

Birkin had been seeing a lot of Ursula. She was deeply in love with him, and continually asked him to tell her he loved her. But he wanted something more than that, some kind of spiritual union that was beyond love, and they always argued about it. ...

One day he suddenly felt he must go to her at once and ask her to marry him. They must form a communion, make a permanent union.



Beginner

Elementary

Для начинающих

Pre-Intermediate

Для продолжающих
первого уровня

Intermediate

Для продолжающих
второго уровня

Upper Intermediate

Для продолжающих
третьего уровня

Advanced

Для совершенствующихся

ISBN 978-5-8112-3771-5



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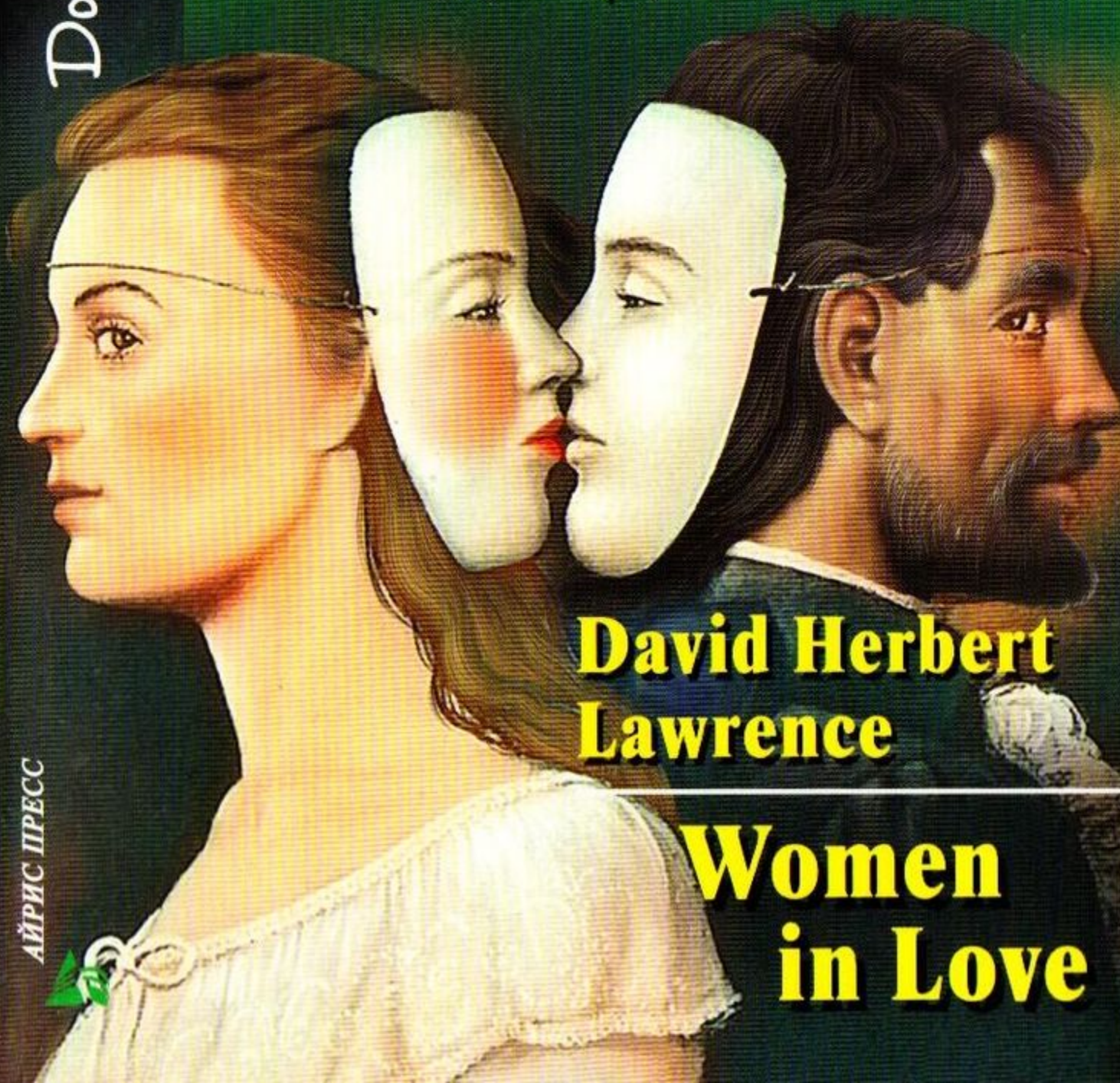
АНГЛИЙСКИЙ клуб

Дополнительное чтение

Advanced

Дейвид Герберт Лоренс

ВЛЮБЛЕННЫЕ ЖЕНЩИНЫ



David Herbert
Lawrence

Women
in Love

АЙРИС ПРЕСС

Advanced



АНГЛИЙСКИЙ клуб

Домашнее чтение

Дейвид Герберт Лоренс

Влюбленные женщины

*Адаптация текста, комментариев,
упражнения, словарь Н. И. Кролик*



Москва

АЙРИС ПРЕСС

2009

УДК 811.111(075)
ББК 81.2Англ-93
Л78

Серия «Английский клуб» включает книги и учебные пособия, рассчитанные на пять этапов изучения английского языка: Elementary (для начинающих), Pre-Intermediate (для продолжающих первого уровня), Intermediate (для продолжающих второго уровня), Upper Intermediate (для продолжающих третьего уровня) и Advanced (для совершенствующихся).

Серийное оформление А. М. Драгового

Лоренс, Д. Г.

Л78 Влюбленные женщины / Дейвид Герберт Лоренс; адаптация текста, комментарий, упражнения, словарь Н. И. Кролик. — М.: Айрис-пресс, 2009. — 96 с.: ил. — (Английский клуб). — (Домашнее чтение).

ISBN 978-5-8112-3771-5

В основу адаптации положен известный роман классика английской литературы Дейвида Герберта Лоренса «Влюбленные женщины». Действие романа происходит перед Первой мировой войной. Он повествует об истории отношений двух жаждущих страстей сестер Гадран и Урсулы и их возлюбленных. Роман содержит философские концепции самого Лоренса и отличается психологически тонкими описаниями эмоциональных состояний героев. Многие идеи Лоренс выражает в духе фрейдизма.

Книга содержит комментарий, упражнения для отработки и закрепления навыков речевой деятельности, словарь и предназначена учащимся 9–11 классов школ, гимназий, лицеев, а также широкому кругу лиц, изучающих английский язык самостоятельно.

ББК 81.2Англ-93
УДК 811.111(075)

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ISBN 978-5-8112-3771-5

David Herbert Lawrence (1885–1930) is an English novelist, poet and essayist, one of the most gifted and influential figures in the 20th century literature, one of the makers of the modern English fiction. A son of a miner, David Herbert Lawrence was born and grew up in a coal-mining town in Eastwood, Nottinghamshire. This area was both industrial and rural at the same time, and Lawrence often brought it and its people vividly to life.

His most famous novels — “Lady Chatterley’s Lover”, “Sons and Lovers”, “Women in Love” and the “Rainbow”, later called “Wedding Ring” — entered the 100 best novels of the 20th century.

Lawrence’s novels are filled with scenes of sensuous beauty, but they are also works of philosophical ideas and deep penetration into the human psyche.

His fiction shows complicated, often tortured relationships between men and women. Many of the characters of his books are torn between love and independence. His frank discussion of sexual passion shocked many readers, and some of his novels were banned as obscene in several countries.



1. SISTERS

Ursula and Gudrun Brangwen sat one morning at the window of their father's house in Beldover, working and talking. Ursula was **embroidering** and Gudrun was drawing upon a board which she held on her knee.

'Ursula,' said Gudrun, 'don't you *really want* to get married?' Ursula laid her embroidery down. Her face was calm and **considerate**.

'I don't know,' she replied. 'It depends on what you mean.'

'Well,' said Gudrun ironically, 'it usually means one thing. But don't you think that if you get married, you'd be in a better position than you are in now?'

A shadow came over Ursula's face. 'I might,' she said. 'But I'm not sure.'

'But aren't you **tempted**? Wouldn't you be tempted if you had a really good offer?'

'When it comes to the point¹, I'm only tempted *not* to.' The faces of both girls suddenly lit up with gaiety.

'Isn't it an amazing thing,' cried Gudrun, 'how strong the temptation is not to!' They both laughed, looking at each other. **Yet** in their hearts they were frightened.

The sisters were women, Ursula twenty-six and Gudrun twenty-five. But both had the cold, **virgin** look of modern girls. Gudrun with her soft skin and soft hands was very beautiful — she seemed gentleness itself. She wore a dress of dark blue silky material, with green lace at the neck and sleeves, and she had bright green stockings. She had just come back from London, where she had spent several years at art school as a student, living an isolated studio life. Ursula was class mistress of Willey Green Grammar School² as she had been for some years. She lived a good deal by herself, working, passing from day to day, always trying to give life her own comprehension. Ursula looked at Gudrun with admiration. She thought her sister charming and beautiful.

'Why did you come home, Prune³?' she asked.

Gudrun knew she was being admired. She sat back from her drawing and looked at Ursula from under her curved eyelashes. 'I've asked myself that a thousand times,' she replied. 'I think it was to gather my strength before going off again.'

'And how do you find home, now you have come back to it?' asked Ursula.

Gudrun paused for a moment and then in a cold, truthful voice said, 'I find myself completely out of it.'

'And father?'

'I haven't thought about him: I've tried not to.'

They worked on in silence for some time. Gudrun's cheeks were a little flushed. 'Shall we go and look at the wedding?' she asked at last, in a voice that was too **casual**.

'Yes!' cried Ursula, throwing aside her embroidery and leaping up as if to escape something.

The two girls walked quickly down the main road of Beldover, a wide street with shops and houses, completely formless and **mis-**

erable. Gudrun, who had just come from Chelsea and Sussex⁴, was shocked with the ugliness of the small coal mine town. It was strange that she should have chosen to come back to this shapeless ugliness. It was a real **torture**.

They turned off the main road, passed a common kitchen garden, with **sooty** cabbages and other vegetables. On the left was a valley with coal mines, where black smoke rose up from the chimneys. Nearby were rows and rows of houses of darkened red brick. Even the path on which the sisters walked was black with soot. Women, who were standing **gossiping** at the end of their block with their arms folded over their aprons, stared after the Brangwen sisters. Their children called out names⁵.

Gudrun went on half dead. She was aware of her grass-green stockings, her large, grass-green hat and her long, soft coat of a bright blue colour. She clung to Ursula, who was more used to this dark, **hostile** world. Near the church stood a little group of expectant people, waiting to see the wedding. The daughter of the chief mine-owner of the district, Thomas Crich, was getting married to a naval officer. The two sisters held themselves **tense** and went straight towards the gate.

'Look at the stockings!' said a voice behind Gudrun, and a sudden anger swept over her.

Punctually at eleven o'clock, the carriages began to arrive. The wedding guests mounted the steps and passed into the church. Gudrun watched them closely. There came the mother, Mrs Crich, with her eldest son, Gerald. She was a strange, untidy figure. Her face was pale, yellowish, with clear, transparent skin. Her features were sharp but rather handsome and her colourless hair was coming down onto her shoulders in untidy **wisps**. Her son was of a fair, sun-tanned type, above middle height, well-made, and almost **exaggeratedly** well-dressed. He had a strange look, as if he didn't belong to the people around him. Gudrun noticed him at once. There was something northern about him that magnetized her. His fair hair was shining like the sun on ice.

'Is that Gerald Crich?' she asked Ursula.

'Yes.'

'He seems frightfully separate.'

'You know he shot his brother?' said Ursula.

'Shot his brother!' cried Gudrun.

'Didn't you know? He and his brother were playing together with a gun. He told his brother to look down it, and it was **loaded**. It blew the top of his head off. Isn't it a horrible story?'

'How fearful,' cried Gudrun. 'Was it long ago?'

'Oh yes, they were just boys,' said Ursula. 'I think it is one of the most horrible stories I know.'

'And isn't it horrible to think of such a thing happening to one as a child, and having to carry the responsibility for it all through one's life?' The two girls shivered.

The **bridesmaids** were there, and yet the **bridegroom** had not come. Ursula knew one of the bridesmaids — a tall, slow woman, with a mass of fair hair and a long, pale face. This was Hermione Roddice, a friend of the Criches. She was rich. She walked with her head held up, balancing an enormous yellow hat with long **ostrich** feathers. People were silent and impressed when she passed by.

Ursula watched her **with fascination**. She was the most remarkable woman in the Midlands⁶. Her father was a Baronet⁷ and she was a woman of the new school, full of intellectuality and passionately interested in reforms. Hermione knew herself to be well-dressed; she knew herself to be socially equal if not far the superior to anyone she was likely to meet there. And yet her soul was tortured. She **longed for** Rupert Birkin, the school inspector, to arrive. They had been lovers for years. When he was there, she felt happy. If only he would form a close and lasting relationship with her, she'd be safe during the hard voyage of life. He could make her feel triumphant, triumphant over the very angels⁸ of heaven. But he always kept her off. He should be at the wedding too, for he was the best man⁹.

She entered the church and looked slowly around for him, but he was not there. A terrible storm came over her, as if she were drowning. Never had she known such terrible hopelessness.

Outside Ursula felt a growing sense of fear. She could not bear it that the bride had arrived but there was no groom. The wedding must not be a fiasco. The bride's carriage had already arrived. The door of the carriage was thrown open and the bride stepped out with her father, a thin, tired man with thin black beard, touched with grey, and walked over on the red carpet. Ursula was watching the hill and the descending road that should give sign of the groom. At last she saw a carriage. Yes, it was the bridegroom. Ursula turned towards the

bride and the people and from her place gave a cry. She wanted to warn the others, but her cry was inaudible and she flushed in confusion. The carriage came down the hill and drew near. There was a shout from the people, and the groom jumped out. He glanced up and saw the bride and her father standing near the church. A strange surprised look went over his face. He hesitated for a moment, then ran up to the church door.

With a shout of excitement the bride turned and ran towards the church, with the young man speeding after her like a **hound**.

Cries and exclamations burst from the crowd. Ursula turned and saw Rupert Birkin approaching the bride's father, a faint smile on his face. The two men came slowly up the path together.

Birkin was as thin as Mr Crich and ill-looking. His figure was narrow but nicely made. He went trailing one foot slightly, which came only from **self-consciousness**. He was clever and differed from the others, yet he tried to look perfectly ordinary. He did this well. Now he spoke easily to Mr Crich as they walked along the path and disappeared into the church. Ursula was left thinking about him. He attracted and annoyed her.

Inside the church the wedding was going on. Hermione Roddice was thinking only of Birkin. He stood near her. She seemed to lean towards him. She wanted to stand touching him, so that she could be sure he was there. He had seen her on entering the church; had seen her beautiful grey eyes searching for his, signalling. But he had avoided her look. Now he stood feeling dislike and pity for her.

The bride and bridegroom were married, and the party went into the vestry¹⁰. Then they all came out of the church. Gudrun watched Gerald Crich, fair, good-looking, with a great reserve of energy. There was a strange **secretiveness** showing through his almost happy appearance. Gudrun rose sharply and went away. She wanted to be alone to think about this strange, exciting man.

Vocabulary

embroider — вышивать
considerate — сосредоточенный

tempt — искушать

yet — однако

virgin — целомудренный, девственный; *зд.* неприступный

casual — бесстрастный

miserable — убогий

torture — пытка

sooty — закопченный

gossip — сплетничать

hostile — враждебный

tense — напряженный

wisp — прядь (волос)

exaggeratedly — излишне, чрезмерно

load — заряжать

bridesmaid — подружка невесты

bridegroom — жених

ostrich — страус

with fascination — зачарованно

long for (smth) — страстно желать (чего-л.)

hound — борзая (*порода собак*)

self-consciousness — застенчивость, скованность

secretiveness — скрытность

Notes

- 1 **When it comes to the point** — Когда доходит до дела
- 2 **class mistress of ... Grammar School** — классная дама в... средней школе с изучением классических языков
- 3 **Prune** — Черносливка; ласкательное имя Гадран
- 4 **Chelsea** — Челси; фешенебельный район в западной части Лондона; известен также как район художников; **Sussex** — Суссекс; графство на юго-востоке Англии
- 5 **called out names** — обзывались, дразнились
- 6 **the Midlands** — Мидлендс; центральные графства Англии
- 7 **Baronet** — баронет; низший наследственный титул; перед именем баронета ставится титул «сэр»
- 8 **the very angels** — сами ангелы
- 9 **the best man** — шафер на свадьбе
- 10 **vestry** — комната, где происходит регистрация брака

Activities

I. Match up the English words and word-combinations in the left column with their Russian equivalents in the right column.

- | | |
|-------------------------|---|
| 1) be used to smth | a) страусовые перья |
| 2) strong temptation | b) заурядный, банальный |
| 3) comprehension | c) убежать от чего-л., избежать чего-л. |
| 4) escape smth | d) сильное искушение |
| 5) carry responsibility | e) стыдиться |
| 6) ostrich feathers | f) страстно желать чего-л. |
| 7) long for smth | g) понимание, постижение |
| 8) hopelessness | h) привыкнуть к чему-л. |
| 9) commonplace | i) нести ответственность |
| 10) be ashamed | j) безнадежность |

II. Say whether these statements are true or false. Correct them if they are false.

- 1) Ursula wanted to get married.
- 2) Gudrun was a class mistress of Grammar School.
- 3) When Gudrun came home she felt herself quite comfortable at home.
- 4) Beldover was a large, lovely town.
- 5) Gerald Crich immediately attracted Gudrun's attention.
- 6) Hermione was in love with Gerald Crich.
- 7) The groom was the first to arrive at the wedding.
- 8) Rupert Birkin was a perfectly commonplace person.

III. Imagine that you are:

- Gudrun. Describe your impressions of Beldover.
- Ursula. Tell us about the wedding.
- Hermiona. Describe your feelings during the wedding.

2. CLASSROOM

The school day was drawing to an end. In the classroom, the last lesson was in progress, peaceful and still. It was elementary botany. The desks were littered with catkins of hazel and willow¹, which the children had been drawing. Ursula stood in front of the class, leading the children by questions to understand the structure and the meaning of catkins. A heavy, orange-coloured beam of light came in at the west window **gilding** the children's heads with red gold.

