

Закр́тый клуб

Читаем вместе по-английски

'Through the Looking-Glass' by Lewis Carroll



Автор – Диана Семёнычева
© Эффективный английский с экспертом

www.EngExpert.ru

Lesson 12

Through the Looking-Glass

Chapter VIII, Part II

Chapter VIII

'It's My Own Invention'



Through the Looking-Glass

Chapter VIII – 'It's My Own Invention'

- **'We'd better take it** with us,' the Knight said. **'It'll come in handy if we find** any plum-cake. **Help me to get it into** this bag.'
- **This took a very long time to manage,** though Alice held the bag open very carefully, because the Knight was so very **awkward** in putting in the dish: the first two or three **times** that he tried he **fell in himself** instead.

Through the Looking-Glass

Chapter VIII – 'It's My Own Invention'

- 'It's rather a **tight fit**, you see,' he said, as they got it in a last; 'There are so many **candlesticks** in the bag.' And he hung it to the saddle, which was already **loaded with bunches of carrots**, and **fire-irons**, and many other things.
- 'I hope you've got your hair well **fastened on?**' he continued, as they **set off**.
- 'Only **in the usual way,**' Alice said, smiling.

Through the Looking-Glass

Chapter VIII – 'It's My Own Invention'

- 'That's **hardly enough,**' he said, **anxiously.** 'You see the wind is so very strong here. It's as strong as soup.'
- '**Have you invented** a plan for **keeping the hair from being blown off?**' Alice **enquired.**
- 'Not yet,' said the Knight. 'But I've got a plan for **keeping it from falling off.**'
- '**I should like to hear it, very much.**'

Through the Looking-Glass

Chapter VIII – 'It's My Own Invention'

- 'First you take an **upright stick,**' said the Knight. 'Then you make your hair **creep up** it, **like** a fruit-tree. Now **the reason hair falls off is** because it **hangs down** – things never fall **upwards,** you know. It's a plan of my own invention. You may try it if you like.'

Through the Looking-Glass

Chapter VIII – 'It's My Own Invention'

- It didn't sound a comfortable plan, Alice thought, and for a few minutes she **walked on in silence, puzzling over** the idea, and **every now and then stopping to help** the poor Knight, who certainly was not a good **rider**.
- Whenever the horse stopped (which it did very often), he fell off in front; and, whenever it went on again (which it generally did rather suddenly), he fell off behind.

Through the Looking-Glass

Chapter VIII – 'It's My Own Invention'

- Otherwise he **kept on pretty well**, except that he had a habit of **now and then** falling off **sideways**; and, as he generally did this on the side on which Alice was walking, she soon found that it was the best plan not to walk quite close to the horse.
- 'I'm afraid you've not had much practice in riding,' she ventured to say, as she was helping him **up** from his fifth **tumble**.

Through the Looking-Glass

Chapter VIII – 'It's My Own Invention'

- The Knight looked very much surprised, and a little offended at the remark. 'What makes you say that?' he asked, as he **scrambled back** into the saddle, **keeping hold of** Alice's hair with one hand, to **save himself from falling over** on the other side.
- 'Because people don't fall off quite so often, when they've had much practice.'

Through the Looking-Glass

Chapter VIII – 'It's My Own Invention'

- **'I've had plenty of practice,'** the Knight said very **gravely:**
'plenty of practice!'
- Alice could think of nothing better to say than 'Indeed?' but she said it as **heartily** as she could. They went on **a little way** in silence after this, the Knight with his eyes shut, **muttering to himself,** and Alice watching anxiously for the next tumble.

Through the Looking-Glass

Chapter VIII – 'It's My Own Invention'

- 'The great art of riding,' the Knight suddenly began in a loud voice, **waving his right arm** as he spoke, 'is to keep –' Here the sentence ended as suddenly as it had begun, as the Knight fell heavily on the top of his head exactly in the path where Alice was walking. She was quite frightened this time, and said in an anxious tone, as she **picked him up**, 'I hope **no bones are broken?**'

Through the Looking-Glass

Chapter VIII – 'It's My Own Invention'

- 'None to speak of,' the Knight said, **as if** he didn't mind breaking two or three of them. 'The great art of riding, as I was saying, is – to **keep your balance properly. Like this,** you know –'
- He **let go the bridle,** and **stretched out both his arms** to show Alice what he meant, and this time he **fell flat** on his back, right under the horse's feet.

Through the Looking-Glass

Chapter VIII – 'It's My Own Invention'

- 'Plenty of practice!' he **went on repeating, all the time** that Alice was getting him on his feet again. 'Plenty of practice!'
- 'It's **too ridiculous!**' cried Alice, losing all her patience this time. 'You **ought to have a wooden horse on wheels,** that you ought!'

