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054

*Навчальний посібник відповідає
чинній програмі з англійської мови.*

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Олкотт, Луїза Мей.

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Ця книга містить адаптований текст відомого та надзвичайно популярного роману «Маленькі жінки» (1868) видатної американської письменниці Луїзи Мей Олкотт (1832–1888), у якому розповідається про життя чотирьох сестер Марч.

Події розгортаються у часи Громадянської війни у США. Священник Роберт Марч підтримує бойовий дух солдатів Півночі, а вдома його чекають доньки — красуня Мег, бунтарка Джо, тишко Бет і пустунка Емі та вірна дружина Мармі.

Текст супроводжується системою вправ, метою яких є перевірити розуміння змісту прочитаного, відпрацювати та закріпити лексику й граматичні конструкції, сприяти розвитку мовленнєвих навичок і творчих здібностей у дітей. Вправи розроблено з урахуванням сучасних вимог методики викладання іноземних мов.

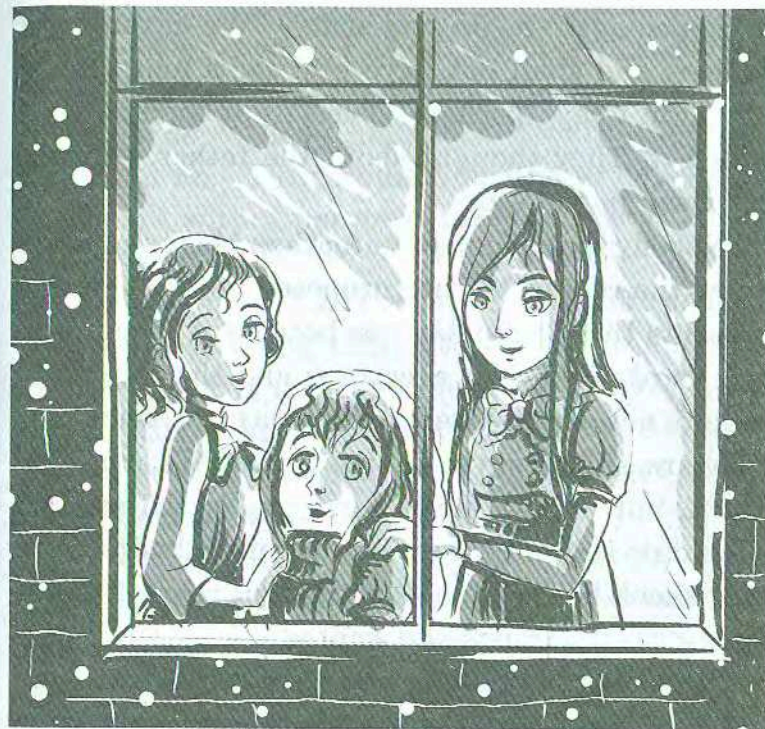
До книги додаються підсумковий тест і англо-український словник.

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CHAPTER I

"Christmas won't be Christmas without any presents," grumbled Jo, lying on the rug.

"It's so dreadful to be poor!" sighed Meg, looking down at her old dress.

"I don't think it's fair for some girls to have plenty of pretty things, and other girls nothing at all," added little Amy.

"We've got Father and Mother, and each other," said Beth contentedly from her corner.

The four young faces on which the firelight shone brightened at the cheerful words, but

darkened again as Jo said sadly, "We haven't got Father, and shall not have him for a long time." She didn't say "perhaps never," but each silently added it. They thought about the father who was far away in the war.

Nobody spoke for a minute; then Meg said, "You know the reason Mother proposed not having any presents this Christmas was because it is going to be a hard winter for everyone; and she thinks we should not spend money for pleasure, when our men are suffering so in the army. We can't do much, but we can make our little sacrifices, and should do it gladly. But I am afraid I don't." And Meg shook her head, as she thought regretfully of all the pretty things she wanted.

"But I don't think we can do much. We've each got a dollar. I agree not to expect anything from Mother or you, but I do want to buy *Undine and Sintram* for myself. I've wanted it so long," said Jo, who was a bookworm.