She heard but did not pay attention to the **creak** of the door. Suddenly she **started**. She saw in the beam of orange light the face of a man. It was shining like fire, waiting for her to notice him.

'Did I frighten you?' said Birkin, shaking hands with her. 'I thought you'd heard me come in.'

'No,' she **faltered**, **scarcely** able to speak. He laughed, saying he was sorry, and she wondered why it amused him.

'It is so dark,' he said. 'Shall we have the light?' And, moving aside, he switched on the strong electric lights. The classroom became a **strange** place after the soft magic, that had filled it before, had disappeared. Birkin turned curiously to look at Ursula. Her eyes were round and wondering. Her mouth trembled slightly. There was a living, **tender** beauty shining from her face. He looked at her with a new pleasure, feeling joyful in his heart.

'You are drawing catkins?' he asked. 'Give them some coloured pencils, won't you, so that they can show the difference between the red and yellow flowers.'

'It will make the books untidy,' said Ursula, flushing.

'Not very,' he said. 'It's the fact you must emphasize, not the subjective impression. What's the fact? — Red little spiky stigmas of the female flowers, dangling yellow male catkins, yellow pollen² flying from one to the other. You must make a pictorial record of the fact.³'

At that moment another person was seen through the glass panels of the door. It was Hermione Roddice.

'I saw your car,' she said to Birkin. 'Do you mind my coming to find you? I wanted to see you when you were on duty.' She looked at him for a long time, intimately and playfully. She gave a short little laugh and only then turned to Ursula, who, with all the class, had been watching the little scene between the two lovers.

'How do you do, Miss Brangwen,' sang Hermione in her low odd, singing fashion. 'Do you mind my coming in?' Her grey eyes rested on Ursula, as if summing her up⁴.

'Oh no, I like it awfully,' laughed Ursula, a little bit excited and confused, because Hermione seemed to be **compelling** her, coming very close to her, as if intimate with her.

Hermione looked a strange figure in the classroom, wearing a large old cloak of greenish cloth with a high fur collar and a **lavender** dress underneath. She was tall and a little eccentric.

'Ah, you are doing catkins!' she sang. 'Aren't they beautiful? I think they're so beautiful,' she went on, moving closer to Birkin and pointing to the flowers with her long, white fingers. Her behaviour was strange. Both Birkin and Ursula were staring at her. The little flowers seemed to have some mystic attraction for her.

The lesson was finished, the books put away, and the children sent home, but still Hermione made no move to go. Ursula put away her things in the cupboard and, after a while, Hermione came near to her.

'Your sister has come home?' she said.

'Yes,' said Ursula.

'And does she like being back in Beldover?'

'No.'

'I wonder how she can bear it. It takes all my strength to bear the ugliness of the place. Won't you come with your sister to stay at Breadalby for a few days?'

'Thank you very much,' said Ursula.

'I should be so glad. I think your sister is wonderful. I have some of her works, two birds **carved** in wood and painted — perhaps you have seen them?'

'No.'

'I think they're perfectly wonderful.'

'Her little carvings are strange,' said Ursula.

'They're perfectly beautiful — full of primitive passion.' Hermione looked down at Ursula with a long gaze and then suddenly turned from her as if she were no longer there. 'Rupert, Rupert,' she called. He approached in silence. 'Do you really think, Rupert,' she asked, 'that it is worthwhile? Do you think the children are better, richer and happier with all this knowledge about the catkins? Isn't it better,' she continued, 'to leave them untouched? Can't they be

animals, primitive animals that don't know anything, rather than⁵ this **self-consciousness**, this inability to be **spontaneous**?'

They thought she had finished, but just as he was going to reply, she went on. 'When we have knowledge, don't we lose everything? Don't we lose all our animal instincts? If I know about the flower, don't I lose the flower and have only the knowledge? And what does it mean to me after all? What does all this knowing mean? It means nothing.'

'You are just making words,' he said brutally. 'Knowledge is everything to you. You want it in your head. You don't want to *be* an animal, you want to observe your own animal functions to get an intellectual delight out of them. Passion and instincts? You want them all right, but only in your head.'

Ursula **was embarrassed**. It frightened her to see how they hated each other.

'But your passion is a lie,' he went on violently. 'It isn't passion at all, it is your **will**. Your commanding will. You're not instinctive. You're the most **deliberate** thing that ever walked or **crawled**.'

He looked at her with hate and **contempt**, but also in pain because she suffered, and in shame because he knew he tortured her. There was a sense of tension in the air, as if too much had been said. Hermione looked at Birkin with a long, slow, **spiteful** look. 'You know all about me, don't you?' she said coldly to him and then she turned with pleasant smile once more to Ursula.

'You are sure you will come to Breadalby?' she asked.

'Yes, I should like to very much,' replied Ursula.

'I'm so glad. Some time in about a fortnight. Yes? I'll write to you here at the school, shall I? And you'll come? I shall be so glad. Goodbye, goodbye!'

Hermione held out her hand and looked into the eyes of the other woman. She knew Ursula was a **rival**, and the knowledge made her strangely excited. Besides, she was leaving with Birkin, and that gave her a sense of strength and advantage over Ursula.

Ursula secretly was watching Birkin. There was a great physical attractiveness in him, a great hidden richness that shone through his thinness, like another voice, **conveying** another knowledge of him. She could not say what it was. He too said goodbye and then suddenly they were gone. Ursula stood looking at the door for some moments and then put out the lights. Having done so, she sat down again in her

chair, absorbed in her thoughts. And then she began to cry, bitterly weeping: but whether for misery or joy she didn't know.

Vocabulary

gild — золотить
creak — скрип
start — вздрогнуть
falter — бормотать, говорить запинаясь
scarcely — едва
strange — чужой, незнакомый
tender — нежный
compel — подчинять своей воле
lavender — бледно-лиловый
carve — вырезать по дереву
self-consciousness — зд. здравомыслие, осознание
spontaneous — зд. естественный, импульсивный, не скованный условностями
be embarrassed — чувствовать себя неловко
will — воля, желание
deliberate — осмотнительный, рассудительный
crawl — ползать
contempt — презрение
spiteful — злобный, язвительный
rival — соперник, соперница
convey — передавать, сообщать

Notes

- ¹ **the desks were littered with catkins of hazel and willow** — столы были завалены сережками орешника и ивы
- ² **red little spiky stigmas of the female flowers, dangling yellow male catkins, yellow pollen** — красные маленькие заостренные рыльца женских цветков, свисающие желтые сережки мужских цветков, желтая пыльца
- ³ **You must make a pictorial record of the fact.** — Вы должны запечатлеть этот факт в рисунке.
- ⁴ **as if summing her up** — словно оценивая ее
- ⁵ **rather than** — чем

Activities

I. Fill in the blanks with suitable words from the box in a proper form.

be in progress
compel
start
approach
curiosity
embarrassed
tender
contempt
emphasize
a fortnight

- 1) In his speech the director of our school _____ the importance of discipline.
- 2) The train was _____ Moscow and the passengers rushed to the windows.
- 3) His parents tried _____ him to enter the economic faculty against his will.
- 4) The construction of the new stadium _____.
- 5) My annual holiday lasts only _____ and I try to make the best of it.
- 6) The young man was kissing his girl-friend and whispering _____ words to her.
- 7) Those who betray (предать) their friends deserve _____.
- 8) 'I ask you about your relations with Daniel not because of _____ but because I want to help you,' mother said to her daughter.
- 9) A man appeared so suddenly that the girl _____.
- 10) Being asked questions about her private life the actress was _____.

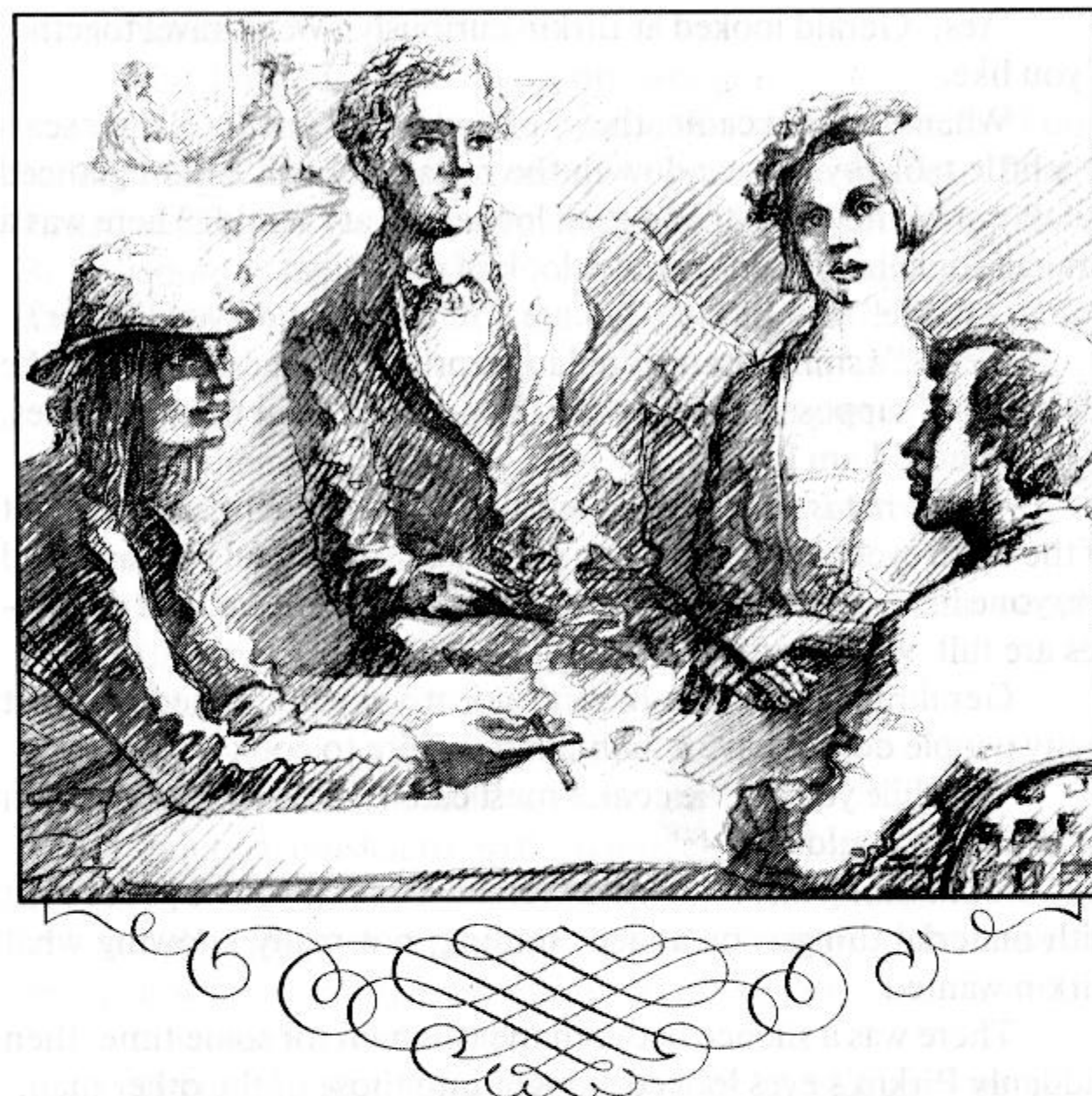
II. Answer the questions to the text.

- 1) What were the children drawing?

- 2) Why did Birkin want the children to use coloured pencils?
- 3) Why did Hermione come to school?
- 4) How was she dressed?
- 5) Where did she invite Ursula to?
- 6) Did Hermione think that education makes children better and happier?
- 7) Birkin didn't believe her words, did he?
- 8) With what feelings did he look at Hermione?
- 9) What made Hermione so excited when she was leaving?
- 10) What did Ursula think of Birkin when looking at him?

III. Use the words and phrases from this chapter to characterize:

- Ursula's condition when she saw Birkin in her class.
- Hermione's behaviour towards Birkin.
- Birkin's feelings towards Hermione.
- Ursula's feelings when Birkin and Hermione had left.



3. IN THE TRAIN

A few days later Birkin was called to London. He had a flat in Nottingham, because his work was chiefly in that town, but often he was in London or in Oxford. He moved about a great deal and his life seemed uncertain.

On the platform of the railway station he saw Gerald Crich, reading a newspaper and evidently waiting for the train. From time to time, in a manner that was characteristic of him, Gerald lifted his head and looked around. Even though he was reading a newspaper, he kept a watchful eye on his **surroundings**. Suddenly he saw Birkin and came forward with his hand outstretched.

‘Hello, Rupert, where are you going?’

‘London. So are you, I suppose.’

'Yes,' Gerald looked at Birkin curiously. 'We'll travel together if you like.'

When the train came, they went on board and took their seats at a little table by the window in the restaurant car. Birkin glanced quickly at his newspaper and then looked up at Gerald. There was a strange smile in Gerald's eyes, a look of curiosity.

'Ah, life!' said Birkin. 'Tell me, Gerald, what do you live for?'

Gerald's smile disappeared in surprise. 'What do I live for?' he repeated. 'I suppose I live to work, to produce something. Besides, I live because I am living.'

'And what *is* your work? Getting thousands of tons of coal out of the earth every day? And when we've got all the coal we want, and everyone has a piano in their homes and good furniture, and our **bel-**lies are full, what then?'

Gerald laughed. 'We haven't got it yet,' he replied. 'A great many people do not have a rabbit and the fire to cook it.'

'So while you get the coal, I must catch the rabbit?' said Birkin mocking at Gerald.

'Something like that,' said Gerald. 'At least you've got to start with material things,' he added, smiling, not really knowing what Birkin wanted.

There was a silence between the two men for some time, then suddenly Birkin's eyes looked straight into those of the other man.

'What do you think is the aim and object of your life, Gerald?' he asked.

Again Gerald was taken aback¹. He could not understand what his friend was **getting at**. 'At this moment I can't say,' he answered, a little ironically.

'What has your life been so far?'

'Oh, finding things out for myself and getting experiences.'

'I believe,' said Birkin, 'that one needs one *really pure*, single activity — I should call love a single activity. But I don't really love anyone now.'

'Have you ever really loved anyone?' asked Gerald.

'No,' replied Birkin.

'Nor I.'

'And do you want to?'

Gerald smiled. 'I don't know,' he said.

'And I do. I want to love,' said Birkin.

'You do?'

'Yes, I want the love of just one woman.'

Gerald watched the other man with a sardonic smile. 'I don't believe that a woman, one woman will ever make my life.' Then he turned and looked out of the window at the flying, golden landscape. Birkin could not help seeing² how beautiful and **soldierly** his face was. Gerald turned suddenly and asked, 'Where are you staying in London?'

'With a man in Soho³. I pay part of the rent of a house and stay there when I like.'

'Good idea — have a place more or less of your own,' said Gerald.

'Yes, but I don't care for it much. I'm tired of the people I always find there.'

'What kind of people?'

'Art — music — London Bohemia.'

'What are they? Painters, musicians?'

'Painters, musicians, writers, models, advanced young people, anybody who is openly against **convention** and belongs to nowhere in particular. They are often young fellows down from the university, and girls who are living their own lives, as they say.'

'All **loose**?' said Gerald.

Birkin looked at Gerald and saw how his blue eyes were lit up with a flame of desire. 'In some ways,' he answered.

'We might see something of each other. I'm in London for two or three days,' said Gerald.

'Yes,' said Birkin. 'Come round and see what you think of Halliday and his crowd.'

'Thanks, I should like to,' laughed Gerald.

They met again in a café several hours later. Gerald went through the push doors in the large room where the faces and heads of the drinkers showed dimly through the **haze** of smoke. He moved slowly down between the tables and the people whose **shadowy** faces looked up as he passed. Then he saw Birkin rise and signal to him.

At Birkin's table was a girl with blonde hair cut short in the artist fashion. She was small and **delicate**, with fair colouring and large, **innocent**, blue eyes. There was a certain attractive vulgarity about her which made a little spark come alight in Gerald's eyes⁴. Birkin presented her as Miss Darrington. She gave Gerald her hand,

looking at him the whole time with a strange exposed stare⁵. Then she turned to Birkin and continued their conversation.

'No,' she said, 'he doesn't know I'm back. He'll be tewwified when he sees me here.' She spoke her 'r's like w's with a slight babyish accent.

'Well, then,' said Birkin, 'what do you intend to do?'

'I don't intend to do anything,' she replied. 'I shall look for some **sittings** tomorrow.'

'You've finished with him altogether?' But the girl turned aside and did not answer the question.

Another young man came hurrying up to the table.

'Hello, Birkin! Hello, Pussum⁶, when did you come back?' he said **eagerly**.

'Today,' she answered.

'Does Halliday know?'

'I don't know and I don't care.'

'Ha-ha! That's the way it is, is it? Do you mind if I come over to this table?'

'I'm talking to Rupert, it's private,' she replied, cold, and yet **appealingly**, like a child.

'Ah, it's a **confession**, eh? Good for the soul,' said the young man. 'Well, I'll see you later then.'

All this time Gerald had been completely ignored. And yet he felt that the girl was physically aware of him. He waited, listened and tried to follow their conversation.

Suddenly the girl turned to him and asked, 'Do you know London well?'

'I can hardly say,' he laughed. 'I've been here many times, but I was never in this place before.'

'You're not an artist, then,' she said in a tone that placed him as an **outsider**.

'No,' he replied.

'He's a soldier, and an explorer, and a Napoleon of industry,' said Birkin.

The girl looked at Gerald with calm curiosity. He laughed, hearing himself described. He felt proud, full of male strength. His blue, keen eyes were lit up with laughter, his rosy, healthy looking face, with its fair hair, was full of satisfaction and glowing with life.

'How long are you staying?' she asked him.

'A day or two, but there's no particular hurry.' He was aware of her blue, wide-open eyes looking at him. She strongly attracted him. He felt his power over her.

'There's Halliday!' said Birkin and he half rose to his feet. The girl looked round over her shoulder. Gerald watched her fair hair swing over her ears. He felt her watching intensely the man that was approaching, so he looked too. He saw a slender young man, with rather long, black hair hanging from under his black hat. His face lit up with a warm smile when he saw Birkin. It was not till he was quite close that he saw the girl. He started, went green, and said in a high, sharp voice, 'Pussum, what are *you* doing here?'

The girl only looked at him coldly.

'Why have you come back?' cried Halliday, in the same, high, hysterical voice. 'I told you not to come back. What have you come for?'

'For nothing from *you*,' she said in a heavy voice of anger.

