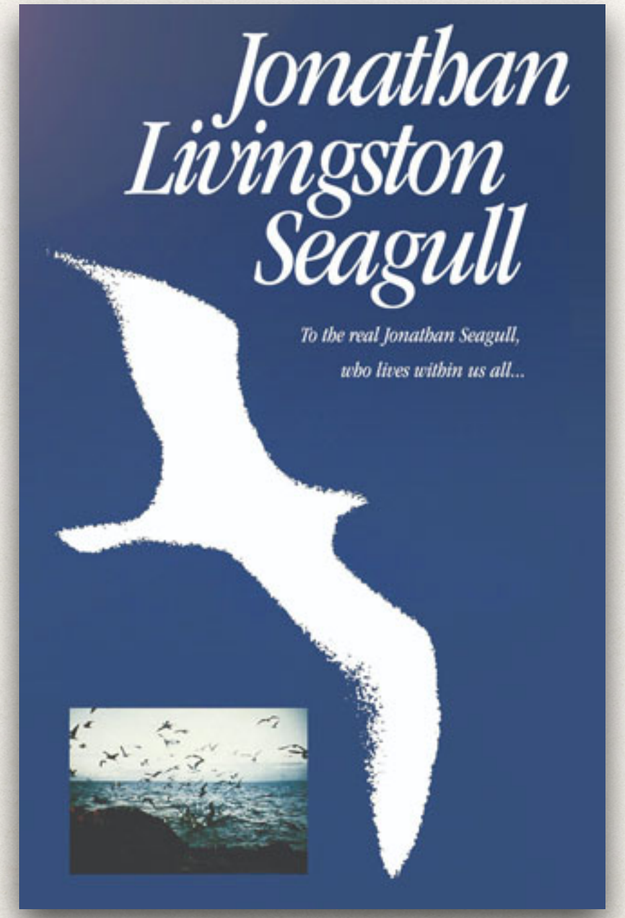
Закрытый клуб

Читаем вместе по-английски



‘Jonathan Livingston Seagull’ by Richard Bach

Автор – Диана Семёнычева
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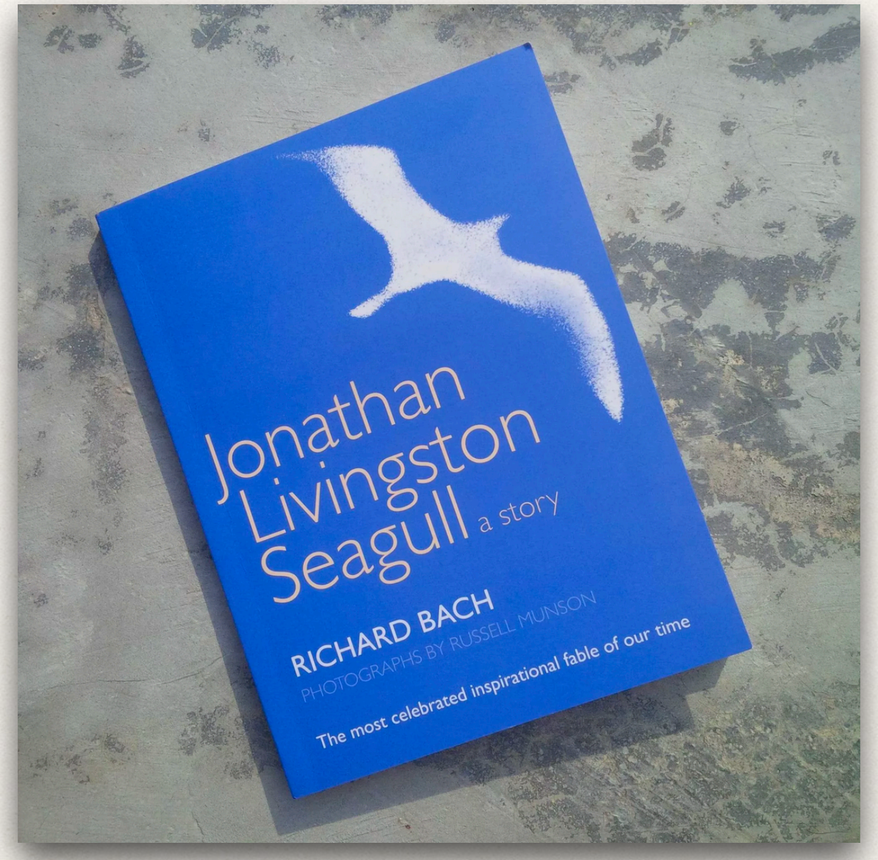
Lesson 7

Jonathan Livingston Seagull

Part 9, Part 10

Part 9


Jonathan
Livingston
Seagull a story
RICHARD BACH
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Jonathan Livingston Seagull

Part 9

- **It all made sense.** It was **pure logic,** and Anthony Seagull had all his life tried to **abide by** honesty and logic. He had to die **sooner or later** anyway, and he saw no reason to **prolong** the **painful boredom** of living.

