

РАЗКАЗИ
в илюстрации

PONS

A Little Slice of Heaven

20 типично британски кратки разказа
за учене на английски език



ПРОБНО ЧЕТЕНЕ
ОТВОРИ, РАЗГЛЕДАЙ, ПРОЧЕТИ



Разкази в илюстрации АНГЛИЙСКИ

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Доминик Бътлър



PONS GmbH
Stuttgart

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ДА ЗАПОЧВАМЕ!

Харесвате Великобритания, четете с удоволствие кратки разкази и искате да упражните английския си?

Държете правилната книга в ръцете си! **20 забавни, странни, вълнуващи, но никога скучни кратки разказа** ще Ви пренесат в живота на Острова, за да опресните езиковите си познания по английски.

Чета и виждам!

Изображенията помагат на мозъка ни по-добре да разбира и запаметява информация. Илюстрациите в книгата показват местата, на които се развива действието, и различни предмети, които ще Ви пренесат на мястото на събитието. С комбинацията от текстове и снимки, визуализиращи важни подробности от разказа, ще научите с лекота нови думи и изрази. **Непознатите думи и изрази** са **оцветени** и гадени с превод на български в каре на страницата или до съответната **илюстрация**. Най-важните текстови пасажи също са обозначени.

Вдъхновете се!

След някои от разказите ще откриете страници, представящи **интересни места**, полезна **културна информация** и нови думи. Научете повече за **културата, традициите и живота** на страната.

Преди приключението да започне, запознайте се с **авторите** на книгата и разгледайте **картата с местата**, където се развива действието.

PONS Редакцията Ви пожелава приятно четене.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR



Dominic Butler е родом от Северна Англия. В момента той пише и преподава английски език в Унгария. Креативността е заложена в семейството му – по-големият му брат Матю е режисьор, а по-малкият – Греъм, е актьор. След като завършва гимназия, Доминик следва литература в университета Шефилд Халам. От няколко години Доминик сътрудничи с PONS и създава поредицата криминални хорър разкази. Тази книга е неговото му творение. И тук Доминик остава

верен на неочакваните и понякога необясними обрати. Сборникът с разкази е събрал 20 забавни, пълни с хумор кратки истории, които чакат да бъдат прочетени.

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ПРОБНО ЧЕТЕНЕ
ОТВОРИ, РАЗГЛЕДАЙ, ПРОЧЕТИ



1 THE NEXT STEP

It was, in Gerald's opinion, a perfect day. The sky was blue, the sun was high and there was a **cool breeze**¹ coming from the North.

Also, the location was fantastic. **Bolton Abbey, in the heart of**² the Yorkshire Dales, was one of the most **picturesque**³ places in Britain, because the old Abbey was next to a **gentle**⁴ river in a green and beautiful valley.

(тук:) спокоен, бавно течащ

живописен

graveyard
гробнице

... са руини на манастир в **Yorkshire**. Манастирът датира от XII век. Среща се в произведения на изкуството и литературата. Особено известно е стихотворението **The White Doe of Rylstone** от **William Wordsworth**, вдъхновил се за написването му при посещение на руините.

Yes, perfect, thought Gerald.
So why did he look so unhappy?
He was sitting on a **picnic blanket** by the river, the **ruins** of the old Abbey behind him. Sitting opposite him was his girlfriend Emma, and on the picnic blanket there was a selection of sandwiches, some summer fruit, and a bottle of champagne.

"Are you okay, Gerald?" asked Emma. "You seem very quiet," she said as she finished her second **cucumber sandwich**.
"What? Me? No, I'm fine. Perfect. It's a perfect day. A perfect location. A perfect picnic," he said.
However, it was obvious that Gerald was not fine. He was usually very **talkative**⁵ and cheerful, but today he was silent and nervous.

постелка за пикник

сандвич с краставица

surface of the water

повърхността на водата

- 1 cool breeze - хладен бриз
- 2 in the heart of - в сърцето на
- 3 picturesque - живописен
- 4 gentle - (тук:) спокоен, бавно течащ
- 5 talkative - приказлив

Also, every few minutes, when Emma was not looking, he quickly put his right hand into the pocket of his shorts and touched the small black box that was there.

"Really?" asked Emma. "Because you seem...I don't know, nervous."

"Nervous, me? No, I'm perfect, it's a perfect day," he said, putting his hand into his pocket again and touching the small black box.

But Gerald was not perfect. In fact he was **incredibly**⁶ nervous. He was incredibly nervous, because today was the day he was going to **propose**⁷ to Emma.

"More champagne?" he said, pouring Emma another large glass and trying to smile.

"Er, okay," she said, "but are you sure there's nothing you want to talk about?"

For a moment Gerald **hesitated**⁸, then he looked around for some **distraction**⁹. "Oh look, Emma, **stepping stones!**"

He pointed to a line of stones which crossed the gentle river, and the small group of children who were jumping from stone to stone and laughing.

Emma smiled. "Oh yes, that does **look fun**¹⁰. Should we **have a go**¹¹?"