'Then why have you come back at *all*?' cried Halliday.

'She does as she likes,' said Birkin. 'Are you going to sit down or not?'

Halliday came and sat at the table, putting his hand on his heart and crying, 'Oh, it's given me such a shock! Pussum, I wish you wouldn't do these things.'

She turned completely away from him, to Gerald, who was amusing himself by the situation. 'Where have you come back from?' he asked the girl.

'From the country,' replied Pussum in a low voice. She glanced at Halliday, who was now talking to Birkin and ignored her completely. He seemed really afraid of her.

'And what has Halliday to do with it?' asked Gerald.

'He made me go and live with him, and now he wants to throw me away. And yet he won't let me go to anybody else. He wants me to hide in the country. You see I'm going to have a baby. He wants to give me some money and send me away, so he would never see me nor hear of me again. But I'm not going to do it.'

'Are you going to have a child?' he asked amazed. It seemed impossible, she was so young.

'Yes,' she said, and her dark eyes had now a look of knowledge of **evil**. 'Isn't it awful?'

'Don't you want it?' he asked.

'I don't,' she replied emphatically.

'How long have you known?'

'Ten weeks,' she said.

Gerald watched her eating. It pleased him very much to watch her, and it irritated Birkin. 'Why do they call you Pussum, because you're like a cat?' he asked her.

'I think so,' she said.

He smiled. 'You are rather a young female panther.'

'I'm not afraid of anything except black beetles,' said Pussum suddenly, staring with her black eyes, on which there seemed an unseeing film of flame, upon Gerald.

He laughed. Her childish speech made him feel warm inside.

'Halliday is afraid of everything. Especially of me. You're terrified of me, aren't you?' she went on looking at Halliday.

'Oh, Pussum,' he answered. 'I feel perfectly awful. I must go home. Won't you all come? Won't you come to my flat?' he said to Gerald. 'I would be so glad if you did. Splendid. Let's get a taxi.'

They all got into a taxi. Pussum sat next to Gerald. She talked to the others but seemed to grow into Gerald as they went along. In the dark her hand suddenly found his and grasped it. It was such a **frank** statement, that rapid vibrations ran over his body. They arrived at a street of quiet houses, went up a garden path, and then a door was being opened for them by a dark-skinned man-servant.

'Make tea, Hasan,' said Halliday. The man smiled and disappeared. Gerald looked around the room. It was an ordinary London sitting-room in a flat, evidently taken furnished, rather common and ugly. But there were several negro statues, wood carvings from West Africa, strange and disturbing. Pussum had taken off her hat and coat and was sitting on the sofa. She was evidently quite at home in the house, but uncertain of her position, now that she was with Gerald. The tea arrived and Halliday asked her to pour it. She did not move.

'I've not come here as I came before,' she said. 'I only came because the others wanted me to.'

'My dear Pussum, you know you are your own mistress. I don't want you to do anything but use the flat for your own convenience⁸.' She did not reply, but slowly, silently poured the tea. They sat round drinking. Gerald could feel the electric connection between him and her. He didn't know how he was going to possess the girl, but he felt that it was **inevitable**.

Birkin rose. It was nearly one o'clock.

'I'm going to bed,' he said.

When he was gone, Halliday said to Gerald, 'Oh, but won't you stay here? You can sleep where you like. I love having the house crowded.'

'But there are only two rooms,' said Pussum in a cold **hostile** voice.

'I know there are only two rooms,' said Halliday in his odd, high voice. 'But what does it matter?'

Pussum gave Halliday a black look⁹ and then went out of the room with a cold goodnight to them all. But some minutes later she appeared again in the door wearing a silk dressing-gown.

'I know you want to catch me out¹⁰,' came her cold, rather loud voice. 'But I don't care, I don't care how much you catch me out.'

She turned and was gone again. She looked so small and childish, almost pitiful. And yet the black looks of her eyes made Gerald feel drowned in some deep darkness that almost frightened him. After some moments, Gerald followed her.

Vocabulary

surroundings — окружающая обстановка

belly — живот, брюхо

get at smth — клонить к чему-л.

pure — чистый, беспримесный

soldierly — мужественный

convention — условности

loose — распущенный, сексуально доступный

haze — дымка

shadowy — призрачный

delicate — хрупкий

innocent — невинный

sitting — позирование художнику

eagerly — нетерпеливо

appealingly — трогательно

confession — исповедь

outsider — человек, не принадлежащий к данному кругу

evil — зло

frank — откровенный

inevitable — неизбежный

hostile — враждебный

Notes

- ¹ **Gerald was taken aback** — Джеральд был застигнут врасплох
- ² **could not help seeing** — не мог не видеть
- ³ **Soho** — Сохо; район в центральной части Лондона; средоточие ресторанов, ночных клубов, казино, стриптизов и прочих увеселительных заведений
- ⁴ **which made a little spark come alight in Gerald's eyes** — отчего в глазах Джеральда зажглась искорка
- ⁵ **a strange exposed stare** — странный, откровенный взгляд
- ⁶ **Pussum** — Киска (*ласковое обращение*)
- ⁷ **what has Halliday to do with it?** — какое к этому имеет отношение Халлидей?
- ⁸ **use the flat for your own convenience** — пользоваться квартирой по своему усмотрению
- ⁹ **gave Halliday a black look** — метнула на Халлидея хмурый взгляд
- ¹⁰ **catch out** — подловить; *здр.* застать на месте преступления

Activities

I. Find in the text the synonyms to the following words and word-combinations.

To raise the head, an abdomen (живот), a purpose, to be taken by surprise, unmixed, a painter, frail (хрупкий), to horrify, to be going to do smth, to come nearer, slim (стройный), to pay no attention, to have a relation to smth, a usual room, hostess, a strange voice.

II. Complete the sentences in accordance with the text.

- 1) Birking met Gerald on _____.
- 2) Gerald said that he lived _____.
- 3) For Birkin the single pure activity was _____.

- 4) London Bohemia are _____.
- 5) In Pussum was a certain _____.
- 6) She intended to work as _____.
- 7) The girl attracted Gerald and he felt that she was _____.
- 8) Pussum said that Halliday wanted to _____.
- 9) After the café the company went to _____.
- 10) The black look of the girl's eyes made Gerald _____.

III. Use the words and phrases from the text to describe:

- Pussum's appearance.
- Pussum's behaviour with Gerald in the café.
- Her behaviour with Halliday.
- Gerald's feelings in the café and in Halliday's flat.

4. BREADALBY

Breadalby was a Georgian house with Corinthian pillars¹ standing among the green hills. In front there was a lawn, a few trees and some fish **ponds** leading down to the silent park. At the back were trees, among which were the **stables** and the big kitchen garden. It was a very quiet place, some miles from the high-road.

Recently Hermione had lived a good deal at the house. She had turned away from London and Oxford to the silence of the country. Her father was mostly absent abroad and she was often at the house with her visitors.

The summer was just coming in when Ursula and Gudrun went to stay with Hermione. Coming in the car, after they had entered the park, they looked across at the house. There were small figures on the green lawn, women in lavender and yellow moving to the shade of the enormous **cedar** tree.

'Isn't it beautiful,' said Gudrun a little **resentfully**, as if she admired it against her will. The car stopped outside and a maid appeared, and then Hermione, coming forward with her pale face lifted, and her hands outstretched, her voice singing:

'Here you are — I'm so glad to see you' — she kissed Gudrun — 'so glad to see you —' she kissed Ursula and remained with her arm around her. 'Are you very tired?'

'Not at all,' said Ursula.

'Are you tired, Gudrun?'

'Not at all, thanks.'

Hermione stood looking at them. The girls were embarrassed because she did not move into the house, but had her little scene of welcome there on the path. The servants waited. 'You would like to go up to your rooms, wouldn't you? Let's go up, shall we?'

Ursula was glad when she was finally alone in her room. Hermione was so slow and was pressing herself upon her in a way that was both embarrassing and **oppressive**.

Lunch was served on the lawn under the cedar tree. There was a young Italian woman, slim, fashionable; a young and athletic-looking Miss Bradley; a learned Baronet of fifty, who was always making jokes and laughing at them heartily; there was Rupert Birkin and then a woman secretary — Fraulein Marz, young, slim and pretty. The food was very good. Gudrun, critical of everything, gave it her full approval. Ursula liked the white table by the great tree, the scent of new sunshine, the green park with far-off deer **feeding** peacefully. But in spirit she was unhappy. The atmosphere was very intellectual and very tiring. Birkin looked depressed. Hermione with amazing **persistence** tried to **ridicule** him and make him look stupid in the eyes of the others. And it was surprising how she seemed to succeed, how helpless he seemed against her.

Suddenly there was the sound of a motor car. 'There's Alexander!' sang Hermione and, laying down her coffee cup, she rose and disappeared round some bushes.

'Who is it?' asked Gudrun.

'Alexander, her brother,' said the little Italian woman.

They all waited, and then around the bushes came Alexander Roddice, and behind him Hermione, arm in arm with Gerald Crich, who had come with Alexander. Hermione presented Gerald to everyone, and then led him away to sit by her. He was evidently her honourable guest. Alexander was a Member of Parliament and he brought news that the Minister for Education had resigned because of strong criticism. This started a conversation on education.

'Of course,' said Hermione, lifting her face ecstatically, 'there can be no *reason*, no *excuse* for education except the joy and beauty of knowledge in itself. She seemed to **rumble** with her thoughts for a moment, then she continued: '**Vocational** education *isn't* education, it is the end of education.'

Gerald, listening to the discussion, sniffed the air with delight and prepared for action. 'Not necessarily,' he said. 'Isn't education really like gymnastics? Isn't the aim of education the production of a well-trained, energetic mind?'

'Just as athletics produce a healthy body!' cried Miss Bradley, in hearty agreement.

'Well,' rumbled Hermione. 'I don't know. To me the pleasure of knowing is so great, so *wonderful* — nothing has meant so much to me in all my life, nothing.'

'What knowledge, for example, Hermione?' asked Alexander.

'M-m-m... I don't know... But one thing was the stars — when I really understood something about the stars. One feels so uplifted, so free.'

'What do you want to feel free for?' said Birkin sarcastically. 'You don't *want* to be free.'

Hermione was offended.

'Yes, I do,' she said. 'It's like getting on top of the mountain and seeing the Pacific Ocean. Yes, it is the greatest thing in life — to know. It is really to be happy, to be *free*.'

And then to the amazement of everybody, the maid came with a large tea tray. The afternoon had passed so quickly.

After tea they decided to go for a walk.

'Would you like to come for a walk?' asked Hermione each of them, and they all said yes, feeling like prisoners being taken for **exercise**.

'Will you come for a walk, Rupert?'

'No, Hermione.'

'Why not?' It made her angry. She wanted them all to go for a walk with her.

'Because I don't like going off in a big company.'

'Then we'll leave the little boy behind, if he's in a bad mood.' And she looked really happy while she **insulted** him. She laughed as she walked off with the others. 'Goodbye, little boy, goodbye.'

'Goodbye, **impudent** witch,' he said to himself.

When they arrived back after their walk, Hermione went straight to find Birkin in his room. She went slowly up the stairs and along the corridor singing out: 'Ru-pert! Ru-oo-pert!' She came to his door and tapped. 'Ru-pert!'

'Yes,' came his voice at last.

'What are you doing?' He opened the door. 'We've seen the **daffodils**. They are so beautiful.'

'I know. I've seen them,' he answered.

'Have you?' and she remained looking at him. It stimulated her above all things, this conflict with him. But underneath she knew the separation was coming and her hatred of him was subconscious and intense. 'What were you doing?' she asked again in a mild, indifferent tone. He did not answer, but she saw he had taken a Chinese drawing from the wall and was copying it with much skill.

'You are copying the drawing,' she said. 'How beautifully you do it. You like it very much, don't you?'

'It's a **marvelous** drawing,' he said.

'The Chinese Ambassador gave it to me.'

'I know.'

'But why are you copying it?'

'I want to know it,' he replied. 'One understands more about China by copying this drawing, than by reading all the books.'

Hermione looked at him in silence for a long time, trying to see into his mind. It was an awful **obsession** in her to know everything he knew. Then at last she turned away and left him to dress for dinner.

That evening Birkin went to bed early, but Gerald came and sat on his bed, wanting to talk to him.

'Who are those two Brangwens?' Gerald asked.

'They live in Beldover.'

'In Beldover! Who are they then?'

'Teachers in the Grammar school.'

'Ah yes! I thought I'd seen them before.'

'It disappoints you?' asked Birkin.

'Disappoints me! No — but how is it Hermione has them here?'

'She knew Gudrun in London — that's the younger one. She's an artist — does sculpture.'

'She's not a teacher then, only the other one?'

'Both — Gudrun is art mistress, Ursula is a class mistress.'

'And what's the father?'

'Handicraft instructor² in the schools.'

'Really!'

'I don't suppose you will see much of Gudrun,' Birkin went on. 'She's a restless bird, she'll be off somewhere abroad soon.'

'How do you know her so well?'

'I knew her in London. She knows Pussum and the others, although she wasn't really part of that group. She is more conventional, in a way.'

'Does she make money from her sculptures? Are they good?'

'I think sometimes they are marvellously good. Those two birds in Hermione's boudoir are hers. I think they're rather wonderful.'

'She might be a well-known artist one day?'

'She might. But I think she won't. She drops her art if anything else fascinates her.'

Gerald went silent for a while, thinking, and then slowly wandered to his room.

Gerald and Birkin were the last to come down to breakfast. Hermione liked everybody to be early. She suffered when she felt her day had been made shorter. Afterwards Birkin went to find her in her boudoir. He had been a little rude to her and he wanted to make peace. He wanted to be on good terms³ with her again. She was writing letters as he went into her room. She lifted her face as he entered and then looked down again at her paper, but she could not go back to her writing.

He took a book and sat down at the table with his back to her, but her mind was in chaos now that he was there, and she could not concentrate. Suddenly she realized that his presence was a wall, destroying her, and that, unless she broke down the wall, she might die.

A terrible shock ran over her body, like shocks of electricity, as if many volts of electricity suddenly struck her down. She suddenly felt delightfully strong. Her hand closed on a beautiful, blue ball of lapis lazuli⁴ that stood on her desk for a **paperweight**. She rolled it round in her hand as she rose silently. She moved towards him and stood behind him for a moment in ecstasy. He was asleep and completely unaware of her presence.

Then, as quick as lightning, and with unspeakable satisfaction, she brought down the ball of stone on the back of his head. She brought it down with all her force, but her fingers were in the way and softened the blow. Nevertheless, down went his head, and she convulsed with ecstasy. She lifted her arm once more to smash the head that lay dazed on the table. She must smash it, once and for all. But she was not quick. She could only move slowly. A strong instinct of survival woke in him, and he turned round to look at her. He saw the ball coming down again, and just in time covered his head with a cushion. Even so, the blow came down, almost breaking his neck. He was broken, but not afraid, and he twisted again and jumped up from the chair. 'Stop, Hermione,' he said. 'I won't let you.' And he walked out of the room leaving her standing.

She remained standing for a long time. Then she sank onto the sofa and went heavily to sleep. When she awoke, she remembered what she had done, but it seemed to her that she had only hit him, as any woman might do, because he tortured her.

Birkin, barely conscious⁵, went out of the house and across the park, to the hills. He was aware of the pain in his head becoming stronger every minute. He was walking now along the road to the station. It was raining and he had no hat. At the station he wrote a note to Hermione.

'I will go to town — I don't want to come back to Breadalby for the present. It's quite all right — don't worry about having hit me. Tell the others it's just one of my moods. You were quite right to hit me — because I know you wanted to. So there's the end of it.'

In the train however he felt sick. He dragged himself from the station to a cab feeling his way step by step like a blind man and held up only by a weak will. For a week or two he was ill, but he did not let Hermione know about himself. There was a complete **estrangement** between them.

Vocabulary

pond — пруд
stable — конюшня
cedar — кедр

resentfully — возмущенно, с негодованием
oppressive — тягостный, угнетающий
feed — зд. пастись
persistence — настойчивость, упорство
ridicule — высмеивать
rumble — гроыхать, грохотать
vocational — профессиональный
exercise — зд. прогулка
insult — оскорблять
impudent — наглый
daffodils — бледно-желтые нарциссы
marvellous — удивительный, изумительный
obsession — одержимость желанием
paperweight — пресс-папье
estrangement — отчуждение, разрыв

Notes

- 1 **Corinthian pillars** — коринфские колонны; архитектурный стиль, отличающийся пышностью и торжественностью
- 2 **Handicraft instructor** — Учитель труда
- 3 **to be on good terms** — быть в хороших отношениях
- 4 **lapis lazuli** — лазурит (*полудрагоценный камень*)
- 5 **barely conscious** — плохо сознавая, что делает

Activities

- I. Find in the text the English equivalents to the following words and word-combinations.

Шоссе, огромный кедр, подать обед, образованный человек, полностью одобрить, высмеивать, добиться успеха, под руку с кем-л., почетный гость, обидеться, изумительный рисунок, неугомонная птица, быть в хороших отношениях, невыразимый восторг, разбить вдребезги голову, инстинкт самосохранения, опустилась на диван, пока (в данный момент), тащиться, полная отчужденность.

II. Say why:

- 1) Ursula was glad to be left alone in her room.
- 2) Ursula felt unhappy during the lunch.
- 3) the guests started the conversation on education.
- 4) Hermione unconsciously felt hatred to Birkin.
- 5) Gerald inquired about the sisters.
- 6) Birkin didn't want to go for a walk with the others.
- 7) Birkin was copying a Chinese drawing.
- 8) Birkin went to Hermione's boudoir.
- 9) Hermione wanted to hit Birkin.
- 10) Birkin didn't let Hermione know about his illness.

III. Speak about:

- Hermione's house.
- the lunch.
- Gerald's views on education.
- Birkin's information of Gudrun.
- Hermione's hitting Birkin.
- Birkin's note to Hermione.



5. SKETCHBOOK

One morning, some time after their visit to Breadalby, Gudrun was sitting **sketching** on the bank of the lake, staring at the water plants that rose from the **mud**. She started suddenly, hearing the sound of **oars**. She looked round. There was a boat with a bright, Japanese **parasol**, and a man in white, rowing. The woman was Hermione and the man was Gerald Crich. Gudrun realized it at once. And at once she felt a strong electric vibration in her veins.

