

Английский язык с Крестным Отцом

Метод чтения Ильи Франка

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Книгу подготовил Илья Франк

Mario Puzo

The Godfather

Аннотация

Данная книга адаптирована следующим образом: текст разбит на отрывки, каждый из которых повторяется дважды: сначала идет английский текст с „подсказками“ – с вкрапленным в него (неполным) дословным русским переводом и лексико-грамматическим комментарием (то есть адаптированный), а затем – тот же текст, но уже неадаптированный, без подсказок.

Начинающие осваивать английский язык могут при этом читать сначала отрывок текста с подсказками, а затем тот же отрывок – без подсказок.

Совершенствующие свой английский могут поступать наоборот: читать текст без подсказок, по мере необходимости подглядывая в подсказки.

Запоминание слов и выражений происходит при этом за счет их повторяемости, без зубрежки. Кроме того, читатель привыкает к логике английского языка, начинает его „чувствовать“.

Так сделана первая часть книги (Chapters 1-9). Затем следует обычный текст со сносками тех слов, которые употребляются относительно редко (Chapters 10-24). Последние главы книги (Chapters 25-32) даны сплошным английским текстом, без перевода.

Это книга избавит вас от стресса первого этапа освоения языка – от механического поиска каждого слова в словаре и от бесплодного гадания, что же все-таки значит фраза, все слова из которой вы уже нашли.

Для тех, кто начинает учить английский «с нуля» или просто боится сразу читать толстый роман, в приложении к первому тому дан несложный рассказ Хемингуэя

Мультиязыковой проект Ильи Франка www.franklang.ru

«Киллеры» – с полным разбором. Можно начать с него, а затем перейти к «Крестному отцу».

Book 1

Behind every great fortune there is a crime

За каждым крупным богатством скрывается преступление

– Balzac

Chapter 1

1 Amerigo Bonasera sat in New York Criminal Court (в уголовном суде) Number 3 and waited for justice (ждал правосудия); vengeance (мести ['vendGðns]) on the men who had so cruelly hurt his daughter (жестоко надругались; to hurt – ранить), who had tried to dishonor her (обесчестить).

2 The judge, a formidably heavy-featured man (очень крупный человек с грубыми: «тяжелыми» чертами лица), rolled up the sleeves (засучил рукава) of his black robe as if to physically chastise (словно для того, чтобы физически покарать [tʃæ'staɪz]) the two young men standing before the bench (перед скамьей /подсудимых/). His face was cold with majestic contempt (от величественного презрения). But there was something false in all this that Amerigo Bonasera sensed but did not yet understand.

3 "You acted like the worst kind of degenerates," the judge said harshly (жестким голосом; degenerate [di'dʒenəreɪt]). Yes, yes, thought Amerigo Bonasera. Animals. Animals. The two young men, glossy hair crew cut (с блестящими волосами, коротко подстриженными; crew cut – подстриженный ежиком), scrubbed clean-cut faces (с гладко выбритыми лицами; to scrub – мыть, скрести) composed into humble contrition (принявшими: «сложенными в» смиренное, самоуничижительное выражение; contrite – кающийся), bowed their heads in submission (покорно: «в покорности»).

4 The judge went on. "You acted like wild beasts in a jungle and you are fortunate you did not sexually molest that poor girl (ваше счастье, что вы не изнасиловали; to

molest – приставать; сексуально домогаться) or I'd put you behind bars (за решетку) for twenty years." The judge paused, his eyes beneath impressively thick brows (под выразительно густыми бровями) flickered slyly (хитро блеснули) toward the sallow-faced (в сторону мрачного: «с бледноватым, желтоватым лицом») Amerigo Bonasera, then lowered to a stack of probation reports before him (к стопке, кипе протоколов с просьбами об условном освобождении; probation – условное освобождение, испытательный срок; report – сообщение). He frowned (нахмурился) and shrugged (пожал плечами) as if convinced against his own natural desire (словно убежденный против своего собственного естественного желания). He spoke again.

5 "But because of your youth, your clean records (безукоризненное прошлое; record – запись, свидетельство), because of your fine families, and because the law in its majesty (закон в своем величии) does not seek vengeance (не ищет мести), I hereby sentence you (я этим приговариваю вас) to three years' confinement (заклучения) to the penitentiary (в /каторжной/ тюрьме [peni'ten[ʃəri]). Sentence to be suspended (условно; to suspend – приостанавливать)."

6 Only forty years of professional mourning (профессионального траура; to mourn [mo:n] – скорбеть) kept the overwhelming frustration and hatred from showing (воспрепятствовали всеохватному отчаянию и ненависти показаться; to overwhelm – захватывать) on Amerigo Bonasera's face. His beautiful young daughter was still in the hospital with her broken jaw (со сломанной челюстью) wired together (скрепленной проволокой); and now these two *animales* (звери – итал.) went free? It had all been a farce. He watched the happy parents cluster around their darling sons (как обступили; cluster – кисть, пучок, гроздь). Oh, they were all happy now, they were smiling now.

7 The black bile (черная желчь), sourly bitter (кисло горькая), rose in Bonasera's throat, overflowed through tightly clenched teeth (перелилась, вылилась через тесно стиснутые зубы). He used his white linen pocket handkerchief (льняной носовой платок) and held it against his lips. He was standing so when the two young men strode freely up the aisle (прошагали в направлении к выходу: «по проходу, в боковом крыле зала»; to stride), confident (уверенно) and cool-eyed, smiling, not giving him so much as a glance (даже не взглянув на него). He let them pass (дал им пройти) without saying a word, pressing the fresh linen against his mouth.

8 The parents of the *animales* were coming by now, two men and two women his age (его возраста) but more American in their dress. They glanced at him, shamefaced

(стыдливо), yet in their eyes was an odd, triumphant defiance (странный, триумфальный вызов).

9 Out of control (потеряв самообладание), Bonasera leaned forward (наклонился вперед) toward the aisle and shouted hoarsely (прокричал грубо), "You will weep as I have wept – I will make you weep as your children make me weep" – the linen at his eyes now. The defense attorneys (адвокаты защиты [ə'tɔ:nɪ]) bringing up the rear (замыкая движение; rear – тыл; зад) swept their clients forward in tight little band (подталкивали своих клиентов вперед компактной: «сжатой» маленькой кучкой), enveloping (окружая: «окутывая») the two young men, who had started back down the aisle as if to protect their parents. A huge bailiff (служащий суда) moved quickly to block the row (заблокировать, перекрыть ряд) in which Bonasera stood. But it was not necessary.

10 All his years in America, Amerigo Bonasera had trusted in law and order. And he had prospered thereby (и потому: «при этом, через это» процветал). Now, though his brain smoked with hatred, though wild visions (видения) of buying a gun and killing the two young men jangled the very bones of his skull (отдались в самих костях = даже в костях его черепа; to jangle – звякать), Bonasera turned to his still uncomprehending wife (к своей до сих пор ничего не понявшей жене) and explained to her, "They have made fools of us (они оставили нас в дураках, поиздевались над нами)." He paused and then made his decision (решение), no longer fearing the cost (больше не боясь цены /которую за это придется заплатить/). "For justice we must go on our knees (за справедливостью мы на коленях поползем) to Don Corleone."

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1 In a garishly (роскошно, крикливо) decorated Los Angeles hotel suite, Johnny Fontane was as jealously drunk (так же «ревниво пьян» = пьян из-за ревности) as any ordinary husband. Sprawled (развалившись) on a red couch, he drank straight (прямо) from the bottle of scotch in his hand, then washed the taste away by dunking (макая) his mouth in a crystal bucket of ice cubes and water. It was four in the morning and he was spinning drunken fantasies (плел = воображал пьяные фантазии) of murdering his trampy wife (что он убивает свою гулящую жену; to tramp – бродяжничать) when she got home, if she ever did come home (если вообще придет). It was too late to call his first wife and ask about the kids and he felt funny about calling any of his friends (ему было неловко, как-то не хотелось звонить кому-нибудь из друзей) now that his career was plunging downhill (летела: «падала вниз; ныряла» вниз по склону, с горки). There had been a time when they would have been delighted (были бы в восторге), flattered (польщены) by his calling them at four in the morning but now he bored them (он был им скучен = казался им занудой). He could even smile a little to himself as he thought that on the way up (когда дело шло в гору) Johnny Fontane's troubles had fascinated (привлекали, были интересны для) some of the greatest female stars in America.

2 Gulping (потягивая: «глотаю») at his bottle of scotch, he heard finally his wife's key in the door, but he kept drinking until she walked into the room and stood before him. She was to him so very beautiful, the angelic face, soulful (живые, «одушевленные») violet eyes, the delicately fragile (нежно-хрупкое) but perfectly formed body. On the screen her beauty was magnified, spiritualized (на экране ее красота была возвеличенной, одухотворенной). A hundred million men all over the world were in love with the face of Margot Ashton. And paid to see it on the screen.

3 "Where the hell were you?" Johnny Fontane asked.

4 "Out fucking (да потрахаться ходила)," she said.

5 She had misjudged his drunkenness (неверно оценила его опьянение = степень его опьянения). He sprang over the cocktail table and grabbed her by the throat (схватил за глотку). But close up to that magical face, the lovely violet eyes, he lost his anger (утратил свою злобу) and became helpless again. She made the mistake of smiling mockingly (насмешливо), saw his fist draw back (увидела, что он снова занес кулак). She screamed, "Johnny, not in the face, I'm making a picture."

6 She was laughing. He punched her (ударил ее; to punch – ударить кулаком) in the stomach and she fell to the floor. He fell on top of her. He could smell her fragrant breath (ароматное, благоуханное дыхание) as she gasped for air (ловила ртом воздух). He punched her on the arms and on the thigh muscles of her silky tanned legs (шелковистых загорелых ног). He beat her as he had beaten snotty (сопливых) smaller kids long ago when he had been a tough (крутым: «жестким, крепким») teenager in New York's Hell's Kitchen (в Адской Кухне = в одном из кварталов бедноты). A painful punishment (болезненное наказание) that would leave no lasting disfigurement of loosened teeth (никакого длящегося = надолго повреждения вроде выбитого зуба) or broken nose.

7 But he was not hitting her hard enough. He couldn't. And she was giggling (хихикала) at him. Spread-eagled (раскинувшись, распластавшись) on the floor, her brocaded gown (платье с бархатной оторочкой, с бархатными нашивками; brocade [brʊ'du'keɪd]) hitched up (задранное) above her thighs, she taunted him (насмехалась над ним) between giggles. "Come on, stick it in (воткни его). Stick it in, Johnny, that's what you really want."

8 Johnny Fontane got up. He hated the woman on the floor but her beauty was a magic shield. Margot rolled away (откатилась в сторону), and in a dancer's spring (прыжком танцовщицы) was on her feet facing him (напротив него, перед ним). She went into a childish mocking dance (она начала по-детски насмешливо пританцовывать) and chanted (напевала), "Johnny never hurt me, Johnny never hurt me." Then almost sadly (почти грустно, с досадой) with grave beauty (со строгой красотой) she said, "You poor silly bastard (жалкий, глупый выродок), giving me cramps (судороги /сводящие ноги/) like a kid. Ah, Johnny, you always will be a dumb romantic guinea (тупым индюком, глупым романтичным итальяшкой; guinea-hen – цесарка ['ɡɪni]; /сленг, презрит./ итальяшка), you even make love like a kid. You still think screwing is really like those dopey songs (глуповатые, жалкие, пошлые; dopey также – находящийся под воздействием dope – наркотика) you used to sing." She shook her head and said, "Poor Johnny. Good-bye, Johnny." She walked into the bedroom and he heard her turn the key in the lock (в замке).

9 Johnny sat on the floor with his face in his hands. The sick, humiliating despair overwhelmed him (унизительное, унижающее отчаяние одолевало, захлестывало его). And then the gutter toughness (упрямство, крепость уличного мальчишки; gutter – водосток, канава) that had helped him survive the jungle of Hollywood made him pick up the phone and call for a car to take him to the airport. There was one

person who could save him. He would go back to New York. He would go back to the one man with the power, the wisdom, he needed and a love he still trusted. His Godfather Corleone.

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1 The baker, Nazorine, pudgy (коротенький и толстый /о человеке/; маленький и плотный /о предмете/) and crusty (покрытый корочкой; раздражительный, не приветливый, грубый) as his great Italian loaves (буханки), still dusty with flour (все еще покрытый мучной пылью; dust – пыль; flour – мука [flaʊd]), scowled at his wife (сердился, бросал сердитые взгляды, хмурился), his nubile (достигшую брачного возраста, созревшую ['nju:bil]) daughter, Katherine, and his baker's helper, Enzo. Enzo had changed into his prisoner-of-war uniform (переоделся в форму военнопленного) with its green-lettered armband (с повязкой с зелеными буквами, надписью) and was terrified (был в ужасе) that this scene would make him late (заставит его опоздать) reporting (доложить /о себе/ = явиться) back to Governor's Island. One of the many thousands of Italian Army prisoners paroled (освобожденный условно [pə'rɔɪl]) daily to work in the American economy, he lived in constant fear (в постоянном страхе) of that parole being revoked (отменено: «отозвано»). And so the little comedy being played now (которая сейчас разыгрывалась) was, for him, a serious business.

- 2 Nazorine asked fiercely (гневно), "Have you dishonored (обесчестил) my family? Have you given my daughter a little package (сверточек) to remember you by now that the war is over (теперь, когда война закончилась) and you know America will kick your ass (пнет твой зад = выбросит тебя пинком под зад) back to your village full of shit (в твою деревню, полную дерьма ['vilidG]) in Sicily?"
- 3 Enzo, a very short (низкорослый), strongly built boy («сильно сложенный» парень), put his hand over his heart and said almost in tears, yet cleverly (почти в слезах, но разумно), "Padrone, I swear by the Holy Virgin (клянусь Святой Девой) I have never taken advantage of your kindness (я никогда не злоупотреблял вашим великодушием; advantage [əd'vɑ:ntidG] – преимущество; выгода, польза; to take advantage of – обмануть, перехитрить кого-либо; воспользоваться чем-либо). I love your daughter with all respect. I ask for her hand with all respect. I know I have no right, but if they send me back to Italy I can never come back to America. I will never be able to marry Katherine."
- 4 Nazorine's wife, Filomena, spoke to the point (высказалась по сути, без дураков). "Stop all this foolishness (прекрати все эти глупости)," she said to her pudgy husband. "You know what you must do. Keep Enzo here, send him to hide (прятаться, скрываться) with our cousins in Long Island." Katherine was weeping. She was already plump (полной), homely (домашней, обычной = невзрачной) and sprouting a faint moustache (с пробивающимися легкими усиками; to sprout – давать ростки; faint – слабый, тусклый, нечеткий; moustache [mɔ'sta:ʃ]). She would never get a husband as handsome as Enzo, never find another man who touched her body in secret places with such respectful love. "I'll go and live in Italy," she screamed at her father. "I'll run away if you don't keep Enzo here."
- 5 Nazorine glanced at her shrewdly (взглянул на нее пронзительно, видящим насквозь взглядом; shrewd – пронизывающий; пронизательный). She was a "hot number" (горячая штучка) this daughter of his. He had seen her brush her swelling buttocks (как она терлась своими пухлыми, набухающими ягодицами) against Enzo's front (о «перёд» Энцо) when the baker's helper squeezed (протиснулся) behind her to fill the counter baskets (чтобы наполнить корзины для расфасовки) with hot loaves from the oven (из печи [Λvη]). The young rascal's hot loaf would be in her oven (горячий хлебец этого негодяя окажется в ее печке), Nazorine thought lewdly (развязно, цинично; lewd – похотливый, непристойный; распутный), if proper steps were not taken (если не будут предприняты надлежащие шаги). Enzo must be kept in America and be made an American citizen (и сделан американским

гражданином ['sitizn]). And there was only one man who could arrange such an affair (уладить такое дело [ɔ'reindG]). The Godfather. Don Corleone.

1 The baker, Nazorine, pudgy and crusty as his great Italian loaves, still dusty with flour, scowled at his wife, his nubile daughter, Katherine, and his baker's helper, Enzo. Enzo had changed into his prisoner-of-war uniform with its green-lettered armband and was terrified that this scene would make him late reporting back to Governor's Island. One of the many thousands of Italian Army prisoners paroled daily to work in the American economy, he lived in constant fear of that parole being revoked. And so the little comedy being played now was, for him, a serious business.

2 Nazorine asked fiercely, "Have you dishonored my family? Have you given my daughter a little package to remember you by now that the war is over and you know America will kick your ass back to your village full of shit in Sicily?"

3 Enzo, a very short, strongly built boy, put his hand over his heart and said almost in tears, yet cleverly, "*Padrone*, I swear by the Holy Virgin I have never taken advantage of your kindness. I love your daughter with all respect. I ask for her hand with all respect. I know I have no right, but if they send me back to Italy I can never come back to America. I will never be able to marry Katherine."

4 Nazorine's wife, Filomena, spoke to the point. "Stop all this foolishness," she said to her pudgy husband. "You know what you must do. Keep Enzo here, send him to hide with our cousins in Long Island." Katherine was weeping. She was already plump, homely and sprouting a faint moustache. She would never get a husband as handsome as Enzo, never find another man who touched her body in secret places with such respectful love. "I'll go and live in Italy," she screamed at her father. "I'll run away if you don't keep Enzo here."

5 Nazorine glanced at her shrewdly. She was a "hot number" this daughter of his. He had seen her brush her swelling buttocks against Enzo's front when the baker's helper squeezed behind her to fill the counter baskets with hot loaves from the oven. The young rascal's hot loaf would be in *her* oven, Nazorine thought lewdly, if proper steps were not taken. Enzo must be kept in America and be made an American citizen. And there was only one man who could arrange such an affair. The Godfather. Don Corleone.

1 All of these people and many others received engraved invitations (красиво отпечатанные приглашения; to engrave – гравировать, вырезать /по камню, дереву/) to the wedding (на свадьбу) of Miss Constanzia Corleone, to be celebrated (которая должна была быть отпразднована) on the last Saturday in August 1945. The father of the bride, Don Vito Corleone, never forgot his old friends and neighbors though he himself now lived in a huge house on Long Island. The reception would be held (прием будет проводиться) in that house and the festivities would go on all day (и празднование будет продолжаться весь день; festivity [fes'tiviti] – веселье; праздник). There was no doubt it would be a momentous occasion (важное событие (momentous [mɒ'u'mentʊs] – важный, весомый, влиятельный; occasion [ə'keɪʒən] – возможность, случай; событие, происшествие). The war with the Japanese had just ended so there would not be any nagging fear (так что не будет никакого мучающего, докучающего страха; to nag – придирааться, изводить; болеть, ныть) for their sons fighting in the Army to cloud these festivities (омрачить = который бы омрачил). A wedding was just what people needed to show their joy.

