

Английский язык с Крестным Отцом

Метод чтения Ильи Франка

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Книгу подготовил Илья Франк

Mario Puzo

The Godfather

Аннотация

Данная книга адаптирована следующим образом: текст разбит на отрывки, каждый из которых повторяется дважды: сначала идет английский текст с „подсказками“ – с вкрапленным в него дословным русским переводом и лексико-грамматическим комментарием (то есть адаптированный), а затем – тот же текст, но уже неадаптированный, без подсказок.

Начинающие осваивать английский язык могут при этом читать сначала отрывок текста с подсказками, а затем тот же отрывок – без подсказок.

Совершенствующие свой английский могут поступать наоборот: читать текст без подсказок, по мере необходимости подглядывая в подсказки.

Запоминание слов и выражений происходит при этом за счет их повторяемости, без зубрежки. Кроме того, читатель привыкает к логике английского языка, начинает его „чувствовать“.

Так сделана первая часть книги (примерно одна треть). Затем следует обычный текст со сносками тех слов, которые употребляются относительно редко.

Это книга избавит вас от стресса первого этапа освоения языка – от механического поиска каждого слова в словаре и от бесплодного гадания, что же все-таки значит фраза, все слова из которой вы уже нашли.

Для тех, кто начинает учить английский «с нуля» или просто боится сразу читать толстый роман, в приложении к первому тому дан несложный рассказ Хемингуэя «Киллеры» – с полным разбором. Можно начать с него, а затем перейти к «Крестному отцу».

Book 1

Behind every great fortune there is a crime

За каждым крупным богатством скрывается преступление

– Balzac

Chapter 1

1 Amerigo Bonasera sat in New York Criminal Court (в уголовном суде) Number 3 and waited for justice (ждал правосудия); vengeance (мести [ˈvendʒəns]) on the men who had so cruelly hurt his daughter (жестоко надругались; to hurt – ранить), who had tried to dishonor her (обесчестить).

2 The judge, a formidably heavy-featured man (очень крупный человек с грубыми: «тяжелыми» чертами лица), rolled up the sleeves (засучил рукава) of his black robe as if to physically chastise (словно для того, чтобы физически покарать [tʃæˈstaɪz]) the two young men standing before the bench (перед скамьей /подсудимых/). His face was cold with majestic contempt (от величественного презрения). But there was something false in all this that Amerigo Bonasera sensed but did not yet understand.

3 "You acted like the worst kind of degenerates," the judge said harshly (жестким голосом; degenerate [diˈdʒenəreɪt]). Yes, yes, thought Amerigo Bonasera. Animals. Animals. The two young men, glossy hair crew cut (с блестящими волосами, коротко подстриженными; crew cut – подстриженный ежиком), scrubbed clean-cut faces (с гладко выбритыми лицами; to scrub – мыть, скрести) composed into humble contrition (принявшими: «сложенными в» смиренное, самоуничижительное выражение; contrite – кающийся), bowed their heads in submission (покорно: «в покорности»).

4 The judge went on. "You acted like wild beasts in a jungle and you are fortunate you did not sexually molest that poor girl (ваше счастье, что вы не изнасиловали; to molest – приставать; сексуально домогаться) or I'd put you behind bars (за решетку) for twenty years." The judge paused, his eyes beneath impressively thick brows (под выразительно густыми бровями) flickered slyly (хитро блеснули) toward the sallow-

faced (в сторону мрачного: «с бледноватым, желтоватым лицом») Amerigo Bonasera, then lowered to a stack of probation reports before him (к стопке, кипе протоколов с просьбами об условном освобождении; probation – условное освобождение, испытательный срок; report – сообщение). He frowned (нахмурился) and shrugged (пожал плечами) as if convinced against his own natural desire (словно убежденный против своего собственного естественного желания). He spoke again.

5 "But because of your youth, your clean records (безукоризненное прошлое; record – запись, свидетельство), because of your fine families, and because the law in its majesty (закон в своем величии) does not seek vengeance (не ищет мести), I hereby sentence you (я этим приговариваю вас) to three years' confinement (заклечения) to the penitentiary (в /каторжной/ тюрьме [peni'ten'ðri]). Sentence to be suspended (условно; to suspend – приостанавливать)."

6 Only forty years of professional mourning (профессионального траура; to mourn [mo:n] – скорбеть) kept the overwhelming frustration and hatred from showing (воспрепятствовали всеохватному отчаянию и ненависти показаться; to overwhelm – захватывать) on Amerigo Bonasera's face. His beautiful young daughter was still in the hospital with her broken jaw (со сломанной челюстью) wired together (скрепленной проволокой); and now these two *animales* (звери – итал.) went free? It had all been a farce. He watched the happy parents cluster around their darling sons (как обступили; cluster – кисть, пучок, гроздь). Oh, they were all happy now, they were smiling now.

7 The black bile (черная желчь), sourly bitter (кисло горькая), rose in Bonasera's throat, overflowed through tightly clenched teeth (перелилась, вылилась через тесно стиснутые зубы). He used his white linen pocket handkerchief (льняной носовой платок) and held it against his lips. He was standing so when the two young men strode freely up the aisle (прошагали в направлении к выходу: «по проходу, в боковом крыле зала»; to stride), confident (уверенно) and cool-eyed, smiling, not giving him so much as a glance (даже не взглянув на него). He let them pass (дал им пройти) without saying a word, pressing the fresh linen against his mouth.

8 The parents of the *animales* were coming by now, two men and two women his age (его возраста) but more American in their dress. They glanced at him, shamefaced (стыдливо), yet in their eyes was an odd, triumphant defiance (странный, триумфальный вызов).

9 Out of control (потеряв самообладание), Bonasera leaned forward (наклонился вперед) toward the aisle and shouted hoarsely (прокричал грубо), "You will weep as I

have wept – I will make you weep as your children make me weep" – the linen at his eyes now. The defense attorneys (адвокаты защиты [ə'tɔ:nɪ]) bringing up the rear (замыкая движение; gear – тыл; зад) swept their clients forward in tight little band (подталкивали своих клиентов вперед компактной: «сжатой» маленькой кучкой), enveloping (окружая: «окутывая») the two young men, who had started back down the aisle as if to protect their parents. A huge bailiff (служащий суда) moved quickly to block the row (заблокировать, перекрыть ряд) in which Bonasera stood. But it was not necessary.

10 All his years in America, Amerigo Bonasera had trusted in law and order. And he had prospered thereby (и потому: «при этом, через это» процветал). Now, though his brain smoked with hatred, though wild visions (видения) of buying a gun and killing the two young men jangled the very bones of his skull (отдались в самих костях = даже в костях его черепа; to jangle – звякать), Bonasera turned to his still uncomprehending wife (к своей до сих пор ничего не понявшей жене) and explained to her, "They have made fools of us (они оставили нас в дураках, поиздевались над нами)." He paused and then made his decision (решение), no longer fearing the cost (больше не боясь цены /которую за это придется заплатить/). "For justice we must go on our knees (за справедливостью мы на коленях поползем) to Don Corleone."

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1 In a garishly (роскошно, крикливо) decorated Los Angeles hotel suite, Johnny Fontane was as jealously drunk (так же «ревниво пьян» = пьян из-за ревности) as any ordinary husband. Sprawled (развалившись) on a red couch, he drank straight (прямо) from the bottle of scotch in his hand, then washed the taste away by dunking (макая) his mouth in a crystal bucket of ice cubes and water. It was four in the morning and he was spinning drunken fantasies (плел = воображал пьяные фантазии) of murdering his trampy wife (что он убивает свою гулящую жену; to tramp – бродяжничать) when she got home, if she ever did come home (если вообще придет). It was too late to call his first wife and ask about the kids and he felt funny about calling any of his friends (ему было неловко, как-то не хотелось звонить кому-нибудь из друзей) now that his career was plunging downhill (летела: «падала вниз; ныряла» вниз по склону, с горки). There had been a time when they would have been delighted (были бы в восторге), flattered (польщены) by his calling them at four in the morning but now he bored them (он был им скучен = казался им занудой). He could even smile a little to himself as he thought that on the way up (когда дело шло в гору) Johnny Fontane's troubles had fascinated (привлекали, были интересны для) some of the greatest female stars in America.

2 Gulping (потягивая: «глотаю») at his bottle of scotch, he heard finally his wife's key in the door, but he kept drinking until she walked into the room and stood before him. She was to him so very beautiful, the angelic face, soulful (живые, «одушевленные») violet eyes, the delicately fragile (нежно-хрупкое) but perfectly formed body. On the screen her beauty was magnified, spiritualized (на экране ее красота была возвеличенной, одухотворенной). A hundred million men all over the world were in love with the face of Margot Ashton. And paid to see it on the screen.

3 "Where the hell were you?" Johnny Fontane asked.

4 "Out fucking (да потрахаться ходила)," she said.

5 She had misjudged his drunkenness (неверно оценила его опьянение = степень его опьянения). He sprang over the cocktail table and grabbed her by the throat (схватил за глотку). But close up to that magical face, the lovely violet eyes, he lost his anger (утратил свою злобу) and became helpless again. She made the mistake of smiling mockingly (насмешливо), saw his fist draw back (увидела, что он снова занес кулак). She screamed, "Johnny, not in the face, I'm making a picture."