'There's Gudrun,' came Hermiones voice, floating over the water. 'We will go and speak to her. Do you mind?' Gerald looked round and saw the girl, standing by the water's edge, looking at him. He pulled the boat towards her, without thinking of her. In his consciousness she was still nobody. He knew that Hermione had a

strange pleasure in breaking down all the social differences, at least apparently¹, and he left her to it².

'How do you do, Gudrun?' sang Hermione. 'What are you doing?'

'How do you do, Hermione. I *was* sketching.'

'Were you?' The boat came nearer and touched the bank. 'May we see? I should like to *so* much.'

It was no use resisting.

'Well,' said Gudrun **reluctantly**, for she always hated to have her unfinished work exposed, 'there's nothing in the least interesting.'

'Isn't there? But let me see, will you?'

Gudrun reached out the sketchbook. Gerald stretched from the boat to take it. As if in a dream, Gudrun was aware of his body stretching towards her. Her voluptuous, acute apprehension of him³ made the blood stop in her veins and she almost **fainted**.

'That's what you have done,' said Hermione, looking at the plants on the shore and comparing them with Gudrun's drawing.

'Yes,' said Gudrun without looking round.

'Let me see,' said Gerald, reaching forward for the book. But Hermione ignored him. He must not take it before she had seen it. But Gerald continued to stretch forward till he touched the sketchbook. A wave of anger against him came over Hermione. She let go of the book before he had got it properly, and it fell against the side of the boat into the water.

'**There!**' sang Hermione with a **malevolent** intonation of victory. 'I'm so sorry, so awfully sorry. Can't you get it Gerald?' The last words were said in a note of **sneering** that made Gerald's veins **tingle** with hate for her. He leaned out over the water, feeling embarrassed with his behind exposed in front of the ladies.

'It is of no importance,' said Gudrun loudly, and she held out her hand impatiently for the wet book, to finish with the scene. Gerald gave it to her. He was not quite himself.

'I'm so dreadfully sorry,' Hermione kept repeating. 'Is there nothing that can be done?'

'In what way?' asked Gudrun with cold irony.

'Can't we save the drawings?'

'I assure you,' said Gudrun distinctly, 'the drawings are quite good for my purpose.'

'But can't I give you a new book? I wish you'd let me do that. I feel it was all my **fault**.'

'As far as I saw,' said Gudrun, 'it wasn't your fault at all. If there was any fault, it was Mr Crich's. But the whole thing is entirely trivial, and it really is ridiculous to take any notice of it.'

Gerald watched Gudrun closely while she **repulsed** Hermione. There was a cold power in her. 'I'm awfully glad if it doesn't matter,' he said. 'If there's no real harm done.'

She looked at him with her fine blue eyes signalling to his soul, and her voice ringing with intimacy now that she was talking to him and said, 'Of course it doesn't matter at all.'

The **bond** was established between them, in that look, in her tone. She knew that from now on there would be a secret understanding between them.

'Goodbye! I'm so glad you forgive me.' Hermione sang her farewell and waved her hand. Gerald automatically took the oar and pushed off, but he was looking all the time, with smiling admiration, at Gudrun.

Vocabulary

sketch — рисовать, делать наброски

mud — ил, тина

oar — весло

parasol — зонтик от солнца

reluctantly — неохотно

faint — упасть в обморок

there! — ну вот! надо же!

malevolent — злобный

sneering — насмешка

tingle — дрожать, трепетать

fault — вина

repulse — давать отпор, отбивать атаку

bond — связь

Notes

¹ **at least apparently** — по крайней мере, так это казалось со стороны

- 2 **he left her to it** — он предоставил ей возможность воспользоваться ситуацией
- 3 **Her voluptuous, acute apprehension of him** — Сладострастное, острое ощущение его близости

Activities

I. Translate the words in brackets.

- 1) Ten boats took part in the competition for (гребля).
- 2) She couldn't (сопротивляться) her desire to buy a beautiful ring.
- 3) The girl was very unhappy because the man she loved (не обращал на нее внимания). (2 варианта)
- 4) This panty-hose is too short but it (растягиваются).
- 5) The sketchbook fell into the water, and they heard Hermione's (злорадный) laughter.
- 6) In childhood he wore glasses and his classmates (насмехались) at him.
- 7) The little girl (нетерпеливо) tore the paper in which the gift was wrapped and looked inside the box.
- 8) Smoking can do great (вред) to one's health.
- 9) After their last meeting Gudrun felt that some (связь) was established between Gerald and herself.
- 10) Before a famous singer left the big stage he had given a (прощальный) concert.

II. Say whether these statements are true or false. Correct them if they are false.

- 1) Hermione and Gerald were rowing in Bleadalby.
- 2) It was a sunny day.
- 3) Gudrun was sketching people who were having a rest on the bank of the river.
- 4) When Gerald saw Gudrun he felt very excited.
- 5) Gudrun felt strong emotions when she saw the young man so close to her.
- 6) Hermione was really sorry that the sketchbook fell into the water.

- 7) Gerald remained indifferent to Gudrun.
- 8) From that day new relations were established between them.

III. Imagine that one of you is:

- Gudrun. Ask her three questions.
- Hermione. Ask her two questions.
- Gerald. Ask him three questions.

6. THE ISLAND

Ursula had wandered off along the course of a bright little **stream**. The afternoon was full of birds singing. She wanted to reach the **mill-pond**, and as she got near, she saw a man on the bank working on a **punt**. It was Birkin. He looked very busy and active, like a wild animal. She felt she ought to go away, he would not want her to disturb him: he seemed so much occupied. But she did not want to leave, and so she moved along the bank until he looked up and saw her. The moment he did, he dropped his **tools** and came towards her, saying:

'How do you do? I'm making the punt.' She went along with him. 'You are your father's daughter, so you can tell me if it is right.'

She bent to look at the punt. 'I'm sure I am my father's daughter,' she said, fearful of having to judge. 'But I don't know anything about **carpentry**. It *looks* right, don't you think?'

'Yes, I think so. Help me to get it into the water, will, you?'

Together they turned over the heavy punt and pushed it into the stream.

'Now,' he said. 'I'll try it and you can watch what will happen. Then, if it floats, I'll take you over to the island.'

The mill-pond was large and had the perfect stillness of very deep water. There were two small islands overgrown with bushes and a few trees near the middle. When they were sure the punt was safe, Ursula got in and they went across to the first island. They landed under a willow tree and climbed out. Ursula looked

at him closely. She had not seen him since Breadalby. He was very thin and pale.

'You've been ill, haven't you?' she asked, rather worried.

'Yes,' he replied coldly. They had just sat down under the willow tree and were looking at the pond.

'Has it made you frightened?' she asked.

'What?'

'It *is* frightening to be very ill, isn't it?' she said.

'It isn't pleasant,' he said. 'Whether I am really afraid of death or not, I have never decided. Anyway, the whole of humanity is dead. There are millions of human beings hanging on the bush — and they look very nice and rosy, your healthy young men and women. But they are Dead Sea Fruit — their insides are full of bitter, **corrupt ash**.'

'But there *are* good people,' protested Ursula.

'Good enough for the life of today, but mankind is a dead tree.'

'Then you must be dead too,' cried Ursula.

'Oh, I am,' he answered, 'but at least I know it. If all humanity were to die tomorrow, there would be no loss. The world would be a better place.'

'So you'd like everyone in the world destroyed?'

'Yes, don't you find it a beautiful, clean thought? A world empty of people, just grass, and trees, and a hare sitting up?'

The **sincerity** of his voice made Ursula pause to consider the idea, and it really *was* attractive: a clean, lovely, humanless world. 'But you'd be dead yourself, so what good would it do?'

'Oh I'd die **willingly** to know that the world could really be cleaned of all the people. I'd like to think of the birds flying over a humanless countryside.'

What he said pleased Ursula very much. Of course, it was only a pleasant fantasy. She herself knew too well that humanity could not disappear so cleanly and easily. 'But what about love?' she asked. 'Isn't that a beautiful thing?'

'I don't believe in love at all — not any more than I believe in hate. It's just an emotion like all the others. I don't see why one should have to feel it all the time, any more than one feels sorrow or joy.'

'If you don't believe in love, what *do* you believe in? Just in the end of the world and grass?' She asked mocking.

He was beginning to feel a fool.

'I believe in the unseen **hosts**,' he said.

Then he looked at her and saw her face strangely alight, as if lit by a sweet fire from within. His soul stopped in wonder and he moved towards her. She sat like a strange queen, almost supernatural in her glowing, smiling richness¹.

'You know,' he said, 'I'm going to rent some rooms here at the mill. Don't you think we can have some good time there?'

'Oh, are you?' she said, a little afraid of his sudden **implication** of intimacy.

'If I find I can live by myself,' he continued, 'I shall give up my work altogether and will live quite alone.'

There was a pause. 'And what about Hermione?'

'That's over at last — a pure failure, and never could have been anything else.'

'But you still see each other?'

'We could hardly **pretend** to be strangers, could we?'

'Will she direct the furnishing of your new rooms?'

'I expect so. Does it matter?'

'Oh no, not really,' said Ursula, 'though personally I can't bear her.' She stopped and thought for a moment. 'Yes, I do mind if she furnishes your rooms. I mind that you keep her hanging on.'²

'Well, I don't keep her. I don't want her to do it, but I can't be unkind to her.' He was silent now, **frowning**. 'At any rate, I'll have to go down and see the rooms. You will come with me, won't you?'

'I don't think so,' she said coldly.

'Won't you? Yes, do. Come and see them now, please do.'

So they got back into the punt and pushed off.

'Tell me about yourself and your people,' he said. So she told him about the Brangwens, and about her mother, about her first love and her later experiences. He sat very still watching her as she talked letting the boat float. Her face was beautiful and full of light as she told him all the things that had hurt her or troubled her so deeply. He seemed to warm and **comfort** his soul by the beautiful light of her nature.

'We have all suffered so much,' he said ironically.

She came over and put her hand on his shoulder, looking at him with strange, golden-lighted eyes, very tender, but with a curious, devilish look lurking underneath³.

'Say you love me, say "my love" to me,' she **pleaded**.

He looked into her eyes.

'I love you,' he said, 'but it is not enough. I want it to be something else.'

'But why?' she insisted, bending her lovely, **luminous** face to him. 'Why isn't it enough?'

'Because we can do better without love⁴,' he answered putting his arms around her.

'No, we can't,' she said in a voluptuous voice of yielding⁵. 'We can only love each other. Say "my love" to me, say it.' She put her arms round his neck.

He kissed her tenderly, murmuring in a low voice of love, and irony, and **submission**:

'Yes, my love, yes, my love. Let love be enough. I love you.'

'Yes,' she murmured, **nestling** close to him.

Vocabulary

stream — ручей

mill-pond — запруда у мельницы

punt — плоскодонный ялик (лодка)

tool — инструмент

carpentry — плотничное дело

corrupt — испорченный, гнилой

ash — зола

sincerity — искренность

willingly — охотно

host — зд. властелин мира

implication — намек

pretend — притворяться

frown — хмуриться

comfort — успокаивать

plead — взмолиться, умолять

luminous — светящийся, ясный

submission — повиновение, покорность

nestle — прильнуть, прижаться

Notes

- 1 **almost supernatural in her glowing smiling richness** — ее сияющая улыбка создавала вокруг нее ореол почти сверхъестественного существа
- 2 **I mind that you keep her hanging on.** — Я возражаю против того, что вы не порываете с ней.
- 3 **a devilish look lurking underneath** — дьявольский взгляд, скрывающийся в глубине них (глаз)
- 4 **we can do better without love** — нам лучше обойтись без любви
- 5 **she said in a voluptuous voice of yielding** — произнесла она сладострастным голосом, в котором звучала готовность отдаться ему

Activities

I. Match the English words in the left column with their Russian equivalents in the right column.

1) suffer	a) подчинение
2) carpenter	b) обставлять мебелью
3) implication	c) притворяться
4) occupied	d) хмуриться
5) sincerity	e) плотник
6) furnish	f) намек
7) frown	g) занятый
8) pretend	h) неудача, провал
9) submission	i) страдать
10) failure	j) искренность

II. Answer the questions to the text.

- 1) What was Birkin doing when Ursula saw him?
- 2) Why did Birkin think that Ursula was an expert in making punts?
- 3) Where did Birkin take Ursula?
- 4) Why did Birkin think that the whole humanity is dead?
- 5) Did Birkin believe that without human beings the world would be a better place?
- 6) Was Birkin's idea attractive to Ursula?

- 7) Did Birkin believe in love or in hosts?
- 8) Why didn't Ursula want Hermione to furnish Birkin's rooms?
- 9) What did Ursula tell Birkin about?
- 10) Did Birkin submit to Ursula's pleading for love?

III. Act out the dialogues between Ursula and Birkin:

- about humanity (beginning with the words *Anyway, the whole of humanity is dead* up to the words *I'd like to think of the birds flying over a humanless countryside*).
- about Hermione (beginning with the words *And what about Hermione* up to the words *But I can't be unkind to her*).
- about love (beginning with the words *Say you love me* up to the words *I love you*).

7. WATER-PARTY

Every year Mr Crich gave a more or less public water-party on the lake. There was a little steam-boat on Willey water and several rowing boats, and guests could take tea on the lawn or make picnic in the shade of the great **walnut tree** by the lake. This year the staff of the Grammar School was invited. Gerald and the younger Criches did not care for this party, but it had become **customary** and pleased their father, for he loved to give pleasures to his colleagues and to those poorer than himself.

His children preferred the company of their equals in **wealth**. They hated their inferiors' humility or gratitude or awkwardness¹, but they were willing to attend the festival, especially now, as their father was ill.

Birkin had written to Ursula saying he expected to see her at the party. The day came, blue and full of sunshine. The sisters wore dresses of white crepe, and soft, straw hats. Gudrun also had pink stockings, a black, pink and yellow decoration on her hat and a yellow silk coat over her arm. Her appearance angered her father, who said, 'You look like a Christmas cracker².' But Gudrun thought that

she looked handsome and brilliant. And she wore her clothes in pure defiance³.

There was a crowd of common people standing on the road, looking enviously over the **hedge**, like souls not admitted to **paradise**.

'I certainly shan't stay five minutes among this crowd,' said Gudrun. 'We needn't stay,' said Ursula. 'We'd better look after father and mother.' She knew that her father felt angry and out of place, and she was worried for him. But then suddenly there was Birkin, coming towards them with his usual grace. He took off his hat and smiled at them with a *real* smile in his eyes, so that Mr Brangwen cried out heartily in relief, 'How do you do? You're better, aren't you?'

'Yes, I'm better. How do you do, Mrs Brangwen? I know Ursula and Gudrun very well.'

His eyes smiled, full of natural warmth. He had a soft, **flattering** manner with women, particularly with women who were no longer young.

Hermione Roddice came up, in a handsome gown of white lace, an enormous silk shawl with great embroidered flowers and an enormous hat on her head. She looked astonishing. 'How do you do!' she sang, coming up kindly and looking slowly over the father and mother. Hermione was really so sure of her class superiority, she could come up and study people out of simple curiosity, as if they were **creatures** on exhibition.

Then Gerald came up, dressed in white and looking handsome. He had hurt his right hand and it was bandaged. Hermione introduced him to the Brangwen parents, and immediately he spoke to Mrs Brangwen as if she were a lady, and to Brangwen as if he were *not* a gentleman⁴. He was forced to shake hands with his left hand.

The steam-boat came in with people calling excitedly from on board. The girls and Gerald went over to see it.

'Would you care to go on board for the next trip and have tea?' asked Gerald.

'No, thanks,' said Gudrun coldly.

'You don't like the water?'

'The water? Yes, I like it very much.'

He looked at her, his eyes searching.

‘You don’t want to go on a steam-boat, then?’
 ‘No,’ she said, ‘I can’t say that I do.’
 ‘Rather too many people,’ said Ursula, explaining.
 He laughed shortly. ‘Yes, there’s a great number of them.’
 ‘You see,’ said Gudrun, ‘we don’t know these people. We’re almost complete strangers here. It would be nice to have a rowing boat and explore that coast.’ She pointed to the far side of the lake. ‘It looks perfectly lonely.’
 ‘You’re sure it’s far off enough?’ he asked ironically. He looked at the sisters, a little offended, but willing to help. ‘Can you row a boat?’
 ‘Oh yes,’ cried Ursula. ‘We can both row like water-spiders.’
 ‘You can? Well, there’s a little light canoe of mine, that I didn’t take out for fear somebody would drown themselves. Do you think you’d be safe in it?’
 ‘Oh, perfectly,’ said Gudrun. ‘How terribly good of you,’ and her cheeks flushed warmly. It made the blood run quicker in his veins to see the way she turned to him.
 Birkin helped Gerald to get the canoe into the water and the two girls pushed gently off. The two men stood watching them. Gudrun was sitting at oars. She knew the men were watching and it made her slow and rather **clumsy**. The colour flew to her face once more.
 The sisters found a place where a little stream flowed into the lake. They took off their shoes and stockings and pulled the boat onto the bank. The water was clear and warm and they were full with joy.
 ‘We can bathe,’ said Ursula. They looked round to make sure nobody was near, and then, in less than a minute, they had thrown off their clothes and slipped **naked** into the water. They swam silently and happily for a few moments, then went ashore and ran about to dry themselves, before quickly dressing.
 When they were together, doing the things they enjoyed, the two sisters were quite happy in a wonderful world of their own. And this was one of the perfect moments of freedom and delight, such as only children know.
 Towards sunset Gerald and Birkin rowed across to find them. They all sat for a while, smoking cigarettes and watching the light die over the water. As the golden light overhead died out the moon

gained brightness and seemed to begin to smile to them. The sound of music came from the other side of the lake. Here and there brightly-coloured Chinese lanterns were lit on the boats, little bright flames reflected in the water. Birkin went and fetched four Chinese lanterns from his and Gerald’s boat. He gave one to Ursula and lit it. Then they all stood back to admire the great blue moon of light that hung from Ursula’s hand.

‘It’s beautiful,’ cried Gudrun. ‘Light one for me.’ So Birkin lit another. It was like a yellow flower. Gudrun gave a little cry of excitement: ‘Isn’t it beautiful! Oh, isn’t it beautiful!’

Birkin lit two more and then went and attached them to the boats. It was time to go back.

‘I suppose you’ll row me back, Rupert,’ said Gerald out of the pale shadow of the evening.

