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Л76

*Навчальний посібник відповідає  
чинній програмі з англійської мови.*

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**Лондон, Джек.**

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Ця книга містить адаптований текст відомого та надзвичайно популярного пригодницького роману «Серця трьох» (1920) видатного американського письменника Джека Лондона (1876–1916), створеного для кінематографа у співавторстві зі сценаристом Чарльзом Годдардом.

Основна сюжетна лінія твору – дивовижні пригоди нью-йоркського мільйонера Френсіса Моргана, його далекого родича Генрі та красуні Леонсії Солано, які вирушили на пошуки скарбів, захованих у Південній Америці славнозвісним піратом Морганом, пращуром юнаків. Захоплива й водночас небезпечна подорож сповнена таємниць і містики, взаємопідтримки й інтриг, що тісно переплітаються зі справжнім коханням та надійною дружбою.

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

Events happened very rapidly with Francis Morgan that late spring morning. If ever a man leaped across time into the drama and tragedy of the primitive and the medieval melodrama of sentiment of the New World Latin, Francis Morgan, inheritor of many millions, was destined to be that man. Yet he did not know about that. A late night at bridge had caused a late rising.

“Parker,” he said to the valet, “did you ever notice any signs of fat on R.H.M.?”

“Oh, no, sir,” was the answer. “Your father was lean and aristocratic. You’ve inherited it.”

“You remember the old Sir Henry, the old pirate?”



"Yes, sir; I've read of him, sir. He was Governor of Jamaica. He died respected."

"It was a mercy he didn't die hanged," Francis laughed. "He's the only disgrace in the family. We never found his treasure; but beyond rubies is the lean-in-the-middle legacy he *bequeathed*<sup>1</sup> us."

A telephone buzzed.

"But my dear Mrs. Carruthers," was his protest. "It is a local flurry. Tampico Petroleum is all right. It is legitimate investment. Don't sell. I'm away for a couple of weeks fishing. Good-bye."

A telephone buzzed again. Francis told Mr. Bascom to buy all that was offered.

In his office Thomas Regan, the partner of his late father, knew that something was wrong with Tampico Petroleum.

A clerk brought in a visitor's card with a message pencilled on the card. Regan read it: "Dear Mr. Regan. I have the honour to inform you that I have a tip on the location of the treasure Sir Henry Morgan buried in old pirate days. Alvarez Torres."

Waiting for the visitor, Regan thought, that he needed a *trimming*<sup>2</sup>.

"I have won to the clue to the gold of Sir Henry Morgan," Torres said. "It's on the Mosquito Coast, not far from the Chiriqui Lagoon, and that Bocas del Toro is the nearest town. I was born there - educated in Paris. A small schooner - the outlay is cheap, - but the reward - the treasure!"

<sup>1</sup> bequeath [bi'kwɪ:ð] v - *заповідати*

<sup>2</sup> trimming - *прочуханка*

"You need the money," Regan said, and Torres bowed.

Regan wrote a check, it was the figures of a thousand dollars.

"I put no belief in your story," Regan said. "But I have a young friend who is too much about town. The best thing for him is a trip after treasure. Strive to interest him. That thousand is for your effort. If he agrees, two thousand more is yours. Succeed in interesting him."

Senor Torres agreed and was gone, and Francis Morgan was shown in.

"I need a bit of counsel," he said. "What's up with Tampico Petroleum?"

"Tampico Petroleum is up - two points - you should worry," Regan said.

"I've got good reports," was Francis' answer. "This is the real legitimate."

"Just about how far would you buy?"

"All I've got. I tell you. I don't want Tampico Petroleum to skyrocket."

"Don't worry." Regan picked up Torres' card. "Look, who's just been to see me. Why go fishing for mere trout? There's real man's recreation, and not camp recreation with servants."

"Sir Henry died practically a poor man," Francis stated. "Where I can find Alvarez Torres?"

\* \* \* \* \*

The next morning the meeting took place in Regan's office.

At the end of half an hour Francis announced that the next fish he caught would be on one of



the two islets off the Lagoon of Chiriqui, where the treasure lay.

Torres said he couldn't come with him and would join afterwards.

"Arrange with Senor Torres some division of the loot ... if you ever find it. Equal division, fifty-fifty," Regan said, arranging the apportionment of something he was certain did not exist.

"Fine!" Francis shook their hands. "I've got to pack and break engagements."

Senor Alvarez Torres remained with Regan, receiving instructions for the part he was to play.

"In short," Regan concluded, "I don't almost care if he never comes back."

## Exercises

### I. Answer the questions.

1. Who was Francis Morgan?
2. Where did Francis want to go for the rest?
3. Why did Alvarez Torres come to Regan?
4. What changed Francis's plans?
5. Who gave instructions to the Latin American?

### II. Say if it is True or False.

1. Francis Morgan was from a rich family.
2. Regan was his mother's best friend.
3. Alvarez Torres came to Regan for playing bridge.

4. The Latin American wanted to invite Francis to visit his native village.
5. Regan was sure there was no treasure left by the old pirate.