6 She was laughing. He punched her (ударил ее; to punch – ударить кулаком) in the stomach and she fell to the floor. He fell on top of her. He could smell her fragrant breath (ароматное, благоуханное дыхание) as she gasped for air (ловила ртом

воздух). He punched her on the arms and on the thigh muscles of her silky tanned legs (шелковистых загорелых ног). He beat her as he had beaten snotty (сопливых) smaller kids long ago when he had been a tough (крутым: «жестким, крепким») teenager in New York's Hell's Kitchen (в Адской Кухне = в одном из кварталов бедноты). A painful punishment (болезненное наказание) that would leave no lasting disfigurement of loosened teeth (никакого длящегося = надолго повреждения вроде выбитого зуба) or broken nose.

7 But he was not hitting her hard enough. He couldn't. And she was giggling (хихикала) at him. Spread-eagled (раскинувшись, распластавшись) on the floor, her brocaded gown (платье с бархатной оторочкой, с бархатными нашивками; brocade [brʊ'du'keɪd]) hitched up (задранное) above her thighs, she taunted him (насмехалась над ним) between giggles. "Come on, stick it in (воткни его). Stick it in, Johnny, that's what you really want."

8 Johnny Fontane got up. He hated the woman on the floor but her beauty was a magic shield. Margot rolled away (откатилась в сторону), and in a dancer's spring (прыжком танцовщицы) was on her feet facing him (напротив него, перед ним). She went into a childish mocking dance (она начала по-детски насмешливо пританцовывать) and chanted (напевала), "Johnny never hurt me, Johnny never hurt me." Then almost sadly (почти грустно, с досадой) with grave beauty (со строгой красотой) she said, "You poor silly bastard (жалкий, глупый выродок), giving me cramps (судороги /сводящие ноги/) like a kid. Ah, Johnny, you always will be a dumb romantic guinea (тупым индюком, глупым романтичным итальяшкой; guinea-hen – цесарка ['ɡɪni]; /сленг, презрит./ итальяшка), you even make love like a kid. You still think screwing is really like those dopey songs (глуповатые, жалкие, пошлые; dopey также – находящийся под воздействием dope – наркотика) you used to sing." She shook her head and said, "Poor Johnny. Good-bye, Johnny." She walked into the bedroom and he heard her turn the key in the lock (в замке).

9 Johnny sat on the floor with his face in his hands. The sick, humiliating despair overwhelmed him (унизительное, унижающее отчаяние одолевало, захлестывало его). And then the gutter toughness (упрямство, крепость уличного мальчишки; gutter – водосток, канава) that had helped him survive the jungle of Hollywood made him pick up the phone and call for a car to take him to the airport. There was one person who could save him. He would go back to New York. He would go back to the one man with the power, the wisdom, he needed and a love he still trusted. His Godfather Corleone.

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1 The baker, Nazorine, pudgy (коротенький и толстый /о человеке/; маленький и плотный /о предмете/) and crusty (покрытый корочкой; раздражительный, не приветливый, грубый) as his great Italian loaves (буханки), still dusty with flour (все еще покрытый мучной пылью; dust – пыль; flour – мука [flaʊd]), scowled at his wife (сердился, бросал сердитые взгляды, хмурился), his nubile (достигшую брачного возраста, созревшую ['nju:bil]) daughter, Katherine, and his baker's helper, Enzo. Enzo had changed into his prisoner-of-war uniform (переоделся в форму военнопленного) with its green-lettered armband (с повязкой с зелеными буквами, надписью) and was terrified (был в ужасе) that this scene would make him late (заставит его опоздать) reporting (доложить /о себе/ = явиться) back to Governor's Island. One of the many thousands of Italian Army prisoners paroled (освобожденный условно [pə'rɔ:ld]) daily to work in the American economy, he lived in constant fear (в постоянном страхе) of that parole being revoked (отменено: «отозвано»). And so the little comedy being played now (которая сейчас разыгрывалась) was, for him, a serious business.

2 Nazorine asked fiercely (гневно), "Have you dishonored (обесчестил) my family? Have you given my daughter a little package (сверточек) to remember you by now that

the war is over (теперь, когда война закончилась) and you know America will kick your ass (пнет твой зад = выбросит тебя пинком под зад) back to your village full of shit (в твою деревню, полную дерьма [ˈvɪlɪdʒ]) in Sicily?"

3 Enzo, a very short (низкорослый), strongly built boy («сильно сложенный» парень), put his hand over his heart and said almost in tears, yet cleverly (почти в слезах, но разумно), "Padrone, I swear by the Holy Virgin (клянусь Святой Девой) I have never taken advantage of your kindness (я никогда не злоупотреблял вашим великодушием; advantage [ədˈvɑːntɪdʒ] – преимущество; выгода, польза; to take advantage of – обмануть, перехитрить кого-либо; воспользоваться чем-либо). I love your daughter with all respect. I ask for her hand with all respect. I know I have no right, but if they send me back to Italy I can never come back to America. I will never be able to marry Katherine."

4 Nazorine's wife, Filomena, spoke to the point (высказалась по сути, без дураков). "Stop all this foolishness (прекрати все эти глупости)," she said to her pudgy husband. "You know what you must do. Keep Enzo here, send him to hide (прятаться, скрываться) with our cousins in Long Island." Katherine was weeping. She was already plump (полной), homely (домашней, обычной = невзрачной) and sprouting a faint moustache (с пробивающимися легкими усиками; to sprout – давать ростки; faint – слабый, тусклый, нечеткий; moustache [mʊˈstɑːʃ]). She would never get a husband as handsome as Enzo, never find another man who touched her body in secret places with such respectful love. "I'll go and live in Italy," she screamed at her father. "I'll run away if you don't keep Enzo here."

5 Nazorine glanced at her shrewdly (взглянул на нее пронзительно, видящим насквозь взглядом; shrewd – пронизывающий; пронизательный). She was a "hot number" (горячая штучка) this daughter of his. He had seen her brush her swelling buttocks (как она терлась своими пухлыми, набухающими ягодицами) against Enzo's front (о «перёд» Энцо) when the baker's helper squeezed (протиснулся) behind her to fill the counter baskets (чтобы наполнить корзины для расфасовки) with hot loaves from the oven (из печи [Λvη]). The young rascal's hot loaf would be in her oven (горячий хлебец этого негодяя окажется в ее печке), Nazorine thought lewdly (развязно, цинично; lewd – похотливый, непристойный; распутный), if proper steps were not taken (если не будут предприняты надлежащие шаги). Enzo must be kept in America and be made an American citizen (и сделан американским гражданином [ˈsɪtɪzn]). And there was only one man who could arrange such an affair (уладить такое дело [əˈreɪndʒ]). The Godfather. Don Corleone.

1 The baker, Nazorine, pudgy and crusty as his great Italian loaves, still dusty with flour, scowled at his wife, his nubile daughter, Katherine, and his baker's helper, Enzo. Enzo had changed into his prisoner-of-war uniform with its green-lettered armband and was terrified that this scene would make him late reporting back to Governor's Island. One of the many thousands of Italian Army prisoners paroled daily to work in the American economy, he lived in constant fear of that parole being revoked. And so the little comedy being played now was, for him, a serious business.

2 Nazorine asked fiercely, "Have you dishonored my family? Have you given my daughter a little package to remember you by now that the war is over and you know America will kick your ass back to your village full of shit in Sicily?"

3 Enzo, a very short, strongly built boy, put his hand over his heart and said almost in tears, yet cleverly, "*Padrone*, I swear by the Holy Virgin I have never taken advantage of your kindness. I love your daughter with all respect. I ask for her hand with all respect. I know I have no right, but if they send me back to Italy I can never come back to America. I will never be able to marry Katherine."

4 Nazorine's wife, Filomena, spoke to the point. "Stop all this foolishness," she said to her pudgy husband. "You know what you must do. Keep Enzo here, send him to hide with our cousins in Long Island." Katherine was weeping. She was already plump, homely and sprouting a faint moustache. She would never get a husband as handsome as Enzo, never find another man who touched her body in secret places with such respectful love. "I'll go and live in Italy," she screamed at her father. "I'll run away if you don't keep Enzo here."

5 Nazorine glanced at her shrewdly. She was a "hot number" this daughter of his. He had seen her brush her swelling buttocks against Enzo's front when the baker's helper squeezed behind her to fill the counter baskets with hot loaves from the oven. The young rascal's hot loaf would be in *her* oven, Nazorine thought lewdly, if proper steps were not taken. Enzo must be kept in America and be made an American citizen. And there was only one man who could arrange such an affair. The Godfather. Don Corleone.

1 All of these people and many others received engraved invitations (красиво отпечатанные приглашения; to engrave – гравировать, вырезать /по камню, дереву/) to the wedding (на свадьбу) of Miss Constanzia Corleone, to be celebrated

(которая должна была быть отпразднована) on the last Saturday in August 1945. The father of the bride, Don Vito Corleone, never forgot his old friends and neighbors though he himself now lived in a huge house on Long Island. The reception would be held (прием будет проводиться) in that house and the festivities would go on all day (и празднование будет продолжаться весь день; festivity [fes'tiviti] – веселье; праздник). There was no doubt it would be a momentous occasion (важное событие (momentous [mɒ'u'mentʊs] – важный, весомый, влиятельный; occasion [ə'keɪʒən] – возможность, случай; событие, происшествие). The war with the Japanese had just ended so there would not be any nagging fear (так что не будет никакого мучающего, докучающего страха; to nag – придирааться, изводить; болеть, ныть) for their sons fighting in the Army to cloud these festivities (омрачить = который бы омрачил). A wedding was just what people needed to show their joy.

