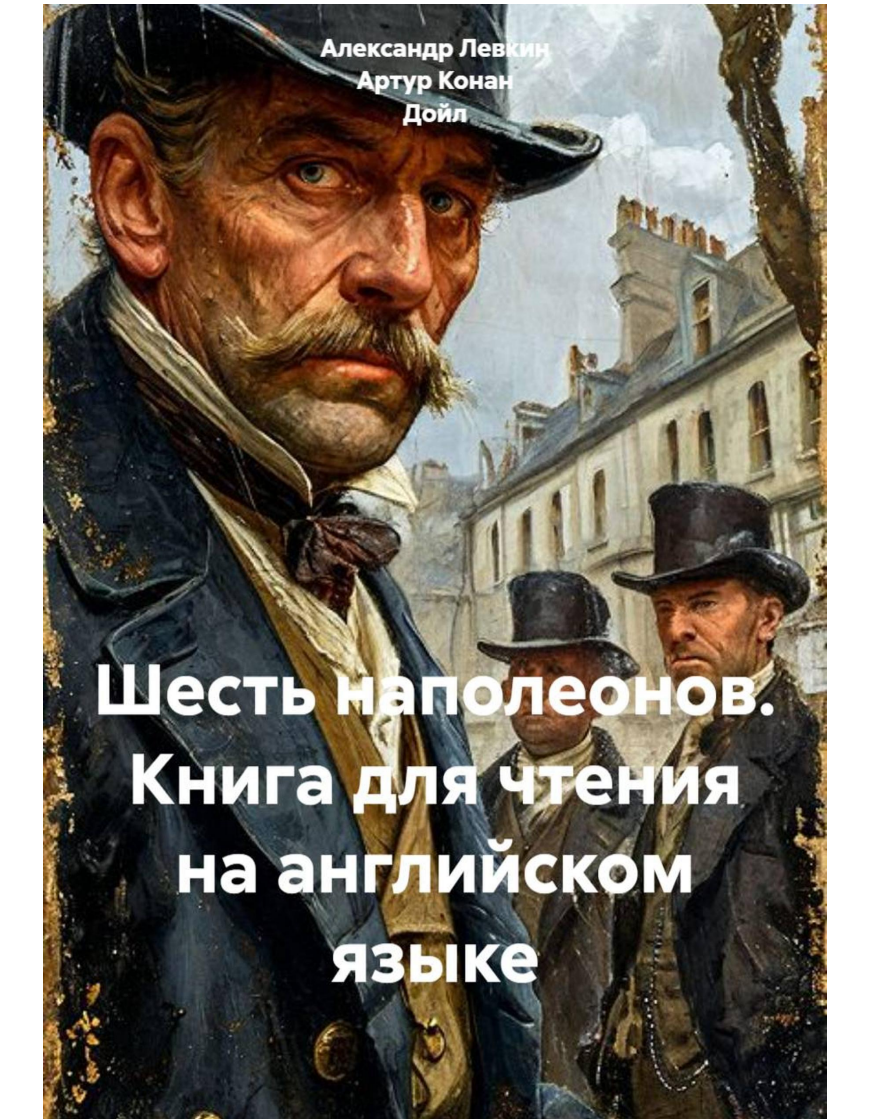




Александр Левкин
Артур Конан
Дойл

**Шесть наполеонов.
Книга для чтения
на английском
языке**

Артур Дойл

Шесть наполеонов. Книга для

чтения на английском языке

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Аннотация

Книга подготовлена по материалам интернет-публикации электронной книги по рассказу А.К. Дойла «Шесть наполеонов» на английском языке. Книга содержит транскрипцию текста рассказа, облегчающую чтение рассказа. Книга предназначена для изучающих английский язык с использованием текста произведения зарубежной классики и его транскрипции.

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Шесть наполеонов. Книга для чтения на английском языке

Введение

Книга предназначена для изучающих английский язык с использованием текста произведения зарубежной классики и его транскрипции.

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В данной книге приводится транскрипция текста рассказа А.К. Дойла «Шесть Наполеонов» на английском языке. Текст рассказа разбит на небольшие фрагменты. Фрагменты пронумерованы порядковыми номерами (01, 02,...,70). Для каждого фрагмента подготовлена транскрипция текста, оформленная в виде иллюстраций с изображением тран-

скрипции текста.

Таким образом, чтение рассказа производится с «подсказками» в виде транскрипции текста.

01

THE [ði] ADVENTURE [əd'ventʃər] OF [ɒv] THE [ðə] SIX [sɪks]

NAPOLEONS [nə'pəʊliənz]

It [ɪt] was [wɒz] no [nəʊ] very ['veri] unusual [ʌn'ju:ʒuəl] thing [θɪŋ] for [fɔ:]
Mr. Lestrade, of [ɒv] Scotland ['skɒtlənd] Yard [jɑ:d], to [tu:] look [lʊk] in [ɪn] upon [ə'pɒn]
us [ʌs] of [ɒv] an [ən] evening ['i:vnɪŋ], and [ænd] his [hɪz] visits ['vɪzɪts] were [wɜ:]
welcome ['welkəm] to [tu:] Sherlock ['ʃɜ:lɒk] Holmes [həʊmz], for [fɔ:] they [ðeɪ]
enabled [ɪ'neɪbld] him [hɪm] to [tu:] keep [ki:p] in [ɪn] touch [tʌtʃ] with [wɪð] all [ɔ:l] that [ðæt]