Jonathan Livingston Seagull

Part 9

- So he **pushed over,** from two thousand feet, into a dive straight toward the water, **coming down** at nearly fifty miles per hour. It was **oddly exhilarating, to have made the decision at last.** He had found the one answer that made any sense **at all.**

Jonathan Livingston Seagull

Part 9

- **Along about midway** into his death-dive, with the sea **tilting** and growing huge beneath him, there was a great **whistling roar** directly past his right wing and he was passed in flight by another seagull . . . passed as though he had been standing on the beach.

Jonathan Livingston Seagull

Part 9

- The other bird was a white **streak blazing** down, a **blurred meteor from space.** Anthony, **startled, bent** his wings into **dive-brakes** and wondered **helplessly at the sight.**

Jonathan Livingston Seagull

Part 9

- The **blur dwindled softly** toward the sea, **flashing down** at the **wave tops,** and then bent into a hard **pullup,** beak pointing right straight back up into the sky, and rolled. A long vertical slow roll, **twisting off** into an impossible full circle in the air.

Jonathan Livingston Seagull

Part 9

- Anthony **stalled,** watching; forgot where he was, stalled again. “I swear,” he said out loud, “I swear that was a seagull!” He turned **at once** toward the other bird, who **apparently** hadn’t noticed him. “HEY!” he called, as loud as he could. “HEY! **WAIT UP!”**

Jonathan Livingston Seagull

Part 9

- The gull **pitched** immediately **up** on one wing, moving **at tremendous speed, blazed** back toward him. Anthony in level flight, pulled hard into a vertical **bank,** and stopped suddenly in the air, as a **racing-skier** stops **at the end of a downhill run.**

Jonathan Livingston Seagull

Part 9

- “Hey!” Anthony **was all out of breath.** “What . . . what are you doing?” It was a silly question, but he didn’t know what else to say.
- “I’m sorry if I **startled** you,” the stranger said in a voice as clear and friendly as the wind. “I **had you in sight all the time.** Just playing . . . I wouldn’t have hit you.”

Jonathan Livingston Seagull

Part 9

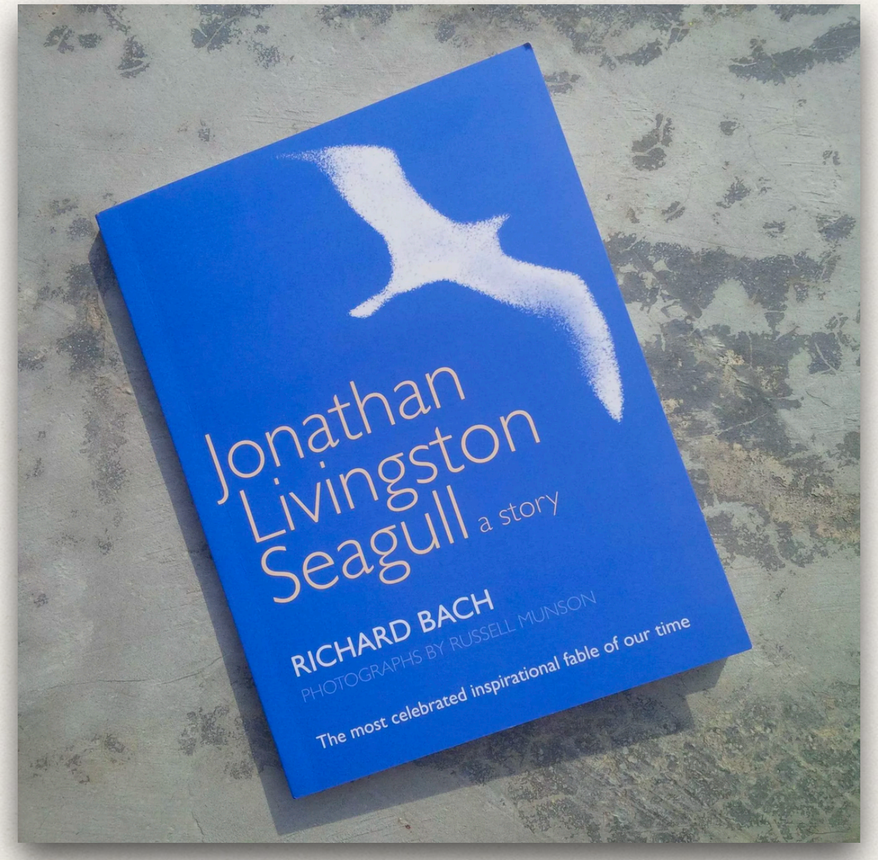
- “No! No, **that’s not it.”** Anthony was **awake** and **alive for the first time in his life, inspired.** “What was that?”
- “Oh, some fun-flying, I guess. A dive and a pullup to a slow roll with a **rolling loop off the top.**