2 And so on that Saturday morning the friends of Don Corleone streamed out (повалили) of New York City to do him honor. They bore cream-colored (кремового = светло-желтого цвета) envelopes (конверты ['envɒləʊp]) stuffed with cash (набитые наличными) as bridal gifts (в качестве свадебных подарков), no checks. Inside each envelope a card established (устанавливала = сообщала о) the identity of the giver and the measure (степень ['meɪʒə]) of his respect for the Godfather. A respect truly earned (уважение подлинно заслуженное, заслуженно заработанное).

3 Don Vito Corleone was a man to whom everybody came for help, and never were they disappointed (разочарованы). He made no empty promises (пустых обещаний; promise ['promɪs]), nor the craven excuse (малодушную отговорку ['kreɪvɪn]) that his hands were tied by more powerful forces (связаны более могущественными силами) in the world than himself. It was not necessary (необходимым ['nesɪsəri]) that he be your friend, it was not even important (даже не было важно) that you had no means (средств = возможностей) with which to repay him (отплатить). Only one thing was required (требовалось). That you, *you yourself*, proclaim your friendship (заявлял о своей дружбе, о своих дружеских чувствах /к нему/ [pɹə'kleɪm]). And then, no matter (не важно) how poor or powerless (бессилен) the supplicant (проситель ['sʌplɪkənt]), Don Corleone would take that man's troubles to his heart (примет беды это человека к сердцу = поможет ему). And he would let nothing stand in the way (не позволит ничему встать на пути = помешать) to a solution of that man's woe (решению бед того человека; woe [wəʊ] – горе, несчастья). His reward (награда [ri'wɔ:d])? Friendship, the respectful title of "Don," and sometimes the more affectionate salutation (более сердечное приветствие [ə'fekʃnɪt]) of "Godfather." And perhaps, to show

respect only, never for profit (никогда, вовсе не для пользы, прибыли), some humble gift (простой, незатейливый; humble – смиренный) – a gallon of homemade wine or a basket of peppered *taralles* specially baked to grace (чтобы украсить) his Christmas table. It was understood (понималось = все понимали, конечно), it was mere good manners (всего лишь вежливость: «хорошие манеры»), to proclaim that you were in his debt (в долгу у него) and that he had the right to call upon you (прийти к тебе: «навестить тебя) at any time to redeem (to redeem – возвращать, получать обратно; искупать) your debt by some small service.

4 Now on this great day, his daughter's wedding day, Don Vito Corleone stood in the doorway (на пороге, в дверях) of his Long Beach home to greet his guests, all of them known (из которых он всех знал: «все из них знаемые»), all of them trusted (которым он доверял). Many of them owed their good fortune (были обязаны своим успехом; to owe [əu] – быть должным, в долгу) in life to the Don and on this intimate occasion felt free to call him "Godfather" to his face. Even the people performing festal services (исполняющие «праздничное обслуживание») were his friends. The bartender (бармен) was an old comrade (приятель) whose gift was all the wedding liquors ([lɪkəʒ]) and his own expert skills («опытные» умения, навыки). The waiters (официанты) were the friends of Don Corleone's sons. The food on the garden picnic tables had been cooked by the Don's wife and her friends and the gaily festooned (весело наряженный гирляндами; festoon – гирлянда, фестон) one-acre garden itself had been decorated (был разукрашен) by the young girl-chums of the bride (подружками невесты; chum – близкий друг, приятель).

5 Don Corleone received everyone (принимал всех [rɪ'sɪ:v]) – rich and poor, powerful and humble – with an equal show of love (с одинаковым выражением любви ['ɪkwəl]). He slighted no one (никому не выказал пренебрежения, никем не пренебрег, никого не обидел). That was his character. And the guests so exclaimed (так восклицали [ɪks'kleɪm]) at how well he looked in his tux (= tuxedo [tʌk'sɪdʊ] – смокинг) that an inexperienced observer (неопытный = сторонний наблюдатель; experience [ɪks'pɪəriəns] – опыт) might easily have thought (мог бы легко подумать) the Don himself was the lucky groom (счастливым жених).

1 All of these people and many others received engraved invitations to the wedding of Miss Constanzia Corleone, to be celebrated on the last Saturday in August 1945. The father of the bride, Don Vito Corleone, never forgot his old friends and neighbors though he himself now lived in a huge house on Long

Island. The reception would be held in that house and the festivities would go on all day. There was no doubt it would be a momentous occasion. The war with the Japanese had just ended so there would not be any nagging fear for their sons fighting in the Army to cloud these festivities. A wedding was just what people needed to show their joy.

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4 Now on this great day, his daughter's wedding day, Don Vito Corleone stood in the doorway of his Long Beach home to greet his guests, all of them known, all of them trusted. Many of them owed their good fortune in life to the Don and on this intimate occasion felt free to call him "Godfather" to his face. Even the people performing festal services were his friends. The bartender was an old comrade whose gift was all the wedding liquors and his own expert skills. The waiters were the friends of Don Corleone's sons. The food on the garden picnic tables had been cooked by the Don's wife and her friends and the gaily festooned one-acre garden itself had been decorated by the young girl-chums of the bride.

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guests so exclaimed at how well he looked in his tux that an inexperienced observer might easily have thought the Don himself was the lucky groom.

1 Standing at the door with him were two of his three sons. The eldest, baptized (окрещенный) Santino but called Sonny by everyone except his father, was looked at askance (наклонно, косо; неодобрительно, с подозрением [ə's'kæns]) by the older Italian men; with admiration by the younger. Sonny Corleone was tall for a first-generation American (для американца первого поколения) of Italian parentage ([ˈreɪrəntɪdʒ] – происхождение), almost six feet, and his crop of bushy, curly hair (шевелюра кудрявых волос; стор – шарообразное вздутие; верхняя часть /например у растений/; урожай) made him look even taller. His face was that of a gross Cupid (тучного; грубого Купидона), the features even (черты ровные = правильные) but the bow-shaped lips (дугообразные губы) thickly sensual (чувственные [ˈsensjuəl]), the dimpled cleft chin (раздвоенный подбородок с ямочкой; dimple – ямочка; cleft – расщелина; расщепленный) in some curious way (неким странным образом = создавали почему-то впечатление) obscene (/чего-то непристойного [ob'si:n]). He was built as powerfully as a bull (мощно, как бык) and it was common knowledge (все знали: «это было общим знанием») that he was so generously endowed by nature (так щедро одарен природой; to endow [ɪn'daʊ] – наделять, одарять) that his martyred wife (жена-мученица) feared the marriage bed as unbelievers once feared the rack (как неверующие некогда боялись дыбы). It was whispered (шепотом поговаривали) that when as a youth he had visited houses of ill fame (злачные места: «дома плохой репутации»), even the most hardened and fearless *putain* (даже наиболее закаленные и бесстрашные шлюхи, путаны), after an awed inspection (осмотрев с испугом, благоговением; to awe [o:] – вызывать испуг, благоговение) of his massive organ, demanded double price (требовали двойной оплаты). Here at the wedding feast, some young matrons, widehipped (широкобедрые), wide-mouthed, measured (мерили, рассматривали [ˈmeɪʒ]) Sonny Corleone with coolly confident eyes (холодно-уверенными глазами). But on this particular day (но именно в этот день: «в этот особенный, частный день») they were wasting their time (напрасно тратили, теряли время). Sonny Corleone, despite the presence of his wife (несмотря на присутствие) and three small children, had plans for his sister's maid of honor (относительно подружки сестры /на свадьбе/: «почетной девы»), Lucy Mancini. This young girl, fully aware (полностью сознающая /это/ [ə'weɪ]), sat at a garden table in her pink formal gown (в розовом парадном платье), a

tiara of flowers in her glossy (в блестящих) black hair. She had flirted with Sonny in the past week of rehearsals (репетиций [ri'hɔ:sɔ]) and squeezed his hand that morning at the altar. A maiden could do no more (для девицы это немало).

2 She did not care (ее не волновало: «не заботилась») that he would never be the great man his father had proved to be (каким стал его отец: «доказал быть»). Sonny Corleone had strength (силу), he had courage (смелость ['kʌrɪdʒ]). He was generous (великодушный, добрый, щедрый ['dʒenərəʒs]) and his heart was admitted (как было признано, считалось; to admit – допускать, соглашаться; считать [əd'mɪt]) to be as big as his organ. Yet he did not have his father's humility (смирения) but instead a quick, hot temper (темперамент, характер) that led him into errors of judgment (вводил в «ошибки суждения»). Though he was a great help in his father's business, there were many who doubted that he would become the heir to it (наследником [ɛɪ]).