was [wɒz] going [ˈɡəʊɪŋ] on [ɒn] at [æt] the [ðə] police [pəˈliːs] headquarters [ˌhɛdˈkwɔːtəz].
In [ɪn] return [rɪˈtʃːn] for [fɔː] the [ðə] news [njuːz] which [wɪtʃ] Lestrade would [wʊd]
bring [brɪŋ], Holmes [həʊmz] was [wɒz] always [ˈɔːlweɪz] ready [ˈrɛdi] to [tuː] listen [ˈlɪsən]
with [wɪð] attention [əˈtɛnʃən] to [tuː] the [ðə] details [ˈdiːteɪlz] of [ɒv] any [ˈeni] case [keɪs]
upon [əˈpɒn] which [wɪtʃ] the [ðə] detective [dɪˈtɛktɪv] was [wɒz] engaged [ɪnˈɡeɪdʒd],
and [ænd] was [wɒz] able [ˈeɪbəl] occasionally [əˈkeɪʒənəli], without [wɪˈðaʊt] any [ˈeni]
active [ˈæktɪv] interference [ˌɪntəˈfɪərəns], to [tuː] give [ɡɪv] some [səm] hint [hɪnt] or [ɔː]

suggestion [səˈdʒestʃən] drawn [drɔːn] from [frɒm] his [hɪz] own [əʊn] vast [vɑːst]
knowledge [ˈnɒlɪdʒ] and [ænd] experience [ɪkˈspɪəriəns].

The Adventure Of The Six Napoleons

It was no very unusual thing for Mr. Lestrade, of Scotland Yard, to look in upon us of an evening, and his visits were welcome to Sherlock Holmes, for they enabled him to keep in touch with all that was going on at the police headquarters. In return for the news which Lestrade would bring, Holmes was

always ready to listen with attention to the details of any case upon which the detective was engaged, and was able occasionally, without any active interference, to give some hint or suggestion drawn from his own vast knowledge and experience.

02

On [ɒn] this [ðɪs] particular [pə'tɪkjələr] evening ['iːvɪŋ], Lestrade had [hæd] spoken ['spəʊkən] of [ɒv] the [ðə] weather ['weðər] and [ænd] the [ðə] newspapers ['njuːz,peɪpəz]. Then [ðen] he [hiː] had [hæd] fallen ['fɔːlən] silent ['saɪlənt], puffing ['pʌfɪŋ] thoughtfully ['θɔːtflɪ] at [æt] his [hɪz] cigar [sɪ'ɡɑː]. Holmes [həʊmz] looked [lʊkt] keenly ['kiːnli] at [æt] him [hɪm].

“Anything ['eniθɪŋ] remarkable [rɪ'mɑːkəbəl] on [ɒn] hand [hænd]?” he [hiː] asked [ɑːskt].

“Oh [əʊ], no [nəʊ], Mr. Holmes [həʊmz]— nothing ['nʌθɪŋ] very ['veri] particular [pə'tɪkjələr].”

“Then [ðen] tell [tɛl] me [miː] about [ə'baʊt] it [ɪt].”

Lestrade laughed [lɑːft].

On this particular evening, Lestrade had spoken of the weather and the newspapers. Then he had fallen silent, puffing thoughtfully at his cigar. Holmes looked keenly at him.

“Anything remarkable on hand?” he asked.

“Oh, no, Mr. Holmes— nothing very particular.”

“Then tell me about it.”

Lestrade laughed.

03

“Well [wɛl], Mr. Holmes [həʊmz], there [ðeə] is [ɪz] no [nəʊ] use [ju:s] denying [dɪˈnaɪɪŋ] that [ðæt] there [ðeə] *is* [ɪz] something [ˈsʌmθɪŋ] on [ɒn] my [maɪ] mind [maɪnd]. And [ænd] yet [jɛt] it [ɪt] is [ɪz] such [sʌʃ] an [ən] absurd [əbˈsɜ:d] business [ˈbɪznɪs], that [ðæt] I [aɪ] hesitated [ˈhezɪteɪtɪd] to [tu:] bother [ˈboðə] you [ju:] about [əˈbaʊt] it [ɪt]. On [ɒn] the [ði] other [ˈʌðə] hand [hænd], although [ɔ:lˈðəʊ] it [ɪt] is [ɪz] trivial [ˈtrɪviəl], it [ɪt] is [ɪz] undoubtedly [ʌnˈdaʊtɪdli] queer [kwɪə], and [ænd] I [aɪ] know [nəʊ] that [ðæt] you [ju:] have [həv] a [ə] taste [teɪst] for [fɔ:r] all [ɔ:l] that [ðæt] is [ɪz]

out [aʊt] of [ɒv] the [ði] common [ˈkɒmən]. But [bʌt], in [ɪn] my [maɪ] opinion [əˈpɪnjən], it [ɪt] comes [kʌmz] more [mɔ:r] in [ɪn] Dr. Watson's [ˈwɒtsənz] line [laɪn] than [ðæn] ours [ˈaʊəz].”

“Disease [dɪˈzi:z]?” said [sed] I [aɪ].

“Well, Mr. Holmes, there is no use denying that there *is* something on my mind. And yet it is such an absurd business, that I hesitated to bother you about it. On the other hand, although it is trivial, it is undoubtedly queer, and I know that you have a taste for all that is out of the common. But, in my opinion, it comes more in Dr. Watson’s line than ours.”

“Disease?” said I.

04

“Madness [ˈmædnəs], anyhow [ˈenihaʊ]. And [ænd] a [ə] queer [kwɪə]
madness [ˈmædnəs], too [tu:]. You [ju:] wouldn’t [ˈwʊdn̩t] think [θɪŋk] there [ðeə]
was [wɒz] anyone [ˈeniwʌn] living [ˈlɪvɪŋ] at [æt] this [ðɪs] time [taɪm] of [ɒv] day [deɪ]
who [hu:] had [həd] such [sʌʃ] a [ə] hatred [ˈheɪtrɪd] of [ɒv] Napoleon [nəˈpəʊliən] the [ðe]
First [fɜːst] that [ðæt] he [hi:] would [wʊd] break [breɪk] any [ˈeni] image [ˈɪmɪdʒ] of [ɒv]
him [hɪm] that [ðæt] he [hi:] could [kʊd] see [si:].”