Gerald said nothing for a few seconds. **Instead**¹², he imagined how romantic it would be to ask Emma to marry him while they were in the middle of the river on the stepping stones.

Perfect! He thought.

"Yes, I think we should," he said calmly. "Come on, let's go!"

They stood up together and began to walk slowly towards the **edge** of the river and the grey stones that crossed it.

"Oh, **actually**¹³, it looks a little more difficult than I thought," said Emma.

However, Gerald did not hear this, because he was once more checking that the small black box was still in his shorts pocket.

... са **плоски камъни**, с които се изгражда прост мост за прекосяване на река. Те спадат към най-старите съществуващи мостове.

бряг

- 6 **incredibly** – невероятно
- 7 **to propose to sb.** – предлагам брак на няк
- 8 **to hesitate** – колебая се
- 9 **distraction** – разсейване
- 10 **to look fun** – изглежда забавно
- 11 **to have a go** – пробвам ниц
- 12 **instead** – вместо това
- 13 **actually** – всъщност

"You go first," he said to Emma.

"Okay," she said, carefully stepping onto the first stone.

Slowly, they began to cross the river, and Gerald was happy to see that Emma was smiling and laughing.

Yes, this was certainly the perfect time. Now, he just had to think about how to ask her the big question.

"Emma," he said, while carefully following her across the large stones. "Actually, I do have something to speak to you about."

"Oh, really?" she asked, as she **reached**¹⁴ the middle of the river.

"Yes, I wanted to speak to you about, well, about our future, about us. Do you understand?"

"Er, I don't really..." she began to say, but before she could finish her foot **slipped**¹⁵ on a wet stone. For a moment she

wobbled¹⁶, but then **regained her balance**¹⁷. Laughing, she moved to the

next stone and turned round to **warn**¹⁸

Gerald. "Gerald, that next step..."



"The next step! Exactly!" Gerald said, not understanding. "Yes, I want to talk to you about the next step, and I want to ask you..."

"No, Gerald. **Be careful**¹⁹!" Emma shouted.

But Gerald was **concentrating**²⁰ on the small black box which he was taking from his pocket. He stepped onto the wet stone, slipped, then fell with a scream of surprise into the cold water of the river.

He was so surprised, in fact, that he threw the small black box up into the air and it landed directly in Emma's hands.

"Gerald? What's this?" said Emma as she opened the box, **a huge smile**²¹ appearing on her face.

"It's..." he said, **struggling**²² to stand, a smile appearing on his own face. "The next step?"

to pop the question

(разг.) предлагам брак на няк

14 to reach - достигам

15 to slip - подхлъзвам се

16 to wobble - олюлявам се

17 to regain one's balance - възвръщам си равновесието

18 to warn - предупреждавам

19 Be careful! - Внимавай!

20 to concentrate - концентрирам се

21 a huge smile - широка усмивка

22 to struggle - мъча се

2 THE MAY DAY MYSTERY



спокоен

bay
залив

to lie at anchor
закотвен съм

My name is Major Wallace Wilt, and this is the story of the May Day mystery.

St Ives, in the South West of England, is normally a very **peaceful** town; and when I woke up this morning at seven o'clock it seemed that today was going to be no different.

I am a very **respectable**¹ man, you see. My life is quiet and ordinary and today, as always, my morning routine was **entirely normal**². I took a quick cold shower, combed my short white hair and beard, put on my dark blue suit and then left my small cottage and went for a morning walk to the harbour. For a while I watched the fishing boats returning to the town, **smoked my pipe**³ and enjoyed the fresh, **salty breeze**⁴.

After some time, I walked back towards my house, stopping at the bakery to buy some bread, then stopping at the newsagent to buy my newspaper. I do this every day, because I am a respectable man with a normal routine.

At home, I prepared **kippers** and toast and a large pot of tea, which I ate and drank in the garden while reading about the local news. A perfectly normal morning **indeed**⁵.

Of course, I knew that it was May Day. I always enjoyed the festival when I was a child, and to be honest I think that I enjoy it more now that I am a **pensioner**⁶. So, at about twelve o'clock, when the sun was high in the clear summer sky, I left my cottage for the second time and walked to the town square where the celebrations were beginning. It was **a wonderful sight**⁷!



пушена херинга

- 1 **respectable** - уважаван
- 2 **entirely normal** - съвсем нормален
- 3 **to smoke a pipe** - пуша лула
- 4 **salty breeze** - солен бриз
- 5 **indeed** - наистина
- 6 **pensioner** - пенсионер
- 7 **a wonderful sight** - прекрасна гледка



Тромпет

свирка

The young girls of the town were all carrying flowers, the young boys holding old trumpets or penny whistles. The mayor⁸ and the town councillors⁹ were dressed in their smart clothes, and there were smiles on the faces of everyone I saw.

Then, at about one o'clock, the brass band began to play and the whole town followed the parade through the streets to the harbour. I saw Mr Morris the butcher, John the newsagent, old Bill the barman from the local pub, Mrs White the baker and many other familiar faces.

