

Рэй БРЭДБЕРИ

**ВИНО  
ИЗ ОДУВАНЧИКОВ**

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**DANDELION  
WINE**

Адаптация, комментарии,  
задания и словарь  
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Внимание читателя предлагается роман Рэя Брэдбери «Вино из одуванчиков», который можно назвать одним из самых «летних» произведений мировой литературы.

Издание содержит адаптированный и сокращенный текст романа. Задача комментариев и словаря — помочь учащемуся понять текст. Роман делится на смысловые части — главы. Упражнения, предлагаемые после каждой главы, позволяют проверить понимание текста, дают возможность поразмышлять над вопросами и потренироваться в переводе отдельных конструкций, способствуют развитию навыков устной речи, служат отработке навыков чтения и произношения слов.

Пособие адресовано учащимся старших классов, студентам, а также всем, кто изучает английский язык самостоятельно.

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# DANDELION WINE<sup>1</sup>

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Grandfather stood on the wide front porch like a captain surveying the big area. He asked the wind and the sky and the lawn on which Douglas and Tom stood to<sup>2</sup> ask only him.

“Grandpa, are they ready? Now?”

Grandfather pinched his chin. “Five hundred, a thousand, two thousand easy. Yes, yes, a good harvest. It’s easy to pick them, pick them all. A dime<sup>3</sup> for every bag delivered to the press!”

“Hey<sup>4</sup>!”

The boys bent, smiling. They picked the golden flowers. The flowers that flooded the world, dripped off lawns onto brick streets, knocked softly at cellar windows.

“Every year,” said Grandfather, “they run amuck<sup>5</sup>; I let them. Stare at them, and they burn a hole in your eye. A common flower, a weed that no one sees, yes. But for us, a noble thing, the dandelion.”

So, picked carefully, in bags, the dandelions were carried below. The dark cellar glowed with their arrival. The wine press stood open, cold. A rush of

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<sup>1</sup> **Dandelion wine** — Вино из одуванчиков — популярный слабоалкогольный напиток

<sup>2</sup> **to** — (зд.) для того чтобы (предлог to выражает цель деятельности)

<sup>3</sup> **dime** — дайм — монета в 10 центов

<sup>4</sup> **Hey!** — (зд.) Ура!

<sup>5</sup> **to run amuck** — обезуметь; неистовствовать

flowers warmed it. Grandfather rotated the screw and the press squeezed gently on the crop.

“There... so...<sup>1</sup>”

The golden tide ran to be skimmed of ferment, and bottled, then ranked in sparkling rows in cellar gloom.

Dandelion wine.

The words were summer on the tongue. The wine was summer caught and put into bottles. And Douglas thought it was quite right that some of his new knowledge, some of this special vintage days would be put away<sup>2</sup> for opening on a snowy January day with the sun unseen for weeks or months. This was going to be a wonderful summer, and he wanted to save and label it all so that any time he wished he might tiptoe down in this dank twilight and take it.

And there, row upon row, with the soft gleam of flowers opened in the morning, with the light of this June sun shining through a faint dust, would stand the dandelion wine. Look through it on a wintry day and the snow melted to grass, the trees were covered with leaves, and blossoms like a continent of butterflies<sup>3</sup> breathing on the wind. And the sky changed from gray to blue.

Hold summer in your hand, pour summer in a glass, a very small glass of course, the smallest sip for children; change the season in your veins by raising glass to lip and letting summer in.

“Ready, now, the rainwater!”

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<sup>1</sup> **There... so...** — Вот... так...

<sup>2</sup> **to put away** — убирать, прятать

<sup>3</sup> **like a continent of butterflies** — словно стая бабочек

Nothing else in the world would do but<sup>1</sup> the pure waters which had been gathered from the lakes far away and the sweet fields with their dew in early morning, lifted to the open sky, carried nine hundred miles, brushed with wind, and condensed upon cool air. This water, falling, raining, gathered even more of the heavens in its crystals. Taking something of the east wind and the west wind and the north wind and the south, the water made rain and the rain would be grate for the wine.

Douglas ran with the dipper. He plunged it deep in the rain barrel.

The water was silk in the cup; clear, faintly blue silk. It softened the lip and the throat and the heart, if drunk. This water must be carried to the cellar to be poured upon the dandelion harvest.