2 And so on that Saturday morning the friends of Don Corleone streamed out (повалили) of New York City to do him honor. They bore cream-colored (кремового = светло-желтого цвета) envelopes (конверты ['envɒləʊp]) stuffed with cash (набитые наличными) as bridal gifts (в качестве свадебных подарков), no checks. Inside each envelope a card established (устанавливала = сообщала о) the identity of the giver and the measure (степень ['meɪʒə]) of his respect for the Godfather. A respect truly earned (уважение подлинно заслуженное, заслуженно заработанное).

3 Don Vito Corleone was a man to whom everybody came for help, and never were they disappointed (разочарованы). He made no empty promises (пустых обещаний; promise ['promɪs]), nor the craven excuse (малодушную отговорку ['kreɪvɪn]) that his hands were tied by more powerful forces (связаны более могущественными силами) in the world than himself. It was not necessary (необходимым ['nesɪsɪəri]) that he be your friend, it was not even important (даже не было важно) that you had no means (средств = возможностей) with which to repay him (отплатить). Only one thing was required (требовалось). That you, *you yourself*, proclaim your friendship (заявлял о своей дружбе, о своих дружеских чувствах /к нему/ [prə'kleɪm]). And then, no matter (не важно) how poor or powerless (бессилен) the supplicant (проситель ['sʌplɪkənt]), Don Corleone would take that man's troubles to his heart (примет беды это человека к сердцу = поможет ему). And he would let nothing stand in the way (не позволит ничему встать на пути = помешать) to a solution of that man's woe (решению бед

того человека; *вое* [wɔu] – горе, несчастья). His reward (награда [rɪ'wɔ:d])? Friendship, the respectful title of "Don," and sometimes the more affectionate salutation (более сердечное приветствие [ð'fekʃnɪt]) of "Godfather." And perhaps, to show respect only, never for profit (никогда, вовсе не для пользы, прибыли), some humble gift (простой, незатейливый; *humble* – смиренный) – a gallon of homemade wine or a basket of peppered *taralles* specially baked to grace (чтобы украсить) his Christmas table. It was understood (понималось = все понимали, конечно), it was mere good manners (всего лишь вежливость: «хорошие манеры»), to proclaim that you were in his debt (в долгу у него) and that he had the right to call upon you (прийти к тебе: «навестить тебя) at any time to redeem (to redeem – возвращать, получать обратно; искупать) your debt by some small service.

4 Now on this great day, his daughter's wedding day, Don Vito Corleone stood in the doorway (на пороге, в дверях) of his Long Beach home to greet his guests, all of them known (из которых он всех знал: «все из них знаемые»), all of them trusted (которым он доверял). Many of them owed their good fortune (были обязаны своим успехом; to owe [ɔu] – быть должным, в долгу) in life to the Don and on this intimate occasion felt free to call him "Godfather" to his face. Even the people performing festal services (исполняющие «праздничное обслуживание») were his friends. The bartender (бармен) was an old comrade (приятель) whose gift was all the wedding liquors ([lɪkə]) and his own expert skills («опытные» умения, навыки). The waiters (официанты) were the friends of Don Corleone's sons. The food on the garden picnic tables had been cooked by the Don's wife and her friends and the gaily festooned (весело наряженный гирляндами; *festoon* – гирлянда, фестон) one-acre garden itself had been decorated (был разукрашен) by the young girl-chums of the bride (подружками невесты; *chum* – близкий друг, приятель).

5 Don Corleone received everyone (принимал всех [rɪ'sɪ:v]) – rich and poor, powerful and humble – with an equal show of love (с одинаковым выражением любви ['ɪkwəl]). He slighted no one (никому не выказал пренебрежения, никем не пренебрег, никого не обидел). That was his character. And the guests so exclaimed (так восклицали [ɪks'kleɪm]) at how well he looked in his tux (= tuxedo [tʌk'sɪdʊ] – смокинг) that an inexperienced observer (неопытный = сторонний наблюдатель; *experience* [ɪks'pɪəriəns] – опыт) might easily have thought (мог бы легко подумать) the Don himself was the lucky groom (счастливым жених).

1 All of these people and many others received engraved invitations to the wedding of Miss Constanzia Corleone, to be celebrated on the last Saturday in August 1945. The father of the bride, Don Vito Corleone, never forgot his old friends and neighbors though he himself now lived in a huge house on Long Island. The reception would be held in that house and the festivities would go on all day. There was no doubt it would be a momentous occasion. The war with the Japanese had just ended so there would not be any nagging fear for their sons fighting in the Army to cloud these festivities. A wedding was just what people needed to show their joy.

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4 Now on this great day, his daughter's wedding day, Don Vito Corleone stood in the doorway of his Long Beach home to greet his guests, all of them known, all of them trusted. Many of them owed their good fortune in life to the Don and on this intimate occasion felt free to call him "Godfather" to his face. Even the people performing festal services were his friends. The bartender was an old comrade whose gift was all the wedding liquors and his own expert skills. The waiters were the friends of Don Corleone's sons. The food on the garden picnic tables had

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5 Don Corleone received everyone – rich and poor, powerful and humble – with an equal show of love. He slighted no one. That was his character. And the guests so exclaimed at how well he looked in his tux that an inexperienced observer might easily have thought the Don himself was the lucky groom.

1 Standing at the door with him were two of his three sons. The eldest, baptized (окрещенный) Santino but called Sonny by everyone except his father, was looked at askance (наклонно, косо; неодобрительно, с подозрением [ə's'kæns]) by the older Italian men; with admiration by the younger. Sonny Corleone was tall for a first-generation American (для американца первого поколения) of Italian parentage ([ˈpeɪrəntɪdʒ] – происхождение), almost six feet, and his crop of bushy, curly hair (шевелюра кудрявых волос; сгор – шарообразное вздутие; верхняя часть /например у растений/; урожай) made him look even taller. His face was that of a gross Cupid (тучного; грубого Купидона), the features even (черты ровные = правильные) but the bow-shaped lips (дугообразные губы) thickly sensual (чувственные ['sensjuəl]), the dimpled cleft chin (раздвоенный подбородок с ямочкой; dimple – ямочка; cleft – расщелина; расщепленный) in some curious way (неким странным образом = создавали почему-то впечатление) obscene (/чего-то/ непристойного [ob'si:n]). He was built as powerfully as a bull (мощно, как бык) and it was common knowledge (все знали: «это было общим знанием») that he was so generously endowed by nature (так щедро одарен природой; to endow [in'dau] – наделять, одарять) that his martyred wife (жена-мученица) feared the marriage bed as unbelievers once feared the rack (как неверующие некогда боялись дыбы). It was whispered (шепотом поговаривали) that when as a youth he had visited houses of ill fame (злачные места: «дома плохой репутации»), even the most hardened and fearless *putain* (даже наиболее закаленные и бесстрашные шлюхи, путаны), after an awed inspection (осмотрев с испугом, благоговением; to awe [o:] – вызывать испуг, благоговение) of his massive organ, demanded double price (требовали двойной оплаты). Here at the wedding feast, some young matrons, widehipped (широкобедрые), wide-mouthed, measured (мерили, рассматривали ['meGɔ]) Sonny Corleone with coolly confident eyes (холодно-уверенными глазами). But on this particular day (но именно в этот день: «в этот особенный, частный день») they were wasting their time (напрасно тратили, теряли время). Sonny Corleone, despite the

presence of his wife (несмотря на присутствие) and three small children, had plans for his sister's maid of honor (относительно подружки сестры /на свадьбе/: «почетной девы»), Lucy Mancini. This young girl, fully aware (полностью сознающая /это/ [ð'wɛð]), sat at a garden table in her pink formal gown (в розовом парадном платье), a tiara of flowers in her glossy (в блестящих) black hair. She had flirted with Sonny in the past week of rehearsals (репетиций [ri'hɜ:sðl]) and squeezed his hand that morning at the altar. A maiden could do no more (для девицы это немало).

2 She did not care (ее не волновало: «не заботилась») that he would never be the great man his father had proved to be (каким стал его отец: «доказал быть»). Sonny Corleone had strength (силу), he had courage (смелость ['kʌrɪdʒ]). He was generous (великодушный, добрый, щедрый ['dʒenə'rʌs]) and his heart was admitted (как было признано, считалось; to admit – допускать, соглашаться; считать [əd'mit]) to be as big as his organ. Yet he did not have his father's humility (смирения) but instead a quick, hot temper (темперамент, характер) that led him into errors of judgment (вводил в «ошибки суждения»). Though he was a great help in his father's business, there were many who doubted that he would become the heir to it (наследником [ɛð]).

3 The second son, Frederico, called Fred or Fredo, was a child every Italian prayed to the saints for (о котором каждый итальянец молил святых = желал бы иметь). Dutiful (исполнительный: «полный долга»; duty – долг, обязанность), loyal, always at the service of his father, living with his parents at age thirty. He was short and burly (плотный, крепкий, большой и сильный), not handsome but with the same Cupid head of the family, the curly helmet of hair (шлем, каска) over the round face and sensual bow-shaped lips. Only, in Fred, these lips were not sensual but granitelike (словно высечены из гранита: «подобны граниту»). Inclined to dourness (склонный к меланхолии, депрессии; dour [duə] – мрачный; строгий, суровый), he was still a crutch to his father (все же был опорой; crutch – стойка, опора; костыль), never disputed him, never embarrassed him (никогда не доставлял ему неприятностей, не ставил его в неприятное положение; to embarrass [im'bærðs] – затруднять, стеснять; ставить в неудобное положение) by scandalous behavior with women (скандальным поведением [bi'heɪvjð]; to behave [bi'heɪv] – вести себя). Despite all these virtues (достоинства ['vɜ:tju:]) he did not have that personal magnetism, that animal force, so necessary for a leader of men, and he too was not expected to inherit the family business (не ожидалось = не предполагали, что унаследует [ɪn'herɪt]).

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- 1 The third son, Michael Corleone, did not stand with his father and his two brothers but sat at a table in the most secluded corner (в самом безлюдном уголке; to seclude [si'klu:d] – отстранять, изолировать) of the garden. But even there he could not escape the attentions (избежать знаков внимания) of the family friends.
- 2 Michael Corleone was the youngest son of the Don and the only child who had refused the great man's direction (отказался следовать указаниям этого великого человека). He did not have the heavy, Cupid-shaped face of the other children, and his jet black hair (черные, как смоль; jet – гагат, черный янтарь) was straight rather than curly (скорее прямые, чем вьющиеся). His skin was a clear olive-brown that would have been called beautiful in a girl. He was handsome in a delicate way (красив тонкой, изящной красотой). Indeed there had been a time when the Don had worried about his youngest son's masculinity (беспокоился о «мужеских качествах» = не слишком ли женственен его сын). A worry that was put to rest (беспокойство это отпало, было снято: «было успокоено») when Michael Corleone became seventeen years old.
- 3 Now this youngest son sat at a table in the extreme corner (в наиболее удаленном) of the garden to proclaim his chosen alienation (избранную им непричастность; alienation [ei'ljə'neiʃən] – отдаление, отчужденность) from father and family. Beside him sat the American girl everyone had heard about but whom no one had seen until this day. He had, of course, shown the proper respect (выказал надлежащее уважение) and introduced her (представил ее) to everyone at the wedding, including (включая) his family. They were not impressed with her (она не произвела на них большого впечатления: «не были впечатлены ею»). She was too thin, she was too fair (светлая), her face was too sharply intelligent («остро-умные») for a woman, her manner too free for a maiden. Her name, too, was outlandish (было чуждым, иностранным) to their ears; she called herself Kay Adams. If she had told them that her family had settled (поселилась) in America two hundred years ago and her name was a common one (обычное), they would have shrugged (пожали бы /плечами/).
- 4 Every guest noticed that the Don paid no particular attention (не уделил особого внимания) to this third son. Michael had been his favorite before the war and obviously (очевидно) the chosen heir to run the family business (вести семейное дело, управлять делом) when the proper moment came (когда придет надлежащий момент). He had all the quiet force and intelligence of his great father, the born instinct to act in such a way that men had no recourse but to respect him (что людям не оставалось ничего иного, как уважать его; recourse [ri'ko:s] – прибежище,

пристанище). But when World War II broke out, Michael Corleone volunteered for the Marine Corps (пошел добровольцем во флот [volən'tið]; Marine [mɑ'ri:n] – государственный морской флот). He defied his father's express command (он пренебрег явным, недвусмысленно выраженным указанием отца; to defy [di'fai] – бросать вызов; игнорировать, не обращать внимания) when he did so.

5 Don Corleone had no desire (никакого желания [di'zaið]), no intention (намерения), of letting his youngest son be killed (допустить, чтобы его сын был убит: «быть убитым») in the service of a power foreign to himself (за чужую, чуждую ему власть: «на службе у власти = державы, иностранной по отношению к нему»). Doctors had been bribed (были подкуплены), secret arrangements (договоренности) had been made. A great deal of money (большое количество) had been spent to take the proper precautions (необходимые меры предосторожности; precaution [pri'ko:ʃən] – предосторожность). But Michael was twenty-one years of age and nothing could be done against his own willfulness (своеволие, упрямство). He enlisted (записался) and fought (бился; to fight) over the Pacific Ocean. He became a Captain and won medals. In 1944 his picture was printed in *Life* magazine with a photo layout of his deeds («с фотографическим изображением» его деяний = подвигов; layout – планировка, расположение; выставка, показ). A friend had shown Don Corleone the magazine (his family did not dare (не осмеливалась)), and the Don had grunted disdainfully (крякнул презрительно; to grunt – хрюкать; ворчать, мычать; disdain [dis'dein] – презрение, пренебрежение) and said, "He performs those miracles for strangers (выполняет те чудеса для чужаков, иностранцев; miracle ['mirəkl])."

6 When Michael Corleone was discharged (демобилизован) early in 1945 to recover (чтобы поправиться, прийти в себя; to recover [ri'kʌvə] – вновь обретать; прийти в себя; выздороветь) from a disabling wound (от раны, мешающей ему продолжать службу; to disable – делать неспособным, непригодным), he had no idea that his father had arranged his release (устроил его освобождение). He stayed home for a few weeks, then, without consulting anyone, entered Dartmouth College in Hanover, New Hampshire, and so he left his father's house. To return for the wedding of his sister and to show his own future wife to them, the washed-out rag of an American girl (бесцветную американку: the washed-out rag – застиранная тряпка).

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6 When Michael Corleone was discharged early in 1945 to recover from a disabling wound, he had no idea that his father had arranged his release. He

stayed home for a few weeks, then, without consulting anyone, entered Dartmouth College in Hanover, New Hampshire, and so he left his father's house. To return for the wedding of his sister and to show his own future wife to them, the washed-out rag of an American girl.

1 Michael Corleone was amusing Kay Adams (развлекал) by telling her little stories about some of the more colorful wedding guests (о наиболее колоритных). He was, in turn (в свою очередь), amused by her finding (что она находила) these people exotic, and, as always, charmed by her intense interest (очарован ее живым интересом) in anything new and foreign to her experience. Finally her attention was caught (ее внимание было привлечено) by a small group of men gathered around a wooden barrel (собравшихся вокруг деревянной бочки) of homemade wine. The men were Amerigo Bonasera, Nazorine the Baker, Anthony Coppola and Luca Brasi. With her usual alert intelligence (со свойственной ей живой, острой наблюдательностью; alert [ə'lɜ:t] – бдительный, настороженный) she remarked (заметила, высказала наблюдение) on the fact that these four men did not seem particularly happy (не кажутся особенно счастливыми). Michael smiled. "No, they're not," he said. "They're waiting to see my father in private (наедине). They have favors to ask (хотят просить об одолжении, помощи)." And indeed it was easy to see that all four men constantly followed the Don with their eyes.

2 As Don Corleone stood greeting guests, a black Chevrolet sedan came to a stop on the far side of the paved mall (мощеной аллее). Two men in the front seat pulled notebooks from their jackets and, with no attempt at concealment (не таясь: «без попытки укрывания, утаивания»; to conceal – утаивать), jotted down (начали записывать; jot – йота, ничтожное количество; to jot – кратко записать, бегло набросать) license numbers of the other cars parked around the mall. Sonny turned to his father and said, "Those guys over there must be cops (те парни вон там, должно быть, полицейские)."

Don Corleone shrugged. "I don't own the street (не владею улицей = улица – не моя собственность). They can do what they please."

3 Sonny's heavy Cupid face grew red with anger (стало красным от гнева). "Those lousy bastards (вшивые выродки), they don't respect anything." He left the steps of the house and walked across the mall to where the black sedan was parked. He thrust his face angrily close to the face of the driver, who did not flinch (не отклонился, не дрогнул; to flinch – вздрагивать /от боли, испуга/; уклоняться, отступать) but flapped

open (открыл: «распахнул»; to flap – хлопать, шлепать) his wallet (бумажник ['wɒlɪt]) to show a green identification card (удостоверение). Sonny stepped back without saying a word. He spat (плюнул; to spit) so that the spittle hit the back door (что слюна попала на заднюю дверь) of the sedan and walked away. He was hoping the driver would get out of the sedan and come after him, on the mall, but nothing happened. When he reached the steps (дошел до ступеней: «достиг» ступеней) he said to his father, "Those guys are FBI men (FBI – Federal Bureau of Investigation /ФБР – Федеральное бюро расследований/). They're taking down all the license numbers. Snotty (сопливые; snot – сопля /груб./) bastards."

4 Don Corleone knew who they were. His closest and most intimate friends had been advised (его наиболее близким друзьям было посоветовано) to attend (посетить, присутствовать на [ə'tend]) the wedding in automobiles not their own. And though he disapproved (не одобрял) of his son's foolish display of anger (глупое выражение, демонстрацию гнева), the tantrum (вспышка раздражения ['tæntɹəm]) served a purpose (/по/служило цели ['pɜ:pəʊz]). It would convince the interlopers (убедит непрошенных гостей; interloper – человек, вмешивающийся в чужие дела) that their presence was unexpected (что их присутствие было неожиданным = что их не ждали) and unprepared for (и к этому не были готовы). So Don Corleone himself was not angry. He had long ago learned that society imposes insults (наносит обиды: «накладывает оскорбления») that must be borne (которые нужно уметь стерпеть, снести: «которые должны быть носимы»), comforted (утешаясь) by the knowledge that in this world there comes a time when the most humble of men, if he keeps his eyes open, can take his revenge on the most powerful (может отомстить самому могущественному). It was this knowledge that prevented (предохранило, предупредило) the Don from losing the humility (от утраты смирения) all his friends admired in him (которым восхищались все его друзья [əd'maɪə]).

5 But now in the garden behind the house, a four-piece band (квартет, оркестр из четырех музыкантов) began to play. All the guests had arrived. Don Corleone put the intruders out of his mind (выбросил из головы: «ума, памяти» мысли о незваных гостях) and led his two sons to the wedding feast (на свадебный пир).