3 The second son, Frederico, called Fred or Fredo, was a child every Italian prayed to the saints for (о котором каждый итальянец молил святых = желал бы иметь). Dutiful (исполнительный: «полный долга»; duty – долг, обязанность), loyal, always at the service of his father, living with his parents at age thirty. He was short and burly (плотный, крепкий, большой и сильный), not handsome but with the same Cupid head of the family, the curly helmet of hair (шлем, каска) over the round face and sensual bow-shaped lips. Only, in Fred, these lips were not sensual but granitelike (словно высечены из гранита: «подобны граниту»). Inclined to dourness (склонный к меланхолии, депрессии; dour [duə] – мрачный; строгий, суровый), he was still a crutch to his father (все же был опорой; crutch – стойка, опора; костыль), never disputed him, never embarrassed him (никогда не доставлял ему неприятностей, не ставил его в неприятное положение; to embarrass [ɪm'bærəʒs] – затруднять, стеснять; ставить в неудобное положение) by scandalous behavior with women (скандальным поведением [bɪ'heɪvjə]; to behave [bɪ'heɪv] – вести себя). Despite all these virtues (достоинства ['vɜ:tju:]) he did not have that personal magnetism, that animal force, so necessary for a leader of men, and he too was not expected to inherit the family business (не ожидалось = не предполагали, что унаследует [ɪn'herɪt]).

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1 The third son, Michael Corleone, did not stand with his father and his two brothers but sat at a table in the most secluded corner (в самом безлюдном уголке; to seclude [si'klu:d] – отстранять, изолировать) of the garden. But even there he could not escape the attentions (избежать знаков внимания) of the family friends.

2 Michael Corleone was the youngest son of the Don and the only child who had refused the great man's direction (отказался следовать указаниям этого великого человека). He did not have the heavy, Cupid-shaped face of the other children, and his jet black hair (черные, как смоль; jet – гагат, черный янтарь) was straight rather than curly (скорее прямые, чем вьющиеся). His skin was a clear olive-brown that would have been called beautiful in a girl. He was handsome in a delicate way (красив тонкой, изящной красотой). Indeed there had been a time when the Don had worried about his youngest son's masculinity (беспокоился о «мужеских качествах» = не слишком ли женственен его сын). A worry that was put to rest (беспокойство это отпало, было снято: «было успокоено») when Michael Corleone became seventeen years old.

3 Now this youngest son sat at a table in the extreme corner (в наиболее удаленном) of the garden to proclaim his chosen alienation (избранную им непричастность; alienation [eɪlɪdʒ'neɪʃən] – отдаление, отчужденность) from father and family. Beside him sat the American girl everyone had heard about but whom no one had seen until this day. He had, of course, shown the proper respect (выказал надлежащее уважение) and introduced her (представил ее) to everyone at the wedding, including (включая) his family. They were not impressed with her (она не произвела на них большого впечатления: «не были впечатлены ею»). She was too thin, she was too fair (светлая), her face was too sharply intelligent («остро-умные») for a woman, her manner too free for a maiden. Her name, too, was outlandish (было чуждым, иностранным) to their ears; she called herself Kay Adams. If she had told them that her family had settled (поселилась) in America two hundred years ago and her name was a common one (обычное), they would have shrugged (пожали бы /плечами/).

4 Every guest noticed that the Don paid no particular attention (не уделил особого внимания) to this third son. Michael had been his favorite before the war and obviously (очевидно) the chosen heir to run the family business (вести семейное дело, управлять делом) when the proper moment came (когда придет надлежащий момент). He had all the quiet force and intelligence of his great father, the born instinct to act in such a way that men had no recourse but to respect him (что людям не оставалось ничего иного, как уважать его; recourse [rɪ'ko:s] – прибежище, пристанище). But when World War II broke out, Michael Corleone volunteered for the Marine Corps (пошел добровольцем во флот [vɒlɒn'tɪð]; Marine [mɑ'ri:n] – государственный морской флот). He defied his father's express command (он пренебрег явным, недвусмысленно выраженным указанием отца; to defy [dɪ'faɪ] – бросать вызов; игнорировать, не обращать внимания) when he did so.

5 Don Corleone had no desire (никакого желания [di'zaið]), no intention (намерения), of letting his youngest son be killed (допустить, чтобы его сын был убит: «быть убитым») in the service of a power foreign to himself (за чужую, чуждую ему власть: «на службе у власти = державы, иностранной по отношению к нему»). Doctors had been bribed (были подкуплены), secret arrangements (договоренности) had been made. A great deal of money (большое количество) had been spent to take the proper precautions (необходимые меры предосторожности; precaution [pri'ko:ʃən] – предосторожность). But Michael was twenty-one years of age and nothing could be done against his own willfulness (своеволие, упрямство). He enlisted (записался) and fought (бился; to fight) over the Pacific Ocean. He became a Captain and won medals. In 1944 his picture was printed in *Life* magazine with a photo layout of his deeds («с фотографическим изображением» его деяний = подвигов; layout – планировка, расположение; выставка, показ). A friend had shown Don Corleone the magazine (his family did not dare (не осмеливалась)), and the Don had grunted disdainfully (крякнул презрительно; to grunt – хрюкать; ворчать, мычать; disdain [dis'dein] – презрение, пренебрежение) and said, "He performs those miracles for strangers (выполняет те чудеса для чужаков, иностранцев; miracle ['mirəkl])."

6 When Michael Corleone was discharged (демобилизирован) early in 1945 to recover (чтобы поправиться, прийти в себя; to recover [ri'kʌvə] – вновь обретать; прийти в себя; выздороветь) from a disabling wound (от раны, мешающей ему продолжать службу; to disable – делать неспособным, непригодным), he had no idea that his father had arranged his release (устроил его освобождение). He stayed home for a few weeks, then, without consulting anyone, entered Dartmouth College in Hanover, New Hampshire, and so he left his father's house. To return for the wedding of his sister and to show his own future wife to them, the washed-out rag of an American girl (бесцветную американку: the washed-out rag – застиранная тряпка).

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5 Don Corleone had no desire, no intention, of letting his youngest son be killed in the service of a power foreign to himself. Doctors had been bribed, secret arrangements had been made. A great deal of money had been spent to take the proper precautions. But Michael was twenty-one years of age and nothing could be done against his own willfulness. He enlisted and fought over the Pacific Ocean. He became a Captain and won medals. In 1944 his picture was printed in *Life* magazine with a photo layout of his deeds. A friend had shown Don Corleone the magazine (his family did not dare), and the Don had grunted disdainfully and said, "He performs those miracles for strangers."

6 When Michael Corleone was discharged early in 1945 to recover from a disabling wound, he had no idea that his father had arranged his release. He stayed home for a few weeks, then, without consulting anyone, entered Dartmouth College in Hanover, New Hampshire, and so he left his father's house. To return for the wedding of his sister and to show his own future wife to them, the washed-out rag of an American girl.

1 Michael Corleone was amusing Kay Adams (развлекал) by telling her little stories about some of the more colorful wedding guests (о наиболее колоритных). He was, in turn (в свою очередь), amused by her finding (что она находила) these people exotic, and, as always, charmed by her intense interest (очарован ее живым интересом) in anything new and foreign to her experience. Finally her attention was caught (ее внимание было привлечено) by a small group of men gathered around a wooden barrel (собравшихся вокруг деревянной бочки) of homemade wine. The men were Amerigo Bonasera, Nazorine the Baker, Anthony Coppola and Luca Brasi. With her usual alert intelligence (со свойственной ей живой, острой наблюдательностью; alert [ə'lɜ:t] – бдительный, настороженный) she remarked (заметила, высказала наблюдение) on the fact that these four men did not seem particularly happy (не кажутся особенно счастливыми). Michael smiled. "No, they're not," he said. "They're waiting to see my father in private (наедине). They have favors to ask (хотят просить об одолжении, помощи)." And indeed it was easy to see that all four men constantly followed the Don with their eyes.

2 As Don Corleone stood greeting guests, a black Chevrolet sedan came to a stop on the far side of the paved mall (мощеной аллее). Two men in the front seat pulled notebooks from their jackets and, with no attempt at concealment (не таясь: «без попытки укрывания, утаивания»; to conceal – утаивать), jotted down (начали записывать; jot – йота, ничтожное количество; to jot – кратко записать, бегло набросать) license numbers of the other cars parked around the mall. Sonny turned to his father and said, "Those guys over there must be cops (те парни вон там, должно быть, полицейские)."

Don Corleone shrugged. "I don't own the street (не владею улицей = улица – не моя собственность). They can do what they please."

3 Sonny's heavy Cupid face grew red with anger (стало красным от гнева). "Those lousy bastards (вшивые выродки), they don't respect anything." He left the steps of the house and walked across the mall to where the black sedan was parked. He thrust his face angrily close to the face of the driver, who did not flinch (не отклонился, не дрогнул; to flinch – вздрагивать /от боли, испуга/; уклоняться, отступать) but flapped open (открыл: «распахнул»; to flap – хлопать, шлепать) his wallet (бумажник ['wɒlɪt]) to show a green identification card (удостоверение). Sonny stepped back without saying a word. He spat (плюнул; to spit) so that the spittle hit the back door (что слюна попала на заднюю дверь) of the sedan and walked away. He was hoping the driver would get out of the sedan and come after him, on the mall, but nothing happened.

When he reached the steps (дошел до ступеней: «достиг» ступеней) he said to his father, "Those guys are FBI men (FBI – Federal Bureau of Investigation /ФБР – Федеральное бюро расследований/). They're taking down all the license numbers. Snotty (сопливые; snot – сопля /груб./) bastards."