"I planned to spend mine in new music," said Beth, with a little sigh.

"I shall get a nice box of Faber's drawing pencils. I really need them," said Amy decidedly.

"Mother didn't say anything about our money, and she won't wish us to give up everything. Let's each buy what we want, and have a little fun. I'm sure we work hard enough to earn it," cried Jo, examining the heels of her shoes in a gentlemanly manner.

"I know. I am teaching those tiresome children nearly all day, when I can enjoy myself at home," began Meg, in the complaining tone again.

"You don't have half such a hard time as I do," said Jo. "How would you like to be shut up for hours with a nervous, fussy old lady, who is never satisfied"

"It's naughty to fret, but I think washing dishes and keeping things tidy is the worst work in the world. It makes me so tired, and my hands get so stiff, I can't practice well at all." And Beth looked at her rough hands with a sigh that anyone could hear that time.

"I don't believe any of you suffer as I do," cried Amy, "you don't have to go to school with impertinent girls, who plague you if you don't know your lessons, and laugh at your dresses, and label your father if he isn't rich, and insult you when your nose isn't nice."

"I guess you have meant 'libel'," said Jo, laughing.

"I know what I mean, and you needn't be satirical about it," returned Amy, with dignity.

"Don't peck at one another, children. Don't you wish we had the money Papa lost when we were little, Jo? We wouldn't worry about money now!" said Meg, who could remember better times.

"You said yesterday you thought we were happier than the King children, because they were fighting and fretting all the time, in spite of their money."

"So I did, Beth. Well, I think we are. Of course, we have to work hard, but we make fun of ourselves, and are a pretty jolly set, as Jo said."

"Jo uses such slang words!" observed Amy, with a reproving look at the long figure stretched on the rug.

Jo immediately sat up, put her hands in her pockets, and began to whistle.

"Don't, Jo. It's so boyish!"

"That's why I do it."

"I hate rude, unladylike girls!"

"I hate affected, *niminy-piminy*¹ chits!"

"Birds in their little nests agree," sang Beth, the peacemaker, with such a funny face that both sharp voices softened to a laugh.

"Really, girls, you both are wrong," said Meg, beginning to lecture in her elder-sisterly fashion. "You are old enough to leave off boyish tricks, and to behave better, Josephine. It didn't matter so much when you were a little girl, but now you are so tall, and turn up your hair, you should remember that you are a young lady."

"I'm not! And if turning up my hair makes me one, I'll wear it in two tails till I'm twenty," cried Jo, "I hate to think I've got to grow up, and be Miss March! It's bad enough to be a girl, anyway, when I like boy's games and work and manners! I am disappointed I am not a boy. And it's worse than ever now, because I would like to go and fight with Papa. And I can only stay home and knit, like an old woman!"

¹ niminy-piminy [nɪmɪniˈpɪmɪni] – манірний

EXERCISES

I. Who said:

- "Christmas won't be Christmas without any presents." _____
- "It's so dreadful to be poor!" _____
- "I don't think it's fair for some girls to have plenty of pretty things, and other girls nothing at all." _____
- "We've got Father and Mother, and each other." _____
- "I do want to buy *Undine and Sintram* for myself." _____
- "I planned to spend mine in new music." _____
- "I shall get a nice box of Faber's drawing pencils." _____

II. Match the adjectives from the box with their definition:

fussy, stiff, impertinent, statirical, reproving,
affected, niminy-piminy

- criticizing people or ideas in a humorous way
- not easily satisfied, or having very high standards about particular things
- artificial and not sincere
- artificial, or intended to achieve a particular effect
- firm or hard

CHAPTER II

- f) showing that you disapprove of someone's bad or silly behaviour
- g) rude and not showing respect, especially towards someone older or in a higher position than you

III. Find the sentences in the chapter with the adjectives from Exercise II and translate them into Ukrainian.

IV. Open the brackets and put the verbs into the correct form.

- a) We _____ (*not, have got*) Father, and _____ (*not, have got*) him for a long time.
- b) I _____ (*want*) it so long.
- c) Beth _____ (*look*) at her rough hands with a sigh that anyone _____ (*can*) hear that time.
- d) I _____ (*teach*) those tiresome children nearly all day.
- e) Nobody _____ (*speak*) for a minute.
- f) We _____ (*to be*) happier than the King children, because they _____ (*fight*) and _____ (*fret*) all the time, in spite of their money."