Jonathan Livingston Seagull

Part 9

- Just **messing around.** If you really want to do it well **it takes a bit of practice,** but it's a **nice-looking thing,** don't you think?"
- "It's, it's . . . beautiful, is what it is! But you haven't been around the Flock at all. Who are you, anyway?"
- "You can call me Jon."

Part 10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Jonathan Livingston Seagull

Part 10

- The last chapter is not an amazing story, **though it feels like it.**
- How do adventures suddenly appear in one's mind? Writers who love their work say that the mystery is a part of the magic. No explanation.

Jonathan Livingston Seagull

Part 10

- Imagination is an old soul. Someone whispers **in the spirit**, **speaks softly** of a bright world and the creatures there with joys and sorrows and despairs and victories, the tale finished and beautiful **except for** the words.

Jonathan Livingston Seagull

Part 10

- Writers **swirl images** to match the action they see, remember the dialogue from beginning to the end. Simply **insert** letters, **periods,** and commas, and the story is ready to **ski down the slopes of booksellers.**

Jonathan Livingston Seagull

Part 10

- Stories are **wrought** not with **committees** and grammar, they **spring from a mystery** that touches our own **silent imagination.** Questions hold us puzzled **for years,** then a storm of answers come sudden from the unknown, **arrows** from a **bow** we've never seen.

Jonathan Livingston Seagull

Part 10

- So it was for me. When I stopped writing the fourth part, the story of Jonathan Seagull **was done.**
- I read the fourth part **over and again, at the time.** It would never be true! Would the seagulls who followed Jonathan's answers kill the spirit of flight with ritual?

Jonathan Livingston Seagull

Part 10

- That chapter said it could be. I didn't believe it. Three parts told the whole of it, I thought, doesn't need a fourth: a **desert** sky, **dusty words** to **smother joy, almost.** It doesn't need to be printed.
- So, why didn't I burn it?

Jonathan Livingston Seagull
Part 10

- Don’t know. I **put it away,** the last part of the book believed in itself when I didn’t. It knew what I refused: the forces of **rulers** and ritual slowly, slowly will kill our freedom to live as we choose.
- All that time passed; half a century, forgotten.

Jonathan Livingston Seagull

Part 10

- Sabryna found the story not long ago, **ragged** and **faded, squashed** under **useless business papers.**
- “Do you remember this?”
- “Remember what?” I said. “No.”
- I read some **paragraphs.** “Oh. I remember, **sort of.** This was . . .”

Jonathan Livingston Seagull

Part 10

- “Read it.” A smile for the **antique manuscript** she’d found, which had touched her.
- The typewriter’s letters were faded. The language was **an echo of mine,** though, **way back** then, a sense of what I was. It was not my writing; it was his writing, the kid **from then.**

Jonathan Livingston Seagull

Part 10

- The manuscript ended, and filled me with his **warning** and his hope.
- “I knew what I was doing!” he said. “In your twenty-first century, **hemmed about** with authority and ritual, it’s **strapped** now to **strangle** freedom.

Jonathan Livingston Seagull

Part 10

- Don’t you see? It’s planning to make your world safe, not free.” He lived his story, last chance. **“My time’s gone.** Yours isn’t.”
- I thought about his voice again, the last chapter. Are we seagulls **looking at the end of freedom** in our world?

