хребет  
**ridge ranch** высокогорное ранчо  
**riding instructions** [ˈraɪdɪŋ ɪnˈstrʌkʃnz] правила верховой езды  
**rifle** [ˈraɪfl] *n* ружьё  
**right** [raɪt] *n* право; *a* правый; верный, правильный; *adv* прямо, точно, как раз; сразу, немедленно  
**rigid** [ˈrɪdʒɪd] *a* неподвижный  
**roar** [rɔː] *v* реветь  
**rode** [rəʊd] *см.* ride  
**roll** [rəʊl] *v* катиться  
**roof** [ruːf] *n* крыша  
**rope** [rəʊp] *n* поводок, верёвка  
**rough** [rʌf] *a* грубый  
**rub** [rʌb] *v* тереть, растирать  
**rubber** [ˈrʌbə] *n* резина, резинка; *a* резиновый  
**rush** [rʌʃ] *v* мчаться, нестись

## S

**saddle** [ˈsædl] *n* седло; *v* оседлать  
**saddle-room** [ˈsædlrʊm] *n* каретник  
**sadness** [ˈsædnɪs] *n* печаль  
**safe** [seɪf] *a* целый, невредимый, в безопасности  
**sage** [seɪdʒ] *n* полынь  
**sage brush line** заросли полыни  
**sank** [sæŋk] *см.* sink  
**satisfaction** [ˌsætɪsˈfækʃn] *n* удовлетворение  
**save** [seɪv] *v* спасать, избавлять  
**scold** [skəʊld] *v* бранить  
**scratch** [skrætʃ] *v* царапать  
**screech** [skriːtʃ] *v* скрипеть  
**search** [sɜːtʃ] *v* искать  
**secret** [ˈsiːkɪt] *a* таинственный  
**secretly** [ˈsiːkɪtli] *adv* украдкой  
**seem** [siːm] *v* казаться  
**seize** [ziːz] *v* хватать, схватить  
**seriously** [ˈsɪəriəsli] *adv* серьёзно  
**set** [set] (*set, set*) *v* ставить, устанавливать  
**shadow** [ˈʃædəʊ] *n* тень  
**shame** [ʃeɪm] *n* позор, стыд  
**sharpen** [ˈʃɑːpən] *v* точить; становиться острым  
**shave** [ʃeɪv] (*shaved, shaven*) *v* бриться  
**shaven** [ˈʃeɪvən] *см.* shave  
**sheep** [ʃiːp] (*pl. sheep*) *n* овца  
**shepherd** [ˈʃepəd] *n* пастух  
**sheriff** [ˈʃerɪf] *n* шериф  
**shine** [ʃaɪn] (*shone, shone*) *v* светить, сиять, блестеть  
**shining** [ˈʃaɪnɪŋ] *a* блестящий; *n* глянец  
**shirt** [ʃɜːt] *n* рубашка  
**shone** [ʃəʊn] *см.* shine  
**shot** [ʃɒt] *n* выстрел  
**shy** [ʃaɪ] *a* робкий, застенчивый  
**sick** [sɪk] *a* больной  
**sickness** [ˈsɪkɪnis] *n* болезнь  
**side** [saɪd] *n* бок, край  
**side-hill** [ˈsaɪdhɪl] *n* склон горы  
**sideways** [ˈsaɪdweɪz] *adv* в сторону  
**sigh** [saɪ] *v* вздыхать  
**sight** [saɪt] *n* поле зрения  
**sign** [saɪn] *n* признак