4 Don Corleone knew who they were. His closest and most intimate friends had been advised (его наиболее близким друзьям было посоветовано) to attend (посетить, присутствовать на [ə'tend]) the wedding in automobiles not their own. And though he disapproved (не одобрял) of his son's foolish display of anger (глупое выражение, демонстрацию гнева), the tantrum (вспышка раздражения ['tænrəm]) served a purpose (/по/служило цели ['rð:ɹðs]). It would convince the interlopers (убедит непрошенных гостей; interloper – человек, вмешивающийся в чужие дела) that their presence was unexpected (что их присутствие было неожиданным = что их не ждали) and unprepared for (и к этому не были готовы). So Don Corleone himself was not angry. He had long ago learned that society imposes insults (наносит обиды: «накладывает оскорбления») that must be borne (которые нужно уметь стерпеть, снести: «которые должны быть носимы»), comforted (утешаясь) by the knowledge that in this world there comes a time when the most humble of men, if he keeps his eyes open, can take his revenge on the most powerful (может отомстить самому могущественному). It was this knowledge that prevented (предохранило, предупредило) the Don from losing the humility (от утраты смирения) all his friends admired in him (которым восхищались все его друзья [əd'maɪə]).

5 But now in the garden behind the house, a four-piece band (квартет, оркестр из четырех музыкантов) began to play. All the guests had arrived. Don Corleone put the intruders out of his mind (выбросил из головы: «ума, памяти» мысли о незваных гостях) and led his two sons to the wedding feast (на свадебный пир).

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1 There were, now, hundreds of guests in the huge garden, some dancing on the wooden platform bedecked (украшенной, убранной) with flowers, others sitting at long tables piled high with spicy food (заставленных острой, пикантной пищей; pile – куча, груда; to pile – сваливать в кучу) and gallon jugs (кувшинами, бутылками) of black, homemade wine. The bride, Connie Corleone, sat in splendor («в блеске,

великолепии») at a special raised table with her groom, the maid of honor, bridesmaids and ushers (дружками и подружками; usher – швейцар; церемониймейстер; шафер). It was a rustic setting (сельская, деревенская атмосфера; setting – размещение, окружающая обстановка) in the old Italian style. Not to the bride's taste (не по вкусу), but Connie had consented (согласилась) to a "guinea" wedding to please her father because she had so displeased him (так огорчила) in her choice of a husband (в выборе супруга).

2 The groom, Carlo Rizzi, was a half-breed (полукровка; to breed – породить, выводить, разводить /животных/), born of a Sicilian father and the North Italian mother from whom he had inherited his blond hair and blue eyes. His parents lived in Nevada and Carlo had left that state because of a little trouble with the law (из-за небольшой неприятности с законом). In New York he met Sonny Corleone and so met the sister. Don Corleone, of course, sent trusted friends (надежных; to trust – доверять) to Nevada and they reported that Carlo's police trouble was a youthful indiscretion with a gun («юношеская неосторожность с пистолетом»), not serious, that could easily be wiped off (стереть) the books to leave the youth with a clean record (с чистым прошлым; record – запись, протокол; характеристика, биография). They also came back with detailed information on legal gambling (о «законных» азартных играх; to gamble – играть на деньги) in Nevada which greatly interested the Don and which he had been pondering over since (и о чем он размышлял, продолжал размышлять с тех пор: to ponder over). It was part of the Don's greatness (/неотъемлемой/ частью его величия = это была одна из тех вещей, которые делали его великим человеком) that he profited from everything (извлекал пользу из всего).

3 Connie Corleone was a not quite pretty girl (не больно: «не вполне» красива, красавицей не назовешь), thin and nervous and certain (наверняка, /пред/определенной/) to become shrewish (стать сварливой, вздорной) later in life. But today, transformed by her white bridal gown and eager virginity («страстной девственностью»; eager – страстно желающий, ждущий, напряженный), she was so radiant (лучащейся, излучающей радость) as to be almost beautiful. Beneath the wooden table her hand rested on the muscular thigh of her groom. Her Cupid-bow mouth pouted (дулся = выпячивался) to give him an airy kiss (воздушный поцелуй).

4 She thought him incredibly handsome (невероятно красивым). Carlo Rizzi had worked in the open desert air while very young – heavy laborer's work. Now he had tremendous forearms (жуткие = огромные, могучие предплечья) and his shoulders bulged (выпячивались, бугрились; bulge – выпуклость) the jacket of his tux. He

basked (грелся; to bask – греться /на солнце, у огня;/ наслаждаться /счастьем/) in the adoring eyes (в обожающих глазах; to adore) of his bride and filled her glass with wine. He was elaborately (усердно, скрупулезно: «выработанно» [i'lae'brʌtli]) courteous (вежлив ['kʌ:tjʊs]) to her as if they were both (словно они оба были) actors in a play. But his eyes kept flickering (все время украдкой поглядывали, косились; to flicker – мигать, мерцать, мелькать) toward the huge silk purse (на огромный шелковый кошелек) the bride wore on her right shoulder and which was now stuffed full of money envelopes. How much did it hold (содержал /в себе/)? Ten thousand? Twenty thousand? Carlo Rizzi smiled. It was only the beginning. He had, after all, married into a royal family («женился в королевскую семью», породнился с королевской семьей). They would have to take care of him (им придется позаботиться о нем).

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1 In the crowd of guests a dapper (подвижный, проворный; щеголеватый, эlegantный) young man with the sleek head of a ferret (с гладкой, прилизанной головой хорька) was also studying the silk purse. From sheer habit (чисто по привычке; sheer – абсолютный, полнейший) Paulie Gatto wondered just how he could go about hijacking (размышлял, как бы он мог похитить; to hijack ['haɪdʒæk] – нападать с целью грабежа, похищать) that fat pocketbook (кошелек). The idea amused him. But he knew it was idle, innocent dreaming (праздное, невинное мечтание), as small children dream of knocking out tanks (подбивать танки, подбивания танков) with popguns (пугачами). He watched his boss, fat, middle-aged Peter Clemenza whirling (кружащего) young girls around the wooden dance floor in a rustic and lusty (в деревенской и чувственной, бойкой) *Tarantella*. Clemenza, immensely tall (очень высокий; immense [ɪ'mens] – безмерный, очень большой, огромный), immensely huge, danced with such skill (умением) and abandon (самозабвением, импульсивностью, страстностью; to abandon [ə'bændən] – покидать, оставлять; отказываться, прекращать), his hard belly lecherously bumping («похотливо» ударялся; lecherous ['letʃərəs] – распутный, развратный) the breasts of younger, tinier women (меньших /чем он/; tiny – очень маленький, крошечный), that all the guests were applauding him. Older women grabbed his arm (хватали) to become his next partner. The younger men respectfully cleared off the floor (освобождали место, расчищали /перед ним/ дорогу) and clapped their hands in time to the mandolin's wild strumming (в ритм брэнчанию, треньканью). When Clemenza finally collapsed in a chair (плюхнулся, свалился), Paulie Gatto brought him a glass of icy black wine and wiped the perspiring Jovelike brow (потное юпитероподобное чело; brow – бровь; чело /высок./) with his silk handkerchief (платком ['hæŋkətʃɪf]). Clemenza was blowing like a whale (тяжело дышал: «дул», как кит) as he gulped

down the wine (проглотил, хлебнул, хлебал). But instead of thanking Paulie he said curtly (коротко, резко, грубо), "Never mind being a dance judge («не беспокойся о том, чтобы быть танцевальным судьей» = нечего глазеть на танцы), do your job. Take a walk around the neighborhood (пройдись по окрестностям; neighborhood ['neɪbədʒud] – соседство, соседи; окрестности) and see everything is OK." Paulie slid away into the crowd (скользнул в толпу; to slide).

2 The band took a refreshment break (перерыв «для освежения»; refreshment – восстановление сил, отдых; refreshments – прохладительные напитки, закуска). A young man named Nino Valenti picked up a discarded mandolin (подобрал брошенную мандолину; to discard – отбрасывать что-то, избавляться от чего-либо), put his left foot up on a chair and began to sing a coarse (грубую [ко:s]) Sicilian love song. Nino Valenti's face was handsome though bloated by continual drinking (раздутое, опухшее от постоянного выпивания) and he was already a little drunk. He rolled his eyes (закатывал) as his tongue caressed the obscene lyrics (в то время как его язык ласкал непристойные стихи = слова песни [kə'res]). The women shrieked with glee (визжали от восторга) and the men shouted the last word of each stanza (строфы ['stænzə]) with the singer.

3 Don Corleone, notoriously (как всем было известно; notorious [nə'to:riəs] – известный, общеизвестный) straitlaced in such matters, («узко зашнурованный» = строгий в подобных вещах; lace – шнурок, тесьма; to lace – шнуровать), though his stout wife (дородная, полная) was screaming joyfully with the others, disappeared tactfully (тактично искрылся: «исчез») into the house. Seeing this, Sonny Corleone made his way (пробрался) to the bride's table and sat down beside young Lucy Mancini, the maid of honor. They were safe (они были в безопасности = дело было в шляпе, дело было верное). His wife was in the kitchen putting the last touches (последние штрихи) on the serving of the wedding cake. Sonny whispered (прошептал) a few words in the young girl's ear and she rose (поднялась, встала: to rise). Sonny waited a few minutes and then casually (как бы невзначай; casually ['kæʒ(j)u:ðli] – случайно, ненароком) followed her, stopping to talk with a guest here and there as he worked his way (пробирался, пробивался) through the crowd.