Jonathan Livingston Seagull

Part 10

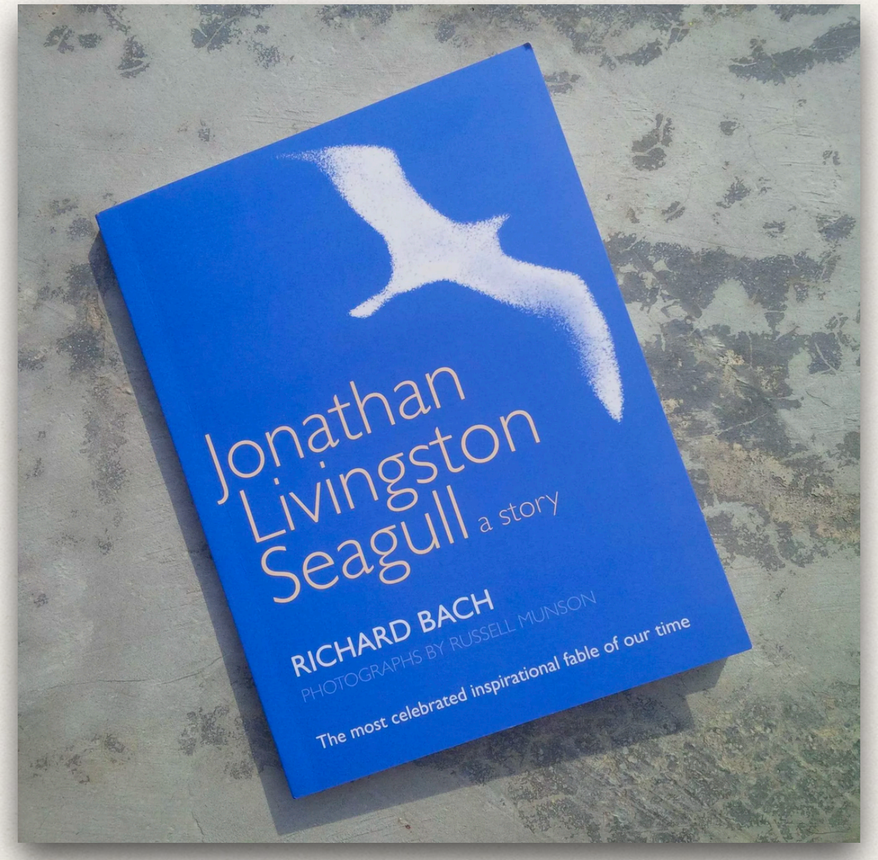
- Part Four, printed at last **where it belongs,** says maybe not. It was written when nobody knew the future. Now we do.
- —Richard Bach
- Spring 2013

Jonathan Livingston Seagull

Part 10

- About the Author
- RICHARD BACH is the author of twenty other books, including Illusions, One, and The Bridge Across Forever. A former **USAF fighter pilot, gypsy barnstormer** and **airplane mechanic,** he flies **seaplanes** in the Northwest.
- His website is www.richardbach.com.

Interview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Richard Bach

Interview

- The Adventures of a **Reluctant** Student: An Interview with Richard Bach
- May 16, 2014
- by Watkins Books
- MagazinePersonal Development
- (by Lee Stephen Gawtry)

Richard Bach

Interview

- This interview first appeared in Watkins Mind Body Spirit #38, Summer 2014.
- The following transcript is an **excerpt** from the interview between Lee Stephen Gawtry and Richard Bach.

Richard Bach

Interview

- Stephen: Your passion for flying **has permeated** your **writing ever since** Jonathan Livingston Seagull. When did you first **discover** you had a **passion for being airborne?**

Richard Bach

Interview

- Richard: It **must have happened early on.** I **was terrified of heights** when I was little, but my brother **made wonderful airplane models.** I found that I could imagine I was in the little **cockpits** and could fly them **at an altitude of about three feet** in my bedroom, which worked fine. Later the fear of heights **vaporized** but I loved airplanes always.

Richard Bach

Interview

- Stephen: On August 31st 2012 you **were involved in** a near-fatal **plane crash.** What happened that day?

Richard Bach

Interview

- Richard: I was landing, and made a **gentle smooth landing** in a friend's **pasture, except as the wheels touched,** I couldn't see. Oh, I thought, I **must not have been flying,** this is a dream! In a while I could see again.

Richard Bach

Interview

- I was in a room way up high; it felt like I was in a **gondola** under a **dirigible.** I could see the ground 1500 feet below, very beautiful. Didn't see anyone in the room, but someone asked, **three times,** if I wanted to go back to my life on Earth. I said yes, **after a while,** and **all of a sudden** I was in a hospital!