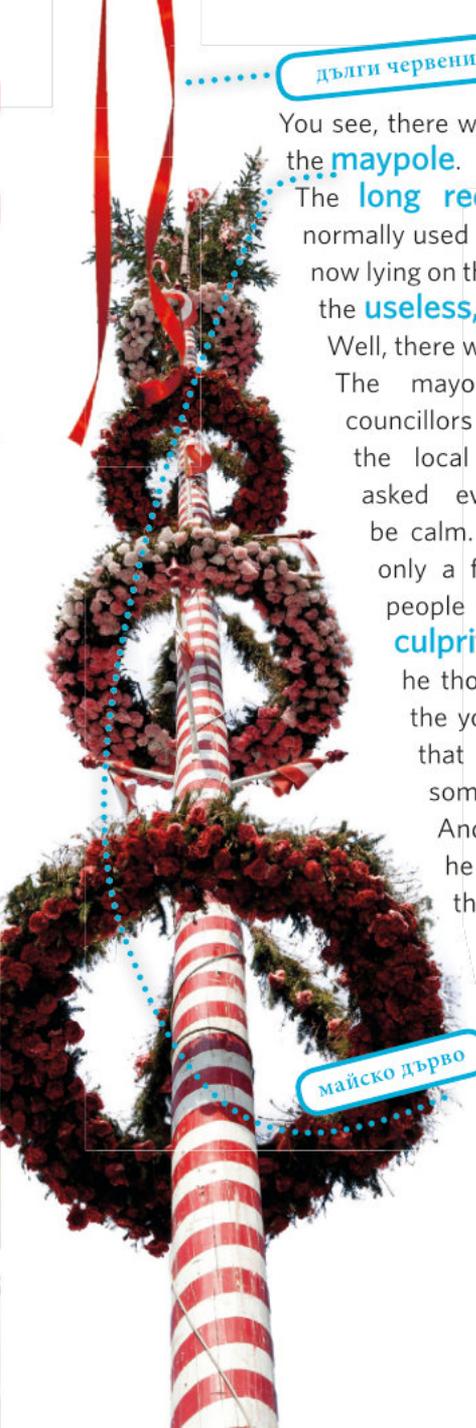
So, it seemed like the whole town was at the parade; but we now know that someone was not.

When the parade was nearly at the pier of the harbour, we heard the scream¹⁰.

The person screaming was a young girl, because she was the first to see the terrible sight¹¹. However, when other people saw it, they began to scream too.



духов оркестър



майско дърво

дълги червени ленти

You see, there was something very wrong with the maypole.

The long red ribbons which the girls normally used to dance around the pole were now lying on the floor next to the two parts of the useless, broken pole¹².

Well, there was chaos.

The mayor and the councillors called for the local police and asked everybody to be calm. However, in only a few minutes, people began to suggest possible culprits¹³.

You see, there was something very wrong with the maypole.

Bill the barman said that he thought it was probably some of the young children. Mrs White said that she thought it was probably someone from the next village.

And John from the newsagent said he thought it might be Mr Morris the butcher.

- 8 mayor – кмет
- 9 town councillor – градски съветник
- 10 scream – писък
- 11 to see the terrible sight – виждам ужасяваща гледка
- 12 useless, broken pole – безполезен, счупен прът
- 13 to suggest possible culprits – предлагам възможни заподозрени

Soon, the police arrived and they tried to ask people some questions, but it was impossible. There were only three police officers and there were hundreds of people to speak to.

I stayed for more than an hour and waited for a police officer to ask me a question, but nobody asked me anything.

So, at about three o'clock I walked back to my cottage, made a cup of tea and began to read my newspaper again.

Now, my window is open and I can **still**¹⁴ hear the mayor and the councillors and all the people from the town arguing about the May Day mystery.

So I sit here in my quiet **cottage** and I smile. Next to my chair is the **saw** that I used to **cut** the maypole **down**¹⁵, and I occasionally look at it and **laugh**¹⁶.

Yes, it was me. I am the culprit that they are all arguing about and trying to find.

How did I do it? Well, I walked to the town square with the saw in my hand. I didn't **hide**¹⁷ it under my coat or carry it in a bag. You see, when you are my age, people don't look at you very much. Then, before the parade began I walked to the pier, cut the maypole down, then walked back to my cottage and put the saw

трион

Cottage е английско наименование за малки прости къщички.

next to this chair. After that, I walked back to the square and followed the parade to the pier with a big smile on my face.

And why did I do it? Do I hate festivals? Do I hate St Ives and the people who live here?

No.

I did it because everybody thinks that I am a respectable, ordinary pensioner. I did it because **nobody really looks at you**¹⁸ when you are an **elderly gentleman**. I did it because I know that people think that old people never do this type of thing.

Well, my name is Major Wallace Wilt and this is the story of the May Day mystery. **I hope you enjoyed it**¹⁹.

I know I did.



възрастен джентълмен

¹⁴ still - все още

¹⁵ to cut down - отсичам

¹⁶ to laugh - смея се

¹⁷ to hide - крия

¹⁸ nobody really looks at you - никой не те гледа

¹⁹ I hope you enjoyed it. - Надявам се да ти/ви е харесало.



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