

III.

THE NEXT DAY THE sun shone, and Coraline's mother took her into the nearest large town to buy clothes for school. They dropped her father off at the railway station. He was going into London for the day to see some people.

превосх. степень

Past S. "shine" -
свечить

to drop sb off -
высаживать кого-то

Coraline waved him good-bye.

помахала рукой

They went to the department store to buy the school clothes.

универсам

['deɪgləʊ]

[gɹɪn]

Coraline saw some Day-Glo green gloves she liked a lot. Her mother refused to buy them for

Day-Glo
(dayglo)

яркого
цвета
(как
будто
светящегося
при дневном
освещении)

перчатки

отказывать

her, preferring instead to buy white socks, navy blue school underpants, four gray blouses, and a

вместо
предпочитать (чего-либо)

цвета
морской
волны

мужские
трусы

AmE
[ˈbləʊzɪz]
блузки

grey
- BrE

gray
- AmE

dark gray skirt.

юбка

"But Mum, everybody at school's got gray blouses and everything. Nobody's got green gloves. I could be the only one."

Her mother ignored her; she was talking to the shop assistant. They were talking about which

игнорировать

продавец-
консультант

kind of sweater to get for Coraline, and were agreeing that the best thing to do would be to get

['swetə]

пришли к
общему мнению

embarrassing
[ɪmˈbærəsɪŋ]
стеснительный,
смущающий

one that was embarrassingly large and baggy, in the hopes that one day she might grow into it.

нар

мешко-
ватый

могла
бы
возможно

Coraline wandered off and looked at a display of Wellington boots shaped like frogs and ducks

['wɛlɪŋdən]

бродить
скитаться

and rabbits.

Then she wandered back.

"Coraline? Oh, there you are. Where on earth were you?"

Вот там где

для
усиления

to kidnap
похищать
людей,
особенно
детей
(с целью
получить
выкуп)

пассив. залог
"I was kidnapped by aliens," said Coraline. "They came down from outer space with ray guns,
Чужие спустились космос лучевое оружие
but I fooled them by wearing a wig and laughing in a foreign accent, and I escaped."
одурачить, обхитрить парик ематься заграничный акцент сбегать

"Yes, dear. Now, I think you could do with some more hair clips, don't you?"
тебе не помешало бы заколки для волос

I could do with...
Мне не помешало бы...
(= I need)

"No."

a dozen-
дюжина
(12)

"Well, let's say half a dozen, to be on the safe side," said her mother.
полдюжины

Coraline didn't say anything.

In the car on the way back home, Coraline said, "What's in the empty flat?"
по дороге домой пустой

"I don't know. Nothing, I expect. It probably looks like our flat before we moved in. Empty rooms."
возможно отгадать, предполагать похоже на...

It looks like a ball - это похоже на шар

"Do you think you could get into it from our flat?"
проникнуть

"Not unless you can walk through bricks, dear."
никак не

"Oh."

[ɔ:l'ʃəʊ]

They got home around lunchtime. The sun was shining, although the day was cold. Coraline's mother looked in the fridge and found a sad little tomato and a piece of cheese with green stuff growing on it. There was only a crust in the bread bin.
примерно (о времени) хотя (несмотря на) "зеленая штука" (имеется в виду плесень)

"I'd better dash down to the shops and get some fish fingers or something," said her mother. "Do you want to come?"
набросать (список для покупок) рыбные палочки (whitefish battered or breaded) белая рыба в виде отбивных, панированных и обжаренных

"No," said Coraline.

"Suit yourself," said her mother, and left. Then she came back and got her ^[pɜ:s] purse and car keys
Как знаешь *кошелек (дамский)*
and went out again.

Coraline was bored.

She flipped through a book her mother was reading about native people in a distant country; how
переворачивать *местный коренной* *далекий*
every day they would take pieces of white silk and draw on them in wax, then dip the silks in
шелк *воск* *макать*
[daɪ]
dye, then draw on them more in wax and dye them some more, then boil the wax out in hot
краска
water, and then finally, throw the now-beautiful cloths on a fire and burn them to ashes.
бросать

It seemed particularly pointless to Coraline, but she hoped that the people enjoyed it.
особенно *бесцельный*

She was still bored, and her mother wasn't yet home.
до сих пор

Coraline got a chair and pushed it over to the kitchen door. She climbed onto the chair and reached up. She got down, then got a broom from the broom cupboard. She climbed back on the
метла
chair again and reached up with the broom.