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1 There were, now, hundreds of guests in the huge garden, some dancing on the wooden platform bedecked (украшенной, убранной) with flowers, others sitting at long tables piled high with spicy food (заставленных острой, пикантной пищей; pile – куча, груда; to pile – сваливать в кучу) and gallon jugs (кувшинами. бутылками) of black, homemade wine. The bride, Connie Corleone, sat in splendor («в блеске, великолепии») at a special raised table with her groom, the maid of honor, bridesmaids and ushers (друзьями и подружками; usher – швейцар; церемониймейстер; шафер). It was a rustic setting (сельская, деревенская атмосфера; setting – размещение, окружающая обстановка) in the old Italian style. Not to the bride's taste (не по вкусу), but Connie had consented (согласилась) to a "guinea" wedding to please her father because she had so displeased him (так огорчила) in her choice of a husband (в выборе супруга).

2 The groom, Carlo Rizzi, was a half-breed (полукровка; to breed – порождать, выводить, разводить /животных/), born of a Sicilian father and the North Italian mother from whom he had inherited his blond hair and blue eyes. His parents lived in Nevada and Carlo had left that state because of a little trouble with the law (из-за небольшой неприятности с законом). In New York he met Sonny Corleone and so met the sister. Don Corleone, of course, sent trusted friends (надежных; to trust – доверять) to Nevada and they reported that Carlo's police trouble was a youthful indiscretion with a gun («юношеская неосторожность с пистолетом»), not serious, that could easily be wiped off (стереть) the books to leave the youth with a clean record (с чистым прошлым; record – запись, протокол; характеристика, биография). They also came back with detailed information on legal gambling (о «законных» азартных играх; to gamble – играть на деньги) in Nevada which greatly interested the Don and which he had been pondering over since (и о чем он размышлял, продолжал размышлять с тех пор: to ponder over). It was part of the Don's greatness (/неотъемлемой/ частью его величия = это была одна из тех вещей, которые делали его великим человеком) that he profited from everything (извлекал пользу из всего).

3 Connie Corleone was a not quite pretty girl (не больно: «не вполне» красива, красавицей не назовешь), thin and nervous and certain (наверняка, /пред/определенной/) to become shrewish (стать сварливой, вздорной) later in life. But today, transformed by her white bridal gown and eager virginity («страстной девственностью»; eager – страстно желающий, ждущий, напряженный), she was so radiant (лучащейся, излучающей радость) as to be almost beautiful. Beneath the

wooden table her hand rested on the muscular thigh of her groom. Her Cupid-bow mouth pouted (дулся = выпячивался) to give him an airy kiss (воздушный поцелуй).

4 She thought him incredibly handsome (невероятно красивым). Carlo Rizzi had worked in the open desert air while very young – heavy laborer's work. Now he had tremendous forearms (жуткие = огромные, могучие предплечья) and his shoulders bulged (выпячивались, бугрились; bulge – выпуклость) the jacket of his tux. He basked (грелся; to bask – греться /на солнце, у огня/; наслаждаться /счастьем/) in the adoring eyes (в обожающих глазах; to adore) of his bride and filled her glass with wine. He was elaborately (усердно, скрупулезно: «выработанно» [i'laɪ'brʌtli]) courteous (вежлив ['kɜ:tjʊs]) to her as if they were both (словно они оба были) actors in a play. But his eyes kept flickering (все время украдкой поглядывали, косились; to flicker – мигать, мерцать, мелькать) toward the huge silk purse (на огромный шелковый кошелек) the bride wore on her right shoulder and which was now stuffed full of money envelopes. How much did it hold (содержал /в себе/)? Ten thousand? Twenty thousand? Carlo Rizzi smiled. It was only the beginning. He had, after all, married into a royal family («женился в королевскую семью», породнился с королевской семьей). They would have to take care of him (им придется позаботиться о нем).

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1 In the crowd of guests a dapper (подвижный, проворный; щеголеватый, эlegantный) young man with the sleek head of a ferret (с гладкой, прилизанной головой хорька) was also studying the silk purse. From sheer habit (чисто по привычке; sheer – абсолютный, полнейший) Paulie Gatto wondered just how he could go about hijacking (размышлял, как бы он мог похитить; to hijack ['haɪdʒæk] – нападать с целью грабежа, похищать) that fat pocketbook (кошелек). The idea amused him. But he knew it was idle, innocent dreaming (праздное, невинное мечтание), as small children dream of knocking out tanks (подбивать танки, подбивания танков) with popguns (пугачами). He watched his boss, fat, middle-aged Peter Clemenza whirling (кружащего) young girls around the wooden dance floor in a rustic and lusty (в деревенской и чувственной, бойкой) *Tarantella*. Clemenza, immensely tall (очень высокий; immense [ɪ'mens] – безмерный, очень большой, огромный), immensely huge, danced with such skill (умением) and abandon (самозабвением, импульсивностью, страстностью; to abandon [ə'bændən] – покидать, оставлять; отказываться, прекращать), his hard belly lecherously bumping («похотливо» ударялся; lecherous ['letʃərəs] – распутный, развратный) the breasts of younger, tinier women (меньших /чем он/; tiny – очень маленький, крошечный), that all the guests were applauding him. Older women grabbed his arm (хватали) to

become his next partner. The younger men respectfully cleared off the floor (освобождали место, расчищали /перед ним/ дорогу) and clapped their hands in time to the mandolin's wild strumming (в ритм брэнчанию, треньканью). When Clemenza finally collapsed in a chair (плюхнулся, свалился), Paulie Gatto brought him a glass of icy black wine and wiped the perspiring Jovelike brow (потное юпитероподобное чело; brow – бровь; чело /высок./) with his silk handkerchief (платком ['hæŋkətʃɪf]). Clemenza was blowing like a whale (тяжело дышал: «дул», как кит) as he gulped down the wine (проглотил, хлебнул, хлебал). But instead of thanking Paulie he said curtly (коротко, резко, грубо), "Never mind being a dance judge («не беспокойся о том, чтобы быть танцевальным судьей» = нечего глазеть на танцы), do your job. Take a walk around the neighborhood (пройдись по окрестностям; neighborhood ['neɪbədʒud] – соседство, соседи; окрестности) and see everything is OK." Paulie slid away into the crowd (скользнул в толпу; to slide).

2 The band took a refreshment break (перерыв «для освежения»; refreshment – восстановление сил, отдых; refreshments – прохладительные напитки, закуска). A young man named Nino Valenti picked up a discarded mandolin (подобрал брошенную мандолину; to discard – отбрасывать что-то, избавляться от чего-либо), put his left foot up on a chair and began to sing a coarse (грубую [ко:s]) Sicilian love song. Nino Valenti's face was handsome though bloated by continual drinking (раздутое, опухшее от постоянного выпивания) and he was already a little drunk. He rolled his eyes (закатывал) as his tongue caressed the obscene lyrics (в то время как его язык ласкал непристойные стихи = слова песни [kə'res]). The women shrieked with glee (визжали от восторга) and the men shouted the last word of each stanza (строфы ['stænzə]) with the singer.

3 Don Corleone, notoriously (как всем было известно; notorious [nəʊ'to:riəs] – известный, общеизвестный) straitlaced in such matters, («узко зашнурованный» = строгий в подобных вещах; lace – шнурок, тесьма; to lace – шнуровать), though his stout wife (дородная, полная) was screaming joyfully with the others, disappeared tactfully (тактично искрылся: «исчез») into the house. Seeing this, Sonny Corleone made his way (пробрался) to the bride's table and sat down beside young Lucy Mancini, the maid of honor. They were safe (они были в безопасности = дело было в шляпе, дело было верное). His wife was in the kitchen putting the last touches (последние штрихи) on the serving of the wedding cake. Sonny whispered (прошептал) a few words in the young girl's ear and she rose (поднялась, встала: to rise). Sonny waited a few minutes and then casually (как бы невзначай; casually

[ˈkæG(j)u:ðli] – случайно, ненароком) followed her, stopping to talk with a guest here and there as he worked his way (пробирался, пробивался) through the crowd.

4 All eyes followed them. The maid of honor, thoroughly Americanized (полностью, совершенно, основательно американизированная; thoroughly [ˈθʌrðli]) by three years of college, was a ripe girl (зрелой) who already had a "reputation." All through the marriage rehearsals she had flirted with Sonny Corleone in a teasing, joking way (дразнящим, игривым образом) she thought was permitted (который, как она полагала, был допустим; to permit [ˈpɜ:mit] – позволять, разрешать) because he was the best man and her wedding partner. Now holding her pink gown up off the ground, Lucy Mancini went into the house, smiling with false innocence («с фальшивой невинностью» = с притворно-невинным выражением лица), ran lightly up the stairs to the bathroom. She stayed there for a few moments. When she came out Sonny Corleone was on the landing above (на верхней площадке), beckoning her upward (маня ее вверх, делая ей знак рукой, чтобы поднялась; to beckon [ˈbekən] – манить, делать знак /рукой, пальцем/).

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1 From behind the closed window of Don Corleone's "office," a slightly raised corner room (слегка приподнятой угловой комнаты), Thomas Hagen watched the wedding party in the festooned garden. The walls behind him were stacked with law books (были уставлены юридическими книгами; to stack – складывать в стог; stack – куча, груда; law – закон). Hagen was the Don's lawyer (адвокат) and acting *consigliori* (исполняющим обязанности консьльори /советника – *итал.*), or counselor, and as such held the most vital subordinate position (и в качестве такового занимал наиболее важную: «жизненную» подчиненную должность) in the family business. He and the Don had solved many a knotty problem (разрешили немало запутанных проблем; knot – узел) in this room, and so when he saw the Godfather leave the festivities and enter the house, he knew, wedding or no (свадьба свадьбой, несмотря на свадьбу), there would be a little work this day. The Don would be coming to see him. Then Hagen saw Sonny Corleone whisper in Lucy Mancini's ear and their little comedy as he followed her into the house. Hagen grimaced (to grimace [grɪ'meɪs]), debated whether to inform the Don (поразмыслил, сообщить ли), and decided against it. He

went to the desk and picked up a handwritten list of the people who had been granted permission (которым было позволено: «предоставлено разрешение»; to grant – дарить, даровать; предоставлять) to see Don Corleone privately. When the Don entered the room, Hagen handed him the list. Don Corleone nodded (кивнул) and said, "Leave Bonasera to the end (оставь на конец, напоследок)."

2 Hagen used the French doors (застекленные створчатые двери) and went directly out into the garden to where the supplicants clustered (просители столпились; cluster – кисть, пучок, гроздь) around the barrel of wine. He pointed (указал пальцем) to the baker, the pudgy Nazorine.

3 Don Corleone greeted the baker with an embrace (приветствовал объятием). They had played together as children in Italy and had grown up in friendship. Every Easter (на каждую Пасху) freshly baked clotted-cheese (с расплавленным сыром; clot – комок, сгусток, свернувшийся) and wheat-germ (покрытые зернышками; wheat – пшеница; germ – зародыш; завязь) pies (пирог), their crusts (их корочки) yolk-gold (yolk [jɔlk] – желток яйца), big around as truck wheels (как колеса грузовика), arrived at Don Corleone's home. On Christmas, on family birthdays, rich creamy pastries (кондитерские изделия /пирожные, печенья/; pastry ['peɪstri]) proclaimed the Nazorines' respect. And all through the years, lean and fat (благополучные и неблагоприятные: «тощие, скудные – и жирные, толстые»), Nazorine cheerfully (весело, бодро = не ропща) paid his dues (налоги, пошлины) to the bakery union (в союз пекарей) organized by the Don in his salad days (в пору юношеской неопытности). Never asking for a favor in return except for the chance to buy black-market OPA sugar coupons (правительственные карточки на сахар; OPA – Office of Price Administration) during the war. Now the time had come for the baker to claim his rights (заявить о своих правах) as a loyal friend, and Don Corleone looked forward with great pleasure (с большим удовольствием ожидал, собирался; to look forward – ожидать с нетерпением, предвкушать: «смотреть вперед») to granting his request (удовлетворить его просьбу).

4 He gave the baker a Di Nobili cigar and a glass of yellow Strega (итальянский лимонный ликер) and put his hand on the man's shoulder to urge him on (чтобы подбодрить его, побудить /изложить просьбу/; to urge – подгонять, подстегивать; побуждать, советовать). That was the mark (знак, метка) of the Don's humanity (человечности). He knew from bitter experience (по горькому опыту) what courage it took (сколько смелости требуется) to ask a favor from a fellow man (попросить ближнего об одолжении; fellow – приятель, коллега, напарник).

- 5 The baker told the story of his daughter and Enzo. A fine Italian lad (отличный парень) from Sicily; captured (взятый в плен) by the American Army; sent to the United States as a prisoner of war; given parole to help our war effort (усилие; достижение, успех ['efʌtʃ]!) A pure and honorable love had sprung up between honest Enzo and his sheltered Katherine (невинной: «оберегаемой дома») Катериной; shelter – приют; to shelter – приютить, укрыть) but now that the war was ended the poor lad would be repatriated to Italy and Nazorine's daughter would surely die of a broken heart (наверняка, несомненно умрет от разбитого сердца). Only Godfather Corleone could help this afflicted couple (несчастной паре; to afflict [ə'flikt] – беспокоить, причинять боль, огорчать). He was their last hope.
- 6 The Don walked Nazorine up and down the room, his hand on the baker's shoulder, his head nodding with understanding to keep up (чтобы поддержать) the man's courage. When the baker had finished, Don Corleone smiled at him and said, "My dear friend, put all your worries aside (вам не о чем волноваться: «отложите /в сторону/ все ваши беспокойства»)." He went on (продолжил) to explain very carefully (объяснять очень тщательно = детально) what must be done (что должно быть сделано). The Congressman of the district (округа ['distrikt]) must be petitioned (к нему нужно обратиться с просьбой, ходатайством [pɪ'tiʃən]). The Congressman would propose a special bill (предложит особый законопроект [pɹə'pɹuz]) that would allow (позволит [ə'laʊ]) Enzo to become a citizen (стать гражданином). The bill would surely pass Congress (пройдет = будет принят). A privilege all those rascals extended to each other (которую эти мошенники оказывают друг другу; to extend [iks'tend] – расширять, распространять влияние; оказывать протекцию, покровительство). Don Corleone explained that this would cost money, the going price (нынешняя, актуальная цена) was now two thousand dollars. He, Don Corleone, would guarantee performance (гарантирует исполнение [gæɹən'ti:] [pə'fo:məns]) and accept payment (готов принять плату [ə'ksept]). Did his friend agree (согласен [əg'ri:])?
- 7 The baker nodded his head vigorously (сильно, энергично ['vigəɹəsli]). He did not expect such a great favor for nothing. That was understood. A special Act of Congress does not come cheap. Nazorine was almost tearful (чуть не плакал; tearful – плачущий: «полный слез») in his thanks. Don Corleone walked him to the door, assuring him (заверив его; to assure [ə'ʃʊə] – уверять) that competent people would be sent to the bakery to arrange all details, complete all necessary documents. The baker embraced him (обнял [ɪm'breɪs]) before disappearing into the garden.

8 Hagen smiled at the Don. "That's a good investment (/капитало/вложение) for Nazorine. A son-in-law (зять) and a cheap lifetime helper (дешевый помощник на всю жизнь) in his bakery all for two thousand dollars." He paused. "Who do I give this job to?"

9 Don Corleone frowned (нахмурился, сморщил лоб) in thought. "Not to our *paisan* (не земляку = не сицилийцу /итал./). Give it to the Jew in the next district. Have the home addresses changed (поменяй, пусть поменяют). I think there might be many such cases (должно быть много таких дел, случаев) now the war is over; we should have extra people (дополнительных людей) in Washington that can handle the overflow (справиться с наплывом) and not raise the price (не поднимая цены)." Hagen made a note on his pad (в блокнот). "Not Congressman Luteco. Try (попробовать) Fischer."

1 From behind the closed window of Don Corleone's "office," a slightly raised corner room, Thomas Hagen watched the wedding party in the festooned garden. The walls behind him were stacked with law books. Hagen was the Don's lawyer and acting *consigliori*, or counselor, and as such held the most vital subordinate position in the family business. He and the Don had solved many a knotty problem in this room, and so when he saw the Godfather leave the festivities and enter the house, he knew, wedding or no, there would be a little work this day. The Don would be coming to see him. Then Hagen saw Sonny Corleone whisper in Lucy Mancini's ear and their little comedy as he followed her into the house. Hagen grimaced, debated whether to inform the Don, and decided against it. He went to the desk and picked up a handwritten list of the people who had been granted permission to see Don Corleone privately. When the Don entered the room, Hagen handed him the list. Don Corleone nodded and said, "Leave Bonasera to the end."

2 Hagen used the French doors and went directly out into the garden to where the supplicants clustered around the barrel of wine. He pointed to the baker, the pudgy Nazorine.

3 Don Corleone greeted the baker with an embrace. They had played together as children in Italy and had grown up in friendship. Every Easter freshly baked clotted-cheese and wheat-germ pies, their crusts yolk-gold, big around as truck wheels, arrived at Don Corleone's home. On Christmas, on family birthdays, rich creamy pastries proclaimed the Nazorines' respect. And all through the years,

lean and fat, Nazorine cheerfully paid his dues to the bakery union organized by the Don in his salad days. Never asking for a favor in return except for the chance to buy black-market OPA sugar coupons during the war. Now the time had come for the baker to claim his rights as a loyal friend, and Don Corleone looked forward with great pleasure to granting his request.

4 He gave the baker a Di Nobili cigar and a glass of yellow Strega and put his hand on the man's shoulder to urge him on. That was the mark of the Don's humanity. He knew from bitter experience what courage it took to ask a favor from a fellow man.

The baker told the story of his daughter and Enzo. A fine Italian lad from Sicily; captured by the American Army; sent to the United States as a prisoner of war; given parole to help our war effort! A pure and honorable love had sprung up between honest Enzo and his sheltered Katherine but now that the war was ended the poor lad would be repatriated to Italy and Nazorine's daughter would surely die of a broken heart. Only Godfather Corleone could help this afflicted couple. He was their last hope.

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8 Don Corleone frowned in thought. "Not to our *paisan*. Give it to the Jew in the next district. Have the home addresses changed. I think there might be many such cases now the war is over; we should have extra people in Washington that can handle the overflow and not raise the price." Hagen made a note on his pad. "Not Congressman Luteco. Try Fischer."