4 All eyes followed them. The maid of honor, thoroughly Americanized (полностью, совершенно, основательно американизированная; thoroughly ['θʌrðli]) by three years of college, was a ripe girl (зрелой) who already had a "reputation." All through the marriage rehearsals she had flirted with Sonny Corleone in a teasing, joking way (дразнящим, игривым образом) she thought was permitted (который, как она

полагала, был допустим; to permit ['pɜ:mit] – позволять, разрешать) because he was the best man and her wedding partner. Now holding her pink gown up off the ground, Lucy Mancini went into the house, smiling with false innocence («с фальшивой невинностью» = с притворно-невинным выражением лица), ran lightly up the stairs to the bathroom. She stayed there for a few moments. When she came out Sonny Corleone was on the landing above (на верхней площадке), beckoning her upward (маня ее вверх, делая ей знак рукой, чтобы поднялась; to beckon ['bekən] – манить, делать знак /рукой, пальцем/).

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1 From behind the closed window of Don Corleone's "office," a slightly raised corner room (слегка приподнятой угловой комнаты), Thomas Hagen watched the wedding party in the festooned garden. The walls behind him were stacked with law books (были уставлены юридическими книгами; to stack – складывать в стог; stack – куча, груда; law – закон). Hagen was the Don's lawyer (адвокат) and acting *consigliori* (исполняющим обязанности консьльори /советника – *итал.*), or counselor, and as such held the most vital subordinate position (и в качестве такового занимал наиболее важную: «жизненную» подчиненную должность) in the family business. He and the Don had solved many a knotty problem (разрешили немало запутанных проблем; knot – узел) in this room, and so when he saw the Godfather leave the festivities and enter the house, he knew, wedding or no (свадьба свадьбой, несмотря на свадьбу), there would be a little work this day. The Don would be coming to see him. Then Hagen saw Sonny Corleone whisper in Lucy Mancini's ear and their little comedy as he followed her into the house. Hagen grimaced (to grimace [grɪ'meɪs]), debated whether to inform the Don (поразмыслил, сообщить ли), and decided against it. He went to the desk and picked up a handwritten list of the people who had been granted permission (которым было позволено: «предоставлено разрешение»; to grant – дарить, даровать; предоставлять) to see Don Corleone privately. When the Don entered the room, Hagen handed him the list. Don Corleone nodded (кивнул) and said, "Leave Bonasera to the end (оставь на конец, напоследок)."

2 Hagen used the French doors (застекленные створчатые двери) and went directly out into the garden to where the supplicants clustered (просители столпились; cluster

– кисть, пучок, гроздь) around the barrel of wine. He pointed (указал пальцем) to the baker, the pudgy Nazorine.

3 Don Corleone greeted the baker with an embrace (приветствовал объятием). They had played together as children in Italy and had grown up in friendship. Every Easter (на каждую Пасху) freshly baked clotted-cheese (с расплавленным сыром; clot – комок, сгусток, свернувшийся) and wheat-germ (покрытые зернышками; wheat – пшеница; germ – зародыш; завязь) pies (пирог), their crusts (их корочки) yolk-gold (yolk [jʊk] – желток яйца), big around as truck wheels (как колеса грузовика), arrived at Don Corleone's home. On Christmas, on family birthdays, rich creamy pastries (кондитерские изделия /пирожные, печенья/; pastry ['peɪstri]) proclaimed the Nazorines' respect. And all through the years, lean and fat (благополучные и неблагоприятные: «тощие, скудные – и жирные, толстые»), Nazorine cheerfully (весело, бодро = не ропща) paid his dues (налоги, пошлины) to the bakery union (в союз пекарей) organized by the Don in his salad days (в пору юношеской неопытности). Never asking for a favor in return except for the chance to buy black-market OPA sugar coupons (правительственные карточки на сахар; OPA – Office of Price Administration) during the war. Now the time had come for the baker to claim his rights (заявить о своих правах) as a loyal friend, and Don Corleone looked forward with great pleasure (с большим удовольствием ожидал, собирался; to look forward – ожидать с нетерпением, предвкушать: «смотреть вперед») to granting his request (удовлетворить его просьбу).

4 He gave the baker a Di Nobili cigar and a glass of yellow Strega (итальянский лимонный ликер) and put his hand on the man's shoulder to urge him on (чтобы подбодрить его, побудить /изложить просьбу/; to urge – подгонять, подстегивать; побуждать, советовать). That was the mark (знак, метка) of the Don's humanity (человечности). He knew from bitter experience (по горькому опыту) what courage it took (сколько смелости требуется) to ask a favor from a fellow man (попросить ближнего об одолжении; fellow – приятель, коллега, напарник).

5 The baker told the story of his daughter and Enzo. A fine Italian lad (отличный парень) from Sicily; captured (взятый в плен) by the American Army; sent to the United States as a prisoner of war; given parole to help our war effort (усилие; достижение, успех ['efʌtʃ]!) A pure and honorable love had sprung up between honest Enzo and his sheltered Katherine (невинной: «оберегаемой дома») Катериной; shelter – приют; to shelter – приютить, укрыть) but now that the war was ended the poor lad would be repatriated to Italy and Nazorine's daughter would surely die of a

broken heart (наверняка, несомненно умрет от разбитого сердца). Only Godfather Corleone could help this afflicted couple (несчастной паре; to afflict [ə'flɪkt] – беспокоить, причинять боль, огорчать). He was their last hope.

6 The Don walked Nazorine up and down the room, his hand on the baker's shoulder, his head nodding with understanding to keep up (чтобы поддержать) the man's courage. When the baker had finished, Don Corleone smiled at him and said, "My dear friend, put all your worries aside (вам не о чем волноваться: «отложите /в сторону/ все ваши беспокойства»)." He went on (продолжил) to explain very carefully (объяснять очень тщательно = детально) what must be done (что должно быть сделано). The Congressman of the district (округа ['dɪstrɪkt]) must be petitioned (к нему нужно обратиться с просьбой, ходатайством [pɪ'tɪʃən]). The Congressman would propose a special bill (предложит особый законопроект [pɹə'pɔ:z]) that would allow (позволит [ə'laʊ]) Enzo to become a citizen (стать гражданином). The bill would surely pass Congress (пройдет = будет принят). A privilege all those rascals extended to each other (которую эти мошенники оказывают друг другу; to extend [ɪks'tend] – расширять, распространять влияние; оказывать протекцию, покровительство). Don Corleone explained that this would cost money, the going price (нынешняя, актуальная цена) was now two thousand dollars. He, Don Corleone, would guarantee performance (гарантирует исполнение [gæ'rən'ti:] [pɹə'fɔ:məns]) and accept payment (готов принять плату [ə'ksept]). Did his friend agree (согласен [əg'rei])?

7 The baker nodded his head vigorously (сильно, энергично ['vɪgə'rɪslɪ]). He did not expect such a great favor for nothing. That was understood. A special Act of Congress does not come cheap. Nazorine was almost tearful (чуть не плакал; tearful – плачущий: «полный слез») in his thanks. Don Corleone walked him to the door, assuring him (заверив его; to assure [ə'ʃʊə] – уверять) that competent people would be sent to the bakery to arrange all details, complete all necessary documents. The baker embraced him (обнял [ɪm'breɪs]) before disappearing into the garden.

8 Hagen smiled at the Don. "That's a good investment (/капитало/вложение) for Nazorine. A son-in-law (зять) and a cheap lifetime helper (дешевый помощник на всю жизнь) in his bakery all for two thousand dollars." He paused. "Who do I give this job to?"

9 Don Corleone frowned (нахмурился, сморщил лоб) in thought. "Not to our *paisan* (не земляку = не сицилийцу /итал./). Give it to the Jew in the next district. Have the home addresses changed (поменяй, пусть поменяют). I think there might be many such cases (должно быть много таких дел, случаев) now the war is over; we should

have extra people (дополнительных людей) in Washington that can handle the overflow (справиться с наплывом) and not raise the price (не поднимая цены)." Hagen made a note on his pad (в блокнот). "Not Congressman Luteco. Try (попробовать) Fischer."

1 From behind the closed window of Don Corleone's "office," a slightly raised corner room, Thomas Hagen watched the wedding party in the festooned garden. The walls behind him were stacked with law books. Hagen was the Don's lawyer and acting *consigliori*, or counselor, and as such held the most vital subordinate position in the family business. He and the Don had solved many a knotty problem in this room, and so when he saw the Godfather leave the festivities and enter the house, he knew, wedding or no, there would be a little work this day. The Don would be coming to see him. Then Hagen saw Sonny Corleone whisper in Lucy Mancini's ear and their little comedy as he followed her into the house. Hagen grimaced, debated whether to inform the Don, and decided against it. He went to the desk and picked up a handwritten list of the people who had been granted permission to see Don Corleone privately. When the Don entered the room, Hagen handed him the list. Don Corleone nodded and said, "Leave Bonasera to the end."