**silent** [ˈsaɪlənt] *a* тихий  
**silver** [ˈsɪlvə] *n* серебро; *a* серебряный  
**sink** [sɪŋk] (*sank, sunk*) *v* впитываться; *n* раковина  
**situation** [ˌsɪtjuˈeɪʃn] *n* положение, состояние  
**skin** [skɪn] *n* шкура  
**skinny** [ˈskɪni] *a* тощий  
**slap** [slæp] *v* хлопать, ударять  
**sleepy** [ˈsliːpi] *a* сонный  
**sleeve** [sliːv] *n* рукав  
**slingshot** [ˈslɪŋʃɒt] *n* рогатка  
**slip** [slɪp] *v* выскользнуть, ускользнуть, поскользнуться  
**slope** [sləʊp] *n* склон  
**smash** [smæʃ] *v* раздавить  
**smasher** [ˈsmæʃə] *n* громила  
**smell** [smel] *n* запах; *v* пахнуть; обонять, чувствовать запах  
**smilingly** [ˈsmɪlɪŋli] *adv* улыбаясь, с улыбкой  
**smooth** [smuːð] *a* гладкий; *v* разглаживать  
**smooth down** приглаживать  
**smother** [ˈsmʌðə] *v* задохнуться; задушить  
**snake** [sneɪk] *n* змея  
**snap** [snæp] *v* защемлять  
**sniff** [snɪf] *v* нюхать  
**sock** [sɒk] *n* носок  
**soft** [sɒft] *a* робкий, тихий, изнеженный  
**soften** [ˈsɒfn] *v* смягчаться  
**softness** [ˈsɒftnɪs] *n* изнеженность  
**son-in-law** [ˈsʌnɪnlɔː] *n* зять  
**sound** [saʊnd] *n* звук; *v* звучать, звенеть  
**spasm** [spæzm] *n* судорога  
**speck** [spek] *n* пятнышко  
**spider** [ˈspaɪdə] *n* паук  
**spill over** [ˈspɪl ˈoʊvə] *v* проливать(ся)  
**spiritless** [ˈspɪrɪtlɪs] *a* вялый  
**spite** [spaɪt]: **in spite of** несмотря на  
**spoil** [spɔɪl] *v* (ис)портить  
**sponge** [spʌndʒ] *n* губка  
**spread** [spred] *v* раскидывать(ся), расстилать(ся), простираться  
**spring** [sprɪŋ] *n* родник  
**squeezer** [ˈskwiːzə] *n* выжималка

**squirrel** [ˈskwɪrəl] *n* белка  
**stall** [stɔːl] *n* стойло  
**stallion** [ˈstæljən] *n* жеребец  
**stamp** [stæmp] *v* бить копытами  
**stare** [steə] *v* смотреть пристально  
**start** [stɑːt] *v* отправлять(ся) начинать; *n* начало  
**start back** отпрянуть, отскочить назад  
**starve** [stɑːv] *v* умирать от голода  
**stay** [steɪ] *v* оставаться, жить (*где-л.*)  
**steadily** [ˈstedɪli] *adv* неуклонно, пристально  
**steal** [stiːl] (*stole, stolen*) *v* воровать, красть  
**steam** [stiːm] *n* пар; *v* устроить паровую ванну  
**steaming** [ˈstiːmɪŋ] *a* горячий, дымящийся  
**steaming bag** мешок для паровой ванны  
**step** [step] *n* ступенька; шаг  
**step back** отступать  
**step in** входить  
**step over** перешагнуть  
**stern** [stɜːn] *a* строгий  
**stick** [stɪk] *n* щепка, палка  
**stiff** [stɪf] *a* окостеневший  
**stiff legs** несогнутые ноги  
**stiffly** [ˈstɪfli] *adv* напряжённо  
**stirrup** [ˈstɪrəp] *n* стремя  
**stole** [stəʊl] *см.* steal  
**stolen** [ˈstəʊln] *см.* steal  
**stomach** [ˈstʌmək] *n* живот  
**stop** [stɒp] *v* останавливать(ся); прекращать, кончать  
**straight** [streɪt] *a* прямой; *adv* прямо  
**stranger** [ˈstreɪndʒə] *n* чужой, посторонний человек  
**strangles** [ˈstræŋglz] *n* мыт (*болезнь лошадей*)  
**strap** [stræp] *n* ляжка  
**straw** [strɔː] *n* солома  
**stretch** [stretʃ] *v* вытягивать  
**stroke** [strəʊk] *v* гладить, поглаживать  
**structure** [ˈstrʌktʃə] *n* сооружение  
**stumble** [ˈstʌmbəl] *v* спотыкаться