1 The next man Hagen brought in was a very simple case. His name was Anthony Coppola and he was the son of a man Don Corleone had worked with in the railroad yards (на железнодорожных сортировочных станциях) in his youth. Coppola needed five hundred dollars to open a pizzeria; for a deposit (вклад; задаток; взнос) on fixtures (чтобы внести задаток за оборудование; fixture ['fɪkstʃə] – приспособление, прибор; движимое имущество в соединении с недвижимым) and the special oven (духовой шкаф, духовку [Λvη]). For reasons not gone into (по причинам, в которые не стоит углубляться), credit was not available (доступен, имеющийся в распоряжении [ð'veɪləbl]). The Don reached into his pocket and took out a roll of bills (сверток купюр = гряду скомканных купюр). It was not quite enough. He grimaced and said to Tom Hagen, "Loan me (одолжи) a hundred dollars, I'll pay you back Monday when I go to the bank." The suppliant protested that four hundred dollars would be ample (вполне достаточно; ample – богатый, изобильный), but Don Corleone patted his shoulder, saying, apologetically (извиняясь [æpɒlədʒ'ɪkətɪkəlɪ]; apology [ə'pɒlədʒɪ] – извинение), "This fancy (причудливый, необычный, прихотливый, здесь: шикарный) wedding left me a little short of cash (оставила меня без наличных, немножко разорила меня)." He took the money Hagen extended to him and gave it to Anthony Coppola with his own roll of bills.

2 Hagen watched with quiet admiration (с тихим восхищением). The Don always taught that when a man was generous, he must show the generosity as personal (должен показывать, проявлять щедрость, великодушие «как личное, личностное» = направленно, конкретно). How flattering (лестно) to Anthony Coppola that a man like the Don would borrow (готов занять /деньги/) to loan him money. Not that Coppola did not know that the Don was a millionaire but how many millionaires let themselves be put to even a small inconvenience (позволят подвергнуть себя даже малейшему неудобству [ɪnkəŋ'vi:njəns]) by a poor friend?

3 The Don raised his head inquiringly (вопрошающе, вопросительно). Hagen said, "He's not on the list but Luca Brasi wants to see you. He understands it can't be public but he wants to congratulate you in person."

4 For the first time the Don seemed displeased (казался недовольным). The answer was devious (уклончивым; devious ['di:vjəʊs] – удаленный, окольный, отклоняющийся от прямого пути). "Is it necessary (необходимо ['nesɪsəðri])?" he asked.

5 Hagen shrugged. "You understand him better than I do. But he was very grateful (благодарен) that you invited him to the wedding. He never expected that. I think he wants to show his gratitude (благодарность ['grætitʃu:d])."

6 Don Corleone nodded and gestured (указал жестом ['dʒestʃə]) that Luca Blasi should be brought to him (должен быть приведен к нему = чтобы привели).

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1 In the garden Kay Adams was struck (поражена, ей бросилось в глаза: to strike – бить) by the violent fury (неистовой яростью; violent ['vaɪələnt] – неистовый, яростный; сильный, интенсивный) imprinted («запечатленной») on the face of Luca Brasi. She asked about him. Michael had brought Kay to the wedding so that she would slowly (чтобы она медленно = постепенно) and perhaps without too much of a shock, absorb the truth (восприняла правду; to absorb [ə'bsɔ:b] – впитывать, абсорбировать, поглощать) about his father. But so far she seemed to regard (но пока, до сих пор она, казалось, рассматривала) the Don as a slightly (слегка, немного) unethical businessman. Michael decided to tell her part of the truth indirectly (опосредствованно: «не прямо» = решил намекнуть). He explained that Luca Brasi was one of the most feared men (которых больше всего боятся) in the Eastern underworld (в преступном мире Восточного побережья). His great talent, it was said, was that he could do a job of murder (убийства) all by himself (совершенно один, самостоятельно), without confederates (без соучастников [kən'fedəreɪt]), which automatically made discovery (раскрытие) and conviction (осуждение, признание виновным [kən'vɪkʃən]) by the law almost impossible. Michael grimaced and said, "I don't know whether all that stuff is true (правда ли все это; stuff – материя, вещество; нечто, некие вещи). I do know he is sort of a friend (что-то вроде друга) to my father."

2 For the first time Kay began to understand. She asked a little incredulously (недоверчиво [ɪn'kredjʊləsli]), "You're not hinting (уж не намекаешь ли ты) that a man like that works for your father?"

3 The hell with it (черт со всем этим = была не была), he thought. He said, straight out (совершенно прямо, не таясь), "Nearly fifteen years ago some people wanted to take over (забрать, прибрать к рукам; to take over – перенять должность; принять во владение) my father's oil importing business (импорт оливкового масла). They tried to kill him and nearly did (чуть не убили, у них почти получилось). Luca Brasi went after them (занялся ими; to go after – преследовать). The story is (в общем, рассказывают) that he killed six men in two weeks and that ended the famous (знаменитую ['feɪməs]) olive (['ɒlɪv]) oil war." He smiled as if it were a joke (словно это была шутка).

4 Kay shuddered. "You mean your father was shot by gangsters (в него стреляли; to shoot)?"

5 "Fifteen years ago," Michael said. "Everything's been peaceful (мирно = спокойно) since then." He was afraid he had gone too far.

- 6 "You're trying to scare me (пытаешься напугать меня)," Kay said. "You just don't want me to marry you." She smiled at him and poked his ribs (ткнула в ребра) with her elbow (локтем ['elbʊ]). "Very clever."
- 7 Michael smiled back at her. "I want you to think about it," he said.
- 8 "Did he really kill six men?" Kay asked.
- 9 "That's what the newspapers claimed (утверждали)," Mike said. "Nobody ever proved it (никогда никому не удалось это доказать; ever – когда-либо). But there's another story about him that nobody ever tells. It's supposed to be so terrible (предполагается, что она /история/ столь ужасна) that even my father won't talk about it. Tom Hagen knows the story and he won't tell me. Once I kidded him (я подшучивал, поддразнивал), I said, 'When will I be old enough to hear that story about Luca?' and Tom said, 'When you're a hundred.' Michael sipped (отхлебнул; sip – маленький глоток) his glass of wine. "That must be some story (это, наверное, та еще история). That must be some Luca."

1 In the garden Kay Adams was struck by the violet fury imprinted on the face of Luca Brasi. She asked about him. Michael had brought Kay to the wedding so that she would slowly and perhaps without too much of a shock, absorb the truth about his father. But so far she seemed to regard the Don as a slightly unethical businessman. Michael decided to tell her part of the truth indirectly. He explained that Luca Brasi was one of the most feared men in the Eastern underworld. His great talent, it was said, was that he could do a job of murder all by himself, without confederates, which automatically made discovery and conviction by the law almost impossible. Michael grimaced and said, "I don't know whether all that stuff is true. I do know he is sort of a friend to my father."

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1 Luca Brasi was indeed a man to frighten the devil in hell himself (способный испугать самого дьявола в аду [devl]). Short, squat (коренастый: «короткий и толстый»; to squat – сидеть на корточках), massive-skulled (с массивным черепом: skull), his presence sent out alarm bells of danger (его присутствие сигнализировало = распространяло ощущение опасности: alarm [ə'la:m] – сигнал тревоги; alarm bell – набат, сигнальный звонок). His face was stamped into a mask of fury (на его лицо «была нанесена /вечная/ печать» гнева, ярости, на его лице была застывшая маска гнева). The eyes were brown but with none of the warmth of that color (но безо всякого тепла, свойственного этому цвету), more a deadly tan (скорее мертвенный желто-коричневый цвет). The mouth was not so much cruel as lifeless (не столько жестоким, сколько безжизненным); thin, rubbery (резиновым = словно резиновым) and the color of veal (телятины).

2 Brasi's reputation for violence (жестокости, насилия, применения силы) was awesome (устрашающей, необычайной: «вызывающей благоговение, почтительный страх»; awe [o:] – благоговейный страх, трепет) and his devotion (преданность) to Don Corleone legendary. He was, in himself, one of the great blocks that supported (поддерживали) the Don's power structure. His kind was a rarity (такие как он были большой редкостью: «его вид был редкостью»).

3 Luca Brasi did not fear the police, he did not fear society (общество [sə'saiəti]), he did not fear God, he did not fear hell, he did not fear or love his fellow man. But he had elected (избрал), he had chosen, to fear and love Don Corleone. Ushered into the presence of the Don (приведенный к Дону; to usher – провожать, сопровождать; вводить; показывать места; usher – швейцар; капельдинер; билетер), the terrible Brasi held himself stiff (неподвижно, застывший) with respect. He stuttered over

(пробормотал; to stutter – заикаться, запинаться) the flowery congratulations he offered (цветистые поздравления; to offer – предлагать; выдвигать; приносить /жертву/, возносить /молитвы/) and his formal hope that the first grandchild would be masculine (мужского пола ['ma:skju:lɪn]). He then handed the Don an envelope stuffed with cash as a gift for the bridal couple.

4 So that was what he wanted to do. Hagen noticed the change in Don Corleone. The Don received Brasi as a king greets a subject (подобно тому, как король приветствует подданного) who has done him an enormous service (огромную услугу ['i'no:mðs]), never familiar but with regal respect (вовсе не фамильярно, но с королевским уважением, почетом ['ri:gðl]). With every gesture, with every word, Don Corleone made it clear to Luca Brasi that he was valued (ценим). Not for one moment did he show surprise at the wedding gift being presented to him personally. He understood.

5 The money in the envelope was sure to be more than anyone else had given. Brasi had spent many hours deciding on the sum, comparing it to what the other guests might offer (сравнивая с тем, что могли бы предложить, преподнести другие гости). He wanted to be the most generous to show that he had the most respect, and that was why he had given his envelope to the Don personally, a gaucherie (неловкость, нарушение этикета [gðu]ð'ri:]; gauche [gðu]) – неловкий, неуклюжий, нескладный: «левый» /франц./) the Don overlooked (не стал обращать внимания, игнорировал) in his own flowery sentence of thanks. Hagen saw Luca Brasi's face lose its mask of fury (как утратило), swell with pride and pleasure (стало набухать от гордости и удовольствия). Brasi kissed the Don's hand before he went out the door that Hagen held open. Hagen prudently (предусмотрительно, благоразумно = на всякий случай) gave Brasi a friendly smile which the squat man acknowledged (признал = на которую ответил [ðk'nɒlɪdʒ]) with a polite stretching (вежливым растягиванием) of rubbery, veal-colored lips.

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3 Luca Brasi did not fear the police, he did not fear society, he did not fear God, he did not fear hell, he did not fear or love his fellow man. But he had elected, he had *chosen*, to fear and love Don Corleone. Ushered into the presence of the Don, the terrible Brasi held himself stiff with respect. He stuttered over the flowery congratulations he offered and his formal hope that the first grandchild would be masculine. He then handed the Don an envelope stuffed with cash as a gift for the bridal couple.

4 So that was what he wanted to do. Hagen noticed the change in Don Corleone. The Don received Brasi as a king greets a subject who has done him an enormous service, never familiar but with regal respect. With every gesture, with every word, Don Corleone made it clear to Luca Brasi that he was *valued*. Not for one moment did he show surprise at the wedding gift being presented to him personally. He understood.

5 The money in the envelope was sure to be more than anyone else had given. Brasi had spent many hours deciding on the sum, comparing it to what the other guests might offer. He wanted to be the most generous to show that he had the most respect, and that was why he had given his envelope to the Don personally, a *gaucherie* the Don overlooked in his own flowery sentence of thanks. Hagen saw Luca Brasi's face lose its mask of fury, swell with pride and pleasure. Brasi kissed the Don's hand before he went out the door that Hagen held open. Hagen prudently gave Brasi a friendly smile which the squat man acknowledged with a polite stretching of rubbery, veal-colored lips.

1 When the door closed Don Corleone gave a small sigh of relief (вздых облегчения). Brasi was the only man in the world who could make him nervous. The man was like a natural force (словно некая природная = неконтролируемая человеком сила), not truly subject to control (в общем-то неподчиненная, неподлежащая контролю). He had to be handled as gingerly as dynamite (с ним следовало обращаться так же осторожно, предусмотрительно, как с динамитом ['dʒɪndʒaɪt] ['daɪnəmaɪt]). The Don shrugged. Even dynamite could be exploded harmlessly (может быть взорван безопасно) if the need arose (если бы возникла необходимость). He looked questioningly at Hagen. "Is Bonasera the only one left?"

2 Hagen nodded. Don Corleone frowned in thought, then said, "Before you bring him in, tell Santino to come here. He should learn some things."

3 Out in the garden, Hagen searched anxiously (с беспокойством, озабоченно; anxious ['æŋkʃəs]) for Sonny Corleone. He told the waiting Bonasera to be patient (потерпеть; patient ['reɪʃənt] – терпеливый) and went over (подошел) to Michael Corleone and his girl friend. "Did you see Sonny around (здесь где-нибудь)?" he asked. Michael shook his head. Damn (проклятье; to damn – проклинать), Hagen thought, if Sonny was screwing the maid of honor all this time (трахал; to screw [skru:] – завинчивать) there was going to be a mess of trouble (будут большие неприятности; mess – беспорядок, путаница; неприятность). His wife, the young girl's family; it could be a disaster (бедствие, катастрофа [di'zɑ:stə]). Anxiously he hurried to the entrance (поспешил к входу) through which (через который) he had seen Sonny disappear almost a half hour ago.

4 Seeing Hagen go into the house, Kay Adams asked Michael Corleone, "Who is he? You introduced him as your brother but his name is different (отличающаяся, иная) and he certainly doesn't look Italian."

5 "Tom lived with us since he was twelve years old," Michael said. "His parents died and he was roaming around the streets (бродил, скитался) with this bad eye infection (с заражением глаза, с сильно зараженным глазом). Sonny brought him home one night and he just stayed (просто остался /жить с нами/). He didn't have any place to go. He lived with us until he got married."

6 Kay Adams was thrilled (взволнована, заинтригована; to thrill – вызывать трепет, сильно волновать). "That's really romantic," she said. "Your father must be a warmhearted person. To adopt (усыновить) somebody just like that when he had so many children of his own."

7 Michael didn't bother to point out (не стал указывать на то, не стал тратить силы на разъяснение того; to bother ['boʊə] – беспокоиться, волноваться) that immigrant Italians considered (считали, рассматривали) four children a small family. He merely said (только лишь сказал), "Tom wasn't adopted. He just lived with us."

8 "Oh," Kay said, then asked curiously, "why didn't you adopt him?"

9 Michael laughed. "Because my father said it would be disrespectful (непочтительно) for Tom to change his name. Disrespectful to his own parents."

10 They saw Hagen shoo Sonny through the French door into the Don's office (to shoo – выгонять, выпроваживать; shoo – кыш; to shoo – вспугивать, прогонять /птиц/) and then crook a finger (скрючил, согнул палец = поманил пальцем; crook – крюк) at Amerigo Bonasera. "Why do they bother your father (беспокоят) with business on a day like this?" Kay asked.

11 Michael laughed again. "Because they know that by tradition (по традиции) no Sicilian can refuse a request (не может отказать просьбе) on his daughter's wedding day. And no Sicilian ever lets a chance like that go by (не упускает случая, возможности: «не дает шансу пройти мимо»)."

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1 Lucy Mancini lifted her pink gown off the floor (приподняла розовое платье с пола) and ran up the steps. Sonny Corleone's heavy Cupid face, redly obscene with winey lust («красно-непристойное от винной = пьяной похоти»), frightened her, but she had teased him for the past week to just this end (как раз к этому концу, завершению = чтобы этим именно все кончилось). In her two college love affairs (любовных связях; affair [ə'fɛə] – дело) she had felt nothing (ничего не почувствовала, не ощутила) and neither of them lasted more than a week (и ни одна из них не продолжилась больше недели). Quarreling (ссорясь, придираясь), her second lover had mumbled something (пробурчал) about her being "too big down there (о том, что она 'слишком велика там внизу')." Lucy had understood and for the rest of the school term (и до конца учебы: «в оставшееся время учебы») had refused to go out on any dates (на свидания).

2 During the summer, preparing (готовясь; to prepare [pri'pɛə]) for the wedding of her best friend, Connie Corleone, Lucy heard the whispered stories about Sonny. One Sunday afternoon in the Corleone kitchen, Sonny's wife Sandra gossiped freely (сплетничала, болтала во всю, откровенно: «свободно»). Sandra was a coarse (грубая =простая [ко:s]), good-natured woman (добродушная) who had been born in Italy but brought to America as a small child. She was strongly built with great breasts and had already borne three children in five years of marriage. Sandra and the other women teased Connie about the terrors of the nuptial bed (дразнили ужасами брачного ложа ['nʌpɹjəl]). "My God," Sandra had giggled (хихикнула), "when I saw that pole (кол, шест, жердь) of Sonny's for the first time and realized (осознала, поняла [ri'ðlaɪz]) he was going to stick it (сунет) into me, I yelled bloody murder (заорала, как резаная: «завопила кровавое убийство = помогите»). After the first year my insides (внутренности) felt as mushy (мягкие, размятые; mush – густая каша из кукурузной муки) as macaroni boiled (варившиеся; to boil – кипеть) for an hour. When I heard he was doing the job on other girls I went to church and lit a candle (зажгла свечку; to light – зажигать)."

3 They had all laughed but Lucy had felt her flesh twitching (как подергивается плоть, ощутила судорогу; to twitch – подергивать, конвульсивно сокращаться) between her legs.

4 Now as she ran up the steps toward Sonny a tremendous flash of desire (мощная вспышка желания) went through her body. On the landing Sonny grabbed her hand and pulled her (потянул) down the hall into an empty bedroom. Her legs went weak (ослабли) as the door closed behind them. She felt Sonny's mouth on hers, his lips tasting of burnt tobacco (имеющие вкус жженого табака [tʰbækdʊ]), bitter. She opened her mouth. At that moment she felt his hand come up beneath (как поднялась вверх под) her bridesmaid's gown, heard the rustle of material (шуршание, треск [rʌsl]) giving way (поддающегося, уступающего), felt his large warm hand between her legs, ripping aside (разрывающую, рвущую в сторону) the satin panties (атласные трусики ['sætin]) to caress (чтобы ласкать [kʰres]) her vulva. She put her arms around his neck (вокруг его шеи) and hung there (висела там = так) as he opened his trousers (расстегивал брюки). Then he placed both hands beneath her bare buttocks (под ее обнаженные ягодицы) and lifted her. She gave a little hop in the air (чуть подскочила) so that both her legs were wrapped around his upper thighs (были обвиты вокруг его верхних бедер). His tongue was in her mouth and she sucked on it (сосала его /язык/). He gave a savage thrust (дикий, свирепый рывок ['sævidʒ]) that banged (стукнул) her head against the door. She felt something burning (что-то горящее, разгоряченное) pass between her thighs. She let her right hand drop from his neck (уронила руку) and reached down to guide him (и протянула ее вниз, чтобы направить, «вести» его). Her hand closed around (обхватила: «сомкнулась вокруг») an enormous, blood-gorged pole of muscle (огромного, налитого кровью мускульного жезла; gorge – горло, глотка; to gorge – глотать; есть досыта; наполнять /какой-нибудь орган или протоку в организме/, запруживать). It pulsated in her hand like an animal and almost weeping with grateful ecstasy she pointed it (направила) into her own wet, turgid flesh (набухшую плоть). The thrust of its entering, the unbelievable pleasure made her gasp (невероятное удовольствие заставило ее задохнуться: «дышать с трудом, ловить воздух»), brought her legs up almost around his neck, and then like a quiver (дрожь, трепет ['kwivɪ]), her body received the savage arrows (стрелы ['ærdʊ]) of his lightning-like thrusts (его подобных молнии толчков); innumerable (бесчисленные), torturing (мучительные, как пытка; torture – пытка; to torture – пытать, мучить ['to:tʃɪ]); arching her pelvis (выгибая таз) higher and higher until for the first time in her life she reached a shattering climax (она достигла полнейшего, мощнейшего оргазма; to shatter –

разбить вдребезги), felt his hardness break (как сломалась = резко прекратилась его твердость) and then the crawly flood of semen (вызывающий мурашки поток семени; to crawl – ползти) over her thighs. Slowly her legs relaxed from around his body, slid down until they reached the floor. They leaned against each other (они прислонились, стояли, прислонившись друг к другу), out of breath («бездыханные»).