Holmes [həʊmz] sank [sæŋk] back [bæk] in [ɪn] his [hɪz] chair [tʃeə].

“That’s [ðæts] no [nəʊ] business [ˈbɪznɪs] of [ɒv] mine [maɪn],” said [sed] he [hi:].

“Exactly [ɪgˈzæktli]. That’s [ðæts] what [wɒt] I [aɪ] said [sed]. But [bʌt] then [ðen], when [wen] the [ðə] man [mæn] commits [kəˈmɪts] burglary [ˈbɜːɡlɪrɪ] in [ɪn] order [ˈɔːdə] to [tuː] break [breɪk] images [ˈɪmɪdʒɪz] which [wɪtʃ] are [ɑː] not [nɒt] his [hɪz] own [əʊn], that [ðæt] brings [brɪŋz] it [ɪt] away [əˈweɪ] from [frɒm] the [ðə] doctor [ˈdɒktər] and [ænd] on [ɒn] to [tuː] the [ðə] policeman [pəˈlɪsmən].”

Holmes [həʊmz] sat [sæt] up [ʌp] again [əˈɡeɪn].

“Burglary [ˈbɜːɡlɪrɪ]! This [ðɪs] is [ɪz] more [mɔːr] interesting [ˈɪntrestɪŋ]. Let [let] me [miː] hear [hɪə] the [ðə] details [ˈdiːteɪlz].”

Lestrade took [tʊk] out [aʊt] his [hɪz] official [əˈfɪʃəl] notebook [ˈnəʊtbʊk] and [ænd] refreshed [rɪˈfreʃt] his [hɪz] memory [ˈmeməri] from [frɒm] its [ɪts] pages [ˈpeɪdʒɪz].

“Madness, anyhow. And a queer madness, too. You wouldn’t think there was anyone living at this time of day who had such a hatred of Napoleon the First that he would break any image of him that he could see.”

Holmes sank back in his chair.

“That’s no business of mine,” said he.

“Exactly. That’s what I said. But then, when the man commits burglary in order to break images which are not his own, that brings it away from the doctor and on to the policeman.”

Holmes sat up again.

“Burglary! This is more interesting. Let me hear the details.”

Lestrade took out his official notebook and refreshed his memory from its pages.

05

“The [ðə] first [fɜːst] case [keɪs] reported [rɪˈpɔːtɪd] was [wɒz] four [fɔː] days [deɪz] ago [əˈgəʊ],” said [sed] he [hiː]. “It [ɪt] was [wɒz] at [æt] the [ðə] shop [ʃɒp] of [ɒv] Morse [mɔːs] Hudson [ˈhʌdsən], who [huː] has [hæz] a [ə] place [pleɪs] for [fɔː] the [ðə] sale [seɪl] of [ɒv] pictures [ˈpɪktʃəz] and [ænd] statues [ˈstætʃuːz] in [ɪn] the [ðə] Kennington Road [rəʊd]. The [ði] assistant [əˈsɪstənt] had [həd] left [left] the [ðə] front [frʌnt] shop [ʃɒp] for [fɔːr] an [ən] instant [ˈɪnstənt], when [wen] he [hiː] heard [hɜːd] a [ə] crash [kræʃ], and [ænd] hurrying [ˈhʌrɪɪŋ] in [ɪn] he [hiː] found [faʊnd] a [ə]

plaster ['plɑ:steɪ] bust [bʌst] of [ɒv] Napoleon [nə'pəʊliən], which [wɪtʃ] stood [stʊd] with [wɪð] several ['seɪvərəl] other ['ʌðə] works [wɜ:kz] of [ɒv] art [ɑ:t] upon [ə'pɒn] the [ðə] counter ['kaʊntə], lying ['laɪɪŋ] shivered ['ʃɪvəd] into ['ɪntu:] fragments ['frægmənts]. He [hi:] rushed [rʌʃt] out [aʊt] into ['ɪntu:] the [ðə] road [rəʊd], but [bʌt], although [ɔ:l'dəʊ] several ['seɪvərəl] passers-by ['pɑ:səz'baɪ] declared [dɪ'kleəd] that [ðæt] they [ðeɪ] had [həd] noticed ['nəʊtɪst] a [ə] man [mæn] run [rʌn] out [aʊt] of [ɒv] the [ðə] shop [ʃɒp], he [hi:] could [kʊd] neither ['naɪðə] see [si:] anyone ['eniwʌn] nor [nɔ:] could [kʊd] he [hi:]

find [faɪnd] any ['eni] means [mi:nz] of [ɒv] identifying [aɪ'dentɪfaɪɪŋ] the [ðə] rascal ['rɑ:skəl]. It [ɪt] seemed [si:md] to [tu:] be [bi:] one [wʌn] of [ɒv] those [ðəʊz] senseless ['sensləs] acts [æktz] of [ɒv] hooliganism ['hu:lɪgənɪzəm] which [wɪtʃ] occur [ə'kɜ:] from [frɒm] time [taɪm] to [tu:] time [taɪm], and [ænd] it [ɪt] was [wɒz] reported [rɪ'pɔ:tɪd] to [tu:] the [ðə] constable ['kɒnstəbəl] on [ɒn] the [ðə] beat [bi:t] as [æz] such [sʌtʃ]. The [ðə] plaster ['plɑ:steɪ] cast [kɑ:st] was [wɒz] not [nɒt] worth [wɜ:θ] more [mɔ:] than [ðæn] a [ə] few [fju:] shillings ['ʃɪlɪŋz], and [ænd] the [ðə] whole [həʊl] affair [ə'feə] appeared [ə'piəd]

to [tu:] be [bi:] too [tu:] childish ['tʃaɪldɪʃ] for [fɔ:r] any ['eni] particular [pə'tɪkjələr]
investigation [ɪn'vestrɪ'geɪʃən].

