

Karpova, Slavinska

# Old Lantern's Tales

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# **Карпова Славинская**

# **Сказки старого фонаря/**

# **The Old Lantern's Tales**

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## **Аннотация**

Почитайте с ребёнком «Сказки старого фонаря» с переводом на английский.

Книга адаптирована для самых маленьких: подойдёт дошкольникам и младшим школьникам, которые делают первые шаги в английском языке.

Вместе читайте, обсуждайте сюжеты и пополняйте словарный запас с радостью, ведь учиться интереснее, когда учебник — увлекательная сказка.

# Содержание

|                                   |   |
|-----------------------------------|---|
| Глава                             | 4 |
| Конец ознакомительного фрагмента. | 9 |

# Карпова Славинская Сказки старого фонаря/ The Old Lantern's Tales

## Глава

### The Old Lantern

Soft snowflakes danced merrily with every little breath of wind, as if they were playing tag with one another. Winter had come with frost and plenty of snow that year. The air was clear and fresh. The cold winter sun slowly rolled toward the horizon, taking the daylight with it. Sun said goodbye to the world until the next morning and wished everyone sweet dreams.

All day long, the Old Lantern dozed beside house number seven, standing at his never-ending post. Like an important guard, he gave a little creak, stretching his wrought-iron pole, looked around, and lit up with a bright yellowish glow, replacing the sun's rays as evening fell with the light of his electric bulb.

«Oh, oh» Old Lantern groaned. «Nothing ever changes in my life, except the seasons. In winter, snowflakes tickle my nose.

In spring, those pesky sparrows chirp and fight on my roof, and they are so loud that my head constantly aches».

The Lantern shook his head, was silent for a moment, and then continued.

«Su-u-ummer», he said dreamily, lost in warm memories. «Summer is much quieter, though sometimes it is far too hot. I stand all day under the blazing sun, waiting for the coolness of evening. Autumn is the opposite. Rain pours all over me, and dry, wet leaves keep sticking to my glass, carried by the wandering wind».

The Old Lantern fell silent again, but soon decided to continue his sad complaints.

«That is how I spend my whole life, standing here uselessly and only growing rusty. Of course, every spring the street cleaner washes the dirt off me and covers me with a new coat of shiny gray paint. I like that, but that is about the end of my entertainment».

The snowflakes continued to swirl around the Old Lantern and giggle softly, paying no attention at all to what he was muttering.

«Hey, you little mischief-makers! Keep it down! Evening is

a time for quiet games!»

The snowflakes squeaked with laughter and scattered in different directions when another gust of wind came along. Other snowflakes quickly took their place, and the Old Lantern had to teach them the same lesson all over again.

«If only I were a lighthouse on a rocky ocean shore», the Lantern dreamed, having far too much free time and nothing much to do with it. «I would stand there, proud, with a huge bright eye of a searchlight. At night, I would light the way for great ships so they would not lose their course and could safely deliver their cargo and passengers past the dangerous sharp rocks. People would meet them on the shore with flowers and a brass band, and their captains would tell everyone that their journey had been long and difficult, but then they saw

the lighthouse, and the way home became safe. Wouldn't it be wonderful if people talked about me like that!»

The Old Lantern had stood on the embankment of the Moyka River in Saint Petersburg, beside house number seven, for more than a hundred years. He did not know that ships were now guided by modern instruments, while old lighthouses still stood proudly but alone on their rocky shores, giving shelter to migrating birds. Many lighthouses, just as old as he was, had long

ago been turned into museums.

## The Table Lamp

«Is it time to get up already?» the Table Lamp murmured sleepily, adjusting her beautiful lampshade. «What a wonderful dream I had», she sighed dreamily. «I was shining in a theater, and my crystal pendants were softly tinkling like magical little bells».

As she always did after waking up, the Lamp looked out of the window and coquettishly nodded her magnificent lampshade toward the Old Lantern, as if she were nodding her head. They had been friends ever since a beautiful ballerina had moved into the apartment in house number seven. She had bought the lamp in a shop and placed her on a cozy tea table right in front of the window.

The Lamp woke up every evening at the same time and always greeted her friend. She was, of course, much younger than he was, but the Old Lantern had a reputation for being a wonderful conversationalist, someone who could always find something pleasant to talk about. Two friends could only chat in summer, when the owner opened the window wide. During the colder months, they could only exchange polite gestures and friendly glances.

On the embankment, beside the Lamp, stood a large park bench, just as old as he was.

In warm weather, passers-by often rested on it. They read books and newspapers or simply talked. The Old Lantern secretly glanced at their pages and, over the course of a hundred years, had read many interesting stories. He loved sharing them with his pleasant acquaintances. The old fellow was not quite sure whether he was allowed to do that, but it was boring to stand in one place for so long. He thought kind people would not mind if he took a little peek at their books. Sometimes he even imagined that when evening came and he turned on his bright light, they deliberately turned the pages so that he could see them better.

# Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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