

*Навчальний посібник відповідає
чинній програмі з англійської мови.*

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Книга містить адаптовані тексти оповідань відомого американського письменника О. Генрі (справжнє ім'я Вільям Сідні Портер; 1862–1910), а також вправи, метою яких є перевірити розуміння тексту, відпрацювати та закріпити лексику і граматичні конструкції, сприяти розвитку мовленнєвих навичок. Вправи розроблено з урахуванням сучасних вимог методики викладання іноземних мов.

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Christmas by Injunction

Cherokee was Yellowhammer's "father".

Yellowhammer was a new mining village, built with pine logs and sail-cloth where people did gold prospecting. Cherokee was a prospector. Once, while his donkey was busy and satisfied his appetite with quartz and pine cones, Cherokee everted a gold nugget weighing about thirty ounces. Cherokee staked a claim¹ and immediately – as a welcoming host – sent out the invitation to all his friends in three States to come and share his good fortune. None of the invited ones responded with a polite refusal.

They arrived from Gila country, from the Pecos, Salt River and from all surrounding camps. When about a thousand miners staked that area and settled there, they named their settlement Yellowhammer.

¹staked a claim – зайняти ділянку

The citizens elected committee of public order and presented Cherokee a watch chain of small nuggets.

Three hours after the end of the ceremony with that gold chain Cherokee had a big problem – gold on his plot was exhausted. He staked not a mine, but just a gold pocket. Cherokee dropped that plot and began to stake a new one, then – another... But happiness turned back to him¹. Golden sand, which he panned out per day, was never enough to pay his bill at the bar. But almost with all of the invited miners things went smoothly and Cherokee congratulated them with success with happy smile. In Yellowhammer people treated with great respect those who did not lose all hope² from failure. Prospectors asked Cherokee what they could do for him.

– For me? – asked Cherokee.

– Well, a small loan would be enough now.

Perhaps, I'll try my luck in the Mariposas. If I find there a good deposit, I'll immediately send you the news. You know – I'm not the one who hides his luck from his friends.

In May Cherokee packed his donkey with necessary equipment and turned donkey's melancholy grey muzzle to the north. The crowd followed him to the imaginary town gates and cheered him with wishes of success. Cherokee was asked not to forget that in Yellowhammer there would be always a bed for him, scrambled eggs with bacon for lunch and hot water for shaving. In case Fortune did not decide to warm her hands by his fire in the Mariposas.

¹happiness turned back to him – удача повернулася до нього спиною

²did not lose all hope – не падати духом

One day Baldy, the postman, rode into Yellowhammer with tremendous news.

– Whom should I meet in Albuquerque but Cherokee¹, – Baldy said, taking his place at the bar, – Dressed in his finest² like some Turkish sultan and throwing money right and left. We walked with him and he paid all the bills. His pockets swelled with money as billiard pockets with balls.

– Cherokee hit the jackpot³! – said California Ed. – That's great! I am very glad for Cherokee that he finally got luck.

– It would not hurt Cherokee to appear now here in Yellowhammer to visit his old fellows, – someone said with a hint of bitterness in his voice. – Well, the way it always happens. Money is the best remedy for lost everybody's memory.

– Wait, – said Baldy – I have not told everything yet. Cherokee staked three-foot vein there, in the Mariposas, and he got so much gold from each ton of ore that it was enough to go to Europe every time. This vein he sold to some syndicate and got one hundred thousand dollars. After that he bought a coat of newborn seals and red sledge, and... well, guess what else he got in mind?

– Play cards, – suggested Texan, who was very risky.

– He bought a beerhouse, – decided Roger – drinker.

– Cherokee took me to his room, – continued Baldy, – and showed me something. He's got a ware-

¹Whom should I meet in Albuquerque but Cherokee – кого б ви думали я зустрів як не Черокі

²Dressed in his finest – виряджений в пух і прах

³hit the jackpot – напасти на золоту жилу

house full of dolls, drums, skates, bags of candies, crackers, pop-guns and other rubbish. And what do you think he's going to do with all these useless trinkets? You would never guess. Well, I was told by Cherokee. He planned to pack his red sledge with all these things and... wait, wait, wait to order whiskey... come here, to Yellowhammer and make for the local children – well, yes, for the local children such a large Christmas tree and a great holiday that they have not even dreamed about!

After these words, there were two minutes of science.

– And did you tell him? – asked the prospector named Trinidad.

– No, – answered Baldy. – I had to but... Cherokee has already bought all these toys and paid for them. He was so pleased with himself... No, I did not tell him.

The point was that a childish voice has never pleased the inhabitants of this hastily erected village. Frisky children's feet have never tramped the unpaved street between two rows of tents and log cabins. All this will come later. But in those days Yellowhammer was just a prospecting camp that was lost in the mountains, and no one has ever seen there the waiting burning children's eyes or eagerly outstretched hands to the mysterious Santa Claus' gifts.

– And for the effect, – said Baldy – Cherokee decided to dress up as Santa Claus. He got himself a white wig and a beard. Then he bought a red hood, edged by fur, a pair of red gloves and a round red cap.

– And when does he come here with these things? – asked Trinidad.

– On Christmas Eve, – said Baldy. – And he wants you, guys, to prepare the room, put the Christmas tree and invite the ladies to help to dress it up. But only those who know how to keep their mouths shut¹, – it should be a complete surprise for kids.

Christmas fell on Thursday. On Tuesday Trinidad did not go to work but went to the hotel “Lucky find” to have a word with the judge.

– Yellowhammer will disgrace itself forever, – said Trinidad, – if we do not support Cherokee in his fir-tree idea. Cherokee created our city. Personally, I decided to do something.

– This initiative, – said the judge, – will meet my full support. I owe a lot to Cherokee. However, I do not see the ways... in fact, the absence of children in our city until that moment I considered as a blessing – but under the circumstances... Nevertheless, I still do not see the ways...

– Look at me, – said Trinidad, – and you'll see. The ways are in front of you and are ready to go. I will get the team and bring to our Santa Claus the wagon of kids... at least I will make a raid on an orphanage.

– Eureka! – exclaimed the judge.

– I will go with you, – said he, waving his cane. This little gift of speech² and oratory skills I have will help us to convince our young friends to give themselves for our plans for some time.

An hour later Yellowhammer knew about Trinidad's plan and approved it. Trinidad carefully noted all information he needed about the families with young offsprings within forty miles of

¹to keep their mouths shut – тримати язик за зубами

²gift of speech – дар мови