‘Won’t you go with Gudrun in the canoe?’ asked Birkin. ‘It’ll be more interesting.’

There was a moment’s pause. Birkin and Ursula stood with their swinging lanterns by the water’s edge.

‘Is that all right?’ said Gudrun to Gerald. ‘As for me, it **suits** me very well,’ he said. ‘But what about you and the rowing? I don’t see why you should pull me.’

‘Why not?’ she said. ‘I can pull you as well as I could pull Ursula.’ By her tone he could tell she wanted to have him in the boat to herself and that she was proud that she would have power over them both.

He stood looking at her. ‘Kiss me before we go,’ came his voice softly from the shadows.

‘But why?’ she exclaimed in surprise.

‘Why?’ he repeated ironically.

She looked at him fixedly for some moments. Then she leaned forward and kissed him on the mouth with a slow, sensitive kiss. Then she climbed into the canoe while he stood with a fire burning in his whole body. They lifted the canoe into the water and Gerald pushed off.

‘Don’t hurt your hand,’ said Gudrun gently. ‘I won’t,’ he answered in a low, soft voice. And she watched him as he sat near her, very near to her, his legs coming towards hers, his feet touching hers. She rowed softly, hoping he would say something meaningful to her, but he remained silent. She rested her oar a moment and

looked round. The blue and rose **globes** of Ursula and Birkin's boats **swayed** softly a little way ahead. 'Shall I row to the shore?' she asked a little sadly.

'Anywhere,' he answered. 'Let it drift.'

And again they were silent, floating through the evening, with the lanterns swaying. Up ahead they could hear music: somebody was singing on board. Then, as if the night had smashed, suddenly there was a great shout and confusion.

Gerald sat up and Gudrun looked at him in fear. 'Somebody in the water,' he said anxiously, looking across the water. 'Can you row up to the steam-boat?'

She **obeyed**. The shouting and the noise continued, sounding horrible through the coming darkness. Gudrun rowed as hard as she could but felt uncertain and clumsy. She glanced at his face. He was looking fixedly into the darkness. Her heart sank. 'Of course,' she said to herself, 'nobody will be drowned.' But her heart was cold because of his sharp, **impersonal** face. It was as if he belonged naturally to death and catastrophe.⁵

Then there came a child's voice, a girl's high and piercing: 'Di — Di — Di — Di — Oh Di!'

The blood ran cold in Gudrun's veins.

'It's Diana⁶,' muttered Gerald. 'It must be her tricks.' And he glanced at the oars: the canoe was not going quickly enough for him. Boats were hurrying from all directions to the scene. And then again came the child's high screaming voice, with a note of weeping and impatience in it now: 'Di — Oh Di — Di!'

'You'd be better if you were in bed, Winnie⁶,' Gerald muttered to himself. He was unlacing his shoes and struggling out of his jacket.

'You can't go into the water with your hurt hand,' said Gudrun in a low voice of horror.

'What? It won't hurt.'

'Mr Gerald,' came the Captain's terrified voice from the steam-boat. 'Miss Diana's in the water.'

'Did anyone go in for her?' asked Gerald's sharply.

'Young Doctor Brindell, sir.'

'Where are they?'

'I see no sign of them, sir. Everybody's looking, but there's nothing so far.'

'Get her out, Gerald, oh, get her out,' the child's voice was crying anxiously. In another moment Gerald dropped down into the water. Gudrun was rocking violently in the canoe and the water shook with coloured lights. He was gone. Gudrun rowed here and there. Would he never come back? She started, hearing someone say: 'There he is.' She saw him swimming like a water-rat and rowed involuntarily towards him. But another, bigger boat was closer, and he climbed out in it. The beauty of his slim body made Gudrun want to die.

'Put the lights out,' said Gerald. 'We shall see better.' Then there was another splash and he was gone again. Again and again he dived.

'Gudrun?' called Ursula's voice. The boats of the two sisters pulled together. 'Where is Gerald?'

'He's in the water,' answered Gudrun, 'and he shouldn't with his hurt hand.'

'There he is!' cried Ursula, who had the sharper eyes. Birkin pulled towards him and helped him into the boat. This time Gerald climbed in heavily, tiredly and Birkin began to row.

'Where are you going?' asked Gerald suddenly, as if just waking up.

'Home,' said Birkin.

'Oh no!' said Gerald **imperiously**. 'We can't go home. Turn back, I'm going to find them.'

'No,' said Birkin. 'You can't.'

'Why should you interfere?' cried Gerald angrily. But Birkin did not answer, and rowed silently to the shore.

When they arrived, Gerald climbed out, wet and shivering violently. There stood his father in the night.

'Father!' he said.

'Yes, my boy? Go home and take those things off.'

'We can't save them, father,' said Gerald.

'There's hope yet, my boy. We'll let the water out. Go home and look after yourself.'

'Well, father, I'm sorry. I'm afraid it's my fault. But I've done what I could. I could go on diving, of course, but it's not much use.' He slowly started pulling on his jacket that Gudrun handed to him. 'There's one thing about our family,' he said to her. 'Once anything goes wrong, it can never be put right⁷. I've

noticed it all my life.' They were walking now towards the house. 'And when you are down there, it is so cold, and so endless, that you wonder how it is that so many people are alive and why we're up here. I shall see you again, shan't I? Goodnight, and thank you. Thank you very much.'

Birkin took Gerald into the house, and then accompanied the girls home. Later, Birkin went back to Shortlands, the Crich's family home. The men were still searching the lake and he heard Gerald's voice on the water. On the shore stood the old doctor, the father of the young doctor who was lost. He stood, quite silent, waiting. Birkin also stood and watched. Gerald came up in a boat.

'You still here, Rupert?' he said. 'We can't get them. The bottom is very deep, you know, and God knows where the **current** has taken them.'

'Is there any need for you to be here?' asked Birkin. 'Wouldn't it be much better if you went to bed?'

'To bed? Good God, do you think I would sleep? We'll find them before I go away from here.'

'But the men would find them just the same without you.'

Gerald looked up and put his hand **affectionately** on Birkin's shoulder, saying, 'Don't worry about me, Rupert. If there's anybody's health to worry about, it's yours not mine.'

'But won't you leave this? You're forcing yourself into horrors and terrible memories. Come over to my place.'

'No,' said Gerald, his arm about the other man's shoulders. 'Thanks very much, Rupert. I want to see this job done. I'll come tomorrow.'

The bodies of the dead were not found till towards **dawn**. Diana had her arms tight around the neck of the young man, **choking** him.

'She killed him,' said Gerald.

All over the district there was dreadful excitement. Everywhere on the Sunday morning the miners wandered about, discussing the tragedy. It was as if the angel of death were very near.

Gudrun had wild ideas about comforting Gerald. Ursula was deeply and passionately in love with Birkin. She was quite indifferent to all the talks of the accident. She merely stayed indoors all day by herself and glanced at the window hoping he would be there.

Vocabulary

walnut tree — орешник
customary — традиционный
wealth — богатство, достаток
hedge — изгородь
paradise — рай
flattering — *зд.* любезный
creature — существо, создание; *зд.* экспонат
clumsy — неловкий, неуклюжий
naked — обнаженный
suit — устраивать, подходить
globe — *зд.* корпус
sway — покачиваться
obey — повиноваться
impersonal — бесстрастный
imperiously — повелительно
current — течение
affectionately — ласково, с любовью
dawn — рассвет
choke — душить

Notes

- ¹ **They hated their inferiors' humility, gratitude or awkwardness** — Они терпеть не могли унижения, благодарности или неловкости тех, кто находился ниже их по социальному положению
- ² **Christmas cracker** — (рождественская) хлопушка
- ³ **she wore her clothes in pure defiance** — она носила одежду с откровенно вызывающим видом
- ⁴ **as if he were not a gentleman** — *мать сестер Брангвен вышла замуж за человека, занимавшего более низкое социальное положение*
- ⁵ **It was as if he belonged naturally to death and catastrophe.** — Словно он по своей природе был частью смерти и несчастий.
- ⁶ **Diana** — Диана, младшая сестра Джеральда; **Winny** — Винни, вторая младшая сестра Джеральда тринадцати лет
- ⁷ **it can never be put right** — это никогда нельзя исправить

Activities

I. Translate the sentences using the words from the box.

custom
wealthy
obey
flatter
relief
paradise
bandage
search
suit
naked

- 1) «Это время вас устраивает?» — спросил он.
- 2) Когда по телефону она услышала голос сына, то почувствовала большое облегчение.
- 3) Ты была на Мальдивских островах? Там настоящий рай.
- 4) Люди обыскали весь лес, но пропавшего ребенка не нашли.
- 5) «В этой соломенной шляпке ты выглядишь на десять лет моложе», — сказала внучка своей бабушке. «Ты мне льстишь», — улыбнулась старушка.
- 6) Он порвал (tore) свою рубашку и перевязал рану друга.
- 7) Гид рассказал туристам об обычаях жителей этой страны.
- 8) Девушка отказалась позировать обнаженной для модного журнала.
- 9) Он применял жестокие методы, чтобы заставить животных ему подчиняться.
- 10) Я читал в газете, что этот писатель уехал на запад и стал богатым человеком.

II. Put the sentences in the right order.

- 1) Birkin helped Gerald to get the canoe into the water, and the two girls pushed gently off.

- 2) There was a crowd of people standing on the road, looking enviously over the hedge.
- 3) Boats were hurrying from all directions to the scene.
- 4) The sisters found a place on the bank and slipped naked into the water.
- 5) Mr Crich gave a public water-party to the staff of the Grammar School.
- 6) In another moment Gerald dropped down into the water.
- 7) Toward sunset Gerald and Birkin rowed across to find the sisters, and they all sat watching the light die over the water.
- 8) Then, as if the night had smashed, suddenly there was a great shout and confusion.
- 9) The bodies of the dead were not found until dawn.
- 10) Gudrun and Gerald were floating with the lanterns swaying.

III. Imagine that you are:

- Gudrun. Describe your wish to leave the party and your rest with Ursula on the bank of the river.
- Ursula. Speak about the picnic with the young men.
- Gerald. Describe your actions and feelings during the tragedy.
- Birkin. Speak about your impressions of the day.

8. THE INDUSTRIAL MAGNATE

Thomas Crich was dying. He had pains in the heart which took away all his life. His work and public interests had disappeared, as if they had never been. Even his wife barely existed. All his life he had been **faithful** to **charity** and to his love for his neighbour¹. He was a great mine-owner and the **welfare** of his people had always been of the greatest importance to him. He had always felt that to move nearer to God, he must move towards his miners. He was not **deceived** by the poor. He knew they came begging for charity, when they had no need, but he always gave, whenever he could.

Now that he was so ill, Gerald had come home and took responsibility of the firm. He had **proved to be** such a wonderful director, that the father slowly handed everything over to him. Mr Crich **trusted** his son, but for love he had Winnie. She was his youngest child and she was the only one of his children he had really loved. Since the death of Diana, and the development of his illness, he had become obsessed with the idea of Winifred's safety, and with doing something for her future.

She was a strange, sensitive child, sometimes talking and playing like the gayest and happiest of children. But then she became **reserved** and **detached**. She liked drawing and modelling, and Gerald suggested that Gudrun Brangwen might come and give her lessons. Thomas Crich believed that Winnie had talent. He had seen Gudrun, and he knew that she was an exceptional person. He could give his child into her hands. Mr Crich did not hesitate to appeal to Gudrun.

Meanwhile, as the father drifted more and more out of life, Gerald found himself in charge² of a ship that was sinking beneath his feet. The mines were old. They would soon be **exhausted** and there was talk of closing down. Gerald had refused to go to Oxford, and had instead studied mining techniques in Germany. It had never interested him much before, but now it did. There was plenty of coal, but by the old technique they could not get it. Gerald's father had thought only of the men, of a way of giving them work. Gerald thought only about making the mines more efficient. So he set himself to work to put the industry in order.

As soon as Gerald entered the firm, the convulsion of death ran through the old system. All his life the young Crich had been tortured by a **furious** and destructive temper that possessed him sometimes like a demon. This temper now entered like a cruel virus into the firm. He made terrible and inhuman reforms. The old grey managers, the old grey clerks, the weak, shaky pensioners were **removed** as **lumber**. **Widows** of miners killed in the mines no longer got free coal, but had to pay for it. New machines were imported, which took over the work of many men. Expert engineers were introduced into every department. The miners were reduced to **mere** mechanical instruments. The joy went out of their lives as they became more and more mechanized. And yet they accepted the new conditions. At first they hated Gerald Crich and **swore** they would kill him. But as time went on, they accepted everything with some fatal satisfaction.

Gudrun knew that it was a **vital** thing for her to go to Shortlands. She knew it was equivalent to accepting Gerald Crich as a lover. And, although she waited, not liking to be forced into things, she knew she would go. She was curious to see and to know everything. She also wanted to know what Winnie was really like. Having heard the child call from the steamer in the night, she felt some mysterious connection with her.

Gudrun talked with the father in the library, then he introduced her to his daughter: 'Winnie, this is Miss Brangwen, who will be so kind as to help you with your drawing and making models of your animals.'

The child looked at Gudrun for a moment with interest before she came forward and with face turned away offered her hand.

'How do you do?' said the child, not lifting her face.

'How do you do?' said Gudrun.

Winifred was watching her. She was amused, but rather unsure as yet what this new person was like. She saw so many new persons, and so few became friends to her.

'Well, Winifred,' said the father, 'aren't you glad Miss Brangwen has come? She makes animals and birds in wood and **clay**, and the people in London write about them in the papers, praising them to the skies.' Winifred smiled slightly. 'Who told you that, Daddy?' she asked.

'Who told me? Gerald and Hermione told me, and Rupert Birkin.'

'Do you know them?' the girl asked Gudrun, turning to her.

'Yes,' said Gudrun. Winifred readjusted herself a little.³ She had been ready to accept Gudrun as a sort of servant. Now she realized that they could become friends.

Gudrun liked Winifred and was fascinated by her. After the first meetings they got on very well. Gerald **saw to it** that they had a little studio over the stables. Gudrun realized that he wanted her to be **attached** to the family at Shortlands. When she went away for a little while, to give a show of her work in London, she was touched by the warm reception she received on her return, and shocked to see how much Mr Crich's health had worsened during her short absence. At his **request** she gave up her work at the Grammar School and went to work permanently at Shortlands.

Vocabulary

faithful — преданный, верный
charity — благотворительность
welfare — благосостояние
deceive — обманывать
prove to be — оказаться
trust — доверять
reserved — сдержанный, замкнутый
detached — отчужденный
exhausted — зд. истощённый
furious — яростный
remove — удалять, выгонять
lumber — ненужные вещи
widow — вдова
mere — простой, не более чем
swear (swore, sworn) — клясться
vital — жизненно важный
clay — глина
see to smth — заботиться о чем-л.
attach — присоединять, привязывать
request — просьба

Notes

- ¹ **love for his neighbour** — зд. любовь к ближнему
- ² **Gerald found himself in charge of** — Джеральд оказался ответственным за
- ³ **Winifred readjusted herself a little.** — Винифред взглянула на нее другими глазами.

Activities

- I. Find in the text the English equivalents to the following words and word-combinations.

Едва существовала, благотворительность, обманывать, умолять, просить (милостыню), благосостояние, брать на себя ответственность, передать что-л., доверять,

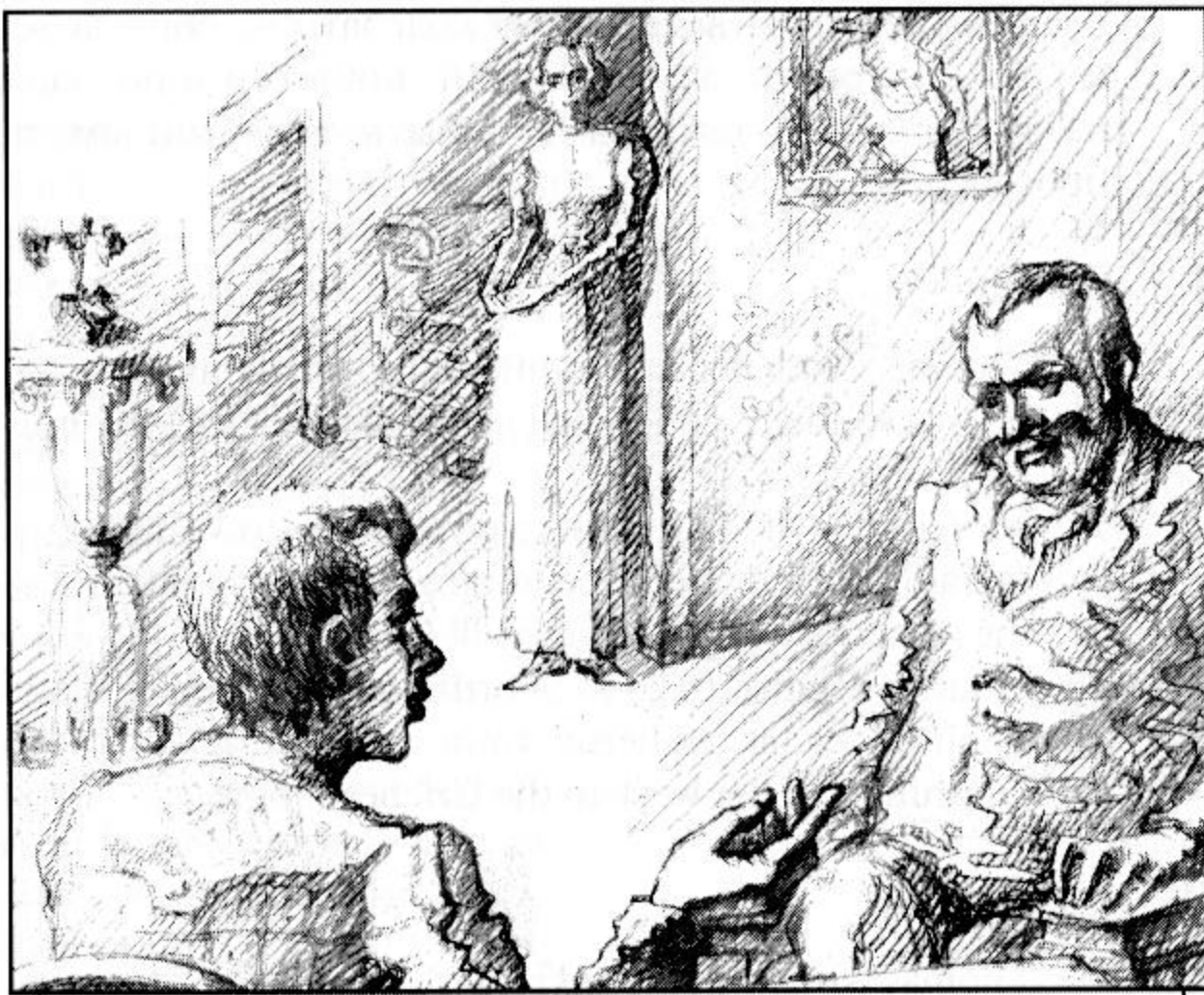
одержимый, чувствительный, колебаться, обращаться к кому-л., тонуть, эффективный, привести в порядок, разрушительный темперамент, быть очарованным, по просьбе.