5 It might have been going on for some time (должно быть, это продолжалось некоторое время: «могло продолжаться») but now they could hear the soft knocking on the door (легкий стук). Sonny quickly buttoned his trousers (застегнул), meanwhile (в то же время) blocking the door so that it could not be opened. Lucy frantically (с испуганной поспешностью: «неистово, яростно») smoothed down (оустила: «разгладила вниз») her pink gown, her eyes flickering, but the thing that had given her so much pleasure was hidden inside sober black cloth (была спрятана, укрыта внутри темной ткани [κλωθ]). Then they heard Tom Hagen's voice, very low, "Sonny, you in there?"

6 Sonny sighed with relief (с облегчением). He winked at Lucy (подмигнул). "Yeah, Tom, what is it (что случилось, в чем дело)?"

7 Hagen's voice, still low, said, "The Don wants you in his office. Now." They could hear his footsteps (шаги) as he walked away. Sonny waited for a few moments, gave Lucy a hard kiss on the lips, and then slipped out the door after Hagen.

8 Lucy combed her hair (причесала [κδιμ]). She checked her dress (проверила /в порядке ли/) and pulled around her garter straps (подтянула подвязки; garter – подвязка; strap – ремешок, завязка). Her body felt bruised (помятым: to bruise [bru:z] – ушибать, ставить синяки), her lips pulpy (размягченные; pulp – мягкая масса) and tender (нежные = ранимые, болезненные). She went out the door and though she felt the sticky wetness (липкую влагу; to stick – приклеивать, липнуть) between her thighs she did not go to the bathroom to wash but ran straight on down the steps and into the garden. She took her seat (заняла место) at the bridal table next to Connie, who exclaimed petulantly (воскликнула нетерпеливо, раздражительно ['petjuləntli]), "Lucy, where were you? You look drunk (выглядишь пьяной). Stay beside me now."

9 The blond groom poured Lucy a glass of wine (налил [po:]) and smiled knowingly (понимающе). Lucy didn't care (ей было наплевать: «не заботилась»). She lifted the grapey (виноградное; grape – виноград, гроздь винограда), dark red juice (темно-красное вино; juice [dGu:s] – сок; алкоголь) to her parched mouth (к пересохшему рту; to parch – иссушать, испепелить) and drank. She felt the sticky wetness between her thighs and pressed her legs together. Her body was trembling (дрожало). Over the

glass rim (край, ободок), as she drank, her eyes searched hungrily (выискивали жадно) to find Sonny Corleone. There was no one else she cared to see. Slyly she whispered in Connie's ear, "Only a few hours more and you'll know what it's all about («о чем это все» = что это такое /заниматься любовью/)." Connie giggled. Lucy demurely (скромно, кротко = с притворной скромностью; demure [di'mjʊə] – скромный, сдержанный, рассудительный; притворно застенчивый) folded her hands (сложила) on the table, treacherously triumphant (предательски торжествующая [ˈtretʃrəʃli] [traɪ'ʌmfənt]), as if she had stolen a treasure (как будто она украла сокровище [ˈtreGə]) from the bride.

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1 Amerigo Bonasera followed Hagen into the corner room of the house and found Don Corleone sitting behind a huge desk (сидящим за огромным письменным столом). Sonny Corleone was standing by the window, looking out into the garden. For the first time that afternoon the Don behaved coolly (вел себя холодно: «прохладно»). He did not embrace the visitor or shake hands. The sallow-faced undertaker (предприниматель с желтоватым, землистым лицом) owed his invitation (был обязан приглашением; to owe [əu] – владеть, обладать /устар./; быть обязанным чему-либо) to the fact that his wife and the wife of the Don were the closest of friends (самые близкие подруги). Amerigo Bonasera himself was in severe disfavor with Don Corleone (был крайне нелюбим Доном: «был в суровом = очень сильном нерасположении»; severe [si'veɪə]).

2 Bonasera began his request obliquely (издалека; oblique [ə'blɪ:k] – косой, покатый, наклонный) and cleverly. "You must excuse my daughter, your wife's goddaughter (крестницу), for not doing your family the respect of coming today. She is in the hospital still." He glanced at Sonny Corleone and Tom Hagen to indicate (чтобы указать = дать понять) that he did not wish to speak before them. But the Don was merciless (беспощаден).

3 "We all know of your daughter's misfortune (о несчастье)," Don Corleone said. "If I can help her in any way, you have only to speak. My wife is her godmother after all (в конце концов). I have never forgotten that honor." This was a rebuke (укор, упрек [rɪ'bju:k]). The undertaker never called Don Corleone "Godfather" as custom dictated (как требовал обычай ['kʌstəm]).

4 Bonasera, ashen-faced (с лицом пепельного цвета; ash – пепел), asked, directly now, "May I speak to you alone?"

5 Don Corleone shook his head. "I trust these two men with my life (доверяю им мою жизнь, полностью им доверяю). They are my two right arms. I cannot insult them (оскорбить [ɪn'sʌlt]) by sending them away (отослав их прочь)."

6 The undertaker closed his eyes for a moment and then began to speak. His voice was quiet, the voice he used to console the bereaved (которым он имел обыкновение

утешать, обычно утешал пострадавших: to bereave – лишать, отнимать, отбирать; to console [kən'səʊl] – утешать). "I raised my daughter in the American fashion (вырастил по-американски: «в американской манере»). I believe in America. America has made my fortune. I gave my daughter her freedom and yet taught her never to dishonor her family. She found a 'boy friend,' not an Italian. She went to the movies with him. She stayed out late (приходила поздно: «оставалась, находилась вне дома допоздна»). But he never came to meet her parents. I accepted all this (принимал, соглашался [ək'sept]) without a protest, the fault is mine (сам виноват; fault [fo:lt] – ошибка, недочет; недостаток). Two months ago he took her for a drive (взял прокатиться, на прогулку). He had a masculine friend with him. They made her drink whiskey and then they tried to take advantage of her (овладеть ей; advantage [əd'vɑ:ntidʒ] – преимущество; выгода, польза). She resisted (сопротивлялась). She kept her honor. They beat her (били). Like an animal. When I went to the hospital she had two black eyes. Her nose was broken. Her jaw was shattered. They had to wire it together. She wept through her pain. 'Father, Father, why did they do it? Why did they do this to me?' And I wept (плакал)." Bonasera could not speak further (далее), he was weeping now though his voice had not betrayed his emotion (не выдал).

7 Don Corleone, as if against his will (как будто против своей воли, невольно), made a gesture of sympathy and Bonasera went on, his voice human with suffering (исполненный чувства: «человечный» от страдания). "Why did I weep? She was the light of my life, an affectionate daughter (любящая, нежная [ə'fekʃnɪt]). A beautiful girl. She trusted people and now she will never trust them again. She will never be beautiful again." He was trembling, his sallow face flushed an ugly dark red (лицо приняло уродливый темный оттенок от внезапного прилива крови; to flush – хлынуть, переполнить; прилить /о крови/).

8 "I went to the police like a good American. The two boys were arrested. They were brought to trial (их судили: «они были приведены к суду»; trial – испытание, проба; судебное разбирательство). The evidence was overwhelming (доказательства были неопровержимы; evidence ['evidəns] – ясность, очевидность; to overwhelm – переворачивать вверх ногами /устар./; подавлять сокрушать) and they pleaded guilty (признали себя виновными; to plead – выступать в суде с заявлением, отвечать на обвинение; защищать на суде подсудимого). The judge sentenced them (приговорил) to three years in prison and suspended the sentence. They went free that very day (в тот же самый день). I stood in the courtroom like a fool and those bastards

(выродки) smiled at me. And then I said to my wife: "We must go to Don Corleone for justice (за справедливостью [ˈdʒʌstɪs])." "

9 The Don had bowed his head to show respect for the man's grief (перед горем, бедствием). But when he spoke, the words were cold with offended dignity (от оскорбленного достоинства). "Why did you go to the police? Why didn't you come to me at the beginning of this affair?"

10 Bonasera muttered almost inaudibly (едва слышно: «почти неслышно» inaudible [ɪnˈoːdɪbl] – невнятный, неотчетливый), "What do you want of me? Tell me what you wish. But do what I beg you to do (что я прошу вас сделать)." There was something almost insolent (дерзкое [ˈɪnsɪlənt]) in his words.

11 Don Corleone said gravely (серьезно, строго), "And what is that?"

12 Bonasera glanced at Hagen and Sonny Corleone and shook his head. The Don, still sitting at Hagen's desk, inclined his body (склонил, наклонил) toward the undertaker. Bonasera hesitated (немного поколебался, помедлил [ˈhezɪteɪt]), then bent down and put his lips so close to the Don's hairy ear that they touched. Don Corleone listened like a priest in the confessional (как священник на исповеди: «в исповедальне» [kəʃnˈfeɪʃnəl]), gazing away into the distance (глядя вдаль; to gaze – пристально смотреть, уставиться), impassive (равнодушно: «бесчувственно»), remote (отстраненно; remote – отдаленный). They stood so for a long moment until Bonasera finished whispering (шептать, шептание) and straightened to his full height (выпрямился в полный рост). The Don looked up gravely at Bonasera. Bonasera, his face flushed, returned the stare unflinchingly (не отвел взгляда: «вернул его пристальный взгляд неотступно, не дрогнув»; to flinch – дрогнуть, отступить; stare – пристальный взгляд /широко открытыми глазами/).

13 Finally the Don spoke. "That I cannot do. You are being carried away (требуете слишком многого: «вас уносит прочь = заносит»)." "

14 Bonasera said loudly, clearly, "I will pay you anything you ask." On hearing this, Hagen flinched, a nervous flick of his head (резкое движение, рывок). Sonny Corleone folded his arms, smiled sardonically as he turned from the window to watch the scene in the room for the first time.

1 Amerigo Bonasera followed Hagen into the corner room of the house and found Don Corleone sitting behind a huge desk. Sonny Corleone was standing by the window, looking out into the garden. For the first time that afternoon the Don behaved coolly. He did not embrace the visitor or shake hands. The sallow-faced

undertaker owed his invitation to the fact that his wife and the wife of the Don were the closest of friends. Amerigo Bonasera himself was in severe disfavor with Don Corleone.

2 Bonasera began his request obliquely and cleverly. "You must excuse my daughter, your wife's goddaughter, for not doing your family the respect of coming today. She is in the hospital still." He glanced at Sonny Corleone and Tom Hagen to indicate that he did not wish to speak before them. But the Don was merciless.

3 "We all know of your daughter's misfortune," Don Corleone said. "If I can help her in any way, you have only to speak. My wife is her godmother after all. I have never forgotten that honor." This was a rebuke. The undertaker never called Don Corleone "Godfather" as custom dictated.

4 Bonasera, ashen-faced, asked, directly now, "May I speak to you alone?"

5 Don Corleone shook his head. "I trust these two men with my life. They are my two right arms. I cannot insult them by sending them away."

6 The undertaker closed his eyes for a moment and then began to speak. His voice was quiet, the voice he used to console the bereaved. "I raised my daughter in the American fashion. I believe in America. America has made my fortune. I gave my daughter her freedom and yet taught her never to dishonor her family. She found a 'boy friend,' not an Italian. She went to the movies with him. She stayed out late. But he never came to meet her parents. I accepted all this without a protest, the fault is mine. Two months ago he took her for a drive. He had a masculine friend with him. They made her drink whiskey and then they tried to take advantage of her. She resisted. She kept her honor. They beat her. Like an animal. When I went to the hospital she had two black eyes. Her nose was broken. Her jaw was shattered. They had to wire it together. She wept through her pain. 'Father, Father, why did they do it? Why did they do this to me?' And I wept." Bonasera could not speak further, he was weeping now though his voice had not betrayed his emotion.

7 Don Corleone, as if against his will, made a gesture of sympathy and Bonasera went on, his voice human with suffering. "Why did I weep? She was the light of my life, an affectionate daughter. A beautiful girl. She trusted people and now she will never trust them again. She will never be beautiful again." He was trembling, his sallow face flushed an ugly dark red.

8 "I went to the police like a good American. The two boys were arrested. They were brought to trial. The evidence was overwhelming and they pleaded guilty. The judge sentenced them to three years in prison and suspended the sentence. They went free that very day. I stood in the courtroom like a fool and those bastards smiled at me. And then I said to my wife: 'We must go to Don Corleone for justice.' "

9 The Don had bowed his head to show respect for the man's grief. But when he spoke, the words were cold with offended dignity. "Why did you go to the police? Why didn't you come to me at the beginning of this affair?"

10 Bonasera muttered almost inaudibly, "What do you want of me? Tell me what you wish. But do what I beg you to do." There was something almost insolent in his words.

11 Don Corleone said gravely, "And what is that?"

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13 Finally the Don spoke. "That I cannot do. You are being carried away."

14 Bonasera said loudly, clearly, "I will pay you anything you ask." On hearing this, Hagen flinched, a nervous flick of his head. Sonny Corleone folded his arms, smiled sardonically as he turned from the window to watch the scene in the room for the first time.

1 Don Corleone rose from behind the desk. His face was still impassive but his voice rang like cold death (но в его голосе звучал смертельный холод: «его голос звучал, как холодная смерть»; to ring – звенеть, звучать). "We have known each other many years, you and I," he said to the undertaker, "but until this day you never came to me for counsel (за советом [kaunsəʃ]) or help. I can't remember the last time you invited me to your house for coffee though my wife is godmother to your only child. Let us be frank (будем откровенны). You spurned my friendship (отвергли с презрением, отнеслись презрительно). You feared to be in my debt (боялись оказаться в долгу [def])."

- 2 Bonasera murmured (пробормотал), "I didn't want to get into trouble (не хотел неприятностей /с законом/: «попасть в беду, в неприятное положение»)."
- 3 The Don held up his hand. "No. Don't speak. You found America a paradise (думали, что это рай ['ræɪdɑɪs]). You had a good trade, you made a good living (хорошо зарабатывали), you thought the world a harmless place (безобидное = безопасное место) where you could take your pleasure as you willed (как вам будет угодно). You never armed yourself with true friends. After all, the police guarded you (охраняла; to guard [gɑ:d]), there were courts of law, you and yours could come to no harm (вы и ваши /близкие/ не могут пострадать; harm – вред, убыток, ущерб). You did not need Don Corleone. Very well. My feelings were wounded (чувства были ранены = оскорблены) but I am not that sort of person who thrusts his friendship on those who do not value it (кто навязывает: «набрасывает» свою дружбу на тех, кто не ценит ее ['vælju:]) – on those who think me of little account (кто считает, что я мало что значу; account [ə'kaʊnt] – счет; важность, значение)." The Don paused and gave the undertaker a polite, ironic smile. "Now you come to me and say, 'Don Corleone give me justice.' And you do not ask with respect. You do not offer me your friendship. You come into my home on the bridal day of my daughter and you ask me to do murder (убийство) and you say" – here the Don's voice became a scornful mimicry (презрительное, насмешливое передразнивание; scorn – презрение, пренебрежение) – " 'I will pay you anything'. No, no, I am not offended (не оскорблен), but what have I ever done to make you treat me so disrespectfully (но что я такого /когда-либо/ сделал, чтобы вы со мной обращались столь непочтительно)?"
- 4 Bonasera cried out in his anguish (выкрикнул в муке, тоске, с болью ['æŋwɪʃ]) and his fear, "America has been good to me. I wanted to be a good citizen. I wanted my child to be American."
- 5 The Don clapped his hands together with decisive approval (хлопнул в ладони с решительным, уверенным одобрением; decisive [di'saɪsɪv] – решающий, решенный, окончательный; approval [ə'pru:vəl]; to decide – решать, принимать решение; to approve – одобрять). "Well spoken (хорошо сказано). Very fine. Then you have nothing to complain about (тогда вам не на что жаловаться). The judge has ruled (вынес решение; to rule – управлять; устанавливать порядок). America has ruled. Bring your daughter flowers and a box of candy (коробку леденцов) when you go visit her in the hospital. That will comfort her (утешит, успокоит ['kʌmfəʃt]). Be content. After all, this is not a serious affair, the boys were young, high-spirited (горячие, пылкие, резвые), and one of them is the son of a powerful politician. No, my dear Amerigo, you

have always been honest. I must admit, though you spurned my friendship, that I would trust the given word of Amerigo Bonasera more than I would any other man's. So give me your word that you will put aside this madness (что вы оставите: «отложите в сторону» это безумие = эту безумную затею). It is not American. Forgive (простите). Forget (забудьте). Life is full of misfortunes (жизнь полна бед, неприятностей)."

6 The cruel and contemptuous irony (жестокая и презрительная ирония [kɹn'temptjuəs] ['ædrəni]) with which all this was said, the controlled anger of the Don, reduced the poor undertaker to a quivering jelly (превратили в: «сократили» до дрожащего желе) but he spoke up bravely again. "I ask you for justice."

7 Don Corleone said curtly, "The court gave you justice."

8 Bonasera shook his head stubbornly. "No. They gave the youths justice. They did not give me justice."

9 The Don acknowledged this fine distinction (признал это тонкое разграничение) with an approving nod (одобрительным кивком), then asked, "What is your justice?"

10 "An eye for an eye," Bonasera said.

11 "You asked for more," the Don said. "Your daughter is alive."

12 Bonasera said reluctantly (неохотно, с неохотой), "Let them suffer (пусть они будут страдать, пострадают) as she suffers." The Don waited for him to speak further. Bonasera screwed up the last of his courage (собрал: «подвинутил» всю свою оставшуюся смелость) and said, "How much shall I pay you?" It was a despairing wail (отчаянный вопль; wail – продолжительный скорбный крик, плач; to despair [dis'pɛəɹ] – отчаиваться).