V. Give some facts about:

- Meg
- Jo
- Beth
- Amy

Jo was the first to wake in the gray dawn of Christmas morning. There were no stockings at the fireplace, and for a moment she felt so much disappointed. The last time she felt such a disappointment was when her little sock fell down because it was so full of goodies. Then she remembered her mother's promise. Their mother told the girls to look under the pillows in the morning. Jo slipped her hand under the pillow and found a little crimson-covered book there. She knew it very well, because it was that beautiful old story of the best life ever lived, and Jo felt that it was a true guidebook for any pilgrim going on a long journey. She woke Meg with a "Merry Christmas," and asked her to look under her pillow. There was a green-covered book with the same picture inside, and a few words written by their mother, which made their present very precious in their eyes. Presently Beth and Amy woke up and found their little books also. One book was dove-colored, the other was blue. All the girls sat looking at their books and talking about them.

"Girls," said Meg seriously, "Mother wants us to read and love and mind these books, and we must begin at once. You can do as you please, but I shall keep my book on the table here and read a little every morning as soon as I wake, because I know it will do me good and help me during the day."

Then she opened her new book and began to read. Jo put her arm round her sister and read also, with the quiet expression so seldom seen on her restless face.

"How good Meg is! Come, Amy, let's do as they do. I'll help you with the hard words," whispered Beth, very much impressed by the pretty books and her sisters' example.

"I'm glad my book is blue," said Amy.

Then the rooms were very still while the pages were softly turned, and the winter sunshine crept in to touch the bright heads and serious faces with a Christmas greeting.

"Where is Mother?" asked Meg, as she and Jo ran down to thank her for their gifts half an hour later.

"Goodness only knows. Some poor creature came begging and your ma went straight off to see what was needed. I have never seen such a woman who is giving away vittles and drink, clothes and firing," replied Hannah, who had lived with the family since Meg was born, and was more as a friend than a servant.

"She will be back soon, I think, so fry your cakes, and have everything ready," said Meg, looking over the presents which were collected in a basket and kept under the sofa, ready to be presented at the proper time. "Why, where is Amy's bottle of cologne?" she added.

"She took it out a minute ago, and went off with it to put a ribbon on it," replied Jo.

"How nice my handkerchiefs look, don't they? Hannah washed and ironed them for me, and I marked them all myself," said Beth, looking proudly at the somewhat uneven letters.

"Bless the child! She's put 'Mother' on them instead of 'M. March'. How funny!" cried Jo.

"Isn't that right? I thought it was better to do it so, because Meg's initials are M.M., and I want everyone knows it is for Marmee," said Beth, looking troubled.

"It's all right, dear, and a very pretty idea. It will please her very much, I know," said Meg.

"There's Mother. Hide the basket, quick!" cried Jo, as a door opened and steps sounded in the hall.

Amy came in and looked rather abashed when she saw her sisters all waiting for her.

"Where have you been, and what are you hiding behind you?" asked Meg, surprised to see that lazy Amy was out so early.

"Don't laugh at me, Jo! I only wanted to change the little bottle for a big one, and I gave all my money to get it, and I'm truly trying not to be selfish anymore."

At that moment Amy showed the handsome flask. It looked so earnest. Meg hugged her at that moment, and Jo pronounced her 'a trump', while Beth ran to the window, and picked her finest rose to ornament the bottle.

"You see I felt ashamed of my present, after reading and talking about being good this morning, so I ran round the corner and changed, and I'm so glad."

Another bang of the street door sent the basket under the sofa and the girls to the table.

"Merry Christmas, Marmee! Thank you for our books. We read some, and will do it every day," they all cried in chorus.

"Merry Christmas, little daughters! I'm glad you began at once, and hope you will keep on. But I want