Through the Looking-Glass

Chapter VIII – 'It's My Own Invention'

- 'Does that kind **go smoothly?**' the Knight asked in a tone of great interest, **clasping his arms round** the horse's neck as he spoke, **just in time to save himself from tumbling off** again.
- 'Much more smoothly than a **live** horse,' Alice said, with a little **scream of laughter, in spite of** all she could do to **prevent** it.

Through the Looking-Glass

Chapter VIII – 'It's My Own Invention'

- 'I'll get one,' the Knight said **thoughtfully** to himself. 'One or two – **several.**'
- There was a short silence after this, and then the Knight went on again. '**I'm a great hand at inventing** things. Now, I **daresay** you noticed, the last time you picked me up, that I was looking rather thoughtful?'

Through the Looking-Glass

Chapter VIII – 'It's My Own Invention'

- 'You were a little **grave,**' said Alice.
- '**Well, just then** I was inventing a new way of **getting over a gate - would you like to hear** it?'
- 'Very much indeed,' Alice said **politely.**

Through the Looking-Glass

Chapter VIII – 'It's My Own Invention'

- 'I'll tell you how I **came to think of it,**' said the Knight. 'You see, I said to myself "**The only difficulty is** with the feet: the head is **high enough** already." Now, first I put my head on the top of the gate – then the head's high enough – then I stand on my head – then the feet are high enough, you see – then **I'm over,** you see.'

Through the Looking-Glass

Chapter VIII – 'It's My Own Invention'

- 'Yes, I suppose you'd **be over when that was done,**' Alice said thoughtfully: 'but don't you think it would be rather hard?'
- 'I **haven't tried it yet,**' the Knight said, gravely; 'so I can't **tell for certain** – but I'm afraid it would be a little hard.'
- He looked so **vexed** at the idea, that Alice changed the subject **hastily**. 'What a curious helmet you've got!' she said **cheerfully**. 'Is that your invention **too?**'

Through the Looking-Glass

Chapter VIII – 'It's My Own Invention'

- The Knight looked down proudly at his helmet, which hung from the saddle. 'Yes,' he said; 'but I've invented a better one than that – **like a sugar loaf**. When I **used to wear** it, if I fell off the horse, it always touched the ground directly. So I had a very little way to fall, you see – But there was the danger of falling into it, **to be sure**.

Through the Looking-Glass

Chapter VIII – 'It's My Own Invention'

- That **happened to me once** - and **the worst of it** was, before I could get out again, the other White Knight came and put it on. He thought it was his own helmet.'
- The Knight looked so **solemn** about it that Alice **did not dare to laugh**. 'I'm afraid you must **have hurt** him,' she said in a **trembling** voice, '**being on the top of his head.**'

Through the Looking-Glass

Chapter VIII – 'It's My Own Invention'

- 'I had to **kick** him, of course,' the Knight said, very seriously. 'And then he **took the helmet off** again – but **it took hours and hours to get me out**. I was **as fast as – as lightning**, you know.'
- 'But that's a different kind of **fastness**,' Alice **objected**.

Through the Looking-Glass

Chapter VIII – 'It's My Own Invention'

- The Knight **shook his head.** 'It was all kinds of fastness with me, I can **assure** you!' he said. He raised his hands in some excitement as he said this, and instantly **rolled out of the saddle,** and **fell headlong** into a deep **ditch.**

Through the Looking-Glass

Chapter VIII – 'It's My Own Invention'

- Alice ran to the side of the ditch to **look for** him. She **was rather startled by the fall**, as for some time he **had kept on** very well, and she was afraid that he really was hurt this time. However, though she could see nothing but the **soles** of his feet, she **was much relieved to hear** that he **was talking on** in his usual tone. 'All kinds of fastness,' he repeated: 'but it **was careless of him** to **put another man's helmet on** – with the man in it, too.'

Through the Looking-Glass

Chapter VIII – 'It's My Own Invention'

- 'How can you **go on talking so quietly**, head downwards?' Alice asked, as she **dragged him out** by the feet, and laid him in a **heap** on the bank.
- The Knight looked surprised at the question. '**What does it matter where my body happens to be?**' he said. 'My mind goes on working all the same. In fact, the more head downwards I am, the more I keep inventing new things.'

Through the Looking-Glass

Chapter VIII – 'It's My Own Invention'

- 'Now the cleverest thing of the sort that I ever did,' he went on after a pause, 'was inventing a new pudding during the **meat-course.**'
- '**In time to have it cooked** for the next course?' said Alice.
'Well, that was quick work, certainly!'

Through the Looking-Glass

Chapter VIII – 'It's My Own Invention'

- 'Well, not the next course,' the Knight said in a slow thoughtful tone: 'no, certainly not the next course.'
- 'Then it would have to be the next day. I suppose you wouldn't have two pudding-courses in one dinner?'

Through the Looking-Glass

Chapter VIII – 'It's My Own Invention'

- 'Well, not the next day,' the Knight repeated as before: 'not the next day. In fact,' he went on, **holding his head down**, and his **voice getting lower and lower**, 'I don't believe that pudding ever was cooked! In fact, I don't believe that pudding ever will be cooked! And yet it was a very clever pudding to invent.'