### III. Look and write the verbs from the text in the past simple

happen, leap, take, destine, hang, bring,  
bequeath, think, tell, bow, swing, keep, break,  
conclude, begin

### IV. Translate into Ukrainian.

1. A late night at bridge had caused a late rising.
2. But beyond rubies is the lean-in-the-middle legacy he bequeathed us.
3. Succeed in interesting him that he remains away three months.
4. There's real man's recreation, and not camp recreation with servants.
5. Regan arranged the apportionment of something he was certain did not exist.

### V. Retell the story in the words of:

- Francis Morgan
- Regan
- Parker



## CHAPTER II

Three weeks after that Francis was on board his schooner, the "Angelique". He asked the captain to order a small skiff over the side. He wanted to shoot a parrot or a monkey.

Francis saw a white hacienda and a woman who was scrutinising him through binoculars.

"The Enrico Solano family lives here, sir." Captain said. "They own the landscape from the sea to the Cordilleras. They are very poor, and they are prideful and fiery as cayenne pepper."

Francis rowed shoreward having taken neither rifle nor shotgun.

In his mind was just an idea of meeting a young lady, with whom he could have fun. When the skiff grounded, he turned around. The beach was bare.

Suddenly the woman sprang out of the jungle and seized his arm and said to follow her.

Thinking it was some unusual game he yielded. And suddenly she sat down, releasing him.

"My dear lady..." he began.

She stopped him and heard the movement of bodies padding down some yards away.

Commanding to be silent, she left him. He had heard her talking to men.

He heard them move on, and, after five minutes of dead silence, heard her call for him.

"You fool!" she cried, lifting her finger to his moustache. "As if that could disguise you!"

"But my dear lady..." he began to protest his certain unacquaintance with her.

Her answer, which broke off his speech, was as unreal as everything else which had gone before. He felt that the tiny revolver was pressed against his abdomen.

"Go away. Forever. If you ever come back I shall shoot myself."

"I'd better go, then," he said and turned to the skiff.

A sob made him turn his head. The strange young woman was crying. His step back to her was instant, and the touch of his hand on her arm was sympathetic. She shuddered at his touch, and drew away from him. He was about to turn to the boat, when she stopped him.

"At least you..." she began, "you might kiss me good-bye."

She advanced impulsively. Francis gathered her in to receive a passionate kiss on his lips.

Then she drew away from him and directed him to get into the boat. He obeyed.

\* \* \* \* \*

Rowed by a sailor in the skiff, Francis landed to explore one of the islands, the Bull. He saw naked, except for *breech-clouts*<sup>1</sup>, turtle-catchers, armed with machetes. The Bull was their, they told him; but the Calf now was possessed by a madly human creature.

<sup>1</sup> breech-clout [ˈbri:tʃklaʊt] n – пов'язка на стегнах



While Francis sent one man with a message to that man, the others gathered at the skiff, asking for money. Later he received his returned message with one note: "*Vamos*<sup>2</sup>."

The sailor refused to row Francis there, thinking it was like a suicide.

Francis came down to the beach and found an old canoe.

On the Calf further inhospitality greeted him on the part of a tall, young man, who stepped from behind a palm, automatic pistol in hand, and shouted, "Get out! *Scut*<sup>3</sup>!"

He rushed to the shelter of the tree. A bullet thudded into the other side of it.

The next few minutes they blazed away, or waited for calculated shots, and when Francis' eighth and last had been fired, he was sure that he had counted only seven shots for the stranger.

"What gun are you using?" he asked.

"Colt's," came the answer.

Francis said, "Then you're all out. Now we can talk."

The stranger stepped out, and Francis saw that a dirty pair of canvas pants, a cotton undershirt, and a floppy sombrero constituted his garmenting.

It did not enter his mind that he was looking at a *replica*<sup>4</sup> of himself.

"Talk!" the stranger drew a knife. "Now we'll just cut off your ears, and maybe scalp you."

<sup>2</sup> *Vamos*. ['væməs] – *Забирайся*.

<sup>3</sup> *Scut!* – *Негідник!*

<sup>4</sup> *replica* ['replɪkə] *n* – *точна копія*

"Let's wrestle," Francis answered. "The winner will get the other fellow's ears."

"Agreed."

Suddenly the stranger yielded the instant, their bodies met and fell over on his back, at the same time planting his foot in Francis' abdomen transforming Francis' rush into a wild somersault.

The fall on the sand knocked most of Francis' breath out of him, and the flying body of his foe, impacting on him, managed to do for what little breath was left him.

"What d'you want to wear a mustache for?" the stranger muttered.

"The ears are yours, but the mustache is mine."

"Keep your ears. I never intended to cut them off. Get out of here. I've won you."

Francis turned down to the beach toward his canoe.

"Do you mind leaving your card?" the victor called after him.

"My name's Morgan."

The stranger murmured to himself, "Same stock – no wonder we look alike."

\* \* \* \* \*

Swaying from the blow, Francis saw the apparition of Sir Henry Morgan himself, cutlass in hand, rushing up the beach to his rescue from Indians. Further, the apparition was singing:

"Back to back against the mainmast,  
Held at bay the entire crew."