Even Grandma, when snow was falling fast, one day in February, would<sup>2</sup> vanish to the cellar. Above, in the large house, there would be coughings, sneezings, wheezings, and groans, childish fevers, sore throats<sup>3</sup>, noses like bottled cherries<sup>4</sup>, the stealthy microbe everywhere. Then, rising from the cellar like a June goddess, Grandma would come, hiding something under her shawl. This, carried to every room upstairs-and-down would be poured with aroma into glasses. The medicines of another time, the balm of sun and idle

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<sup>1</sup> **Nothing else in the world would do but** — Ничто в целом мире не сгодится, кроме

<sup>2</sup> **would** — (зд.) служебный глагол, выражающий привычное действие, относящееся к прошедшему времени

<sup>3</sup> **sore throat** — больное горло

<sup>4</sup> **noses like bottled cherries** — носы, красные, словно вишни в компоте

August afternoons, the faintly heard sounds of ice-cream wagons passing on brick avenues, the rush of silver skyrocketers and the fountaining of lawn mowers moving through ant countries, all these, all these in a glass.

Yes, even Grandma who came to the winter cellar for a June adventure might stand alone and quietly, as did Grandfather and Father and Uncle Pert, or some of the boarders, recollect the picnics and the warm rains and the smell of fields of wheat and new popcorn and bending hay. Even Grandma, repeating and repeating the fine and golden words, even as they were said now in this moment when the flowers were dropped into the press, as they would be repeated every winter for all the white winters in time. Saying them over and over on the lips, like a smile, like a sudden patch of sunlight in the dark.

Dandelion wine. Dandelion wine. Dandelion wine.

## Exercises

### 1. Practice the pronunciation of the following words.

cough [kɒf]	plunge [plʌndʒ]
tongue [tʌŋ]	microbe [ˈmaɪkrəʊb]
survey [ˈsɜːveɪ]	dandelion [ˈdændɪləɪən]
vintage [ˈvɪntɪdʒ]	stealthy [ˈsteliθi]
twilight [ˈtwaɪlaɪt]	flood [flʌd]

### 2. Answer the following questions.

1. What is the process of dandelion wine making? What are the components?
2. Do the boys like to help their grandfather? Why (not)?
3. Why is Grandmother compared with “a June goddess”?
4. In what way does the family use the wine?
5. Why is the wine “the summer on the tongue”?

**3. Match the words with definitions.**

- |            |   |
|------------|---|
| 1. stare   | a) small drops of water that form on the ground during the night                      |
| 2. rotate  | b) someone who pays to live in another person's house with meals provided             |
| 3. dew     | c) to move in a circle around a fixed central point, or to move something in this way |
| 4. boarder | d) a large spoon with a long handle, used for taking liquid out of a container        |
| 5. dipper  | e) to look at someone or something very directly for a long time                      |

**4. Retell the story for the persons of Douglas, Grandfather, and Grandmother.**

## THE SOUND OF SUMMER RUNNING

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Late that night, going home from the show with his mother and father and his brother Tom, Douglas saw the tennis shoes in the bright store window<sup>1</sup>. He glanced quickly away, but his feet suspended, then he rushed. His mother and father and brother walked quietly on both sides of him. Douglas walked backward, watching the tennis shoes in the midnight window left behind.

“It was a nice movie,” said Mother.

Douglas murmured, “It was...”

It was June and long past time for buying the special shoes<sup>2</sup>. The shoes that were quiet as a summer rain falling on the walks. June and the earth full of raw power and everything everywhere in motion. The grass was still pouring in from the country, surrounding the sidewalks and houses. Any moment the town would go down<sup>3</sup> and leave not a stir in the clover and weeds. And here Douglas stood, trapped on the dead cement and the red-brick streets, hardly able to move.

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<sup>1</sup> **store window** — витрина

<sup>2</sup> **It was June and long past time for buying the special shoes.** — Был июнь, и давно прошло то время, когда покупают такие туфли.

<sup>3</sup> **to go down** — тонуть, идти ко дну



“Dad!” He blurted it out<sup>1</sup>. “Back there in that window, there are those tennis shoes...”

His father didn’t even turn. “I suppose you’ll tell me why you need a new pair of shoes. Can you do that?”

“Well...”

It was because they felt the way it feels every summer when you take off your shoes for the first time and run in the grass. They felt like it feels when you stick your feet out of the hot blanket in wintertime to let the cold wind from the open window blow on them suddenly and you let them stay out a long time until you pull them back in under the blanket again. The tennis shoes felt like it always feels when you wade in the slow waters the first time every year and see your feet below, half an inch<sup>2</sup> further downstream than the real part of you above water.

“Dad,” said Douglas, “it’s hard to explain.”

Somehow the people who made tennis shoes knew what boys needed and wanted. They put grass and springs in the soles. The people that made the shoes must have watched a lot of winds blow the trees and a lot of rivers going down to the lakes. Whatever it was, it was in the shoes, and it was summer.

Douglas tried to get all this in words<sup>3</sup>.

“Yes,” said Father, “but what’s wrong with your last year’s shoes? Why can’t you dig them out<sup>4</sup> of the closet?”