2 Hagen used the French doors and went directly out into the garden to where the supplicants clustered around the barrel of wine. He pointed to the baker, the pudgy Nazorine.

3 Don Corleone greeted the baker with an embrace. They had played together as children in Italy and had grown up in friendship. Every Easter freshly baked clotted-cheese and wheat-germ pies, their crusts yolk-gold, big around as truck wheels, arrived at Don Corleone's home. On Christmas, on family birthdays, rich creamy pastries proclaimed the Nazorines' respect. And all through the years, lean and fat, Nazorine cheerfully paid his dues to the bakery union organized by the Don in his salad days. Never asking for a favor in return except for the chance to buy black-market OPA sugar coupons during the war. Now the time had come for the baker to claim his rights as a loyal friend, and Don Corleone looked forward with great pleasure to granting his request.

4 He gave the baker a Di Nobili cigar and a glass of yellow Strega and put his hand on the man's shoulder to urge him on. That was the mark of the Don's

humanity. He knew from bitter experience what courage it took to ask a favor from a fellow man.

The baker told the story of his daughter and Enzo. A fine Italian lad from Sicily; captured by the American Army; sent to the United States as a prisoner of war; given parole to help our war effort! A pure and honorable love had sprung up between honest Enzo and his sheltered Katherine but now that the war was ended the poor lad would be repatriated to Italy and Nazorine's daughter would surely die of a broken heart. Only Godfather Corleone could help this afflicted couple. He was their last hope.

5 The Don walked Nazorine up and down the room, his hand on the baker's shoulder, his head nodding with understanding to keep up the man's courage. When the baker had finished, Don Corleone smiled at him and said, "My dear friend, put all your worries aside." He went on to explain very carefully what must be done. The Congressman of the district must be petitioned. The Congressman would propose a special bill that would allow Enzo to become a citizen. The bill would surely pass Congress. A privilege all those rascals extended to each other. Don Corleone explained that this would cost money, the going price was now two thousand dollars. He, Don Corleone, would guarantee performance and accept payment. Did his friend agree?

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8 Don Corleone frowned in thought. "Not to our *paisan*. Give it to the Jew in the next district. Have the home addresses changed. I think there might be many such cases now the war is over; we should have extra people in Washington that can handle the overflow and not raise the price." Hagen made a note on his pad. "Not Congressman Luteco. Try Fischer."

1 The next man Hagen brought in was a very simple case. His name was Anthony Coppola and he was the son of a man Don Corleone had worked with in the railroad yards (на железнодорожных сортировочных станциях) in his youth. Coppola needed five hundred dollars to open a pizzeria; for a deposit (вклад; задаток; взнос) on fixtures (чтобы внести задаток за оборудование; fixture ['fɪkstʃə] – приспособление, прибор; движимое имущество в соединении с недвижимым) and the special oven (духовой шкаф, духовку [Λvη]). For reasons not gone into (по причинам, в которые не стоит углубляться), credit was not available (доступен, имеющийся в распоряжении [ə'veɪləbəl]). The Don reached into his pocket and took out a roll of bills (сверток купюр = груды скомканных купюр). It was not quite enough. He grimaced and said to Tom Hagen, "Loan me (одолжи) a hundred dollars, I'll pay you back Monday when I go to the bank." The supplicant protested that four hundred dollars would be ample (вполне достаточно; ample – богатый, изобильный), but Don Corleone patted his shoulder, saying, apologetically (извиняясь [æpələ'dʒɪtɪkəlɪ]; apology [ə'pɒlədʒɪ – извинение), "This fancy (причудливый, необычный, прихотливый, здесь: шикарный) wedding left me a little short of cash (оставила меня без наличных, немножко разорила меня)." He took the money Hagen extended to him and gave it to Anthony Coppola with his own roll of bills.

2 Hagen watched with quiet admiration (с тихим восхищением). The Don always taught that when a man was generous, he must show the generosity as personal (должен показывать, проявлять щедрость, великодушие «как личное, личностное» = направленно, конкретно). How flattering (лестно) to Anthony Coppola that a man like the Don would borrow (готов занять /деньги/) to loan him money. Not that Coppola did not know that the Don was a millionaire but how many millionaires let themselves be put to even a small inconvenience (позволят подвергнуть себя даже малейшему неудобству [ɪnkə'nvi:njəns]) by a poor friend?

3 The Don raised his head inquiringly (вопрошающе, вопросительно). Hagen said, "He's not on the list but Luca Brasi wants to see you. He understands it can't be public but he wants to congratulate you in person."

4 For the first time the Don seemed displeased (казался недовольным). The answer was devious (уклончивым; devious ['di:vjəs] – удаленный, окольный, отклоняющийся от прямого пути). "Is it necessary (необходимо ['nesɪsəri])?" he asked.

5 Hagen shrugged. "You understand him better than I do. But he was very grateful (благодарен) that you invited him to the wedding. He never expected that. I think he wants to show his gratitude (благодарность ['grætɪtju:d])."

6 Don Corleone nodded and gestured (указал жестом ['dGestʃ]) that Luca Blasi should be brought to him (должен быть приведен к нему = чтобы привели).

1 The next man Hagen brought in was a very simple case. His name was Anthony Coppola and he was the son of a man Don Corleone had worked with in the railroad yards in his youth. Coppola needed five hundred dollars to open a pizzeria; for a deposit on fixtures and the special oven. For reasons not gone into, credit was not available. The Don reached into his pocket and took out a roll of bills. It was not quite enough. He grimaced and said to Tom Hagen, "Loan me a hundred dollars, I'll pay you back Monday when I go to the bank." The supplicant protested that four hundred dollars would be ample, but Don Corleone patted his shoulder, saying, apologetically, "This fancy wedding left me a little short of cash." He took the money Hagen extended to him and gave it to Anthony Coppola with his own roll of bills.

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6 Don Corleone nodded and gestured that Luca Blasi should be brought to him.

1 In the garden Kay Adams was struck (поражена, ей бросилось в глаза: to strike – бить) by the violent fury (неистовой яростью; violent ['vaɪələnt] – неистовый, яростный; сильный, интенсивный) imprinted («запечатленной») on the face of Luca Brasi. She asked about him. Michael had brought Kay to the wedding so that she would slowly (чтобы она медленно = постепенно) and perhaps without too much of a shock, absorb the truth (восприняла правду; to absorb [ə'bsɔ:b] – впитывать, абсорбировать,

поглощать) about his father. But so far she seemed to regard (но пока, до сих пор она, казалось, рассматривала) the Don as a slightly (слегка, немного) unethical businessman. Michael decided to tell her part of the truth indirectly (опосредствованно: «не прямо» = решил намекнуть). He explained that Luca Brasi was one of the most feared men (которых больше всего боятся) in the Eastern underworld (в преступном мире Восточного побережья). His great talent, it was said, was that he could do a job of murder (убийства) all by himself (совершенно один, самостоятельно), without confederates (без соучастников [kən'fedərit]), which automatically made discovery (раскрытие) and conviction (осуждение, признание виновным [kən'vɪkʃən]) by the law almost impossible. Michael grimaced and said, "I don't know whether all that stuff is true (правда ли все это; stuff – материя, вещество; нечто, некие вещи). I do know he is sort of a friend (что-то вроде друга) to my father."

2 For the first time Kay began to understand. She asked a little incredulously (недоверчиво [ɪn'kredjʊləsli]), "You're not hinting (уж не намекаешь ли ты) that a man like that works for your father?"

3 The hell with it (черт со всем этим = была не была), he thought. He said, straight out (совершенно прямо, не таясь), "Nearly fifteen years ago some people wanted to take over (забрать, прибрать к рукам; to take over – перенять должность; принять во владение) my father's oil importing business (импорт оливкового масла). They tried to kill him and nearly did (чуть не убили, у них почти получилось). Luca Brasi went after them (занялся ими; to go after – преследовать). The story is (в общем, рассказывают) that he killed six men in two weeks and that ended the famous (знаменитую ['feɪmðs]) olive ([ˈɒlɪv]) oil war." He smiled as if it were a joke (словно это была шутка).

4 Kay shuddered. "You mean your father was shot by gangsters (в него стреляли; to shoot)?"

5 "Fifteen years ago," Michael said. "Everything's been peaceful (мирно = спокойно) since then." He was afraid he had gone too far.

6 "You're trying to scare me (пытаешься напугать меня)," Kay said. "You just don't want me to marry you." She smiled at him and poked his ribs (ткнула в ребра) with her elbow (локтем ['elbʊ]). "Very clever."

7 Michael smiled back at her. "I want you to think about it," he said.

8 "Did he really kill six men?" Kay asked.

9 "That's what the newspapers claimed (утверждали)," Mike said. "Nobody ever proved it (никогда никому не удалось это доказать; ever – когда-либо). But there's

another story about him that nobody ever tells. It's supposed to be so terrible (предполагается, что она /история/ столь ужасна) that even my father won't talk about it. Tom Hagen knows the story and he won't tell me. Once I kidded him (я подшучивал, поддразнивал), I said, 'When will I be old enough to hear that story about Luca?' and Tom said, 'When you're a hundred.' Michael sipped (отхлебнул; sip – маленький глоток) his glass of wine. "That must be some story (это, наверное, та еще история). That must be some Luca."