13 Don Corleone turned his back. It was a dismissal (это был отказ: «знак, что аудиенция окончена»; to dismiss – отпускать, позволять уйти; увольнять). Bonasera did not budge (не шевельнулся, не двинулся /с места/). Finally, sighing, a good-hearted man who cannot remain angry with an erring friend (не может долго сердиться на заблуждающегося друга; to err – заблуждаться, ошибаться), Don Corleone turned back to the undertaker, who was now as pale as one of his corpses (такой же бледный, как любой из его трупов [ko:ps]). Don Corleone was gentle (мягкий, добрый: «благородный, ведущий себя, как подобает джентельмену»), patient (терпеливый ['peɪʃənt]). "Why do you fear to give your first allegiance to me (лояльность, преданность; вассальная зависимость [ə'li:dʒəns])?" he said. "You go to the law courts and wait for months. You spend money on lawyers who know full well (прекрасно понимают) you are to be made a fool of (что вас можно дурачить). You accept judgment from a judge who sells himself like the worst whore in the streets (как

худшая шлюха). Years gone by (в минувшие годы), when you needed money, you went to the banks and paid ruinous interest (разорительные проценты), waited hat in hand like a beggar (как нищий) while they sniffed around (разнюхивали; to sniff – вдыхать через нос; обнюхивать), poked their noses up your very asshole (в самую задницу) to make sure (чтобы убедиться) you could pay them back." The Don paused, his voice became sterner (строже, суровее).

14 "But if you had come to me, my purse would have been yours. If you had come to me for justice those scum (подонки: «пена, накипь; отбросы») who ruined your daughter would be weeping bitter tears this day. If by some misfortune an honest man like yourself made enemies they would become my enemies" – the Don raised his arm, finger pointing at Bonasera – "and then, believe me, they would fear you."

15 Bonasera bowed his head and murmured in a strangled voice (сдавленным голосом; to strangle – задушить, удавить), "Be my friend. I accept (согласен: «принимаю» [ək'sept])."

16 Don Corleone put his hand on the man's shoulder. "Good," he said, "you shall have your justice. Some day, and that day may never come, I will call upon you to do me a service in return. Until that day, consider this justice a gift from my wife (рассматривайте как подарок), your daughter's godmother."

17 When the door closed behind the grateful undertaker, Don Corleone turned to Hagen and said, "Give this affair to Clemenza and tell him to be sure to use reliable people (надежных; to rely [ri'laɪ] – полагаться, быть уверенным /в ком-либо/), people who will not be carried away by the smell of blood (которых не увлечет, не заставит преступить границы запах крови). After all, we're not murderers, no matter what that corpse valet dreams up in his foolish head (неважно, что там грезится = что бы там ни грезились этому служителю трупов в его дурной голове; valet ['vælit] – камердинер, лакей, слуга)." He noted that his first-born, masculine son was gazing through the window at the garden party. It was hopeless, Don Corleone thought. If he refused to be instructed, Santino could never run the family business, could never become a Don. He would have to find somebody else. And soon. After all, he was not immortal (не бессмертен).

18 From the garden, startling all three men (заставив вздрогнуть /от неожиданности/; to startle – испугать, поразить; вздрагивать, бросаться в сторону /о лошади/), there came a happy roaring shout (радостные крики: «радостно ревущий крик»; to roar [ro:] – реветь, орать, рычать). Sonny Corleone pressed close to the window. What he saw made him move quickly toward the door, a delighted smile on his face (довольная

улыбка; delight [dɪ'laɪt] – удовольствие). "It's Johnny, he came to the wedding, what did I tell you?" Hagen moved to the window. "It's really your godson (крестник)," he said to Don Corleone. "Shall I bring him here?"

19 "No," the Don said. "Let the people enjoy him (пускай люди ему порадуются, получат удовольствие от общения с ним). Let him come to me when he is ready." He smiled at Hagen. "You see? He is a good godson."

20 Hagen felt a twinge of jealousy (укол ревности; twinge – приступ боли; jealousy [ˈdʒelʌzi]). He said dryly (сухо), "It's been two years. He's probably in trouble again and wants you to help."

21 "And who should he come to if not his godfather?" asked Don Corleone.

1 Don Corleone rose from behind the desk. His face was still impassive but his voice rang like cold death. "We have known each other many years, you and I," he said to the undertaker, "but until this day you never came to me for counsel or help. I can't remember the last time you invited me to your house for coffee though my wife is godmother to your only child. Let us be frank. You spurned my friendship. You feared to be in my debt."

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21 "And who should he come to if not his godfather?" asked Don Corleone.

1 The first one to see Johnny Fontane enter the garden was Connie Corleone. She forgot her bridal dignity (достоинство, важность) and screamed, "Johneee." Then she ran into his arms. He hugged her tight (крепко обнял ее; to hug – крепко обнимать, сжимать в объятиях) and kissed her on the mouth, kept his arm around her as others came up to greet him. They were all his old friends, people he had grown up with on the West Side. Then Connie was dragging him (тащила = тянула) to her new husband. Johnny saw with amusement that the blond young man looked a little sour (выглядел

кислым = мрачным, угрюмым [sauð]) at no longer being the star of the day (из-за того, что он больше не центр внимания, что перестал быть центром внимания, гвоздем программы). He turned on all his charm («включил» весь свой шарм), shaking the groom's hand, toasting him with a glass of wine.

2 A familiar voice called from the bandstand, "How about giving us a song, Johnny?" He looked up and saw Nino Valenti smiling down at him. Johnny Fontane jumped up on the bandstand (запрыгнул на сцену) and threw his arms around Nino. They had been inseparable (неразлучны: «неразлучимы» [ɪn'sepərɪðbl]), singing together, going out with girls together, until Johnny had started to become famous and sing on the radio. When he had gone to Hollywood to make movies Johnny had phoned Nino a couple of times just to talk and had promised to get him a club singing date (прослушивание). But he had never done so. Seeing Nino now, his cheerful (радостную, веселую, неунывающую [tʃiðfʊl]; to cheer – создавать хорошее настроение, подбадривать; приветствовать громкими возгласами), mocking (насмешливую), drunken grin (пьяную улыбку, усмешку), all the affection returned (вся привязанность, все теплые чувства вернулись).

3 Nino began strumming on the mandolin (бренчать, тренькать). Johnny Fontane put his hand on Nino's shoulder. "This is for the bride," he said, and stamping his foot (топая, притаптывая), chanted the words (пропел слова) to an obscene Sicilian love song. As he sang, Nino made suggestive motions with his body (непристойные движения; suggestive [sə'dʒestɪv] – внушающий какие-либо мысли; намекающий на что-либо непристойное; to suggest – предлагать, советовать; вызывать, намекать). The bride blushed proudly (покраснела гордо), the throng of guests (толпа) roared its approval. Before the song ended they were all stamping with their feet and roaring out the sly, double-meaning tag line (выкрикивая лукавую заключительную реплику с двойственным смыслом) that finished each stanza (куплет, строфу). At the end they would not stop applauding until Johnny cleared his throat (прочистил горло) to sing another song.

4 They were all proud of him. He was of them and he had become a famous singer, a movie star who slept with the most desired women in the world. And yet he had shown proper respect for his Godfather by traveling three thousand miles to attend this wedding. He still loved old friends like Nino Valenti. Many of the people there had seen Johnny and Nino singing together when they were just boys, when no one dreamed that Johnny Fontane would grow up to hold the hearts of fifty million women in his hands.

5 Johnny Fontane reached down and lifted the bride up on to the bandstand so that Connie stood between him and Nino. Both men crouched down (согнулись, пригнулись), facing each other, Nino plucking the mandolin for a few harsh chords (с силой перебирая струны, взяв несколько мощных аккордов; to pluck – срывать /цветок/; пощипывать, перебирать /струны/; chord [ko:d] – струна; harsh – жесткий, твердый; резкий). It was an old routine of theirs, a mock battle and wooing (шутливое = в шутку сражение и ухажерство; to woo – ухаживать, добиваться), using their voices like swords, each shouting a chorus in turn (выкрикивая припев по очереди ['ko:rðs]). With the most delicate courtesy (вежливостью, учтивостью ['kəʊtɪsɪ]), Johnny let Nino's voice overwhelm his own (позволил, дал одолеть, подавить свой собственный голос), let Nino take the bride from his arm, let Nino swing into the last victorious stanza while his own voice died away (замер, стих). The whole wedding party broke into shouts of applause, the three of them embraced each other at the end. The guests begged for another song.

6 Only Don Corleone, standing in the comer entrance of the house, sensed something amiss (почувствовал, что что-то не так). Cheerily, with bluff good humor (с наигранным /ср. «блеф»/ хорошим настроением), careful not to give offense to his guests (стараясь не обидеть, боясь обидеть), he called out, "My godson has come three thousand miles to do us honor and no one thinks to wet his throat?" At once a dozen full wine glasses were thrust at Johnny Fontane. He took a sip from all and rushed to embrace his Godfather (бросился обнять). As he did so he whispered something into the older man's ear. Don Corleone led him into the house.

1 The first one to see Johnny Fontane enter the garden was Connie Corleone. She forgot her bridal dignity and screamed, "Johneee." Then she ran into his arms. He hugged her tight and kissed her on the mouth, kept his arm around her as others came up to greet him. They were all his old friends, people he had grown up with on the West Side. Then Connie was dragging him to her new husband. Johnny saw with amusement that the blond young man looked a little sour at no longer being the star of the day. He turned on all his charm, shaking the groom's hand, toasting him with a glass of wine.

2 A familiar voice called from the bandstand, "How about giving us a song, Johnny?" He looked up and saw Nino Valenti smiling down at him. Johnny Fontane jumped up on the bandstand and threw his arms around Nino. They had been inseparable, singing together, going out with girls together, until Johnny

had started to become famous and sing on the radio. When he had gone to Hollywood to make movies Johnny had phoned Nino a couple of times just to talk and had promised to get him a club singing date. But he had never done so. Seeing Nino now, his cheerful, mocking, drunken grin, all the affection returned.

3 Nino began strumming on the mandolin. Johnny Fontane put his hand on Nino's shoulder. "This is for the bride," he said, and stamping his foot, chanted the words to an obscene Sicilian love song. As he sang, Nino made suggestive motions with his body. The bride blushed proudly, the throng of guests roared its approval. Before the song ended they were all stamping with their feet and roaring out the sly, double-meaning tag line that finished each stanza. At the end they would not stop applauding until Johnny cleared his throat to sing another song.

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- 1 Tom Hagen held out his hand when Johnny came into the room. Johnny shook it (пожал ее; to shake – трясти, встряхивать) and said, "How are you, Tom?" But without his usual charm (без своего обычного шарма) that consisted of a genuine warmth for people (который состоял из искренней теплоты, заключался в истинной теплоте по отношению к людям; genuine ['dʒenjuɪn] – истинный, неподдельный; искренний: «от рода, генов, от рождения»). Hagen was a little hurt by this coolness but shrugged it off (пожал плечами /и отмахнулся от этой мысли/). It was one of the penalties for being the Don's hatchet man (это было одним из наказаний за то, что он был исполнителем /грязной работы/; penalty ['penltɪ] – наказание, штраф; hatchet – топорик; hatchet man – человек, выполняющий грязную работу /по поручению какой-либо организации/; наемный убийца).
- 2 Johnny Fontane said to the Don, "When I got the wedding invitation I said to myself, 'My Godfather isn't mad at me anymore (больше не сердится на меня).' I called you five times after my divorce (после моего развода) and Tom always told me you were out or busy (что вас нет или вы заняты) so I knew you were sore (поэтому я знал, что вы обижены, сердитесь; sore – больной, болезненный, чувствительный; страдающий, испытывающий душевную боль)."
- 3 Don Corleone was filling glasses from the yellow bottle of Strega. "That's all forgotten (это все забыто). Now. Can I do something for you still? You're not too famous, too rich, that I can't help you?"
- 4 Johnny gulped down the yellow fiery liquid (проглотил желтую огненную жидкость ['faɪəri]) and held out his glass to be refilled (чтобы его снова наполнили). He tried to sound jaunty (старался, чтобы голос звучал весело, бодро ['dʒo:ntɪ]). "I'm not rich, Godfather. I'm going down (дела мои идут все хуже: «иду вниз»). You were right. I should never have left my wife and kids (я не должен был оставлять мою жену и детишек) for that tramp I married. I don't blame you for getting sore at me (я не виню вас, что вы сердитесь, сердились на меня)."
- 5 The Don shrugged. "I worried about you (беспокоился о тебе), you're my godson, that's all (вот и все)."
- 6 Johnny paced up and down the room (прошелся взад и вперед, измерил шагами комнату). "I was crazy about that bitch (эта сука меня с ума свела). The biggest star in Hollywood. She looks like an angel. And you know what she does after a picture? If the makeup man (гример; to make up – подкраситься, подмазаться; гримировать/ся/) does a good job on her face, she lets him bang her (она дает ему себя трахать; to

bang – стукать, ударять). If the cameraman (оператор) made her look extra good, she brings him into her dressing room (в раздевалку, комнату для переодевания) and gives him a screw. Anybody. She uses her body like I use the loose change in my pocket for a tip (как я использую мелочь в моем кармане на чаевые; loose [lu:s] – свободный, неопределенный). A whore made for the devil (шлюха, созданная для дьявола [ho:])."

7 Don Corleone curtly broke in (резко перебил). "How is your family?"

8 Johnny sighed. "I took care of them (позаботился о них). After the divorce I gave Ginny and the kids more than the courts said I should. I go see them once a week. I miss them (скучаю по ним). Sometimes I think I'm going crazy." He took another drink. "Now my second wife laughs at me. She can't understand my being jealous (мою ревность, почему я ревную). She calls me an old-fashioned guinea, she makes fun of my singing (насмехается над моим пением). Before I left I gave her a nice beating but not in the face because she was making a picture. I gave her cramps, I punched her on the arms and legs like a kid and she kept laughing at me." He lit a cigarette. "So, Godfather, right now (вот сейчас, прямо сейчас), life doesn't seem worth living (жизнь не кажется стоящей того, чтобы ее жить, проживать)."

9 Don Corleone said simply, "These are troubles I can't help you with." He paused, then asked, "What's the matter with your voice (что случилось с твоим голосом)?"

10 All the assured charm (/само/уверенный [ə'juəd]), the self-mockery (самоирония; to mock – насмехаться, высмеивать), disappeared from Johnny Fontane's face. He said almost brokenly (судорожно, толчками, рывками), "Godfather, I can't sing anymore, something happened to my throat (что-то случилось с моим горлом), the doctors don't know what." Hagen and the Don looked at him with surprise, Johnny had always been so tough (жесткий, плотный; крепкий; упрямый [tʌf]). Fontane went on. "My two pictures made a lot of money. I was a big star. Now they throw me out (выбрасывают). The head of the studio always hated my guts (ненавидел меня: «мои кишки, внутренности») and now he's paying me off (увольняет; to pay off – расплачиваться сполна; увольнять)."

11 Don Corleone stood before his godson and asked grimly (сурово), "Why doesn't this man like you?"

12 "I used to sing those songs for the liberal organizations, you know, all that stuff you never liked me to do (все эти вещи, которые вы не хотели, чтобы я делал, вам никогда не нравилось, что я их делаю). Well, Jack Woltz didn't like it either (тоже). He called me a Communist, but he couldn't make it stick (чтобы прилипло). Then I

snatched a girl he had saved for himself (увел девушку, которую он приберег для себя; to snatch – хватать; похищать; to save – спасать; беречь, экономить). It was strictly a one-night stand (это было всего лишь приключение на одну ночь; strictly – точно, без отклонений; one-night stand – одно представление /в один вечер/, которое дают где-либо странствующие актеры; случайное любовное приключение) and she came after me (сама навязалась; to come after – искать, домогаться; преследовать). What the hell could I do (что, черт возьми, я мог сделать; hell – ад)? Then my whore second wife throws me out. And Ginny and the kids won't take me back unless I come crawling on my hands and knees (если, пока я не приползу на карачках), and I can't sing anymore. Godfather, what the hell can I do?"

- 1** Tom Hagen held out his hand when Johnny came into the room. Johnny shook it and said, "How are you, Tom?" But without his usual charm that consisted of a genuine warmth for people. Hagen was a little hurt by this coolness but shrugged it off. It was one of the penalties for being the Don's hatchet man.
- 2** Johnny Fontane said to the Don, "When I got the wedding invitation I said to myself, 'My Godfather isn't mad at me anymore.' I called you five times after my divorce and Tom always told me you were out or busy so I knew you were sore."
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- 5** The Don shrugged. "I worried about you, you're my godson, that's all."
- 6** Johnny paced up and down the room. "I was crazy about that bitch. The biggest star in Hollywood. She looks like an angel. And you know what she does after a picture? If the makeup man does a good job on her face, she lets him bang her. If the cameraman made her look extra good, she brings him into her dressing room and gives him a screw. Anybody. She uses her body like I use the loose change in my pocket for a tip. A whore made for the devil."
- 7** Don Corleone curtly broke in. "How is your family?"
- 8** Johnny sighed. "I took care of them. After the divorce I gave Ginny and the kids more than the courts said I should. I go see them once a week. I miss them."

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1 Don Corleone's face had become cold without a hint of sympathy (без намека на сочувствие). He said contemptuously (презрительно; contemptuous [kən'temptjuəs] – презрительный; contempt – презрение), "You can start by acting like a man (можешь начать с того, чтобы вести себя: «действовать» как мужчина)." Suddenly anger contorted his face (неожиданно гнев исказил его лицо). He shouted. "LIKE A MAN!" He reached over the desk and grabbed Johnny Fontane by the hair of his head (схватил) in a gesture that was savagely affectionate (жестом, который был «подикому сердечным»). "By Christ in heaven (Боже ты мой: «/клянусь/ Христом в небесах»), is it possible that you spent so much time in my presence (провел столько времени в моем обществе: «присутствии») and turned out no better than this (и вот что из тебя получилось: «и получился не лучше, чем это»); to turn out –

выворачивать наружу; стать, делаться)? A Hollywood *finocchio* (пиноккьо = кукла) who weeps and begs for pity (умоляет о жалости)? Who cries out like a woman – 'What shall I do? Oh, what shall I do?' "

2 The mimicry of the Don was so extraordinary, so unexpected, that Hagen and Johnny were startled into laughter (не удержались от смеха; to startle – испугать, поразить; вздрагивать, бросаться в сторону /о лошади/; побуждать / к действию/). Don Corleone was pleased. For a moment he reflected on how much he loved this godson. How would his own three sons have reacted to such a tongue-lashing (отреагировали бы на такое «бичевание языком»; lash – плеть, бич)? Santino would have sulked (дулся бы, был бы сердит, угрюм) and behaved badly for weeks afterward (и дурно бы себя вел в течение /нескольких/ недель после этого). Fredo would have been cowed (был бы запуган). Michael would have given him a cold smile and gone out of the house, not to be seen for months. But Johnny, ah, what a fine chap he was (чудный парень), smiling now, gathering strength (собирая силу, набираясь силы), knowing already the true purpose of his Godfather (истинную цель ['rð:pðs]).