“The [ðə] second ['sekənd] case [keɪs], however [haʊ'evə], was [wɒz] more [mɔ:]
serious ['sɪəriəs], and [ænd] also ['ɔ:lsoʊ] more [mɔ:] singular ['sɪŋgjələ]. It [ɪt]
occurred [ə'kɜ:d] only ['əʊnli] last [lɑ:st] night [naɪt].

“The first case reported was four days ago,” said he. “It was at the shop of Morse Hudson, who has a place for the sale of pictures and statues in the Kennington Road. The assistant had left the front shop for an instant, when he heard a crash, and hurrying in he found a plaster bust of Napoleon, which stood with several other works of art upon the counter, lying shivered into fragments. He rushed out into the road, but, although several passers-by declared that they had noticed a man run out of the shop, he could neither see anyone nor could he find any means of identifying the rascal. It seemed to be one of those senseless acts of hooliganism which occur from time to time, and it was reported to the constable on the beat as such. The plaster cast was not worth more than a few shillings, and the whole affair appeared to be too childish for any particular investigation.

“The second case, however, was more serious, and also more singular. It occurred only last night.

06

“In [ɪn] Kennington Road [rəʊd], and [ænd] within [wɪˈðɪn] a [ə] few [fju:] hundred [ˈhʌndrəd] yards [jɑːdz] of [ɒv] Morse [mɔːs] Hudson’s [ˈhʌdsənz] shop [ʃɒp], there [ðeə] lives [lɪvz] a [ə] well-known [ˌwelˈnəʊn] medical [ˈmedɪkəl] practitioner [prækˈtɪʃənə], named [neɪmd] Dr. Barnicot, who [hu:] has [hæz] one [wʌn] of [ɒv] the [ðə] largest [ˈlɑːdʒɪst] practices [ˈpræktɪsɪz] upon [əˈpɒn] the [ðə] south [saʊθ] side [saɪd] of [ɒv] the [ðə] Thames [tɛmz]. His [hɪz] residence [ˈrezɪdəns] and [ænd] principal [ˈprɪnsəpəl] consulting-room [kənˈsʌltɪŋ]-[ruːm] is [ɪz] at [æt] Kennington

Road [rəʊd], but [bʌt] he [hi:] has [hæz] a [ə] branch [brɑːntʃ] surgery ['sɜːdʒəri] and [ænd] dispensary [dɪˈspensəri] at [æt] Lower ['ləʊə] Brixton Road [rəʊd], two [tu:] miles [maɪlz] away [əˈweɪ]. This [ðɪs] Dr. Barnicot is [ɪz] an [ən] enthusiastic [ɪn.θjuːziˈæstɪk] admirer [ədˈmaɪərə] of [ɒv] Napoleon [nəˈpəʊliən], and [ænd] his [hɪz] house [haʊs] is [ɪz] full [fʊl] of [ɒv] books [bʊks], pictures ['pɪktʃəz], and [ænd] relics ['rɛlɪks] of [ɒv] the [ðə] French [frɛntʃ] Emperor ['ɛmpərə]. Some [sʌm] little ['lɪtl] time [taɪm] ago [əˈɡəʊ] he [hi:] purchased ['pɜːtʃəst] from [frɒm] Morse [mɔːs] Hudson ['hʌdsn] two [tu:]

duplicate ['djuːplɪkət] plaster ['plɑːstə] casts [kɑːsts] of [ɒv] the [ðə] famous ['feɪməs] head [hed] of [ɒv] Napoleon [nəˈpəʊliən] by [baɪ] the [ðə] French [frɛntʃ] sculptor ['skʌlptə], Devine. One [wʌn] of [ɒv] these [ðiːz] he [hi:] placed [pleɪst] in [ɪn] his [hɪz] hall [hɔːl] in [ɪn] the [ðə] house [haʊs] at [æt] Kennington Road [rəʊd], and [ænd] the [ði] other ['ʌðə] on [ɒn] the [ðə] mantelpiece ['mæntlpiːs] of [ɒv] the [ðə] surgery ['sɜːdʒəri] at [æt] Lower ['ləʊə] Brixton. Well [wel], when [wɛn] Dr. Barnicot came [keɪm] down [daʊn] this [ðɪs] morning ['mɔːnɪŋ] he [hi:] was [wɒz] astonished [əˈstɒnɪʃt] to [tu:]

find [faɪnd] that [ðæt] his [hɪz] house [haʊs] had [hæd] been [bi:n] burgled ['bɜ:ɡəld] during ['dʒʊərɪŋ] the [ðə] night [naɪt], but [bʌt] that [ðæt] nothing ['nʌθɪŋ] had [hæd] been [bi:n] taken ['teɪkən] save [seɪv] the [ðə] plaster ['plɑ:stə] head [hɛd] from [frɒm] the [ðə] hall [hɔ:l]. It [ɪt] had [hæd] been [bi:n] carried ['kærɪd] out [aʊt] and [ænd] had [hæd] been [bi:n] dashed [dæʃt] savagely ['sævɪdʒli] against [ə'ɡenst] the [ðə] garden ['ɡɑ:dən] wall [wɔ:l], under ['ʌndə] which [wɪtʃ] its [ɪts] splintered ['splɪntəd] fragments ['fræɡmənts] were [wɜ:] discovered [drɪ'skʌvəd].”