Chink. (звон)

She climbed down from the chair and picked up the keys. She smiled triumphantly. Then she
подобрала *(pick up)*
leaned the broom against the wall and went into the drawing room.

[ɪn'herɪt]
The family did not use the drawing room. They had inherited the furniture from Coraline's
унаследовать
grandmother, along with a wooden coffee table, a side table, a heavy glass ashtray, and the oil
вместе с *приставной столик* *тяжелый* *пепельница*

painting of a bowl of fruit. Coraline could never work out why anyone would want to paint a bowl of fruit. Other than that, the room was empty: there were no knickknacks on the mantelpiece, no statues or clocks; nothing that made it feel comfortable or lived-in.

миска

решить
(задачу)

в остальном

безделушки

обжитой

The old black key felt colder than any of the others. She pushed it into the keyhole. It turned smoothly, with a satisfying clunk.

сравнит.
степень

ладко

звук. метал. звук.

Coraline stopped and listened. She knew she was doing something wrong, and she was trying to listen for her mother coming back, but she heard nothing. Then Coraline put her hand on the doorknob and turned it; and, finally, she opened the door.

past simple "hear" - слышать

дверная
ручка

It opened on to a dark hallway. The bricks had gone as if they'd never been there. There was a cold, musty smell coming through the open doorway: it smelled like something very old and very slow.

коридор

запах
невежлив

Coraline went through the door.

She wondered what the empty flat would be like—if that was where the corridor led.

Coraline walked down the corridor uneasily. There was something very familiar about it.

The carpet beneath her feet was the same carpet they had in her flat. The wallpaper was the same wallpaper they had. The picture hanging in the hall was the same that they had hanging in their hallway at home.

обои

She knew where she was: she was in her own home. She hadn't left.

She shook her head, ^{растерянной} confused. [kən'fju:zd]
Past Simple
"shake" - качать, трясети

She stared at the picture hanging on the wall: no, it wasn't exactly the same. The picture they had in their own hallway showed a boy in old-fashioned clothes staring at some bubbles. But now the expression on his face was different—he was looking at the bubbles as if he was planning to do something very nasty indeed to them. And there was something peculiar about his eyes.

старомодный *пузыри*
выражение [pɪ'kju:lɪə]
прогнанный *особенный*

Coraline stared at his eyes, trying to figure out what exactly was different.

понять, выяснить

She almost had it when somebody said, "Coraline?"

It sounded like her mother. Coraline went into the kitchen, where the voice had come from. A woman stood in the kitchen with her back to Coraline. She looked a little like Coraline's mother.

Only . . .

Only her skin was white as paper.

Only she was taller and thinner.

Only her fingers were too long, and they never stopped moving, and her dark red finger nails were curved and sharp.

слишком *ногти*

"Coraline?" the woman said. "Is that you?"

And then she turned around. Her eyes were big black buttons.

пуговицы

"Lunchtime, Coraline," said the woman.

“Who are you?” asked Coraline.

“I’m your other mother,” said the woman. “Go and tell your other father that lunch is ready,”

She opened the door of the oven. Suddenly Coraline realized how hungry she was. It smelled wonderful. “Well, go on.”

Coraline went down the hall, to where her father’s study was. She opened the door. There was a man in there, sitting at the keyboard, with his back to her. “Hello,” said Coraline. “I—I mean, she said to say that lunch is ready.”

The man turned around.

His eyes were buttons, big and black and shiny.

“Hello Coraline,” he said. “I’m starving.”

He got up and went with her into the kitchen. They sat at the kitchen table, and Coraline’s other mother brought them lunch. A huge, golden-brown roasted chicken, fried potatoes, tiny green

peas. Coraline shoveled the food into her mouth. It tasted wonderful.

“We’ve been waiting for you for a long time,” said Coraline’s other father.

“For me?”

“Yes,” said the other mother. “It wasn’t the same here without you. But we knew you’d arrive one day, and then we could be a proper family. Would you like some more chicken?”

good
 хороший
 better
 лучше
 the best
 самый лучший

It was the ^{превосх. степень} best chicken that Coraline had ever eaten. Her mother sometimes made chicken, but it was always out of packets or frozen, and was very dry, and it never tasted of anything. When Coraline's father cooked chicken he bought real chicken, but he did strange things to it, like stewing it in wine, or stuffing it with prunes, or baking it in pastry, and Coraline would always refuse to touch it on principle.