3 Don Corleone went on. "You took the woman of your boss, a man more powerful than yourself, then you complain he won't help you (жалуешься [kðm'pleɪn]). What nonsense. You left your family, your children without a father, to marry a whore and you weep because they don't welcome you back with open arms. The whore, you don't hit her in the face because she is making a picture, then you are amazed (удивляешься; amazed [ə'meɪzd] – изумлен, поражен) because she laughs at you. You lived like a fool and you have come to a fool's end."

4 Don Corleone paused to ask in a patient voice, "Are you willing to take my advice this time (готов ли, расположен ли принять мой совет)?"

5 Johnny Fontane shrugged. "I can't marry Ginny again, not the way she wants. I have to gamble (мне нужно = я не могу не играть /на деньги/; делать ставки), I have to drink, I have to go out with the boys. Beautiful broads (девки [bro:d]) run after me and I never could resist them (у меня никогда не получалось сопротивляться им [rɪ'zɪst]). Then I used to feel like a heel (как подонок, подлец, обманщик /на воровском жаргоне/; heel – пятка) when I went back to Ginny. Christ, I can't go through all that crap again (через все это дерьмо)."

6 It was rare (редко) that Don Corleone showed exasperation ([ɪgʒɑ:spə'reɪʃn] – обострение /боли/; озлобление, раздражение, гнев). "I didn't tell you to get married again. Do what you want. It's good you wish to be a father to your children. A man who is not a father to his children can never be a real man. But then, you must make their

mother accept you. Who says you can't see them every day? Who says you can't live in the same house? Who says you can't live your life exactly as you want to live it?"

7 Johnny Fontane laughed. "Godfather, not all women are like the old Italian wives. Ginny won't stand for it (не станет этого терпеть; to stand for – терпеть, сносить)."

8 Now the Don was mocking. "Because you acted like a *finocchio*. You gave her *more* than the court said. You didn't hit the other in the face because she was making a picture. You let women dictate your actions and they are not competent in this world, though certainly they will be saints in heaven (конечно, будут святыми в раю) while we men burn in hell (в то время как мы, мужчины, будем гореть в аду). And then I've watched you all these years." The Don's voice became earnest (сделался серьезным [ð:nɪst]). "You've been a fine godson, you've given me all the respect. But what of your other old friends? One year you run around with this person, the next year with another person. That Italian boy who was so funny in the movies, he had some bad luck (неудачу = ему не везло) and you never saw him again because you were more famous. And how about your old, old comrade (а что насчет твоего старого товарища [ˈkɒmrɪd]) that you went to school with, who was your partner singing? Nino. He drinks too much out of disappointment (из-за разочарования) but he never complains. He works hard driving the gravel truck (грузовик с гравием ['grævəl]) and sings weekends for a few dollars. He never says anything against you. You couldn't help him a bit? Why not? He sings well."

9 Johnny Fontane said with patient weariness (с терпеливой усталостью, скукой = с досадой, что приходится объяснять ['wɪðrɪnɪs]; weary ['wɪəri] – усталый, изнуренный), "Godfather, he just hasn't got enough talent. He's OK, but he's not big time (но он не корифей; big time – достижение, успех)."

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bad luck and you never saw him again because you were more famous. And how about your old, old comrade that you went to school with, who was your partner singing? Nino. He drinks too much out of disappointment but he never complains. He works hard driving the gravel truck and sings weekends for a few dollars. He never says anything against you. You couldn't help him a bit? Why not? He sings well."

9 Johnny Fontane said with patient weariness, "Godfather, he just hasn't got enough talent. He's OK, but he's not big time."

1 Don Corleone lidded his eyes almost closed (прикрыл веками; lid – веко) and then said, "And you, godson, you now, you just don't have talent enough. Shall I get you a job on the gravel truck with Nino?" When Johnny didn't answer, the Don went on. "Friendship is everything. Friendship is more than talent. It is more than government. It is almost the equal of family (/дружба/ почти равноценна семье; equal – ['i:kwɔl] – равный, равносильный, тождественный). Never forget that. If you had built up a wall of friendships (если бы ты построил стену = укрепление из дружеских связей) you wouldn't have to ask me to help (тебе бы не пришлось просить у меня помощи). Now tell me, why can't you sing? You sang well in the garden. As well as Nino."

2 Hagen and Johnny smiled at this delicate thrust (утонченный, искусный выпад, удар, укол; delicate ['delikit]). It was Johnny's turn to be patronizingly patient (настала его очередь быть снисходительно-терпеливым; patronize ['pætrɒnaɪz] – заботиться, опекать; относиться снисходительно, свысока). "My voice is weak. I sing one or two songs and then I can't sing again for hours or days. I can't make it through the rehearsals or the retakes (не выдерживаю, не могу продержаться во время репетиций или повторных записей). My voice is weak, it's got some sort of sickness (что-то с ним не так, тут какая-то болезнь: «получил какую-то болезнь»)."

3 "So you have woman trouble (женская проблема). Your voice is sick. Now tell me the trouble you're having with this Hollywood pezzonovante (с этой голливудской шишкой: 90-ый калибр /итал./) who won't let you work." The Don was getting down to business (переходил к делу).

4 "He's bigger than one of your pezzonovantes," Johnny said. "He owns the studio. He advises the President on movie propaganda for the war. Just a month ago he bought the movie rights to the biggest novel of the year. A best seller. And the main character is a guy just like me. I wouldn't even have to act, just be myself. I wouldn't even have to sing. I might even win the Academy Award (я, возможно, даже получу награду

академии; award [ə'wo:d] – присуждение /награды, премии/). Everybody knows it's perfect for me and I'd be big again. As an actor. But that bastard Jack Woltz is paying me off, he won't give it to me. I offered to do it for nothing (я предложил сыграть бесплатно), for a minimum price and he still says no. He sent the word that if I come and kiss his ass (его задницу) in the studio commissary (на складе ['kɒmɪsəri]), maybe he'll think about it."

5 Don Corleone dismissed this emotional nonsense with a wave of his hand. Among reasonable men (среди разумных людей = между разумными людьми) problems of business could always be solved (всегда могут быть /раз/решены). He patted his godson on the shoulder (похлопал по плечу). "You're discouraged (деморализован: «обескуражен»; courage ['kʌrɪdʒ] – отвага, мужество). Nobody cares about you, so you think. And you've lost a lot of weight (потерял много веса). You drink a lot, eh? You don't sleep and you take pills (таблетки /снотворное/)?" He shook his head disapprovingly (неодобрительно; to disapprove [dɪsə'pru:v] – не одобрять).

6 "Now I want you to follow my orders (следовать моим указаниям)," the Don said. "I want you to stay in my house for one month. I want you to eat well, to rest (отдохнуть) and sleep. I want you to be my companion, I enjoy your company, and maybe you can learn something about the world from your Godfather that might even help you in the great Hollywood. But no singing, no drinking and no women. At the end of the month you can go back to Hollywood and this *pezzonovante*, this .90 caliber will give you that job you want. Done (по рукам: «сделано»)?"

7 Johnny Fontane could not altogether believe (не мог вполне поверить) that the Don had such power. But his Godfather had never said such and such a thing could be done (что та или иная вещь может быть сделана) without having it done (и не сделал бы: «без того, чтобы ее сделать»). "This guy is a personal friend of J. Edgar Hoover (этот парень – личный друг Хувера /director of the FBI 1924–72/)," Johnny said. "You can't even raise your voice to him (он вас даже слушать не станет)."

8 "He's a businessman," the Don said blandly (мягко, ласково). "I'll make him an offer he can't refuse (я сделаю ему предложение, от которого он не сможет отказаться)."

9 "It's too late," Johnny said. "All the contracts have been signed (были подписаны; to sign [saɪn]) and they start shooting in a week (и они начинают снимать через неделю). It's absolutely impossible."

10 Don Corleone said, "Go, go back to the party. Your friends are waiting for you. Leave everything to me." He pushed Johnny Fontane out of the room (вытолкнул).

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1 Hagen sat behind the desk and made notes. The Don heaved a sigh and asked, "Is there anything else?"

2 "Sollozzo can't be put off any more (/его/ нельзя больше откладывать). You'll have to see him this week." Hagen held his pen over the calendar.

3 The Don shrugged. "Now that the wedding is over, whenever you like (когда угодно)."

4 This answer told Hagen two things. Most important, that the answer to Virgil Sollozzo would be no (ответ будет отрицательным). The second, that Don Corleone, since he would not give the answer before his daughter's wedding (поскольку не хотел давать ответа до свадьбы дочери), expected his no to cause trouble (вызовет неприятности).

5 Hagen said cautiously (осторожно; cautious ['ko:ʃəs] – осторожный, осмотрительный), "Shall I tell Clemenza to have some men come live in the house?"

6 The Don said impatiently, "For what? I didn't answer before the wedding because on an important day like that there should be no cloud (чтобы не было ни облачка), not even in the distance (даже вдалеке). Also I wanted to know beforehand (заранее) what he wanted to talk about. We know now. What he will propose is an *infamita* (бесчестие /итал./ = позорное дело, безобразие)."

7 Hagen asked, "Then you will refuse?" When the Don nodded, Hagen said, "I think we should all discuss it – the whole Family – before you give your answer."

8 The Don smiled. "You think so? Good, we will discuss it. When you come back from California. I want you to fly there tomorrow and settle this business for Johnny (уладить). See that movie *pezzonovante*. Tell Sollozzo I will see him when you get back from California. Is there anything else?"

9 Hagen said formally, "The hospital called. *Consigliori* Abbandando is dying, he won't last out the night (не протянет; to last [lɑ:st] – продолжаться, тянуться, длиться). His family was told to come and wait (его семье было сказано прийти и ждать)."

10 Hagen had filled the *Consigliori's* post (занимал пост; to fill – наполнять; занимать /пост/) for the past year, ever since the cancer had imprisoned Genco Abbando in his hospital bed (с того самого времени, как рак приковал Дженко к постели ['kænsd]). Now he waited to hear Don Corleone say the post was his permanently (постоянно, навсегда). The odds were against it (все говорило против этого; odds – неравенство, разница; перевес, преимущество). So high a position was traditionally given only to a man descended from two Italian parents (происходящего от родителей-итальянцев; to descend [di'send] – спускаться; происходить). There had already been trouble about his temporary performance of the duties (из-за временного исполнения этих обязанностей [pɒ'fo:mðns]). Also (кроме того, к тому же), he was only thirty-five, not old enough, supposedly (как предполагалось), to have acquired the necessary experience (чтобы приобрести необходимый опыт; to acquire [ə'kwaiə] – обзаводиться, приобретать) and cunning (умение, навыки; хитрость) for a successful *Consigliori* (для удачливого, преуспевающего советника; success [sʌk'sɪs] – успех, удача).

11 But the Don gave him no encouragement (никак его не обнадежил; encouragement – одобрение, поощрение [ɪn'kʌrɪdʒmənt]). He asked, "When does my daughter leave with her bridegroom?"

12 Hagen looked at his wristwatch (ручные часы; wrist – запястье). "In a few minutes they'll cut the cake and then a half hour after that." That reminded him of something else. "Your new son-in-law. Do we give him something important, inside the Family (какое-нибудь важное дело, поручение в Семье)?"

13 He was surprised at the vehemence of the Don's answer (был удивлен силой, горячностью ['vi:ɪməns]). "Never." The Don hit the desk with the flat of his hand (ладонью, разжатой рукой; flat – плоский). "Never. Give him something to earn his living (чтобы зарабатывать на жизнь), a good living. But never let him know the Family's business. Tell the others, Sonny, Fredo, Clemenza."

14 The Don paused. "Instruct my sons, all three of them, that they will accompany me to the hospital (сопровождать [ə'kʌmpəni]) to see poor Genco. I want them to pay their last respects (чтобы оказали последние почести). Tell Freddie to drive the big car and ask Johnny if he will come with us, as a special favor to me (как особое одолжение)." He saw Hagen look at him questioningly. "I want you to go to California tonight. You won't have time to go see Genco. But don't leave until I come back from the hospital and speak with you. Understood?"

15 "Understood," Hagen said. "What time should Fred have the car waiting?"

16 "When the guests have left," Don Corleone said. "Genco will wait for me."

17 "The Senator called," Hagen said. "Apologizing for not coming personally (извиняясь, что не прибыл лично) but that you would understand. He probably means (возможно, имеет в виду) those two FBI men across the street taking down license numbers. But he sent his gift over by special messenger (переслал со специальным посланником, курьером ['mesɪndʒə])."

18 The Don nodded. He did not think it necessary to mention (не посчитал необходимым упомянуть, сказать) that he himself had warned the Senator not to come (предостерег). "Did he send a nice present?"

19 Hagen made a face of impressed approval («впечатленного одобрения») that was very strangely Italian on his German-Irish features. "Antique silver, very valuable (очень ценное ['væljʊəbl]). The kids can sell it for a grand at least (за штуку /баксов/ как минимум, самое малое). The Senator spent a lot of time getting exactly the right thing (потратил массу времени, чтобы достать точно то, что нужно, что он искал). For those kind of people that's more important than how much it costs."

20 Don Corleone did not hide his pleasure (не скрыл: «не спрятал» удовольствия, радости) that so great a man as the Senator had shown him such respect. The Senator, like Luca Brasi, was one of the great stones in the Don's power structure, and he too, with this gift, had resworn his loyalty (возобновил клятву, присягу своей лояльности: «покаялся вновь»; to swear [swɛə] – клясться, присягать).

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1 When Johnny Fontane appeared in the garden, Kay Adams recognized him immediately (*сразу узнала*). She was truly surprised (*поистине удивлена*). "You never told me your family knew Johnny Fontane," she said. "Now I'm sure I'll marry you."

2 "Do you want to meet him (*хочешь с ним познакомиться*)?" Michael asked.

3 "Not now," Kay said. She sighed. "I was in love with him for three years (*была влюблена*). I used to come down to New York whenever he sang at the Capitol and scream my head off (*и орала, как сумасшедшая: «так, что голова отваливалась»; to scream – пронзительно кричать, вопить*). He was so wonderful."

4 "We'll meet him later," Michael said.

5 When Johnny finished singing and vanished into the house with Don Corleone (*скрылся в дом; to vanish ['væni:] – исчезать, пропадать*), Kay said archly (*лукаво, насмешливо*) to Michael, "Don't tell me a big movie star like Johnny Fontane has to ask your father for a favor?"

6 "He's my father's godson," Michael said. "And if it wasn't for my father (*и если бы не мой отец: не из-за моего отца*) he might not be a big movie star today."

7 Kay Adams laughed with delight (*весело рассмеялась; delight – удовольствие, наслаждение*). "That sounds like another great story (*это похоже на еще одну отличную историю: «звучит как еще одна отличная история»*)."

8 Michael shook his head. "I can't tell that one," he said.

9 "Trust me (*доверься мне, доверяй мне*)," she said.

10 He told her. He told her without being funny (*без шуток, не стремясь ее позабавить: «не будучи забавным»*). He told it without pride (*без гордости = не*

гордясь). He told it without any sort of explanation (безо всякого объяснения) except that eight years before his father had been more impetuous (был более импульсивный, порывистый, горячий [im'petjuðs]; impetus ['impetðs] – стремительность; импульс), and because the matter concerned his godson (поскольку дело касалось его крестника), the Don considered it an affair of personal honor (счел это делом, расценил это как дело личной чести).

11 The story was quickly told (рассказать эту историю было недолго: «была быстро рассказана»). Eight years ago Johnny Fontane had made an extraordinary success (добился необыкновенного успеха [iks'tro:dnðri]) singing with a popular dance band. He had become a top radio attraction (главным «привлечением» = звездой, гвоздем программ). Unfortunately the band leader, a well-known show business personality named Les Halley, had signed Johnny to a five-year personal services contract (подписал контракт; to sign [sain]). It was a common show business practice (это была обычная практика = так практиковалось в шоу-бизнесе). Les Halley could now loan Johnny out («одалживать» /другим фирмам/) and pocket most of the money (и класть в карман большую часть денег).

12 Don Corleone entered the negotiations personally (лично занялся переговорами [niɡðu'li:ei'n]). He offered Les Halley twenty thousand dollars (предложил) to release (освободить = чтобы он освободил) Johnny Fontane from the personal services contract. Halley offered to take only fifty percent of Johnny's earnings (50 процентов заработков; to earn [ð:n] – зарабатывать). Don Corleone was amused (его это позабавило, развеселило: «был развлечен» to amuse [ð'mju:z]). He dropped his offer (снизил; to drop – уронить) from twenty thousand dollars to ten thousand dollars. The band leader, obviously (очевидно) not a man of the world (не светский человек, не от мира сего) outside his beloved show business (вне своего любимого шоу-бизнеса), completely missed the significance of this lower offer (совершенно упустил значение этого более низкого, сниженного предложения = не понял, что оно означает). He refused (отказался).

13 The next day Don Corleone went to see the band leader personally. He brought with him his two best friends, Genco Abbandando, who was his *Consiglieri*, and Luca Brasi. With no other witnesses (без других каких-либо свидетелей) Don Corleone persuaded Les Halley to sign a document (убедил [pð'sweid]) giving up all rights (отказавшись, отказываясь от всех прав) to all services from Johnny Fontane upon payment of a certified check to the amount of ten thousand dollars (взамен на выплату заверенного чека на сумму в десять тысяч долларов). Don Corleone did this by

putting a pistol to the forehead of the band leader (приставив ко лбу) and assuring him (заверив его) with the utmost seriousness (с крайней серьезностью) that either his signature or his brains would rest on that document (либо подпись, либо мозги будут на документе; to rest – покоиться, лежать) in exactly one minute. Les Halley signed. Don Corleone pocketed his pistol and handed over the certified check (передал).

14 The rest was history (остальное было, стало историей). Johnny Fontane went on to become the greatest singing sensation in the country (продолжал становиться, становился все большей сенсацией). He made Hollywood musicals that earned a fortune for his studio. His records made millions of dollars. Then he divorced his childhood-sweetheart wife (развелся со своей детской любовью; sweetheart – возлюбленная) and left his two children, to marry the most glamorous (на самой обаятельной, эффектной ['glæmðrðs]; glamor ['glæmð] – чары, обаяние) blond star in motion pictures (в кино). He soon learned that she was a "whore." He drank, he gambled, he chased other women (гонялся, преследовал). He lost his singing voice. His records stopped selling (его записи перестали продаваться). The studio did not renew his contract. And so now he had come back to his Godfather.

15 Kay said thoughtfully (задумчиво), "Are you sure you're not jealous of your father (ты уверен, что не завидуешь; jealous ['dʒelʌs] – ревнивый, ревнующий; завидующий)? Everything you've told me about him shows him doing something for other people. He must be good-hearted (он, должно быть, добрый)." She smiled wryly (криво усмехнулась; wry – кривой, перекошенный). "Of course his methods are not exactly constitutional."