“In Kennington Road, and within a few hundred yards of Morse Hudson’s shop, there lives a well-known medical practitioner, named Dr. Barnicot, who has one of the largest practices upon the south side of the Thames. His residence and principal consulting-room is at Kennington Road, but he has a branch surgery and dispensary at Lower Brixton Road, two miles away. This Dr. Barnicot is an enthusiastic admirer of Napoleon, and his house is full of books, pictures, and relics of the French Emperor. Some little time ago he purchased from Morse Hudson two duplicate plaster casts of the famous head of Napoleon by the French sculptor, Devine. One of these he placed in his hall in the house at Kennington Road, and the other on the mantelpiece

of the surgery at Lower Brixton. Well, when Dr. Barnicot came down this morning he was astonished to find that his house had been burgled during the night, but that nothing had been taken save the plaster head from the hall. It had been carried out and had been dashed savagely against the garden wall, under which its splintered fragments were discovered.”

Holmes [həʊmz] rubbed [rʌbd] his [hɪz] hands [hændz].

“This [ðɪs] is [ɪz] certainly [ˈsɜːtənli] very [ˈveri] novel [ˈnɒvəl],” said [sed] he [hi:].

“I [aɪ] thought [θɔːt] it [ɪt] would [wʊd] please [pliːz] you [ju:]. But [bʌt] I [aɪ] have [hæv] not [nɒt] got [ɡɒt] to [tu:] the [ði] end [end] yet [jet]. Dr. Barnicot was [wɒz] due [dju:] at [æt] his [hɪz] surgery [ˈsɜːdʒəri] at [æt] twelve [twelv] o'clock [əˈklok], and [ænd] you [ju:] can [kæn] imagine [ɪˈmædʒɪn] his [hɪz] amazement [əˈmeɪzmənt] when [wen], on [ɒn] arriving [əˈraɪvɪŋ] there [ðeə], he [hi:] found [faʊnd] that [ðæt] the [ðe] window [ˈwɪndəʊ] had [həd] been [biːn] opened [ˈəʊpənd] in [ɪn] the [ðe] night [naɪt] and [ænd] that [ðæt] the [ðe] broken [ˈbrəʊkən] pieces [ˈpiːsɪz] of [ɒv] his [hɪz] second [ˈsekənd] bust [bʌst]

were [wɜ:] strewn [stru:n] all [ɔ:l] over [əʊvə] the [ðə] room [ru:m]. It [ɪt] had [hæd] been [bi:n] smashed [smæʃt] to [tu:] atoms [ˈætəmz] where [weə] it [ɪt] stood [stʊd]. In [ɪn] neither [ˈnaɪðə] case [keɪs] were [wɜ:] there [ðeə] any [ˈeni] signs [saɪnz] which [wɪtʃ] could [kʊd] give [ɡɪv] us [ʌs] a [ə] clue [klu:] as [æz] to [tu:] the [ðə] criminal [ˈkrɪmɪnəl] or [ɔ:] lunatic [ˈlu:nætɪk] who [hu:] had [hæd] done [dʌn] the [ðə] mischief [ˈmɪʃɪf]. Now [naʊ], Mr. Holmes [həʊmz], you [ju:] have [hæv] got [ɡɒt] the [ðə] facts [fæktz].”

Holmes rubbed his hands.

“This is certainly very novel,” said he.

“I thought it would please you. But I have not got to the end yet. Dr. Barnicot was due at his surgery at twelve o’clock, and you can imagine his amazement when, on arriving there, he found that the window had been opened in the night and that the broken pieces of his second bust were strewn all over the room. It had been smashed to atoms where it stood. In neither case were there any signs which could give us a clue as to the criminal or lunatic who had done the mischief. Now, Mr. Holmes, you have got the facts.”

08

“They [ðei] are [ɑ:] singular [ˈsɪŋɡjələ], not [nɒt] to [tu:] say [seɪ] grotesque [ɡrəʊˈtesk],” said [sed] Holmes [həʊmz]. “May [meɪ] I [aɪ] ask [ɑ:sk] whether [ˈweðə] the [ðə] two [tu:] busts [bʌsts] smashed [smæʃt] in [ɪn] Dr. Barnicot’s rooms [ru:mz] were [wɜ:] the [ði] exact [ɪɡˈzækt] duplicates [ˈdʒu:plɪkəts] of [ɒv] the [ðə] one [wʌn] which [wɪtʃ] was [wɒz] destroyed [dɪˈstrɔɪd] in [ɪn] Morse [mɔ:s] Hudson’s [ˈhʌdsənz] shop [ʃɒp]?”

“They [ðei] were [wɜ:] taken [ˈteɪkən] from [frɒm] the [ðə] same [seɪm] mould [məʊld].”

“Such [sʌʃ] a [ə] fact [fækt] must [mʌst] tell [tɛl] against [əˈɡɛnst] the [ðə] theory [ˈθɪəri] that [ðæt] the [ðə] man [mæn] who [hu:] breaks [breɪks] them [ðɛm] is [ɪz] influenced [ˈɪnfluənst] by [baɪ] any [ˈeni] general [ˈdʒɛnərəl] hatred [ˈheɪtrɪd] of [ɒv] Napoleon [nəˈpəʊliən]. Considering [kənˈsɪdərɪŋ] how [haʊ] many [ˈmeni] hundreds [ˈhʌndrədz] of [ɒv] statues [ˈstætʃu:z] of [ɒv] the [ðə] great [ɡreɪt] Emperor [ˈɛmpərə] must [mʌst] exist [ɪɡˈzɪst] in [ɪn] London [ˈlʌndən], it [ɪt] is [ɪz] too [tu:] much [mʌʃ] to [tu:] suppose [səˈpəʊz] such [sʌʃ] a [ə] coincidence [kəʊˈɪnsɪdəns] as [æz]

that [ðæt] a [ə] promiscuous [preˈmɪskjuəs] iconoclast [aɪˈkɒnəklast] should [ʃʊd] chance [tʃɑ:ns] to [tu:] begin [bɪˈɡɪn] upon [əˈpɒn] three [θri:] specimens [ˈspesɪmənz] of [ɒv] the [ðə] same [seɪm] bust [bʌst].”