Well, he felt sorry for boys who lived in California where they wore tennis shoes all year round and never knew what it was to get winter off your feet, peel off

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<sup>1</sup> **to blurt out** — выпалить

<sup>2</sup> **inch** — дюйм (1 дюйм = 2.54 см)

<sup>3</sup> **to get all this in words** — выразить все это словами

<sup>4</sup> **to dig out** — выкапывать, извлекать

the iron leather shoes all full of snow and rain and run barefoot for a day and then lace on the first new tennis shoes of the season, which was better than barefoot. The magic was always in the new pair of shoes. The magic might die by the first of September, but now in late June there was still plenty of magic, and shoes like these could jump you over trees and rivers and houses. And if you wanted, they could jump you over fences and sidewalks and dogs.

“Don’t you understand?” said Douglas. “I just can’t use last year’s pair.”

For<sup>1</sup> last year’s pair was dead inside. They had been fine when he put them on for the first time, last year. But by the end of summer, every year, you always found out<sup>2</sup>, you always knew, you couldn’t really jump over rivers and trees and houses in them, and they were dead. But this was a new year, and he felt that this time, with this new pair of shoes, he could do anything, anything at all.

They walked up on the steps to their house. “Save your money,” said Dad. “In five or six weeks —”

“Summer’ll be over!”

Lights out, with Tom asleep, Douglas lay watching his feet, far away down there at the end of the bed in the moonlight, free of the heavy iron shoes, the big chunks of winter fallen away from them.

“Reasons. I’ve got to think of reasons for the shoes.”

Well, as anyone knew, the hills around town were wild with friends. To catch those friends, you

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<sup>1</sup> **For** — (зд.) потому что, ввиду того что (союз for вводит придаточное причины)

<sup>2</sup> **to find out** — понимать, узнавать

must run much faster than foxes or squirrels. As for the town, it was full of enemies irritable with heat, remembering every winter argument and insult. Find friends, ditch enemies! That was the tennis shoes motto. Does the world run too fast? Want to catch up<sup>1</sup>? Want to be alert, stay alert? Tennis shoes, then! Tennis shoes!

He held his coin piggy bank<sup>2</sup> and heard the faint small tinkling, the airy weight of money there.

Whatever you want, he thought, you got to make your own way<sup>3</sup>. During the night now, let's find that path through the forest...

Downtown, the store lights went out<sup>4</sup>, one by one. A wind blew in the window.

In his dreams he heard a rabbit running in the deep warm grass.

Old Mr. Sanderson moved through his shoe store as the proprietor of a pet shop must move through his shop where animals are collected from everywhere in the world, touching each one briefly along the way. Mr. Sanderson touched the shoes in the window, and some of them were like cats to him and some were like dogs; he touched each pair with concern, adjusting laces, fixing tongues. Then he stood in the exact center of the carpet and looked around, nodding.

There was a sound of growing thunder.

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<sup>1</sup> **to catch up** — (*разг.*) нагонять, наверстывать

<sup>2</sup> **He held his coin piggy bank** — Он взял в руки свою копилку для монет

<sup>3</sup> **you got to make your own way** — ты должен добиться этого сам

<sup>4</sup> **to go out** — гаснуть (об огне, свете)

One moment, the door to Sanderson's Shoe Emporium was empty. The next, Douglas Spaulding stood clumsily there, staring down at his leather shoes as if<sup>1</sup> these heavy things could not be pulled up out of the cement. The thunder had stopped when his shoes stopped. Now, with painful slowness, daring to look only at the money in his hand, Douglas moved out of the bright sunlight of Saturday noon. He made careful stacks of nickels<sup>2</sup>, dimes, and quarters<sup>3</sup> on the counter, like someone playing chess and worried if the next move carried him out into sun or deep into shadow.

"Don't say a word!" said Mr. Sanderson.

Douglas froze.

"First, I know just what you want to buy," said Mr. Sanderson. "Second, I see you every afternoon at my window; you think I don't see? You're wrong. Third, you want the Tennis Shoes: 'LIKE MENTHOL ON YOUR FEET!' Fourth, you want credit."

"No!" cried Douglas, breathing hard, as if he'd run all night in his dreams. "I got something better than credit to offer!" he gasped. "Before I tell, Mr. Sanderson, you got to do me one small favor<sup>4</sup>. Can you remember when was the last time you yourself wore a pair of tennis shoes, sir?"

Mr. Sanderson's face darkened. "Oh, ten, twenty, say, thirty years ago. Why...?"

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<sup>1</sup> **as if** — как будто, будто

<sup>2</sup> **nickel** — (*разг.*) никель — неофициальное название монеты в пять центов, используемое в Америке и Канаде

<sup>3</sup> **quarter** — четвертак — монета США достоинством 25 центов, четверть доллара (от англ. quarter — четверть)

<sup>4</sup> **to do a favor** — делать одолжение