1 In the garden Kay Adams was struck by the violet fury imprinted on the face of Luca Brasi. She asked about him. Michael had brought Kay to the wedding so that she would slowly and perhaps without too much of a shock, absorb the truth about his father. But so far she seemed to regard the Don as a slightly unethical businessman. Michael decided to tell her part of the truth indirectly. He explained that Luca Brasi was one of the most feared men in the Eastern underworld. His great talent, it was said, was that he could do a job of murder all by himself, without confederates, which automatically made discovery and conviction by the law almost impossible. Michael grimaced and said, "I don't know whether all that stuff is true. I do know he is sort of a friend to my father."

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1 Luca Brasi was indeed a man to frighten the devil in hell himself (способный испугать самого дьявола в аду [devl]). Short, squat (коренастый: «короткий и толстый»; to squat – сидеть на корточках), massive-skulled (с массивным черепом: skull), his presence sent out alarm bells of danger (его присутствие сигнализировало = распространяло ощущение опасности: alarm [ə'ɪɑ:m] – сигнал тревоги; alarm bell – набат, сигнальный звонок). His face was stamped into a mask of fury (на его лицо «была нанесена /вечная/ печать» гнева, ярости, на его лице была застывшая маска гнева). The eyes were brown but with none of the warmth of that color (но безо всякого тепла, свойственного этому цвету), more a deadly tan (скорее мертвенный желто-коричневый цвет). The mouth was not so much cruel as lifeless (не столько жестоким, сколько безжизненным); thin, rubbery (резиновым = словно резиновым) and the color of veal (телятины).

2 Brasi's reputation for violence (жестокости, насилия, применения силы) was awesome (устрашающей, необычайной: «вызывающей благоговение, почтительный страх»; awe [o:] – благоговейный страх, трепет) and his devotion (преданность) to Don Corleone legendary. He was, in himself, one of the great blocks that supported (поддерживали) the Don's power structure. His kind was a rarity (такие как он были большой редкостью: «его вид был редкостью»).

3 Luca Brasi did not fear the police, he did not fear society (общество [sə'saɪəti]), he did not fear God, he did not fear hell, he did not fear or love his fellow man. But he had elected (избрал), he had chosen, to fear and love Don Corleone. Ushered into the presence of the Don (приведенный к Дону; to usher – провожать, сопровождать; вводить; показывать места; usher – швейцар; капельдинер; билетер), the terrible Brasi held himself stiff (неподвижно, застывший) with respect. He stuttered over (пробормотал; to stutter – заикаться, запинаться) the flowery congratulations he offered (цветистые поздравления; to offer – предлагать; выдвигать; приносить /жертву/, возносить /молитвы/) and his formal hope that the first grandchild would be masculine (мужского пола ['ma:skjʊlɪn]). He then handed the Don an envelope stuffed with cash as a gift for the bridal couple.

4 So that was what he wanted to do. Hagen noticed the change in Don Corleone. The Don received Brasi as a king greets a subject (подобно тому, как король приветствует

подданного) who has done him an enormous service (огромную услугу [i'no:mðs]), never familiar but with regal respect (вовсе не фамильярно, но с королевским уважением, почетом ['ri:gðl]). With every gesture, with every word, Don Corleone made it clear to Luca Brasi that he was *valued* (ценим). Not for one moment did he show surprise at the wedding gift being presented to him personally. He understood.

5 The money in the envelope was sure to be more than anyone else had given. Brasi had spent many hours deciding on the sum, comparing it to what the other guests might offer (сравнивая с тем, что могли бы предложить, преподнести другие гости). He wanted to be the most generous to show that he had the most respect, and that was why he had given his envelope to the Don personally, a *gaucherie* (неловкость, нарушение этикета [gðu]ð'ri:]; gauche [gðu]) – неловкий, неуклюжий, нескладный: «левый» /франц./) the Don overlooked (не стал обращать внимания, игнорировал) in his own flowery sentence of thanks. Hagen saw Luca Brasi's face lose its mask of fury (как утратило), swell with pride and pleasure (стало набухать от гордости и удовольствия). Brasi kissed the Don's hand before he went out the door that Hagen held open. Hagen prudently (предусмотрительно, благоразумно = на всякий случай) gave Brasi a friendly smile which the squat man acknowledged (признал = на которую ответил [ðk'noldG]) with a polite stretching (вежливым растягиванием) of rubbery, veal-colored lips.

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3 Luca Brasi did not fear the police, he did not fear society, he did not fear God, he did not fear hell, he did not fear or love his fellow man. But he had elected, he had *chosen*, to fear and love Don Corleone. Ushered into the presence of the Don, the terrible Brasi held himself stiff with respect. He stuttered over the flowery congratulations he offered and his formal hope that the first grandchild would be masculine. He then handed the Don an envelope stuffed with cash as a gift for the bridal couple.

4 So that was what he wanted to do. Hagen noticed the change in Don Corleone. The Don received Brasi as a king greets a subject who has done him an enormous service, never familiar but with regal respect. With every gesture, with every word, Don Corleone made it clear to Luca Brasi that he was *valued*. Not for one moment did he show surprise at the wedding gift being presented to him personally. He understood.

5 The money in the envelope was sure to be more than anyone else had given. Brasi had spent many hours deciding on the sum, comparing it to what the other guests might offer. He wanted to be the most generous to show that he had the most respect, and that was why he had given his envelope to the Don personally, a *gaucherie* the Don overlooked in his own flowery sentence of thanks. Hagen saw Luca Brasi's face lose its mask of fury, swell with pride and pleasure. Brasi kissed the Don's hand before he went out the door that Hagen held open. Hagen prudently gave Brasi a friendly smile which the squat man acknowledged with a polite stretching of rubbery, veal-colored lips.

1 When the door closed Don Corleone gave a small sigh of relief (вздых облегчения). Brasi was the only man in the world who could make him nervous. The man was like a natural force (словно некая природная = неконтролируемая человеком сила), not truly subject to control (в общем-то неподчиненная, неподлежащая контролю). He had to be handled as gingerly as dynamite (с ним следовало обращаться так же осторожно, предусмотрительно, как с динамитом ['dʒɪndʒaɪ] ['daɪnəmaɪt]). The Don shrugged. Even dynamite could be exploded harmlessly (может быть взорван безопасно) if the need arose (если бы возникла необходимость). He looked questioningly at Hagen. "Is Bonasera the only one left?"

2 Hagen nodded. Don Corleone frowned in thought, then said, "Before you bring him in, tell Santino to come here. He should learn some things."

3 Out in the garden, Hagen searched anxiously (с беспокойством, озабоченно; anxious ['æŋkʃəs]) for Sonny Corleone. He told the waiting Bonasera to be patient (потерпеть; patient ['reɪʃənt] – терпеливый) and went over (подошел) to Michael Corleone and his girl friend. "Did you see Sonny around (здесь где-нибудь)?" he asked. Michael shook his head. Damn (проклятье; to damn – проклинать), Hagen thought, if Sonny was screwing the maid of honor all this time (трахал; to screw [skru:] – завинчивать) there was going to be a mess of trouble (будут большие неприятности; mess – беспорядок, путаница; неприятность). His wife, the young girl's family; it could

be a disaster (бедствие, катастрофа [dɪ'zɑ:stə]). Anxiously he hurried to the entrance (поспешил к входу) through which (через который) he had seen Sonny disappear almost a half hour ago.

4 Seeing Hagen go into the house, Kay Adams asked Michael Corleone, "Who is he? You introduced him as your brother but his name is different (отличающаяся, иная) and he certainly doesn't look Italian."

5 "Tom lived with us since he was twelve years old," Michael said. "His parents died and he was roaming around the streets (бродил, скитался) with this bad eye infection (с заражением глаза, с сильно зараженным глазом). Sonny brought him home one night and he just stayed (просто остался /жить с нами/). He didn't have any place to go. He lived with us until he got married."

6 Kay Adams was thrilled (взволнована, заинтригована; to thrill – вызывать трепет, сильно волновать). "That's really romantic," she said. "Your father must be a warmhearted person. To adopt (усыновить) somebody just like that when he had so many children of his own."

7 Michael didn't bother to point out (не стал указывать на то, не стал тратить силы на разъяснение того; to bother ['bɒðl] – беспокоиться, волноваться) that immigrant Italians considered (считали, рассматривали) four children a small family. He merely said (только лишь сказал), "Tom wasn't adopted. He just lived with us."

8 "Oh," Kay said, then asked curiously, "why didn't you adopt him?"

9 Michael laughed. "Because my father said it would be disrespectful (непочтительно) for Tom to change his name. Disrespectful to his own parents."

10 They saw Hagen shoo Sonny through the French door into the Don's office (to shoo – выгонять, выпроваживать; shoo – кыш; to shoo – вспугивать, прогонять /птиц/) and then crook a finger (скрючил, согнул палец = поманил пальцем; crook – крюк) at Amerigo Bonasera. "Why do they bother your father (беспокоят) with business on a day like this?" Kay asked.

11 Michael laughed again. "Because they know that by tradition (по традиции) no Sicilian can refuse a request (не может отказать просьбе) on his daughter's wedding day. And no Sicilian ever lets a chance like that go by (не упускает случая, возможности: «не дает шансу пройти мимо»)."

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