**stump** [stʌmp] *n* пень  
**stupid** ['stju:pɪd] *a* глупый  
**suit** [sju:t] *n* костюм  
**sun** [sʌn] *n* солнце; *v* нежиться на солнце  
**sunk** [sʌŋk] *см.* sink  
**sunny** ['sʌni] *a* солнечный, освещённый солнцем  
**sunshine** ['sʌnʃaɪn] *n* солнечный свет  
**sure** [ʃʊə] *adv* конечно  
**swallow**<sup>1</sup> ['swɒləʊ] *v* проглатывать  
**swallow**<sup>2</sup> ['swɒləʊ] *n* ласточка  
**sway** [sweɪ] *v* качать(ся)  
**sweet** [swi:t] *a* сладкий  
**swishing** ['swɪʃɪŋ] *a* свистящий  
**swollen** ['swəʊlən] *a* распухший  
**sword** [sɔ:d] *n* шпага

## T

**tail** [teɪl] *n* хвост  
**take care of** ['teɪk 'keə] *v* заботиться  
**take on** ['teɪk 'ɒn] *v* брать на себя  
**tangled** ['tæŋɡld] *a* спутанный  
**tap** [tæp] *n* кран  
**tear** [teə] (*tore, torn*) *v* рвать  
**Thanksgiving** ['θæŋksɡɪvɪŋ] День благодарения (*религиозный праздник в Америке*)  
**thought** [θɔ:t] *n* мысль  
**threat** [θret] *n* угроза  
**throat** [θrəʊt] *n* горло  
**throw off** ['θrəʊ'ɒf] *v* сбрасывать  
**thrush** [θrʌʃ] *n* дрозд  
**thumb** [θʌm] *n* большой палец  
**tie** [taɪ] *v* завязывать; *n* галстук  
**tiger** ['taɪgə] *n* тигр  
**tightly** ['taɪtlɪ] *adv* плотно  
**timidly** ['tɪmɪdlɪ] *adv* робко  
**toad** [təʊd] *n* жаба  
**tone** [təʊn] *n* тон  
**tongue** [tʌŋ] *n* язык  
**too** [tu:] *adv* также; слишком  
**top** [tɒp] *n* вершина; *a* верхний  
**top rail** ['tɒp reɪl] верхняя перекладина

**tore** [tɔ:] *см.* tear  
**torn** [tɔ:n] *см.* tear  
**torture** ['tɔ:tʃə] *v* мучить  
**track** [træk] *n* след  
**train** [treɪn] *v* тренировать  
**training** ['treɪnɪŋ] *n* тренировка  
**trap** [træp] *n* ловушка, капкан  
**travelling** ['trævəlɪŋ] *a* заезжий  
**treat** [tri:t] *v* обращаться, относиться  
**tremble** ['treɪmbl] *v* дрожать  
**triangle** ['traɪæŋɡl] *n* треугольник  
**trick pony** ['trɪk 'pɒni] дрессированная лошадь  
**troops** [tru:ps] *n* войска  
**trot** [trɒt] *v* идти рысцой  
**trouble** ['trʌbl] *v* беспокоить(ся); *n* беспокойство, волнение  
**trough** [traʊf] *n* жёлоб; корыто  
**trumpet** ['trʌmpɪt] *n* труба  
**trust** [trʌst] *v* доверять  
**try** [traɪ] *v* пробовать, пытаться  
**tub** [tʌb] *n* кадка, бочка  
**turkey** ['tɜ:kɪ] *n* индюк, индюшка  
**turn** [tɜ:n] *v* поворачивать(ся), делаться, становиться, обращаться *к кому-л.*  
**turn aside** \ отворачиваться  
**turn away** \  
**turn off** гасить  
**turn over** переверачивать(ся)  
**twins** [twɪnz] *n* близнецы  
**twist** [twɪst] *v* корчиться (*от боли*)