II. Say why:

- 1) Thomas Crich became indifferent to everything.
- 2) he was so much concerned about (заботился) the miners' welfare.
- 3) Mr Crich invited Gudrun to give lessons to Winifred.
- 4) Gerald decided to put the mining industry in order.
- 5) the miners at first wanted to kill Gerald.
- 6) Gudrun decided to go to Shortlands.
- 7) Winifred readjusted herself towards Gudrun.
- 8) Gudrun liked her work in the Criches' home.

III. Prove that:

- Thomas Crich was a good man.
- he was very fond of his daughter.
- Gerald had to change the methods of managing the mines.
- He was a ruthless (безжалостный) manager.
- Gudrun was loved by the members of the Crich family.



9. THE PROPOSAL

Birkin had been seeing a lot of Ursula. She was deeply in love with him, and continually asked him to tell her *he* loved *her*. But he wanted something more than that, some kind of spiritual union that was beyond love, and they always argued about it. Then he went away from her to the South of France, but couldn't help thinking¹ of Ursula: how marvellously gentle and sensitive she was. Why did he ever forget it?

One day he suddenly felt he must go to her at once and ask her to marry him. They must form a **communion**, make a permanent union. He set off at once for Beldover. Ursula's younger sister, Rosalind answered the door, and then went to fetch her father. Birkin waited in the hall, looking at some reproductions of Picasso, recently made by Gudrun.

William Brangwen appeared, rolling down his shirtsleeves. 'You must excuse me,' he said. 'I was doing a bit of work in the garden. Come inside, please.'

Birkin entered and sat down. He looked at the bright, red face of the other man, at the narrow **forehead** and very bright eyes, at the sensitive lips under the black moustache. How curious it was that this was Ursula's father! He didn't look like a parent — the **spirit** had not come from him. But the spirit doesn't come from any **ancestor**, thought Birkin, it comes out of the unknown. A child is the child of the mystery.

'I don't want to interrupt you,' said he aloud. 'I called to see Ursula. Is she at home?'

'I don't believe she is. I think she's gone to the library. You wanted to speak to her?'

'As a matter of fact, I wanted to ask her to marry me.'

A point of light came into the golden-brown eyes of the elder man. 'Oh,' he said, 'was she expecting you, then?'

'No.'

'No? I didn't know anything of the sort was being planned.'

'It's perhaps rather sudden,' said Birkin and then, thinking of his relationship with Ursula, he added, 'but I don't know.'

There was a moment's pause, after which Brangwen said, 'Well, let her do as she pleases².'

'Oh yes,' said Birkin calmly.

A vibration came into Brangwen's strong voice as he went on: 'Though I shouldn't want her to be in too much of a hurry. It's no use **regretting** about it afterwards, when it's too late.'

'Oh, it's never too late as far as marriage is concerned³.'

'How do you mean?'

'If one regrets being married, it's always possible to put an end to it,' said Birkin.

'You think so? Well, that may be your way of looking at it. I suppose you know what sort of people we are, what sort of upbringing she's had?'

'Do I know what sort of **upbringing** she's had?' Birkin repeated aloud. He seemed to **annoy** Brangwen **intentionally**.

'Well,' said the father, 'my children have been brought up to think and behave according to the religion I was brought in myself. And I don't want to see them going away from it.'

'Why?' asked Birkin.

This short question seemed to explode in Brangwen's brain like a shot. 'Why? Because I don't believe in your modern and crazy ideas. Jumping in and out of marriage like a frog in a jar.'

There was a complete silence because of the utter failure of mutual understanding⁴, but at that moment they heard Ursula coming in. Brangwen opened the door and called out to her. She appeared in a moment wearing a bundle of books under her arm.

'Oh, how do you do!' she cried, seeing Birkin and taken aback. 'Have I interrupted a conversation?'

'Mr Birkin came to speak to *you*, not to me,' said her father.

'Oh did he?' she said **casually**, as if it did not concern her. 'Was it anything special?'

'I hope so,' said Birkin ironically.

'To propose to you,' said her father.

'Oh,' said Ursula.

'Oh,' **mocked** her father, imitating her. 'Have you nothing more to say?'

'Did you really come to propose to me?' she asked Birkin, as if it were a joke.

'Yes, I wanted you to agree to marry me.'

'Ah,' she said in an absent voice which maddened her father.

'Well, what do you say?' he cried. 'Don't look like an idiot.'

'You don't have to answer me now,' said Birkin. 'You can say when you like.'

Her eyes flashed. 'Why should I say anything?' she cried. 'It has nothing to do with me. You both want to force me into something.'

'A **self-willed** fool, that's what she is,' shouted her father.

Birkin rose saying: 'Think about it and let me know when you wish.' And he left without saying another word.

Ursula went upstairs, singing to herself, but she was terribly shaken.

She did not see Birkin for some time. She did not want to. She felt he still belonged in some way to Hermione, and besides, she knew what Birkin meant when he asked her to marry him. She knew what kind of **surrender** he wanted — a union of the souls. But she wanted love and intimacy. She wanted to have him as her own; wanted him to love her with complete **self-abandonment** and knew he would never abandon himself fully to her. But she was prepared to fight for it.

Vocabulary

communion — сообщество людей, имеющих одинаковые убеждения

forehead — лоб

spirit — душа, духовное начало

ancestor — предок

regret — сожалеть

upbringing — воспитание

annoy — раздражать

intentionally — нарочно, намеренно

jar — банка

casually — небрежно, с безразличным видом

mock — передразнивать

self-willed — своевольный, упрямый

surrender — сдача, капитуляция

self-abandonment — самозабвение

Notes

¹ **couldn't help thinking** — не мог не думать

² **as she pleases** — как ей нравится

³ **as far as marriage is concerned** — что касается брака

⁴ **utter failure in mutual understanding** — полное отсутствие взаимопонимания

Activities

I. Find in the text the antonyms to the following words and word-combinations.

To hate, material, rude, insensitive, to divorce, long ago, temporary (временный), wide, descendent (потомок), to say to oneself, success, old-fashioned, reasonable (разумный), resistance, a body.

II. Complete the sentences according to the text.

1) Birkin wanted some kind of _____.

- 2) He thought that Ursula _____.
- 3) Birkin went to Ursula's house to _____.
- 4) William Brangwen didn't want Ursula _____.
- 5) Ursula appeared with _____.
- 6) Seeing Birkin she was _____.
- 7) She spoke in an absent voice that _____.
- 8) Ursula didn't want to see Birkin because _____.
- 9) She knew that by marriage Birkin meant _____.
- 10) She wanted _____.

III. Imagine that you are:

- Birkin. Explain why you decided to propose to Ursula.
- William Brangwen. Explain why you were not happy when you heard of Birkin's intention to propose to Ursula.
- Ursula. Explain why you didn't agree to Birkin's proposal.

10. A TRIP OUT

Some time after, Birkin went to find Ursula. It was the half-day at the Grammar School and he arrived at the end of the lesson to invite her for a drive out with him. She said yes, but her face was closed and cold, and his heart sank.

The afternoon was fine. He drove the motorcar with her beside him. He suddenly **swung** the car out of the way of a farm **cart**. He was a careless driver, yet very quick. Ursula was frightened. 'Isn't it rather dangerous, the way you drive?' she asked.

'No, it isn't dangerous. Don't you like being out in the car?'

'Yes, but I don't know why you invited me. You should have asked Hermione! You belong to her.' But she soon felt sorry. 'I'm glad you invited me,' she said, putting her hand gently on his arm.

He smiled slightly. He wanted her, but he was a little angry. He knew she felt passion for him, but she was still at the emotional personal level.

'Won't it be lovely to go home in the dark?' she said. 'We could have tea rather late.'

'I promised to be at Shortlands for dinner,' he said.

'Does it matter? You can go tomorrow.'

'Hermione is there,' he said hesitatingly. 'She's going away in two days and I ought to say goodbye. I shall never see her again.'

Ursula pulled away in angry silence.

'You don't mind, do you?' he asked **irritably**.

'No, I don't care. Why should I? Go where you belong.'

'But it's finished between Hermione and me!' he cried. 'I only wanted to say goodbye to her.'

'Go to her! I'm not spiritual enough for you!' She was blazing with fury.¹ 'Spiritual? I tell you she's dirt. It's dirt you want. Where is her spirituality? She just wants the illusion that she is a great woman. But in her soul she's dirt, and you love it!'

She turned away from him. He stopped the car and they sat there, in the middle of the country road.

'If you weren't a fool,' he cried in **despair**, 'you'd see that one must be **decent**, even when one has been wrong. I was wrong to go on those years with Hermione. But after all, one can have a little human **decency**. But no, you would tear my soul with your **jealousy** at the very mention² of Hermione's name.'

'Jealous! You are mistaken if you think that. I'm not jealous in the least of Hermione, she is nothing to me.'

And in the stress of her violent emotion she got down from the car.

'Leave me here,' she said. 'I won't go any farther with you.'

'You don't even know where we are.'

'It doesn't matter. I've got enough money to get me home,' she replied and she walked away down the road. He sat watching her, filled with anxiety. He badly wanted her to come back.

After a while she did turn, and began to drift slowly towards him. She came up and stood before him.

'Look, I've brought you a flower,' she said, offering it to him.

He smiled, taking it. Everything had become simple again. A hot passion of tenderness for her filled his heart. He got down and looked into her face. It was so **delicate** and luminous in its wonder and fear. He put his arms around her and she hid her face on his shoulder. Then she looked up at him. The wonderful yellow light in her eyes was soft now. He kissed her softly many times and she smiled.

'Did I offend you?' she asked.
 He smiled too. 'Never mind.'³
 She laughed and flung her arms around him. 'You are mine, aren't you, my love?' she cried.
 'Yes,' he said softly.
 'And do you love me?'
 'Yes,' he said again and she knew it was true.
 The dusk had begun to fall⁵ and they drove on to an **inn** and had tea beside the fire. Afterwards he stood on the carpet, looking at her golden beauty. **Kneeling** before him, she put her arms around him and put her face against his **thighs**. 'We love each other,' she said in delight.
 'More than that,' he answered.
 Her face was now lit with golden light, as she looked up at him and laid her hands full on his thighs.
 'My love,' she said.
 'My love,' he answered, **bending** and kissing her. 'We shall never go apart again,' he murmured quietly. She did not answer, but only pressed her hands down more firmly.
 Then they threw off their clothes and he pulled her to him. His fingers upon her naked body were the fingers of silence upon silence. She had had lovers, she had known passion, but this was neither love, nor passion. It was a kind of **release**.

Vocabulary

swing (swung, swung) — круто вывернуть
cart — тележка
irritably — раздраженно
despair — отчаяние
decent — приличный, порядочный
decency — порядочность
jealousy — ревность, зависть
delicate — нежный, утонченный
inn — трактир, гостиница
kneel — опускаться на колени
thighs — бедра
bend — наклоняться
release — освобождение, избавление

Notes

- ¹ **She was blazing with fury.** — Она кипела от гнева.
- ² **at the very mention** — при одном упоминании
- ³ **Never mind.** — Ничего (Неважно).
- ⁴ **The dusk had begun to fall** — Начало смеркаться

Activities

- I. **Fill in the blanks with the words and word-combinations from the box in the proper form.**

careless
offend
promise
kneel
irritate
bend
despair
pull
decent
release

- 1) The young man _____ before the girl and proposed to her.
- 2) She failed at the exams to the University and was in _____.
- 3) The scholarships to the students are very low but the government _____ to raise them.
- 4) There were notices on the doors: 'push' and _____.
- 5) Being a _____ man he married the woman who was expecting his baby.
- 6) He often _____ people by mocking at them.
- 7) We hoped for his _____ from prison in the near future.
- 8) I never watch humorous shows. They _____ me.

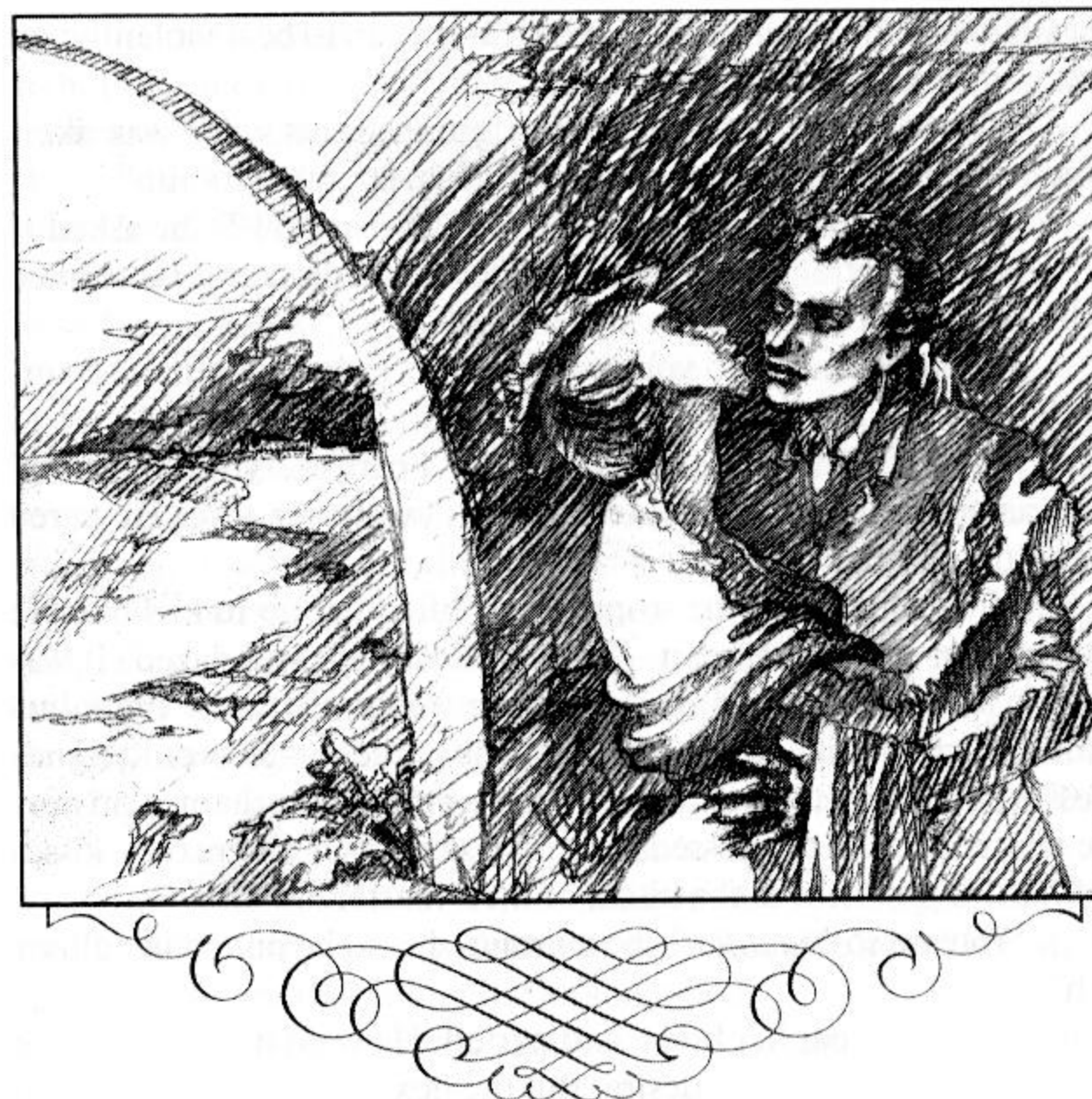
- 9) My son is a _____ driver and I am always afraid for him.
10) 'Why are you crying?' asked a man _____ a little girl.

II. Answer the questions to the text.

- 1) Where did Birkin invite Ursula?
- 2) Was Birkin a careful or a careless driver?
- 3) Why did Birkin have to go to see Hermione?
- 4) Why was Ursula so angry with Birkin?
- 5) What did Birkin feel towards Ursula?
- 6) Where did Birkin and Ursula have tea?
- 7) They became lovers, didn't they?
- 8) What did Ursula feel after they had made love?

III. Act out the dialogues between Ursula and Birkin:

- about Hermione.
- about jealousy.
- about love.



11. DEATH AND LOVE

Thomas Crich died slowly, terribly slowly. It seemed impossible to everyone that the **thread** of life could be so thin, and yet not break. But his will was unbroken. For Gerald, who went to see his father every morning, it was a fearful experience. He was horrified by the dark burning eyes, which stared at him out of the living **corpse**. In his **distress**, he turned to Gudrun. Now he only wanted to set a relationship with her. He went with her to the studio to talk to her, to be near her. She felt him following at her heels like a doom.¹ She held away from him, but she knew he always drew a little nearer.

One evening, when she had stayed to dinner, he offered to walk her home. As they went out into the night he slipped his arm around

her waist and drew her to him. Her heart began to beat violently: his arm was so strong and powerful.

'That's better,' he said. The triumph in his voice was like a sweet, **poisonous** drug to her. Did she mean so much to him?

She nestled against him. 'Are you happier now?' she asked.

'Much better,' he answered. They walked on and he seemed to lift her from the ground.

'But how much do you care for me?' came her almost trembling voice. 'You see, I don't know.'

'How much! I don't know either — I care everything for you.' He was amazed by his own declaration, but it was true. He cared everything for her.

Under the bridge he stopped and lifted her up to kiss her. He crushed her upon his breast. She was breathless and dazed. It was terrible and wonderful, and she felt she would die under the inhuman strength of his arms. Under this bridge the miners would stand, pressing their **sweethearts** to their breasts and kissing them. And now the master of them all pressed her to himself. Ah, but were their kisses as fine and powerful as the kisses of their master?