“They are singular, not to say grotesque,” said Holmes. “May I ask whether the two busts smashed in Dr. Barnicot’s rooms were the exact duplicates of the one which was destroyed in Morse Hudson’s shop?”

“They were taken from the same mould.”

“Such a fact must tell against the theory that the man who breaks them is influenced by any general hatred of Napoleon. Considering how many hundreds of statues of the great Emperor must exist in London, it is too much to suppose such a coincidence as that a promiscuous iconoclast should chance to begin upon three specimens of the same bust.”

“Well [wɛl], I [aɪ] thought [θɔ:t] as [æz] you [ju:] do [du:],” said [sed] Lestrade. “On [ɒn] the [ði] other [ˈʌðə] hand [hænd], this [ðɪs] Morse [mɔ:s] Hudson [ˈhʌdsən] is [ɪz] the [ðə] purveyor [pɜːˈveɪər] of [ɒv] busts [bʌsts] in [ɪn] that [ðæt] part [pɑ:t] of [ɒv] London [ˈlʌndən], and [ænd] these [ði:z] three [θri:] were [wɜ:] the [ði] only [ˈəʊnli] ones [wʌnz] which [wɪtʃ] had [hæd] been [bi:n] in [ɪn] his [hɪz] shop [ʃɒp] for [fɔ:] years [jɪəz]. So [səʊ], although [ɔ:lˈðəʊ], as [æz] you [ju:] say [seɪ], there [ðeə] are [ɑ:] many [ˈmeni] hundreds [ˈhʌndrədz] of [ɒv] statues [ˈstætʃu:z] in [ɪn] London [ˈlʌndən], it [ɪt] is [ɪz]

very [ˈveri] probable [ˈprɒbəbəl] that [ðæt] these [ði:z] three [θri:] were [wɜ:] the [ði] only [ˈəʊnli] ones [wʌnz] in [ɪn] that [ðæt] district [ˈdɪstrɪkt]. Therefore [ˈðeəfɔ:], a [ə] local [ˈləʊkəl] fanatic [feˈnætɪk] would [wʊd] begin [brɪˈɡɪn] with [wɪð] them [ðeɪn]. What [wɒt] do [du:] you [ju:] think [θɪŋk], Dr. Watson [ˈwɒtsən]?”

“Well, I thought as you do,” said Lestrade. “On the other hand, this Morse Hudson is the purveyor of busts in that part of London, and these three were the only ones which had been in his shop for years. So, although, as you say, there are many hundreds of statues in London, it is very probable that these three were the only ones in that district. Therefore, a local fanatic would begin with them. What do you think, Dr. Watson?”

10

“There [ðeər] are [ɑ:] no [nəʊ] limits [ˈlɪmɪts] to [tu:] the [ðe] possibilities [ˌpɒsəˈbɪlətɪz] of [ɒv] monomania [ˌmɒnəʊˈmeɪniə],” I [aɪ] answered [ˈɑ:nsəd]. “There [ðeər] is [ɪz] the [ðe] condition [kənˈdɪʃən] which [wɪtʃ] the [ðe] modern [ˈmɒdərən] French [frentʃ] psychologists [saɪˈkɒlədʒɪsts] have [həv] called [kɔ:ld] the [ði] *idée fixe*, which [wɪtʃ] may [meɪ] be [bi:] trifling [ˈtraɪflɪŋ] in [ɪn] character [ˈkærəktə], and [ænd] accompanied [əˈkʌmpənɪzd] by [baɪ] complete [kəmˈpli:t] sanity [ˈsænəti] in [ɪn] every [ˈevri] other [ˈʌðə] way [weɪ]. A [ə] man [mæn] who [hu:] had [həd] read [red] deeply [ˈdi:pli]

about [əˈbaʊt] Napoleon [nəˈpəʊliən], or [ɔ:] who [hu:] had [hæd] possibly [ˈpɒsəbli] received [rɪˈsiːvd] some [sʌm] hereditary [hɪˈredɪtəri] family [ˈfæməli] injury [ˈɪndʒəri] through [θru:] the [ðə] great [greɪt] war [wɔ:], might [maɪt] conceivably [kənˈsiːvəbli] form [fɔ:m] such [sʌtʃ] an [ən] *idée fixe* and [ænd] under [ˈʌndər] its [ɪts] influence [ˈɪnfluəns] be [bi:] capable [ˈkeɪpəbəl] of [ɒv] any [ˈeni] fantastic [fænˈtæstɪk] outrage [ˈaʊtreɪdʒ].”

“That [ðæt] won’t [wəʊnt] do [du:], my [maɪ] dear [dɪə] Watson [ˈwɒtsən],” said [sed] Holmes [həʊmz], shaking [ˈʃeɪkɪŋ] his [hɪz] head [hed], “for [fɔ:] no [nəʊ] amount [əˈmaʊnt] of [ɒv] *idée fixe* would [wʊd] enable [ɪˈneɪbəl] your [jɔ:r] interesting [ˈɪntrestɪŋ] monomaniac [ˌmɒnəuˈmeɪniæk] to [tu:] find [faɪnd] out [aʊt] where [weə] these [ði:z] busts [bʌsts] were [wɜ:] situated [ˈsɪtʃueɪtɪd].”