вино [pru:n] чернослив Тесто

принципиально

She took some more chicken.

"I didn't know I had another mother," said Coraline, cautiously.

"Of course you do. Everyone does," said the other mother, her black button eyes gleaming.

"After lunch I thought you might like to play in your room with the rats."

"The rats?"

"From upstairs."

Coraline had never seen a rat, except on television. She was quite looking forward to it. This was turning out to be a very interesting day after all.

to be
 looking forward to smth -
 отгадать
 через-то с нетерпением
 I'm looking forward to the concert.

ей не терпелось
 turn out - оказываться (в итоге)

After lunch her other parents did the washing up, and Coraline went down the hall to her other bedroom.

do the washing up - мыть посуду

It was different from her bedroom at home. For a start it was painted in an off-putting shade of green and a peculiar shade of pink.

отталкивающий
 обратительной

Coraline decided that she wouldn't want to have to sleep in there, but that the color scheme was an awful lot more interesting than her own bedroom.

цветовая палитра

There were all sorts of remarkable things in there she'd never seen before: windup angels that

[ˈwaɪndɪŋɡɪz]

поражительный

заводной

fluttered around the bedroom like startled sparrows; books with pictures that writhed and

порхать

воробьи

[ˈraɪðd]

корчится writhes

crawled and shimmered; little dinosaur skulls that chattered their teeth as she passed. A whole

[ˈdaɪnəsoʊ]

череп

стучали

[ˈskɪlz]

[krɔ:l]

ползати

мерцать

toy box filled with wonderful toys.

This is more like it, thought Coraline. She looked out of the window. Outside, the view was the same one she saw from her own bedroom: trees, fields, and beyond them, on the horizon, distant purple hills.

[ˈskɪrɪd]

Something black scurried across the floor and vanished under the bed. Coraline got down on her knees and looked under the bed. Fifty little red eyes stared back at her.

пронеслось

исчезать

“Hello,” said Coraline. “Are you the rats?”

They came out from under the bed, blinking their eyes in the light. They had short, soot-black

моргать

цвета сажи

fur, little red eyes, pink paws like tiny hands, and pink, hairless tails like long, smooth worms.

мех, шкура

[pɔ:]

лапки

отриц. еуфр.

червяки

“Can you talk?” she asked.

The largest, blackest of the rats shook its head. It had an unpleasant sort of smile, Coraline thought.

приятной

отриц. пристав.

[ˈplezənt]

“Well,” asked Coraline, “what do you do?”

The rats formed a circle.

Then they began to climb on top of each other, carefully but swiftly, until they had formed a pyramid with the largest rat at the top.

The rats began to sing, in high, whispery voices,

We have teeth and we have tails

We have tails we have eyes

We were here before you fell

You will be here when we rise.

It wasn't a pretty song. Coraline was sure she'd heard it before, or something like it, although she was ^{вспомнить} unable to remember exactly where.
_{неспособна}

Then the pyramid ^{развалиться} fell apart, and the rats ^{удирать} scampered, fast and black, toward the door.

The other crazy old man upstairs was standing in the doorway, holding a tall black hat in his hands. The rats scampered up him, ^{и зарылись} burrowing into his ^{карманов} pockets, into his shirt, up his trouser legs, down his neck.

The largest rat climbed onto the old man's shoulders, swung up on the long gray mustache, past the big black button eyes, and onto the top of the man's head.

In seconds the only evidence that the rats were there at all were the restless lumps under the man's clothes, forever sliding from place to place across him; and there was still the largest rat, who stared down, with glittering red eyes, at Coraline from the man's head.

The old man put his hat on, and the last rat was gone.

"Hello Coraline," said the other old man upstairs. "I heard you were here. It is time for the rats to have their dinner. But you can come up with me, if you like, and watch them feed."

There was something hungry in the old man's button eyes that made Coraline feel uncomfortable. "No, thank you," she said. "I'm going outside to explore."

The old man nodded, very slowly. Coraline could hear the rats whispering to each other, although she could not tell what they were saying.

She was not certain that she wanted to know what they were saying.

Her other parents stood in the kitchen doorway as she walked down the corridor, smiling identical smiles, and waving slowly. "Have a nice time outside," said her other mother.

"We'll just wait here for you to come back," said her other father.

When Coraline got to the front door, she turned back and looked at them. They were still watching her, and waving, and smiling.

Coraline walked outside, and down the steps.