'You are so *beautiful!*' she **murmured**, and he pulled her closer to him.

They got near her home and parted. He went home full of the strength and the power of desire. But the next day she did not come. She sent a note saying that she had a cold. He tried to be patient, and wrote back saying how sorry he was he could not see her.

That day he did not even leave the house. It was obvious that his father would not **last** the week. He sat for a long while in the chair beside the window in his father's room. Sometimes his father would lift his grey face and try to speak. Then suddenly Gerald heard a strange noise. Turning round, he saw his father's eyes wide open, rolling in inhuman **frenzy**. He started to his feet and stood staring in horror.

'Wha-a-ah!' came a choking sound from his father's throat, and came the dark blood. The tensed body relaxed and the head fell down onto the pillow.

Left alone, Gerald could not bear it. One day passed by and another. And all the time he was like a man hung in chains over the edge of an **abyss**. As the evening of the third day came on, his heart rang with fear. He could not bear another night. He was deeply and coldly frightened in his soul. He did not believe in his own strength

any more. He needed to find **reinforcement**. After dinner he pulled on his boots, put on his coat and set out to walk in the night. It was dark and **misty**. Where was he going? It didn't matter. He **stumbled** through the woods and fields, until he suddenly found himself in the lamp-lit streets of Beldover. He went on until he reached the Brangwens' house. He slowed down as he neared his goal. What if the house were closed in darkness? But it was not. He saw a big lighted window.

Gerald went quickly into the house. He looked into the hall. There were pictures on the walls and the stairs were going up to the bedrooms. He **peered** into a half-open door near the stairs. It was the dining room. In a chair by the fire, the father sat asleep, his mouth a little open. It would take the smallest sound to wake him.

Gerald stood quietly for a moment, and then quickly went upstairs. He came to the first **landing**. There he stood, scarcely breathing. A door was open. That must be the mother's room. He could hear her moving about in the candlelight. All through the house he went, like a wolf in the dark, opening all the doors and peering into the rooms until at last he found Gudrun's.

Softly he went in. The door made a little creaking noise. 'Is it you, Ursula?' came Gudrun's frightened voice. He heard her sitting up in bed. In another moment she screamed.

'No, it's me,' he said, feeling his way towards her. 'It is I, Gerald.'

'Gerald!' she echoed in amazement. Then hurriedly she lit a candle. She looked at him as he stood by the bed. His face was strange and luminous. She saw that his boots were full of mud, and wondered if he had made footprints all the way up.

'Why have you come?' she asked.

'I wanted to,' he replied.

And this she could see from his face. It was **fate**.

'What do you want of me?' she asked in a cold voice.

He pulled off his cap with a dreamlike movement and went across to her. 'I came because I had to,' he said. 'Why do you ask?' She looked at him in doubt and wonder as he pulled off his boots and coat. 'It has to be so,' he said. 'If you weren't in the world, I wouldn't be here either.' She let him hold her in his arms, close to him. He found a wonderful relief in her. It was a miracle. He felt himself **dissolving** in her warmth and softness. His **limbs** were growing fuller and stronger again. He buried his small, hard head between her breasts,

and she, with trembling hands, pressed his head against her. As he came into her, he was endlessly grateful to her, as to God.

Afterwards he fell asleep in complete exhaustion and restoration. But Gudrun lay wide awake². She wanted to look at him, as he lay in her arms, but she dared not move, in case she disturbed his sleep. The hours passed, then at last the church clock struck five. She raised herself, leaned over him tenderly and kissed him. His eyes opened.

'You must go, my love,' she whispered. 'It's late.'

'What time is it?'

'Past five o'clock.' He held her closer to him. 'I'm afraid if you stay any longer. You really must go. My parents may see you.'

He got up and dressed himself quickly, feeling a little foolish, yet happy. She flung on her dressing-gown and they went downstairs quickly. At the gate he kissed her and walked away into the dawn. Noiselessly, she hurried back to bed, relieved to be safely in her room. She nestled down in the **hollow** his warm body had left and went quickly to sleep.

Vocabulary

thread — нить

corpse — труп

distress — горе

poisonous — ядовитый

sweetheart — милая, любимая

murmur — бормотать

last — длиться, тянуться

frenzy — лихорадка, безумие

abyss — пропасть

reinforcement — подкрепление сил, зд. опора

mist — туман

stumble — идти спотыкаясь

peer — заглядывать

landing — лестничная клетка

fate — судьба

dissolve — растворяться

limbs — конечности

hollow — впадина

Notes

- ¹ **She felt him following at her heels like a doom.** — Она чувствовала, что он следует за ней по пятам, словно рок.
² **lay wide awake** — лежала без сна

Activities

- I. **Complete the sentences using the words from the box in the proper form.**

last
poisonous
disturb
landing
threads
part
corpse
abyss
limbs
distress

- 1) After his long illness he looked like a _____.
- 2) Be careful: these mushrooms may be _____.
- 3) Their friends were surprised that after twenty years of marriage they _____.
- 4) — How long will the film _____?
— I think about two hours.
- 5) There was nobody to whom she could turn in her _____.
- 6) To make embroidery one needs coloured _____.
- 7) They are our neighbours: we live on the same _____.
- 8) He went to bed and put a notice on the door of the hotel room: 'Please, don't _____.'
- 9) A normal man has four _____.

- 10) The driver swung the car and stopped it on the very edge of an _____.

II. Imagine that you are:

- 1) Gerald. Say:
 - what you wanted in your distress.
 - what Gudrun meant to you.
 - how you felt after kissing Gudrun.
 - why you couldn't bear another night without Gudrun.
 - whether Gudrun's parents were at home.
 - when you left Gudrun's home.
- 2) Gudrun. Say:
 - whether you often saw Gerald.
 - whether you were sure of his love.
 - what you felt when Gerald kissed you under the bridge.
 - why you tried to hold him off.
 - why you wanted Gerald to leave your house early in the morning.
 - what you did when you returned to your room.

III. Make up questions to Gerald and Gudrun (see exercise II).

12. LEAVING HOME

One evening Ursula returned home very bright-eyed and **announced** to the family, 'Rupert and I are going to be married tomorrow.'

Her father turned round quickly. 'You what?' he said.

'Tomorrow!' echoed Gudrun.

'**Indeed!**' said her mother.

But Ursula only smiled happily and didn't answer.

'Married tomorrow!' exclaimed the father. 'What are you talking about?'

'Yes,' said Ursula. 'Why not?' Those two words from her always drove him mad. 'You knew we were going to get married.'

'We knew! Why does anybody know anything about *you*, you secretive **bitch!**'

'Father!' cried Gudrun, flushing deeply. Then in a cold but gentle voice she addressed to Ursula: 'But isn't it awfully sudden?'

'No, not really,' said Ursula with the same maddening cheerfulness. 'He's been wanting me to agree for weeks, only I wasn't ready myself.'

' "I wasn't ready myself!" ' her father mimicked her offensively.

Ursula drew herself up¹ angrily. 'What does it matter to you? *You* never cared for my happiness. You only wanted to **bully** me!'

Her father moved nearer to her, tense as a cat ready to **spring**. 'It doesn't matter to me what becomes of you?' he cried in a strange voice.

'No, you only want to...'

'What?' he **roared** threateningly.

'Bully me,' she muttered, and as her lips were moving, his hand **slapped** her cheek.

'Father!' cried Gudrun in a high voice. 'It is impossible!' He stood unmoving. Ursula **recovered** and lifted her face defiantly with tears shining in her eyes.

'It's true,' she cried. 'What has your love ever meant except bullying and **denial**?' Father was advancing again, with a face as black as thunder, but **swift** as lightning Ursula flashed out of the door, and they heard her running upstairs. He stood for a moment like a **defeated** animal, and then went back to his chair. After a few minutes Ursula reappeared in her hat and coat with a small case in her hand: 'Goodbye!' she said. 'I'm leaving.' And in the next instant the door was closed and they heard her quick, light footsteps going down the path.

Ursula went straight to the station. As she walked through the darkness, she began to cry bitterly, like a broken-hearted child. When she arrived at Birkin's, she slipped past his **landlady** into his study.

'Hello!' he exclaimed in surprise, seeing her standing there with a case in her hand and the marks of tears on her face. 'Come in.' He took the bag from her hand and they went into the study. There, immediately, her lips began to tremble like those of a child, and the tears came rushing up. He held her in his arms and kissed her hair as she sobbed violently on his shoulder.

They were married the next day and she wrote to her father and mother to tell them. Only her mother replied. She did not go back to the school. She stayed with Birkin in his rooms, not seeing anyone but Gudrun and Gerald.

One afternoon Gerald sat talking to her in the warm study in Birkin's flat. Rupert had not yet come home.

'Are you happy?' Gerald asked her with a smile.

'Oh very happy!' she answered.

'Yes, one can see it.'

She was pleased: 'Can one? Why don't you be happy as well? You could be, just the same².'

'With Gudrun? Do you think she would have me?'

'Oh, I'm sure!' she cried. 'Though of course Gudrun isn't so very simple.'

'I was going to ask her to go away with me at Christmas,' he said **cautiously**.

'Go away with you?'

'Yes, go abroad for a few days or for a fortnight. I say³, do you think we might all go together?'

'All of us?' again Ursula's face lit up. 'Oh it would be fun, don't you think? And then you could both see.'

'What?'

'How things will go. I think it's often best to take the honeymoon before the wedding.' And she laughed.

Vocabulary

announce — объявлять

indeed! — неужели? ну и ну!

bitch — стерва

bully — запугивать, давить, грозить

spring (sprang, sprung) — вскочить

roar — реветь

slap — ударить, дать пощечину

recover — прийти в себя

denial — зδ. отказ в чем-л.

swift — быстрый

defeated — зδ. побитый

landlady — квартирная хозяйка

cautiously — осторожно

Notes

¹ **Ursula drew herself up** — Урсула выпрямилась

² **just the same** — точно так же

³ **I say** — Послушай(те)

Activities

I. Find in the text the synonyms to the following words and word-combinations.

To declare, really!, to get red, joyfulness, to trouble about smth., to jump up, I don't care, to shout, to stand still, refusal, quick, moment, at once, to answer, to return, to be glad, also, look here (послушай), two weeks.

II. Find in the text the words and sentences proving that:

- 1) Ursula was happy when she announced about her marriage.
- 2) her father was angry when he heard the news.
- 3) Ursula was offended by her father's reaction to the news of her marriage.
- 4) she wanted Gudrun and Gerald to get married.

III. Make up a summary of the chapter (5–6 sentences).



13. ON THE CONTINENT

It was decided that they should go to Innsbruck. The two couples travelled separately and met up at the hotel. When Birkin and Ursula arrived, they were exhausted after their long journey, but Innsbruck was so wonderful, deep in snow and darkness, that they soon **revived**. The hotel, with the golden light shining in the doorway, seemed like home. They laughed with pleasure when they were in the hall. The place seemed full and **busy**.

Ursula caught sight of Gudrun coming slowly down the stairs in her fur coat. 'Gudrun, Gudrun!' she called waving.

Gudrun's eyes flashed with pleasure as she saw her sister. 'Ursula!' she cried, coming quickly to meet her. 'Isn't it wonderful here?

We thought you were coming tomorrow. I wanted to be at the station to meet you.'

When Gerald arrived, the sisters sent the two men off to smoke and then went to Gudrun's room to talk about their travels and impressions. At dinner Gudrun was really brilliantly beautiful, and everybody noticed her. Gerald was glowingly handsome. The two of them seemed to cast a spell¹ over the whole dining-room.

The next day they travelled to a small place the end of the tiny valley railway. They were in the heart of the mountains. There was snow everywhere, strangely radiant and silent.

'Ah,' said Gerald, sniffing the air. 'This is perfect. There's our sledge. But we'll walk a bit first.'

Gudrun dropped her heavy coat on the sledge as he dropped his, and they set off. Suddenly she set off running up the road. Her blue, bright dress **fluttered** in the wind and her thick, red stockings were brilliant above the whiteness of the snow. Gerald watched her for a moment: she seemed to be rushing towards her fate, leaving him behind. He let her get some distance, then ran after her.

Birkin and Ursula were also running along over the snow. Ursula was excited and happy, but she kept turning suddenly to catch hold of Birkin's arm, to be aware of his presence. 'This is something I never expected,' she said. 'It's a different world here.' They were **overtaken** by the sledge that came **tinkling** through the silence. They jumped in and after another mile they caught up with Gerald and Gudrun.

On and on through the dazzling mountains they drove until they came at last to a little high land of snow. In the middle stood a lonely building with brown wooden walls and a white heavy roof. It stood like a rock that had rolled down from the mountain. People came to the door laughing and excited. Boots rang on the snow-wet floor of the hotel as they went into the warm interior.

Gudrun and Gerald followed the serving woman to their bedroom. In a moment they found themselves alone in a bare, small room, all of golden-coloured wood. On both sides of the door were two beds covered with enormous blue-checked feather quilts². They looked at each other and laughed.

'It isn't too **rough**, is it?' Gerald asked smiling.

The bedroom wasn't very warm and Gudrun shivered slightly, but she said: 'It's wonderful, like being inside a **nut**.' Then she went

and stood before the window. 'Oh, look at this!' she cried. Blue evening had fallen over the huge mountain **landscape** and it filled Gudrun with a strange delight. Gerald went over to her and stood looking over her shoulder. Already he felt he was alone. She was gone from him.

'Do you like it?' he asked in a cold voice. At least she might be aware that he was with her. But she only turned away and he knew that there were tears in her eyes. Tears of a strange religion that **excluded** him from her life. He put his hand under her chin and lifted up her face to him. Her dark blue eyes, in their wetness of tears, looked at him in sudden fear. Then the passion came up in him, wave after wave. He took her up in his arms, crushing her body against his. She moved convulsively, as if to push him away. His heart became a flame of ice and he **squeezed** her with steel hands. He would rather destroy her than **be denied**. But then she relaxed and lay quietly under him. And to him she was so sweet that he would have given anything not to miss that moment with her.

'I shall always love you,' he said, looking at her. But she did not hear. She lay looking at him as something she could never understand. He kissed her again, standing up. 'Shall we go down for some coffee and biscuits?

'Yes,' she said briefly and got up slowly. They got dressed and went downstairs with a strange other-world look on their faces. They saw Birkin and Ursula sitting at the long table in the corner, waiting for them.

'How good and simple they look together,' Gudrun thought enviously.

The coffee came hot and good with a whole ring of cake. There were other people in the place, ten altogether: two artists, three students, a man and his wife and a professor with his two daughters — all Germans. When they had finished their coffee, they went to a salon. The room had wood panels, like the rest of the house. There was a piano, sofas, chairs and a couple of tables with books and magazines. One of the company, Herr Loerke, was giving a recital³ of German poetry. He was a little man, with a boyish figure, a round head and quick eyes, like a mouse's. When the company was settled, he went on. Gudrun could not understand a word, but she was fascinated watching him. He must be an artist. No one else could have such a fine **flexible** voice.

Later Ursula was asked to sing. She had a beautiful voice and this evening she was at her best⁴. The Germans praised her in soft, **reverent** voices and she felt Birkin looking at her as if he were jealous of her. She was as happy as the sun that has just appeared above the clouds. Then there was dancing. Gerald led, dancing with first one and then with the other of the professor's daughters. Gudrun wanted to dance with Loerke. She waited for him to come up, but a kind of shyness kept him away. Meanwhile she watched Gerald and suddenly thought: 'He would like to have all the women he can — it is his nature: he is naturally **promiscuous**.' And in her heart she resolved to fight him. One of them must triumph over the other.

That night before they went to bed and as she sat brushing her hair, he asked her: 'Who do you like best downstairs?'

'I don't know. I don't know enough about them yet to say. Who do *you* like best?'

'Oh, I don't care. It doesn't matter about me. I wanted to know about you.'

'Well, I can't tell you yet.' She felt he was dominating her. 'What a fine game *you* played with the professor's daughter, didn't you?'

'What game?'

'With the younger one. Isn't she in love with you? She thinks you're wonderful. Isn't it funny?'

'Funny? What's funny?' he asked.

'To see you working on her. Poor girl!'

While he slept, Gudrun lay and watched him. She was suddenly overcome by a sincere love for him. Till now she had been afraid of him. What a fine, independent will he had. He was beautiful. 'Gerald, my young hero,' she thought to herself. 'There *are* perfect moments. Wake up and **convince** me of the perfect moments.' He opened his eyes and looked at her. She smiled at him and he smiled back. That filled her with an extraordinary delight.

'You've done it,' she said.

'Done what?' he asked, dazed.

'Convinced me.' And she bent down, kissing him passionately. He did not ask her what he had convinced her of, though he was glad she was kissing him and he wanted that most of all.

The next days passed in an ecstasy of physical movement: skiing, skating, moving with intense speed and white light. Gerald's

eyes became hard and strange, and as he went by on his skis, he was more like some powerful, fatal symbol than a man.

Luckily there came a day of snow, when they all had to stay indoors. Otherwise, Birkin said, they would all change into strange snow creatures. In the afternoon Ursula sat in the salon, talking to Loerke. He was lively and full of good humour as usual. Gudrun walked in. She too wanted to talk to Loerke. He was a sculptor and she wanted to hear his ideas about art. And his figure attracted her. He had a look of a little homeless child with such wise old man's eyes. He intrigued her.

'Isn't it interesting, Prune,' said Ursula turning to Gudrun. 'Herr Loerke is doing a great **frieze** for a factory in Cologne⁵.'

'In what?' asked Gudrun.

'In granite,' came the reply. And there immediately followed a series of questions and answers between them. Gudrun was very much impressed. She was looking at him with large, serious eyes. Loerke wanted to talk to her, and so they sat and he told her all about his life. He seemed too young to have had all the experiences he talked of.

'How old are you?' she asked him.

'How old are *you*?' he replied without answering.

'I'm twenty-six,' she answered.

'And your husband, how old is he?'

'Who?' asked Gudrun.

'Your husband,' said Ursula with a certain irony.

'He is thirty-one,' Gudrun replied. Loerke looked at her with his clever, **piercing** eyes.

Both the sisters liked Loerke. There was something about him that made him fascinating. Both Birkin and Gerald disliked him.

'What do the women find so impressive in that little man?' Gerald asked.

'God alone knows,' answered Birkin. 'All women seem to rush towards these weak beings. He's so **repulsive** that fascinates them.'