“Well [wel], how [haʊ] do [du:] *you* [ju:] explain [ɪkˈspleɪn] it [ɪt]?”

“There are no limits to the possibilities of monomania,” I answered. “There is the condition which the modern French psychologists have called the *idée fixe*, which may be trifling in

character, and accompanied by complete sanity in every other way. A man who had read deeply about Napoleon, or who had possibly received some hereditary family injury through the great war, might conceivably form such an *idée fixe* and under its influence be capable of any fantastic outrage.”

“That won’t do, my dear Watson,” said Holmes, shaking his head, “for no amount of *idée fixe* would enable your interesting monomaniac to find out where these busts were situated.”

“Well, how do *you* explain it?”

11

“I [aɪ] don't [dəʊnt] attempt [ə'tempt] to [tu:] do [du:] so [səʊ]. I [aɪ] would [wʊd] only ['əʊnli] observe [əb'zɜ:v] that [ðæt] there [ðeə] is [ɪz] a [ə] certain ['sɜ:tən] method ['mɛθəd] in [ɪn] the [ðə] gentleman's ['dʒentlmənz] eccentric [ɪk'sentrik] proceedings [pri'si:diŋz]. For [fɔ:r] example [ɪg'zɑ:mpəl], in [ɪn] Dr. Barnicot's hall [hɔ:l], where [weə] a [ə] sound [saʊnd] might [maɪt] arouse [ə'raʊz] the [ðə] family ['fæməli], the [ðə] bust [bʌst] was [wɒz] taken ['teɪkən] outside [ˌaʊt'saɪd] before [br'fɔ:] being ['bi:ɪŋ] broken ['brʊkən], whereas [weə'æz] in [ɪn] the [ðə] surgery ['sɜ:dʒəri], where [weə]

there [ðeə] was [wɒz] less [ləs] danger [ˈdeɪŋdʒə] of [ɒv] an [ən] alarm [əˈlɑ:m], it [ɪt]
was [wɒz] smashed [smæʃt] where [weə] it [ɪt] stood [stʊd]. The [ði] affair [əˈfeə]
seems [si:mz] absurdly [əbˈsɜ:dli] trifling [ˈtraɪflɪŋ], and [ænd] yet [jet] I [aɪ] dare [deə]
call [kɔ:l] nothing [ˈnʌθɪŋ] trivial [ˈtrɪvɪəl] when [wɛn] I [aɪ] reflect [rɪˈflekt] that [ðæt]
some [sʌm] of [ɒv] my [maɪ] most [məʊst] classic [ˈklæsɪk] cases [ˈkeɪsɪz] have [hæv]
had [həd] the [ðeə] least [li:st] promising [ˈprɒmɪsɪŋ] commencement [kəˈmɛnsmənt].
You [ju:] will [wɪl] remember [rɪˈmembə], Watson [ˈwɒtsən], how [haʊ] the [ðeə]

dreadful [ˈdredfəl] business [ˈbɪznɪs] of [ɒv] the [ði] Abernethy family [ˈfæməli] was [wɒz]
first [fɜ:st] brought [brɔ:t] to [tu:] my [maɪ] notice [ˈnəʊtɪs] by [baɪ] the [ðeə] depth [depθ]
which [wɪtʃ] the [ðeə] parsley [ˈpɑ:slɪ] had [həd] sunk [sʌŋk] into [ˈɪntu:] the [ðeə]
butter [ˈbʌtə] upon [əˈpɒn] a [ə] hot [hɒt] day [deɪ]. I [aɪ] can't [kɑ:nt] afford [əˈfɔ:d],
therefore [ˈðeəfɔ:], to [tu:] smile [smaɪl] at [æt] your [jɔ:] three [θri:] broken [ˈbrʊkən]
busts [bʌsts], Lestrade, and [ænd] I [aɪ] shall [ʃæl] be [bi:] very [ˈveri] much [mʌtʃ]
obliged [əˈblaɪdʒd] to [tu:] you [ju:] if [ɪf] you [ju:] will [wɪl] let [let] me [mi:] hear [hɪə] of [ɒv]

any [ˈɛni] fresh [frɛʃ] development [dɪˈvɛləpmənt] of [ɒv] so [səʊ] singular [ˈsɪŋɡjələr] a [ə]
chain [tʃeɪn] of [ɒv] events [ɪˈvɛnts].”

“I don’t attempt to do so. I would only observe that there is a certain method in the gentleman’s eccentric proceedings. For example, in Dr. Barnicot’s hall, where a sound might arouse the family, the bust was taken outside before being broken, whereas in the surgery, where there was less danger of an alarm, it was smashed where it stood. The affair seems absurdly trifling, and yet I dare call nothing trivial when I reflect that some of my most classic cases have had the least promising commencement. You will remember, Watson, how the dreadful business of the Abernety family was first brought to my notice by the depth which the parsley had sunk into the butter upon a hot day. I can’t afford, therefore, to smile at your three broken busts, Lestrade, and I shall be very much obliged to you if you will let me hear of any fresh development of so singular a chain of events.”

12

The [ðə] development [dɪ'veləpmənt] for [fɔ:] which [wɪtʃ] my [maɪ] friend [frɛnd] had [hæd] asked [ɑ:skt] came [keɪm] in [ɪn] a [ə] quicker ['kwɪkə] and [ænd] an [ən] infinitely ['ɪnfɪnətli] more [mɔ:] tragic ['trædʒɪk] form [fɔ:m] than [ðæn] he [hi:] could [kʊd] have [hæv] imagined [ɪ'mædʒɪnd]. I [aɪ] was [wɒz] still [stɪl] dressing ['dresɪŋ] in [ɪn] my [maɪ] bedroom ['bedru:m] next [nɛkst] morning ['mɔ:nɪŋ], when [wen] there [ðeə] was [wɒz] a [ə] tap [tæp] at [æt] the [ðə] door [dɔ:r] and [ænd] Holmes [həʊmz]

entered [ɪ'entəd], a [ə] telegram ['telɪgræm] in [ɪn] his [hɪz] hand [hænd]. He [hi:] read [red] it [ɪt] aloud [ə'laʊd]:

“Come [kʌm] instantly ['ɪnstəntli], 131, Pitt [pɪt] Street [stri:t], Kensington ['kɛnzɪŋtən].—LESTRADE.”

