

**Факультет иностранных языков**  
**Специальность «Перевод и переводоведение»**  
**английский язык**  
Дополнительное вступительное испытание

**Текст № 4**

1. Прочитайте текст и подготовьтесь к пересказу и беседе по его содержанию, ответьте на вопросы по тексту.

**Black Beauty**

*by Anna Sewell*

Black Beauty is a horse whose life story is wonderfully described by Anna Sewell. The book “Black Beauty” is very popular in England. It has made Anna Sewell’s name immortal. At the time described in this story Black Beauty lived in Squire Gordon’s stalls. John worked as the head coachman for Squire Gordon.

Every day I was more and more happy that I lived in such a good place. All who knew my master and mistress respected and loved them. They were good and kind to everybody and everything; not only to men, women and children, but to horses and donkeys, to dogs and cats, and to all other animals and birds.

One day late in the autumn my master had to go to town on business. John put me into the dog-cart<sup>1</sup> and went with us too. I always liked to go in the dog-cart because it was very light and its wheels ran along so smoothly. There had been a lot of rain and now the wind was very high. We went merrily along till we came to the toll-bar<sup>2</sup> and the low wooden bridge. The bridge-keeper said: “The water in the river is rising fast. I’m afraid it will be a bad night, so don’t stay in town long.”

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<sup>1</sup> dog-cart - двуколка

<sup>2</sup> toll-bar - шлагбаум, где взимается плата за проезд

Unfortunately, my master's business kept him in town a long time, so we could go home only late in the evening. The wind was then much higher. As we drove through the wood a large tree fell across the road just before us, and we had to go back and take another road to the wooden bridge. When we came there, it was almost dark, but we could see that there was some water on the bridge. This had happened before and so the master didn't stop. But the moment my feet touched the bridge I was sure that something was wrong. I stopped. "Go, Beauty," said my master and touched me with the weep. I did not move. Then he whipped me again; I jumped but still did not move.

"Something is wrong, sir," said John. He jumped out of the dog-cart, came to my head and looked around. He tried to lead me forward but again I did not move. "Come on, Beauty, what's the matter?" he asked. Of course, I couldn't tell him, but I knew very well that the bridge was not safe.

Just then the bridge-keeper ran out of the house on the other side of the river with a torch in his hand.

"Hoy, hoy, hoy, halloo, stop!" he cried like a madman.

"What's the matter?" cried my master.

"The bridge is broken in the middle and if you go on, you'll be in the river," he answered.

"What luck!" said my master. "You Beauty!" said John and gently turned me to the road by the river side.

For a long time nobody spoke, and then the master began to speak in a serious voice. I couldn't understand much of what they said but still I understood something. They said that I had saved their lives. Then my master added: "Men have reason but animals have knowledge of danger; they often feel danger better than men do and so they often save the lives of men."

John spoke about horses and dogs and about the wonderful things which they had done. He also said that very often men did not value their animals enough. "It's a great pity," he added, "for domestic animals are the best friends of men."

It was very late when we came home. Everybody was awake waiting for us. My mistress ran out of the house saying: “Are you really safe, my dear? How troubled I was! Did you have an accident?”

“No, my dear; but it’s your Black Beauty who was wiser than we were and who saved our lives.”

I heard no more, as they went into the house and John took me to the stable. Oh! What a good supper he gave me that night, and what a thick bed of straw! I was glad that I could rest at last. I was very tired.

I had now lived in Squire Gordon’s stables for three years and I had been very happy. But sad changes awaited me and the other horses. We heard from time to time that our mistress was ill. The Doctor was often in the house, and my master looked sad and anxious. Then we heard that she must leave her home at once and go to a warm country for two or three years. The news was a hard blow to everybody. The master decided to leave England immediately and the preparations began.

Then we, the horses, heard about our future. The master had sold me to his old friend. My master’s friend was an Earl<sup>3</sup> and a very rich man. The place where I was to live was very big and fine. The house was three or four times larger than Mr. Gordon’s house and my stable was light and full of air. But I must tell you that the new place was not so pleasant, if a horse may have an opinion.

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<sup>3</sup> earl - граф

**TEXT № 4**

**Black Beauty**

Questions:

1. Where and why did his master have to go that day?
2. What did the bridge-keeper warn Black Beauty's master about?
3. What happened when the master wanted Black Beauty to go onto the bridge?
4. How did John show the people's gratitude to Black Beauty?
5. Why was Black Beauty sold some time later?