Richard Bach

Interview

- **Turned out** that I had been in a coma **for days,** that it wasn't a dream, that my little seaplane's wheels had caught some **high-tension wires,** and the sudden stop **slammed** the airplane **upside down** into the ground. The illusion of a **gentle landing,** how was that possible?

Richard Bach

Interview

- I learned again, that everything of this life as a mortal is **fiction.** It seems real, but…well it **went on from there.**
- Stephen: In fifty-eight years of flying you had never previously **sustained an injury.** You **must have wondered** why this, why now?

Richard Bach

Interview

- Richard: Exactly what I wondered. And **gradually,** through some strange teachers (who reminded me that only Love is real), I found that I **had asked for this startling** lesson. Changed me **profoundly, the way personal experience** changes us when theories don't. I saw death as life, fresh and bright again.

Richard Bach

Interview

- **Took over a year till I healed,** had my little seaplane **rebuilt** and we flew again. Decided that one reason was to **share** the event with a few others…that there's **no such thing as dying.** Heaven's **fiction,** too, but we learn there for sure.

Richard Bach

Interview

- Stephen: Your **brush with death** left you in a coma **for over a week.** What did the doctors think was going to happen?
- Richard: They were **pretty sure** that there would be problems. Some said that I might not live, and if I did I might not walk, speak, understand, wouldn’t read or write.

Richard Bach

Interview

- **Some kind of traumatic head injury.** But Sabryna **was instantly on the other side,** with a truth, and she said it **over and over:** "You are a perfect expression of perfect Love, **here and now.** There will be no **permanent injuries."** I said that too, **a few thousand times,** and things got better soon.

Richard Bach

Interview

- Stephen: When you first **awoke** from the coma, your memory of what happened differed **dramatically** from the events of the crash. What did you think had happened?

Richard Bach

Interview

- Richard: The so-smooth landing in my mind compared, **oddly enough,** against what this world said: that Puff and I were thrown upside down into the ground. Now I believe that **nothing seems to be violent** to someone who's dying. **Observers** see the crash, the fires and **explosions,** the ones **in the midst of it all see differently.**

Richard Bach

Interview

- It's **all of a sudden** as soft and gentle as a dream, no harm to them, no pain – a different world. They see a beautiful land, and people who meet them, love them. I've seen explosions, crashes, fires… **seems like hell,** but for one who's dying in the midst of it, it's heaven.

Закрытый клуб

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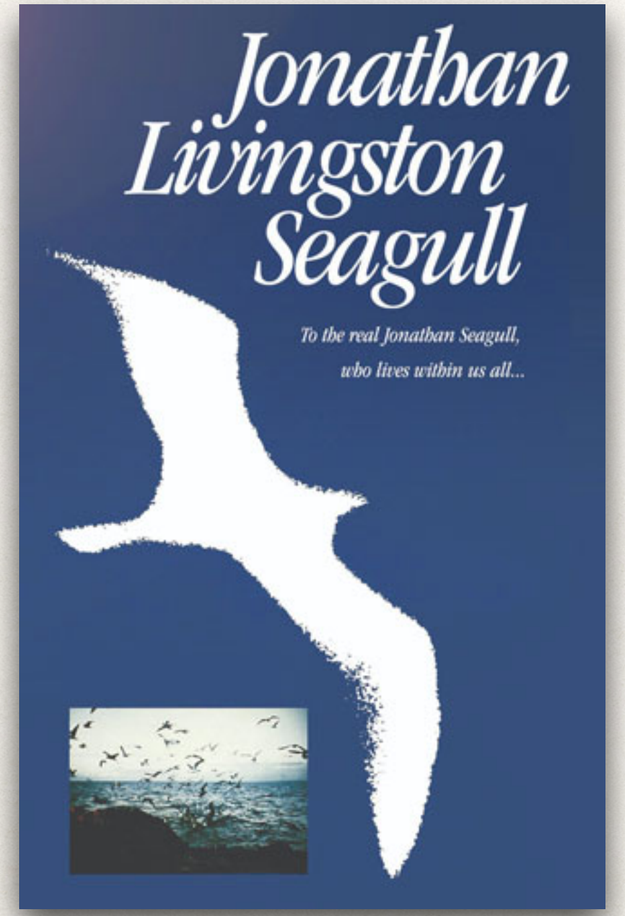

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