Уважаемые учителя,

если ваша школа или класс принимает решение прочитать более простую, адаптированную версию рассказа **The Third Wish**, оцените, пожалуйста, насколько данная версия адаптации приемлема для работы.

Вы можете внести свои поправки, и на ближайшей встрече на факультете мы обсудим ваши предложения.

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| Original | Adaptation |
| **The Third Wish**  **Joan Aiken**  Once there was a man who was driving in his car at dusk on a spring evening through part of the forest of Savernake. His name was Mr. Peters.  The primroses were just beginning but the trees were still bare, and it was cold; the birds had stopped singing an hour ago. As Mr. Peters entered a straight, empty stretch of road he seemed to hear a faint crying, and a struggling and thrashing, as if somebody was in trouble far away in the trees. He left his car and climbed the mossy bank beside the road. Beyond the bank was an open slope of beech trees leading down to thorn bushes through which he saw the gleam of water. He stood a moment waiting to try and discover where the noise was coming from, and presently heard a rustling and some strange cries in a voice which was almost human-and yet there was something too hoarse about it at one time and too clear and sweet at another. Mr. Peters ran down the hill and as he neared the bushes he saw something white among them which was trying to extricate itself; coming closer he found that it was a swan that had become entangled in the thorns growing on the bank of the canal.  The bird struggled all the more frantically as he approached, looking at him with hate in its yellow eyes, and when he took hold of it to free it, hissed at him, pecked him, and thrashed dangerously with its wings which were powerful enough to break his arm. Nevertheless he managed to release it from the thorns, and carrying it tightly with one arm, holding the snaky head well away with the other hand (for he did not wish his eyes pecked out), he took it to the verge of the canal and dropped it in.  The swan instantly assumed great dignity and sailed out to the middle of the water, where it put itself to rights with much dabbling and preening, smoothing its feathers with little showers of drops. Mr. Peters waited to make sure that it was all right and had suffered no damage in its struggles.  Presently the swan, when it was satisfied with its appearance, floated in to the bank once more and in a moment, instead of the great white bird, there was a little man all in green with a golden crown and long beard, standing by the water. He had fierce glittering eyes and looked by no means friendly.  "Well, Sir," he said threateningly, "I see you are presumptuous enough to know some of the laws of magic. You think that because you have rescued - by pure good fortune - the King of the Forest from a difficulty, you should have some fabulous reward.”  "I expect three wishes, no more and no less," answered Mr. Peters, looking at him steadily and with composure.  "Three wishes, he wants, the clever man! Well, I have yet to hear of the human being who made any good use of his three wish they mostly end up worse off than they started. Take your three wishes then -" he flung three dead leaves in the air "- don't blame me if you spend the last wish in undoing the work of the other two.” | **The Third Wish**  **Joan Aiken**  Once there was a man who was driving in his car at dusk on a spring evening through the forest of Savernake. His name was Mr. Peters.  The primroses were beginning but there were still no leaves on the trees, and it was cold. It was evening, and the birds stopped singing. When Mr. Peters entered an empty part of the road he heard a crying, and a struggling and thrashing. Somebody was in trouble far away in the trees. He left his car and climbed the mossy bank near the road. The bank lead down to bushes and through the bushed he saw the water. He stood for a moment waiting and trying to understand where the noise was coming from. Suddenly he heard some strange cries in a voice which was almost human. But the voice was too harsh at one time and too clear and sweet at another. Mr. Peters ran down the hill and when he came to the bushes he saw something white there which was trying to rescue. He came closer and saw that it was a swan that was trapped in the thorns growing on the bank of the canal.  When he came closer the bird struggled desperately and looked at him with hate in its yellow eyes. He wanted to free it, but the bird hissed at him and beat him with its wings. The swan’s wings were very powerful and could even break his arm. Still he managed to release it from the thorns and carried it tightly with one arm, holding the snaky head with the other hand. He took it to the bank of the canal and dropped it in the water.  The swan looked strong again very soon and sailed out to the middle of the water with dignity. There it splashed and preened, and smoothed its feathers with little drops of water. Mr. Peters waited a little. He wanted to know that the swan was all right.  Soon, when the swan was satisfied with its appearance, it floated close to the bank and suddenly, instead of the great white bird, there was a little man. The man was dressed all in green, had a golden crown on and long beard. His eyes were wild, they glittered and didn’t look friendly at all.  "Well, Sir," he said frighteningly, "I see you are arrogant enough and know the laws of magic. You think that if you rescued - and it was a pure good fortune - the King of the Forest from a difficulty, you should have some great reward.”  "I want three wishes, no more and no less," answered Mr. Peters, looking at him steadily and with calmness.  "Three wishes, he wants, the clever man! Well, I have never heard of the human who made any good use of his three wishes, because they often end up worse off than they started. Take your three wishes then -" he threw three dead leaves in the air "- don't blame me if you spend the last wish to undo the work of the first two.” |