Through the Looking-Glass

Chapter VIII – 'It's My Own Invention'

- 'What did you mean it to **be made of?**' Alice asked, hoping to **cheer him up,** for the poor Knight seemed quite **low-spirited** about it.
- **It began with blotting-paper,**' the Knight answered with a **groan.**
- 'That wouldn't be very nice, I'm afraid -'

Through the Looking-Glass

Chapter VIII – 'It's My Own Invention'

- 'Not very nice alone ,' he interrupted, quite **eagerly**: 'but you've no idea **what a difference it makes**, mixing it with other things - **such as gunpowder** and **sealing-wax**. And here I must leave you.' They had just come to the end of the wood.
- Alice could only look puzzled: she **was thinking of** the pudding.

Through the Looking-Glass

Chapter VIII – 'It's My Own Invention'

- 'You **are sad,**' the Knight said in an anxious tone: '**let me** sing you a song to **comfort** you.'
- 'Is it very long?' Alice asked, for she had heard a good deal of poetry that day.
- 'It's long,' said the Knight, 'but very, very beautiful. **Everybody that hears me sing** it – either it **brings the tears into their eyes, or else -'**

Through the Looking-Glass

Chapter VIII – 'It's My Own Invention'

- 'Or else what?' said Alice, for the Knight had made a sudden pause.
- 'Or else it doesn't, you know. The name of the song is called **"Haddocks' Eyes."**
- 'Oh, that's the name of the song, is it?' Alice said, trying to feel interested.

Through the Looking-Glass

Chapter VIII – 'It's My Own Invention'

- 'No, you don't understand,' the Knight said, looking a little vexed. 'That's what the name is called. The name really is "The Aged Aged Man."'
- 'Then I ought to have said "That's what the song is called"?' Alice corrected herself.

Through the Looking-Glass

Chapter VIII – 'It's My Own Invention'

- 'No, you oughtn't: **that's quite another thing!** The song is called "**Ways and Means**": but that's only what it's called, you know!'
- 'Well, what is the song, then?' said Alice, who was **by this time** completely **bewildered**.

Through the Looking-Glass

Chapter VIII – 'It's My Own Invention'

- 'I **was coming to that,**' the Knight said. 'The song really is "A-sitting on a Gate": and the **tune's** my own invention.'
- So saying, he stopped his horse and **let the reins fall on its neck:** then, slowly **beating time** with one hand, and with a **faint** smile **lighting up his gentle foolish face,** as if he enjoyed the music of his song, he began.

Through the Looking-Glass

Chapter VIII – 'It's My Own Invention'

- Of all the strange things that Alice saw in her journey Through the Looking-Glass, this was the one that she always remembered most clearly. Years afterwards she could **bring** the whole scene **back** again, as if it had been only yesterday – the **mild** blue eyes and **kindly smile** of the Knight – the **setting sun gleaming** through his hair, and shining on his **armour in a blaze of light** that quite **dazzled** her –

Through the Looking-Glass

Chapter VIII – 'It's My Own Invention'

- the horse quietly **moving about**, with the **reins hanging loose on his neck, cropping the grass** at her feet – and the black shadows of the forest behind – all this she **took in like a picture**, as, with one hand shading her eyes, she leant against a tree, watching the strange pair, and listening, **in a half dream**, to the melancholy music of the song.

Through the Looking-Glass

Chapter VIII – 'It's My Own Invention'

- 'But the **tune** isn't his own invention,' she said to herself: 'it's "I give thee all, I can no more ."' She stood and listened very **attentively**, but **no tears came into her eyes**.

Through the Looking-Glass

Chapter VIII – 'It's My Own Invention'

- 'I'll tell thee everything I can:
- There's little to **relate**.
- I saw an aged aged man,
- A-sitting on a gate.
- "Who are you, aged man?" I said.
- "And **how is it** you live?"
- And his answer **trickled through** my head,
- **Like** water through a **sieve**.

Through the Looking-Glass

Chapter VIII – 'It's My Own Invention'

- He said "I **look for** butterflies
- That sleep among the **wheat:**
- I make them into **mutton-pies,**
- And sell them in the street.
- I sell them unto men," he said,
- 'Who sail on stormy seas;
- And **that's the way I get my bread -**
- A **trifle,** if you please."

Through the Looking-Glass

Chapter VIII – 'It's My Own Invention'

- But I **was thinking of** a plan
- To **dye one's whiskers green,**
- And always use so large a **fan**
- That they could not be seen.
- So, having no reply to give
- To what the old man said,
- I cried, "Come, tell me how you live!"
- And **thumped** him on the head.

Закр́тый клуб

Читаем вместе по-английски

'Through the Looking-Glass' by Lewis Carroll



Автор – Диана Семёнычева
© Эффективный английский с экспертом

www.EngExpert.ru