The days passed, with Gudrun and Loerke always talking about art and sculpture, and Gerald angrily mocking. Ursula began to find the situation oppressive. She couldn't even **stand** the snow any more. Its dazzling whiteness seemed to hurt her. She wanted the rich

earth and colours again. So she and Birkin decided to go to Verona. He too was glad to leave. When they told Gerald and Gudrun they could feel that they were relieved by their going. It was time to be apart for a while.

The next day Gerald and Birkin walked a little on the road ahead of the sledge, waiting for it to overtake them. 'How much longer will you stay here?' asked Birkin.

'Oh, I don't know,' Gerald answered. 'Until we get tired of it.'

'You're not afraid of the snow melting first?' asked Birkin.

Gerald laughed. 'Does it melt?' he said.

'Things are all right with you then?'

Gerald half closed his eyes. 'I don't really know what those words mean. *All right* and *all wrong*. Don't they mean almost the same thing somewhere? Gudrun destroys my soul and leaves me sightless. Yet I want to be sightless, I want to be destroyed. I don't want it any different. Of course, I wouldn't agree not to have had this experience! She's a wonderful woman. But how I hate her sometimes!'

'Then why do you go on?'

'Oh, it's not finished yet.'

The sledge came with Ursula and Gudrun. Gudrun got down and Birkin took her place. They all made their farewell. Then the sledge drove away leaving Gudrun and Gerald behind on the snow, waving. Something froze Birkin's heart, seeing them standing there in the isolation of the snow, growing smaller and smaller.

Vocabulary

revive — оживить

busy — 3д. оживленный, заполненный людьми

flutter — трепетать, развеиваться

overtake — обгонять

tinkle — позвякивать

rough — жесткий

nut — орех

landscape — пейзаж, ландшафт

exclude — исключать
squeeze — сжимать
be denied — быть отвергнутым
flexible — гибкий, эд. с модуляциями
reverent — почтительный, благоговейный
promiscuous — неразборчивый в связях
convince — убеждать
frieze — фриз, рельефная скульптура
piercing — пронизательный
repulsive — отталкивающий
stand — терпеть

Notes

- ¹ **to cast a spell** — очаровывать, околдовывать
- ² **blue-checked feather quilts** — голубые клетчатые пуховые одеяла
- ³ **was giving a recital** — декламировал
- ⁴ **she was at her best** — она была в ударе
- ⁵ **Cologne** — Кельн (город)

Activities

- I. Fill in the blanks with the words and words-combinations from the box.

busy
 checked
 exclude
 landscape
 sniff
 convince
 stand smb, smth
 be denied
 catch up
 promiscuous

- 1) A dog _____ the bags and began to bark showing there were some drugs in them.
- 2) Clowns usually wear _____ trousers and big red noses.
- 3) Nobody could _____ a young man that his favourite music was bad.
- 4) She had missed many classes and it was difficult for her _____ with her group.
- 5) We live in a very _____ street and it is usually awfully noisy outside.
- 6) Let's go out of the room: I can't _____ the smell of tobacco.
- 7) Being _____ in the choice of sexual partners one may catch AIDS (СПИД).
- 8) We couldn't tear ourselves (оторваться) from the _____ outside the window of the train.
- 9) A young man who _____ by his girlfriend wanted to commit suicide.
- 10) People who want to lose weight must _____ from their diet bread, cakes and fat meat.

- II. Say whether these statements are true or false. Correct them if they are false.

- 1) The two couples travelled to Innsbruck together.
- 2) There were few people in Innsbruck.
- 3) They stayed in a hotel high in the mountains.
- 4) Gerald felt lonely because Gudrun had left him.
- 5) Ursula was giving a recital.
- 6) Gudrun didn't mind Gerald dancing with the professor's daughter.
- 7) The young people stayed indoors most of the time.
- 8) Gudrun discussed poetry with Herr Loerke.
- 9) Ursula wanted to leave Innsbruck because she had things to do at home.
- 10) Gerald loved Gudrun but sometimes he hated her.

- III. Ask each other questions to the text.

14. SNOWED UP

When Ursula and Birkin were gone, Gudrun felt herself free in her contest with Gerald. As they grew more and more used to each other, he dropped all respect for her **privacy**. Already conflicts had begun between them which frightened them both. One evening, Gudrun went and sat alone in her room, looking out of the window. Soon Gerald came in. She knew it would not be long before he did.

'Why are you sitting here alone in the dark?' he asked. She could hear the **resentment** in his voice. She remained silent, but slowly put out her hand and touched his knee.

'How much do you love me?' she asked.

'How much do you think I do?'

'I don't know, but I think very little indeed.'

His heart went icy at the sound of her voice. 'Why don't I love you?' he asked, as if admitting the truth of the **accusation**.

'I have no idea — I've been good to you. You were in a terrible state when you came to me. I had to **take pity** on you, but it was never love.'

'Why must you keep repeating that there is no love?' he asked in a voice full of rage.

'You know you have never loved me, don't you?' she went on, almost mocking.

'No,' he said, suddenly sincerely.

'And you never *will* love me, will you?' she said finally.

'No,' he said.

'But,' she replied, 'what have you got against me?'

He was silent in cold, frightened rage and despair. 'If only I could kill her,' his heart was whispering repeatedly. 'I should be free.'

'Why do you torture me?' he said.

She threw her arms around his neck. 'Ah, I don't want to torture you,' she cried in a pitying voice. But her pity was as cold as stone. It was only her voice which comforted him. 'Try to love me a little more and want me a little less,' she went on.

'You mean you don't want me?' he said.

'You are so **insistent**. You leave me no space for myself. Don't you think I could have a room of my own now, when Ursula has gone?'

'Do as you like. You can go **altogether** if you want.'

'Yes, I know that,' she replied. 'So can you.'

Suddenly a great dark tiredness came over him. He dropped his clothes on the floor and climbed into bed. He felt he was lying upon a black sea. Gudrun slipped in beside him and put her arms around him. She pressed her cheek against his hard shoulder.

'Gerald,' she whispered. 'Gerald.' There was no change in him. 'Gerald,' she whispered again, kissing his ear. Her warm breath on his face seemed to relax the tension. The hot blood began to flow again through his veins. 'Turn round to me,' she insisted.

So at last he turned and gathered her in his arms. And, feeling her so wonderfully soft against him he crushed her to him, and she couldn't resist him. His passion was awful to her, like a destruction. She felt it would kill her. She was being killed. 'Shall I die? Shall I die?' she repeated to herself. And there was no answer to the question.

'In the end,' she said to herself, 'I shall go away from him.'

'I can be free of her,' he said to himself. But for the first time his will wasn't strong enough. He did not know where to go.

In the evening they climbed together up the high slope to see the sunset. In the sharp, cold wind they stood and watched the yellow sun turn deep pink and disappear. To her it was so beautiful. She seemed to lose herself in the glowing rose colour. Gerald saw it was beautiful, but felt nothing. He wished the mountains were grey and ugly, so that she would not get her support from them. Why did she leave him standing there, with the icy wind blowing through his heart, like death?

'What does the sunset matter?' he said. 'Why is it so important to you?'

'Go away,' she cried, 'and leave me to it. It is the most beautiful thing I have ever seen in my life. Why do you have to destroy it for me?'

'One day,' he said softly, 'I shall destroy *you* as you stand looking at the sunset, because you are such a liar.'

She was frightened, but **arrogant**. 'Ha,' she said. 'I'm not afraid of your threats.'

'In the end,' he said to himself, 'I'll kill her.' And he trembled with excitement.

She had a curious sort of friendship with Loerke. Gerald knew of it, but took no notice, although her soft kindness to the other man, whom he hated as a poisonous insect, made him shiver. One evening Gerald was arguing with Loerke about Italy and Tripoli. They were both excited, as if it were a contest of spirit between the two men. At last Loerke turned to Gudrun and said: 'You see, my dear *Frau*¹ Crich...'

'Please don't call me *Frau* Crich,' cried Gudrun, her cheeks burning. The name, in Loerke's mouth particularly, was an **intolerable humiliation**.

The two men looked at each other in amazement. Gerald's cheeks went white.

'What shall I say then?' asked Loerke, softly mocking. '*Fräulein*?'

'I am not married,' said Gudrun in German. Her heart was fluttering like a wounded bird. Gerald sat straight, perfectly still. His face was pale and calm, like the face of a statue. Then suddenly he rose and started a conversation with the professor. Gudrun watched him, troubled. He did not seem angry or disgusted, only curiously innocent and pure, and really beautiful. That night she went to his room, hotly and violently in love with him. He was so beautiful and **inaccessible**. He kissed her, he was a lover to her, and she had extreme pleasure in him. But he remained **remote** and closed. He was overcome with hatred for Loerke.

'Why are you so interested in that little snake?' he asked her.

She looked at him with black fury. 'I don't want to discuss it with you.'

'It doesn't matter whether you want or not,' he replied. 'I just want to know what it is in him. I want to know why you're so ready to fall down and kiss the feet of that little insect.'

'It's because he has some understanding of a woman, because he's not stupid like you. That's why it is.'

A **sinister**, animal-like smile came over Gerald's face. 'I shall go away tomorrow,' he said.

She turned on him. 'Remember,' she said, 'I am completely independent of you — completely.'

'You mean we are strangers from this minute?'

She flushed. 'We can never be strangers, but if you want to make any movement apart from me, then you are free to do so.'

The next day Loerke, who had never yet spoken to her personally, began to ask her of her state.

'So you're not married at all, are you?'

'Not in the least,' she replied.

Loerke laughed. 'Good,' he said. 'Is Mrs Birkin your sister?'

'Yes, and she is married.' Then she told him briefly of her position. He watched her closely, curiously all the while.

'How long has your friendship with Herr Crich lasted?'

'Some months.'

'I am surprised. I thought the English were so... cold. And what do you think you will do when you leave here?'

'I don't know.'

'You can't go back to teaching. Leave that to those who can do nothing else. You — you are a remarkable woman. Why deny it? You are an extraordinary woman. Why should you follow the ordinary course of life?'

Gudrun sat looking at her hands, flushed. She was pleased that he said so simply, that she was a remarkable woman. He would not say it unless he believed it.

It was decided that they would leave in two days. Whether she would go back to England with Gerald or not, Gudrun was still not sure. The day before the departure Gerald went out skiing as usual, and Gudrun went out in a little **toboggan** with Loerke. Loerke did not take the tobogganing very seriously. He put no fire and intensity into it, as Gerald did, which pleased Gudrun. They drove through the white world until the sun went down and then Loerke suddenly produced a large thermos flask, a packet of biscuits and a bottle of Schnapps.

'Oh, Loerke,' she cried, sniffing the bottle. 'Can you smell raspberry? Isn't it wonderful!' She **sipped** the hot coffee, whose **fragrance** rose around them in the snowy air, and drank tiny **sips** of the fiery Schnapps. How good everything was. How perfect everything tasted and smelled and sounded, here in the utter stillness of snow and falling twilight.

Suddenly they were aware of a **vague**, white figure near them. It was Gerald. Gudrun's heart leapt in terror.

'*Santa Maria!* You come like a ghost,' exclaimed Loerke.

Gerald did not answer. To him the smallish, odd figure of the German was repulsive, and he wanted it to be removed.

'There is still some Schnapps,' said Loerke and, leaning to Gudrun, he said. '*Fräulein*, would you...'

There was a crack, the bottle was flying.² Loerke looked at Gerald, a mocking smile on his face. 'Well done,' he said sarcastically.

The next instant he was lying in the snow, Gerald's fist having slapped against the side of his head. He sat up, but Gerald's other fist came down upon him. Gudrun moved forward. She raised her fist and brought it down with all her force onto Gerald's face.

He looked at her in astonishment, feeling the pain. Then he laughed, turning with strong hands outstretched. At last he could realize his desire. He took Gudrun's throat between his hands, that were hard and powerful. And her throat was so beautifully soft. He could feel the life inside it, and this he could crush. He crushed and crushed, watching the unconsciousness come into her **swollen** face. How ugly she was!

Loerke roused himself on the snow. He was too dazed and hurt to stand up. '*Herr Crich*,' he said in a weak voice, 'when you have finished...'

A feeling of disgust came into Gerald's soul. What was he doing, to what depths was he letting himself go! As if he cared enough about her to kill her³, to have her life on his hands! A weakness ran over his body, a terrible **decay** of strength. 'I've had enough, I want to go to sleep,' he muttered. He let Gudrun free and walked away through the snow.

He was weak but could not rest. He wanted so much to come to the end: he had had enough. He walked on and on up the slope of snow in the bluish darkness. Here he was afraid of falling, and there was a cold wind that was knocking him off his feet. But he went on. It was not the end, and he must still move on. He slipped down a slope of snow, and that frightened him, but he roused himself and walked on in the moonlight. On and on he went until he came to a hollow valley of snow⁴. Here he slipped again and fell down, but this time something broke in his soul, and immediately he went to sleep.

When they found the body the next morning, Gudrun was shut up in her room. From her window she saw the men coming, carry-

ing something heavy over the snow. There came a soft knock at her door. She opened. There stood a woman saying softly: 'They have found him, madam.'

'Is he dead?'

'Yes — hours ago.'

Gudrun did not know what to say. What did they expect of her? 'Thank you,' she said and closed the door. The woman was shocked. Not a word, not a tear — ah, Gudrun was a cold woman.

Two days later Birkin and Ursula arrived. Ursula, with tears streaming down her cheeks, took her sister in her arms. Gudrun buried her face in Ursula's shoulder, but could not cry. There was ice in her heart.

Birkin went to see Gerald. He had loved him, and yet he felt disgust at the cold body lying there. He felt sick as he stood before the frozen corpse that had been Gerald. He touched the glittering fair hair. It was icy cold. Birkin's heart began to freeze. But when he came again in the evening, to look at Gerald in the candlelight, the tears suddenly broke out. He sat down in a chair and cried.

'He must have loved me,' he said to Ursula who had followed him.

'What difference does it make?' she asked with white lips.

'It makes a difference, it does!'

'You've got me, aren't I enough for you?'

He smiled and kissed her hand. 'You are enough for me, as far as a woman is concerned. But I wanted a man friend as **eternal** as you and I are eternal.'

'You can't have two kinds of love,' she said. 'It's false, impossible. Why should you?'

'It seems as if I can't,' he said. 'But I wanted it.'

Vocabulary

privacy — уединение, возможность побыть одному

resentment — возмущение, обида

accusation — обвинение

take pity — жалеть

insistent — настойчивый
altogether — совсем
arrogant — высокомерный, надменный
intolerable — невыносимый
humiliation — унижение
inaccessible — недостижимый, недоступный
remote — зд. отчужденный
sinister — злобный
toboggan — тобогган, маленькие сани
fragrance — аромат, приятный запах
sip — глоток; прихлебывать
vague — неясный, едва различимый
swollen — распухший
decay — упадок
eternal — вечный

Notes

- 1 **Frau** (нем.) — фрау (обращение к замужней женщине)
- 2 **Fräulein** (нем.) — фройляйн (обращение к незамужней женщине)
- 3 **There was a crack, the bottle was flying.** — Раздался звук удара, бутылка отлетела в сторону.
- 4 **as if he cared enough about her to kill her** — как будто он любил ее настолько, чтобы убить
- 5 **hollow valley of snow** — овраг, заполненный снегом

Activities

I. Translate the sentences paying attention to the italicized words.

- 1) We are sure that all the *accusations* against him are false and soon he will be *released*.
- 2) All the works of a young writer were rejected (отвергнуты) by publishing houses, but he was *insistent* and did not *surrender*.
- 3) The tourist camp was very *busy* and the young couple could not find *privacy* they wanted.

- 4) She could never forget the *humiliation* she felt when her classmates were *sneering* at her.
- 5) The fans of a pop-star looked at their idol (кумир) *reverently*. She was so beautiful and *inaccessible*.
- 6) This book is about a perfumer who killed *virgins* to make wonderful *fragrances*.
- 7) Don't let your *hound* kill hares. *Take pity* on the poor *creatures*.
- 8) I don't like this man. I can't *stand* his *arrogant* manners.
- 9) Some people *are convinced* that we watch *a decay* of culture in our country.
- 10) Lots of newly wed couples come to the *eternal* fire *to kneel* before it on the day of their wedding.

II. Say whether these statements are true or false. Correct them if they are false.

- 1) The relations between Gudrun and Gerald were cloudless.
- 2) Gudrun doubted Gerald's love.
- 3) She wanted to kill Gerald to get free of him.
- 4) Gerald didn't mind her friendship with Loerke.
- 5) Sometimes Gudrun felt a strong passion to Gerald.
- 6) The day before the departure all three of them went out in a toboggan.
- 7) Gerald joined Gudrun and Loerke in drinking Schnapps.
- 8) Gerald killed Loerke.
- 9) Gerald went high up the mountains because he wanted to have a walk.
- 10) Birkin believed that Gerald had loved him.

III. Imagine that you are:

- 1) Gudrun. Speak about:
 - your tobogganning with Loerke.
 - Gerald's actions when he saw you and the German.
- 2) Loerke. Describe:
 - your attitude to Gudrun.
 - Gerald's jealousy towards you.

- 3) Gerald. Speak about:
 - your feelings towards Gudrun.
 - your wish to die.
- 4) Birkin. Describe what you felt when looking at your dead friend.

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Учебное издание

Лоренс Дейвид Герберт

ВЛЮБЛЕННЫЕ ЖЕНЩИНЫ

Адаптация текста, комментариев, упражнения, словарь *Н. И. Кролик*

Ведущий редактор *В. А. Львов*

Редактор *И. П. Лаптева*

Художественный редактор,
оформление обложки *А. М. Драговой*

Иллюстрации *Е. В. Папенина*

Технический редактор *В. А. Артемов*

Компьютерная верстка *Г. В. Доронина*

Корректор *Е. В. Крепких*

Подписано в печать 16.10.09. Бумага офсетная.

Формат 60×90 1/16. Печать офсетная. Печ. л. 6.

Усл.-печ. л. 6. Тираж 5000 экз. Заказ № 7791.

ООО «Издательство «АЙРИС-пресс»

129626, г. Москва, пр-т Мира, д. 104.

Отпечатано в ОАО «Можайский полиграфический комбинат»

143200, г. Можайск, ул. Мира, 93

Scanned by Shokoladnitsa

for RuTracker.org

Kyiv. Ukraine

2012