## U

**unbelievably** [ʌnbɪ'li:vɪŋɡli] *adv* недоверчиво  
**underwear** ['ʌndəweə] *n* нижнее бельё  
**undo** ['ʌn'du:] *v* уничтожать сделанное; расчёсывать  
**unexpectedly** ['ʌnɪks'pektɪdlɪ] *adv* неожиданно  
**unexplored** ['ʌnɪks'plɔ:d] *a* неисследованный  
**unknown** ['ʌn'pu:n] *a* неизведанный  
**unlucky** [ʌn'lʌki] *a* неудачный  
**unpleasant** [ʌn'pleznt] *a* неприятный

**until** [ʌn'tɪl] *с/* до тех пор пока не  
**unwrap** [ʌn'ræp] *v* развёртывать  
**upper** ['ʌpə] *a* верхний  
**usual** ['ju:ʒuəl] *a* обычный

## V

**various** ['vɛəriəs] *a* различный; разный  
**vegetable garden** ['vedʒɪtəbl 'gɑ:dn] огород  
**vegetable patch** ['vedʒɪtəbl 'pætʃ] *n* участок под огород  
**violently** ['vaɪələntli] *adv* сильно, неистово

## W

**wag** [wæg] *v* махать  
**wagon** ['wæɡən] *n* фургон  
**wagon train** ['wæɡən treɪn] караван  
**wake up** ['weɪk'ʌp] *v* будить; просыпаться  
**walk around** ['wɔ:k ə'raʊnd] *v* бродить; прогуливаться  
**watch** [wɔ:tʃ] *v* наблюдать, следить  
**waterproof** ['wɔ:təpru:f] *n* непромокаемый плащ  
**water-trough** ['wɔ:tə trɒf] корыто, колода  
**wave** [weɪv] *v* махать  
**weakness** ['wi:knis] *n* слабость  
**weapon** ['wepən] *n* оружие

**wear** [weə] (*wore, worn*) *v* носить (*одежду*)  
**wearily** ['wiəriɪli] *adv* устало  
**wheel** [wi:l] *n* колесо  
**whenever** [wen'evə] *adv* всякий раз, когда  
**while** [waɪl] *n* некоторое время  
**whine** [waɪn] *v* скулить  
**whiskers** ['wɪskəz] *n* усы, бакенбарды  
**whistle** ['wɪsl] *v* свистеть  
**whizz** [wɪz] *v* свистеть, шипеть  
**whoa** [wəʊ] *int* тпру!  
**windpipe** ['wɪndpaɪp] *n* дыхательное горло  
**wing** [wɪŋ] *n* крыло  
**wonder** ['wʌndə] *v* желать знать  
**wood** [wud] *n* дрова, хворост, лес  
**wood-box** ['wudbɒks] ящик с хворостом  
**wooden** ['wudn] *a* деревянный  
**wore** [wɔ:] *см.* wear  
**worn** [wɔ:n] *pp* рваный; изношенный; *см.* wear  
**worry** ['wɒrɪ] *v* беспокоить(ся); тревожить(ся); *n* тревога, беспокойство  
**wound** [wʌʊnd] *n* рана  
**wrap** [ræp] *v* завёртывать, закутывать  
**wrinkle** ['rɪŋkl] *n* морщина

## Y

**yawn** [jɔ:n] *v* зевать  
**yeast** [ji:st] *n* дрожжи  
**yelp** [jelp] *v* лаять, тявкать

*Джон Стейнбек*

**РЫЖИЙ ПОНИ**

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для учащихся X класса средней школы

Редактор *И. Л. Андреева*  
Художники *В. В. Трофимов* и *О. М. Шухвостов*  
Художественный редактор *И. Л. Волкова*  
Технический редактор *Т. В. Карпова*  
Корректоры *К. П. Лосева*, *Г. А. Случ*

\* \* \*

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