“What [wɒt] is [ɪz] it [ɪt], then [ðen]?” I [aɪ] asked [ɑ:skt].

The development for which my friend had asked came in a quicker and an infinitely more tragic form than he could have imagined. I was still dressing in my bedroom next morning, when there was a tap at the door and Holmes entered, a telegram in his hand. He read it aloud:

“Come instantly, 131, Pitt Street, Kensington.—
LESTRADE.”

“What is it, then?” I asked.

13

“Don’t [deʊnt] know [nəʊ]— may [meɪ] be [bi:] anything [ˈeniθɪŋ]. But [bʌt] I [aɪ] suspect [səʃˈpekt] it [ɪt] is [ɪz] the [ðə] sequel [ˈsi:kwəl] of [ɒv] the [ðə] story [ˈstɔːri] of [ɒv] the [ðə] statues [ˈstætʃuːz]. In [ɪn] that [ðæt] case [keɪs] our [ˈaʊə] friend [frɛnd] the [ði] image-breaker [ˈɪmɪdʒ]-[ˈbreɪkə] has [hæz] begun [bɪˈɡʌn] operations [ˌɒpəˈeɪʃənz] in [ɪn] another [əˈnʌðə] quarter [ˈkwɔːtə] of [ɒv] London [ˈlʌndən]. There’s [ðeəz] coffee [ˈkɒfi] on [ɒn] the [ðə] table [ˈteɪbəl], Watson [ˈwɒtsən], and [ænd] I [aɪ] have [hæv] a [ə] cab [kæb] at [æt] the [ðə] door [dɔː].”

In [ɪn] half [hɑ:f] an [ən] hour [aʊə] we [wi:] had [hæd] reached [ri:tʃt] Pitt [pɪt]
Street [stri:t], a [ə] quiet ['kwaɪət] little ['lɪtl̩] backwater ['bæk,wɔ:tə] just [dʒʌst]
beside [brɪ'saɪd] one [wʌn] of [ɒv] the [ðə] briskest ['brɪskɪst] currents ['kʌrənts] of [ɒv]
London ['lʌndən] life [laɪf]. No. 131 was [wɒz] one [wʌn] of [ɒv] a [ə] row [rəʊ], all [ɔ:l]
flat-chested [flætʃ-'tʃɛstrɪd], respectable [rɪ'spektəbəl], and [ænd] most [məʊst]
unromantic [ˌʌnrəʊ'mæntɪk] dwellings ['dwellɪŋz]. As [æz] we [wi:] drove [draʊv] up [ʌp],
we [wi:] found [faʊnd] the [ðə] railings ['reɪlɪŋz] in [ɪn] front [frʌnt] of [ɒv] the [ðə]

house [haʊs] lined [laɪnd] by [baɪ] a [ə] curious ['kjuəriəs] crowd [kraʊd]. Holmes [həʊmz]
whistled ['wɪsəl̩d].

“Don’t know— may be anything. But I suspect it is the sequel of the story of the statues. In that case our friend the image-breaker has begun operations in another quarter of London. There’s coffee on the table, Watson, and I have a cab at the door.”

In half an hour we had reached Pitt Street, a quiet little backwater just beside one of the briskest currents of London life.

No. 131 was one of a row, all flat-chested, respectable, and most unromantic dwellings. As we drove up, we found the railings in front of the house lined by a curious crowd. Holmes whistled.

14

“By [baɪ] George [dʒoːdʒ]! It’s [ɪts] attempted [əˈtɛmptɪd] murder [ˈmɜːdər] at [æt] the [ðə] least [liːst]. Nothing [ˈnʌθɪŋ] less [lɛs] will [wɪl] hold [həʊld] the [ðə] London [ˈlʌndən] message-boy [ˈmɛsɪdʒ]–[boɪ]. There’s [ðeəz] a [ə] deed [diːd] of [ɒv] violence [ˈvaɪələns] indicated [ˈɪndɪkeɪtɪd] in [ɪn] that [ðæt] fellow’s [ˈfeləʊz] round [raʊnd] shoulders [ˈʃəʊldəz] and [ænd] outstretched [aʊtˈstreɪtɪd] neck [nek]. What’s [wɒts] this [ðɪs], Watson [ˈwɒtsən]? The [ðə] top [tɒp] steps [steɪps] swilled [swɪld] down [daʊn] and [ænd] the [ði] other [ˈʌðə] ones [wʌnz] dry [draɪ]. Footsteps [ˈfʊtsteɪps] enough [ɪˈnʌf], anyhow [ˈenihaʊ]! Well [wel],

well [wel], there’s [ðeəz] Lestrade at [æt] the [ðə] front [frʌnt] window [ˈwɪndəʊ], and [ænd] we [wiː] shall [ʃæl] soon [suːn] know [nəʊ] all [ɔːl] about [əˈbaʊt] it [ɪt].”

“By George! It’s attempted murder at the least. Nothing less will hold the London message-boy. There’s a deed of violence

indicated in that fellow's round shoulders and outstretched neck. What's this, Watson? The top steps swilled down and the other ones dry. Footsteps enough, anyhow! Well, well, there's Lestrade at the front window, and we shall soon know all about it."

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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