16 Michael sighed. "I guess that's the way it sounds, but let me tell you this (но я вот что тебе скажу: «позволь мне сказать тебе это»). You know those Arctic explorers (исследователи Арктики; to explore [iks'plɔ:] – исследовать) who leave caches of food (запасы провианта; cache [kæʃ] – тайник; запас провианта, оставленный экспедицией в скрытом месте) scattered on the route to the North Pole (разбросанные, рассредоточенные по маршруту к Северному Полюсу; route [ru:t] – путь, направление)? Just in case they may need them someday (просто на тот случай, что это может им когда-нибудь понадобиться)? That's my father's favors. Someday he'll be at each one of those people's houses (он к ним придет, постучится к ним) and they had better come across (и им лучше пойти ему навстречу = помочь ему; to come across – случайно встретиться, натолкнуться)."

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- 5** When Johnny finished singing and vanished into the house with Don Corleone, Kay said archly to Michael, "Don't tell me a big movie star like Johnny Fontane has to ask your father for a favor?"
- 6** "He's my father's godson," Michael said. "And if it wasn't for my father he might not be a big movie star today."
- 7** Kay Adams laughed with delight. "That sounds like another great story."
- 8** Michael shook his head. "I can't tell that one," he said.
- 9** "Trust me," she said.
- 10** He told her. He told her without being funny. He told it without pride. He told it without any sort of explanation except that eight years before his father had been more impetuous, and because the matter concerned his godson, the Don considered it an affair of personal honor.
- 11** The story was quickly told. Eight years ago Johnny Fontane had made an extraordinary success singing with a popular dance band. He had become a top radio attraction. Unfortunately the band leader, a well-known show business personality named Les Halley, had signed Johnny to a five-year personal services contract. It was a common show business practice. Les Halley could now loan Johnny out and pocket most of the money.
- 12** Don Corleone entered the negotiations personally. He offered Les Halley twenty thousand dollars to release Johnny Fontane from the personal services contract. Halley offered to take only fifty percent of Johnny's earnings. Don Corleone was amused. He dropped his offer from twenty thousand dollars to ten thousand dollars. The band leader, obviously not a man of the world outside his beloved show business, completely missed the significance of this lower offer. He refused.
- 13** The next day Don Corleone went to see the band leader personally. He brought with him his two best friends, Genco Abbandando, who was his

Consigliori, and Luca Brasi. With no other witnesses Don Corleone persuaded Les Halley to sign a document giving up all rights to all services from Johnny Fontane upon payment of a certified check to the amount of ten thousand dollars. Don Corleone did this by putting a pistol to the forehead of the band leader and assuring him with the utmost seriousness that either his signature or his brains would rest on that document in exactly one minute. Les Halley signed. Don Corleone pocketed his pistol and handed over the certified check.

14 The rest was history. Johnny Fontane went on to become the greatest singing sensation in the country. He made Hollywood musicals that earned a fortune for his studio. His records made millions of dollars. Then he divorced his childhood-sweetheart wife and left his two children, to marry the most glamorous blond star in motion pictures. He soon learned that she was a "whore." He drank, he gambled, he chased other women. He lost his singing voice. His records stopped selling. The studio did not renew his contract. And so now he had come back to his Godfather.

15 Kay said thoughtfully, "Are you sure you're not jealous of your father? Everything you've told me about him shows him doing something for other people. He must be good-hearted." She smiled wryly. "Of course his methods are not exactly constitutional."

16 Michael sighed. "I guess that's the way it sounds, but let me tell you this. You know those Arctic explorers who leave caches of food scattered on the route to the North Pole? Just in case they may need them someday? That's my father's favors. Someday he'll be at each one of those people's houses and they had better come across."

1 It was nearly twilight (почти сумерки) before the wedding cake was shown (прежде был подан: «показан» свадебный пирог), exclaimed over (принят восторженными возгласами; to exclaim [iks'kleim] – восклицать) and eaten. Specially baked by Nazorine, it was cleverly decorated with shells of cream (искусно украшен кремовыми ракушками) so dizzyingly delicious (настолько головокружительно вкусными; dizzy – испытывающий головокружение; delicious [di'liʃəs] – восхитительный; очень вкусный) that the bride greedily plucked them from the corpse of the cake (жадно сорвала их с «корпуса» пирога) before she whizzed away (умчалась; to whizz – проноситься со свистом) on her honeymoon (медовый месяц) with her blond groom. The Don politely sped his guests' departure (вежливо ускорил отъезд своих гостей: to

speed), noting meanwhile (отметив про себя между тем) that the black sedan with its FBI men was no longer visible (больше не был видим = его больше не было видно).

2 Finally the only car left in the driveway (на дороге, в проезде) was the long black Cadillac with Freddie at the wheel (за рулем), The Don got into the front seat (сел на переднее сиденье), moving with quick coordination for his age and bulk (для своего возраста и веса: «массы»). Sonny, Michael and Johnny Fontane got into the back seat. Don Corleone said to his son Michael, "Your girl friend, she'll get back to the city by herself all right (доберется сама без проблем)?"

3 Michael nodded. "Tom said he'd take care of it (позаботится об этом)," Don Corleone nodded with satisfaction at Hagen's efficiency (удовлетворенный расторопностью Хагена; efficient [ɪ'fɪʃnt] – действенный, эффективный).

4 Because of the gas rationing still in effect (из-за того, что бензин все еще выдавался по карточкам; rationing ['ræʃnɪŋ] – нормирование продуктов; продажа по карточкам), there was little traffic (мало движения транспорта) on the Belt Parkway to Manhattan. In less than an hour the Cadillac rolled into the street of French Hospital. During the ride Don Corleone asked his youngest son if he was doing well in school (хорошо ли он учится, все ли в порядке с учебой). Michael nodded. Then Sonny in the back seat asked his father, "Johnny says you're getting him squared away (уладишь; to square [skwɛd] – придавать квадратную форму, обтесывать; улаживать, приводить в порядок; square – квадрат) with that Hollywood business. Do you want me to go out there and help?"

5 Don Corleone was curt (короткий, лаконичный; отрывисто-грубый), "Tom is going tonight. He won't need any help, it's a simple affair."

6 Sonny Corleone laughed. "Johnny thinks you can't fix it (уладить; to fix – устанавливать, прикреплять; приводить в порядок), that's why I thought you might want me to go out there."

7 Don Corleone turned his head. "Why do you doubt me (сомневаешься во мне [daʊt])?" he asked Johnny Fontane. "Hasn't your Godfather always done what he said he would do? Have I ever been taken for a fool (разве когда-либо меня принимали за дурачка, обдуривали)?"

8 Johnny apologized nervously. "Godfather, the man who runs it (кто ведет /этот бизнес/) is a real .90 caliber pezzonovante (настоящий 90-ый калибер = крупная шишка). You can't budge him (пошевелить, сдвинуть с места), not even with money. He has big connections (связи). And he hates me. I just don't know how you can swing it (это обделать: to swing – качнуть; успешно обделать дельце)."

9 The Don spoke with affectionate amusement. "I say to you: you shall have it." He nudged Michael with his elbow (подтолкнул локтем). "We won't disappoint my godson (не разочаруем), eh, Michael?"

10 Michael, who never doubted his father for a moment, shook his head.

11 As they walked toward the hospital entrance (ко входу), Don Corleone put his hand on Michael's arm so that the others forged ahead (медленно продвигались вперед). "When you get through with college (когда разделяешься, покончишь с колледжем), come and talk to me," the Don said. "I have some plans you will like."

12 Michael didn't say anything. Don Corleone grunted in exasperation (промычал, проворчал; to grunt – хрюкать; ворчать). "I know how you are. I won't ask you to do anything you don't approve of (то, что ты не одобряешь). This is something special (нечто особое). Go your own way now, you're a man after all (в конце концов). But come to me as a son should when you have finished with your schooling."

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1 The family of Genco Abbandando, wife and three daughters dressed in black, clustered like a flock of plump crows (столпились, сгрудились как стая толстых, пухлых ворон; cluster – кисть, пучок, гроздь) on the white tile floor (на полу, выложенном белыми плитками; tile – плитка, кафель, изразец) of the hospital corridor. When they saw Don Corleone come out of the elevator (из лифта), they seemed to flutter up off (показалось, что вспорхнули; to flutter – махать или бить крыльями, перепархивать) the white tiles in an instinctive surge (порыве; surge – большая волна всплеск) toward him for protection (ища защиты). The mother was regally stout in black (по-королевски полной в своем черном одеянии; stout – крепкий, прочный; полный /человек/), the daughters fat and plain (толстые и некрасивые). Mrs. Abbandando pecked at Don Corleone's cheek (чмокнул: «клюнул»), sobbing (всхлипывая; to sob – рыдать, всхлипывать), wailing (причитая, стеля), "Oh, what a saint you are (какой же ты святой), to come here on your daughter's wedding day."

2 Don Corleone brushed these thanks aside (отмахнулся от этих выражений благодарности: «отмел»; brush – щетка). "Don't I owe respect to such a friend, a friend who has been my right arm for twenty years?" He had understood immediately that the soon-to-be widow did not comprehend (что женщина, которая вскоре станет вдовой, не понимала, не осознавала [kompri'hend]) that her husband would die this night. Genco Abbandando had been in this hospital for nearly a year dying of his cancer (умирая от рака) and the wife had come to consider his fatal illness almost an ordinary part of life (стала считать его смертельную болезнь почти обычной /составной/ частью жизни). Tonight was just another crisis. She babbled on (продолжала лепетать). "Go in and see my poor husband," she said, "he asks for you. Poor man, he wanted to come to the wedding to show his respect but the doctor would not permit it (не разрешил). Then he said you would come to see him on this great day but I did not believe it possible. Ah, men understand friendship more than we women. Go inside, you will make him happy."

3 A nurse (медсестра) and a doctor came out of Genco Abbandando's private room. The doctor was a young man, serious-faced and with the air of one born to command (с видом рожденного повелевать), that is to say (то есть), the air of one who has been immensely rich all his life (безмерно богат). One of the daughters asked timidly (робко; timid ['timid] – робкий, застенчивый), "Dr. Kennedy, can we go to see him now?"

4 Dr. Kennedy looked over the large group with exasperation (посмотрел на большую группу с раздражением). Didn't these people realize (разве не осознают) that the man inside was dying and dying in torturous pain (в муках: «в мучительной боли»; torture ['to:tʃə] – пытка, мука)? It would be much better if everyone let him die in peace. "I think just the immediate family (только близкие: «непосредственные» родственники)," he said in his exquisitely polite voice (изысканно-вежливым голосом; exquisite ['ekskwɪzɪt] – изысканный, утонченный). He was surprised when the wife and daughters turned to the short, heavy man (к невысокому, приземистому человеку) dressed in an awkwardly fitted tuxedo (в неловко сидящий смокинг; to fit – быть впору, подходить; awkward ['o:kwəd] – неуклюжий, неловкий), as if to hear his decision (словно для того, чтобы услышать его решение).

5 The heavy man spoke. There was just the slightest trace of an Italian accent in his voice (легчайший след = оттенок). "My dear doctor," said Don Corleone, "is it true he is dying?"

6 "Yes," said Dr. Kennedy.

7 "Then there is nothing more for you to do (тогда вы здесь больше ничего не можете сделать)," said Don Corleone. "We will take up the burden (мы возьмем на себя бремя). We will comfort him (утешим ['kʌmfəʊt]). We will close his eyes. We will bury him (похороним; to bury ['berɪ] – хоронить, зарывать в землю) and weep at his funeral (на его похоронах [fju:nəʊrəl]) and afterwards we will watch over his wife and daughters (позаботимся)." At hearing things put so bluntly (слыша такую прямолинейную постановку вопроса; blunt – тупой; грубый; прямой, резкий), forcing her to understand (которая вынуждала ее понять /что происходит/), Mrs. Abbandando began to weep.

8 Dr. Kennedy shrugged (пожал плечами). It was impossible to explain to these peasants (объяснять этим крестьянам ['peɪzənt]). At the same time he recognized the crude justice in the man's remarks («голую, неприкрашенную справедливость в замечаниях этого человека»; crude – необработанный, неочищенный). His role was over (его роль была окончена). Still exquisitely polite, he said, "Please wait for the nurse to let you in, she has a few necessary things to do with the patient." He walked away from them down the corridor, his white coat flapping (с развевающимся белым халатом).

9 The nurse went back into the room and they waited. Finally she came out again, holding the door for them to enter. She whispered, "He's delirious (находящийся в бреду [dɪ'lɪrɪəs]; delirium [dɪ'lɪrɪəm] – бред, расстройство сознания) with the pain and fever (с температурой; fever – лихорадка), try not to excite him (пострайтесь не разволновать, перевозбудить его; to excite – возбуждать). And you can stay only a few minutes, except for the wife." She recognized Johnny Fontane as he went by her and her eyes opened wide. He gave her a faint smile of acknowledgment (слабую, вялую улыбку признания, признавания = что он заметил ее интерес) and she stared at him with frank invitation (глазела на него с откровенным вызовом: «приглашением»). He filed her away for future reference («зарегистрировал, подшил к делу» для дальнейшей справки = чтобы при случае обратиться к этому в последствии), then followed the others into the sick man's room.

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1 Genco Abbandando had run a long race with death (долго состязался, бежал наперегонки со смертью; race – состязание, бег), and now, vanquished (побежденный), he lay exhausted (изможденный; to exhaust [ɪg'zɔ:st] – исчерпывать, израсходовать /полностью/; изнурять) on the raised bed (на поднятой /в изголовье/ постели). He was wasted away to no more than a skeleton (от него остался не более как скелет; to waste – растрачивать), and what had once been vigorous black hair (густые черные волосы; vigorous ['vɪɡərʊs] – сильный, энергичный) had turned into obscene stringy wisps (в неприличные, свисающие прядями, клочки, пучки; string – веревка, ремешок). Don Corleone said cheerily (ободряюще), "Genco, dear friend, I have brought my sons to pay their respects, and look, even Johnny, all the way from Hollywood."

2 The dying man raised his fevered eyes gratefully to the Don. He let the young men clasp his bony hand in their fleshy ones (дал молодым людям крепко пожать: «сжать, сдавить» свою костлявую ладонь в их мясистых ручищах). His wife and daughters ranged themselves along his bed (встали, выстроились в ряд вдоль его кровати), kissing his cheek, taking his other hand in turn (по очереди).

3 The Don pressed his old friend's hand. He said comfortingly, "Hurry up and get better (поспеши и выздоравливай = давай скорее выздоравливай) and we'll take a trip back to Italy together to our old village (отправимся вместе; trip – поездка, путешествие). We'll play *boccie* in front of the wineshop (поиграем в /деревянные/ шары /итал./) like our fathers before us."

4 The dying man shook his head. He motioned the young men and his family away from his bedside (показал жестом, чтобы отошли от его кровати); with the other bony claw he hung fast to the Don (другой костлявой лапой он крепко, тесно притянул себя: «повис» к Дону; claw – коготь; клешня; лапа). He tried to speak. The Don put

his head down and then sat on the bedside chair. Genco Abbando was babbling about their childhood. Then his coal-black eyes became sly (затем его черные, как уголь, глаза сделались хитрыми). He whispered. The Don bent closer (наклонился ближе; to bend). The others in the room were astonished (удивлены, изумлены [ə's'tɒnɪʃ]) to see tears running down Don Corleone's face as he shook his head. The quavering voice (дрожащий голос; to quaver ['kweɪvə] – дрожать, вибрировать) grew louder (становился громче; to grow – расти), filling the room (наполняя, заполняя комнату). With a tortured, superhuman effort (со сверхчеловеческим = нечеловеческим усилием ['efɔ:t]), Abbando lifted his head off his pillow, eyes unseeing, and pointed a skeletal forefinger (указал указательным пальцем) at the Don. "Godfather, Godfather," he called out blindly, "save me from death, I beg of you (спаси меня от смерти, умоляю тебя). My flesh is burning off my bones (моя плоть «сгорает с моих костей») and I can feel the worms eating away my brain (чувствую червей, пожирающих мой мозг). Godfather, cure me (исцели меня), you have the power, dry the tears of my poor wife (осуши слезы). In Corleone we played together as children and now will you let me die when I fear hell for my sins (когда я боюсь ада за свои грехи)?"

5 The Don was silent. Abbando said, "It is your daughter's wedding day, you cannot refuse me."

6 The Don spoke quietly, gravely, to pierce through the blasphemous delirium (чтобы пробиться сквозь богохульствующий бред; to pierce ['piə:s] – прокалывать, пронзать; ['blæsfɪməs]). "Old friend," he said, "I have no such powers. If I did I would be more merciful than God (более милосердным, милосерднее Бога), believe me. But don't fear death and don't fear hell. I will have a mass said for your soul every night and every morning (закажу мессу). Your wife and your children will pray for you. How can God punish you (наказать) with so many pleas for mercy (при стольких просьбах о помиловании, снисхождении; plea – судебный акт, тяжба; обращение одной из сторон /в суде/; апелляция)?"

7 The skeleton face took on a cunning expression (хитрое, коварное выражение; cunning – знание, познания /устар./; хитрость, умение; коварство) that was obscene. Abbando said slyly (лукаво), "It's been arranged then (значит, все улажено)?"

8 When the Don answered, his voice was cold, without comfort. "You blaspheme (богохульствуешь [blæ'sfi:m]). Resign yourself (смирись [ri'zain])."

9 Abbando fell back on the pillow (упал на подушку). His eyes lost their wild gleam of hope (утратили слабый свет, проблеск надежды; to gleam – мерцать). The

nurse came back into the room and started shooing them out (выгонять, выпроваживать; shoo – кыш; to shoo – вспугивать, прогонять /птиц/) in a very matter-of-fact way (очень по-деловому, сухо = строго). The Don got up but Abbando put out his hand. "Godfather," he said, "stay here with me and help me meet death. Perhaps if He sees you near me He will be frightened (испугается: «будет напуган») and leave me in peace. Or perhaps you can say a word, pull a few strings (замолвишь словечко, потянешь за ниточки /как в кукольном театре/ = используешь связи), eh?" The dying man winked as if he were mocking the Don (подмигнул, как будто подшучивал, насмехался), now not really serious. "You're brothers in blood («братья по крови» = побратимы), after all." Then, as if fearing the Don would be offended (словно опасаясь, что Дон будет оскорблен), he clutched at his hand (схватил, зажал). "Stay with me, let me hold your hand. We'll outwit that bastard (перехитрим этого ублюдка; wit – разум, ум) as we've outwitted others. Godfather, don't betray me (не предавай меня)."

10 The Don motioned the other people out of the room. They left. He took the withered claw (высохшую; to wither ['wiðə] – вянуть; сохнуть) of Genco Abbando in his own two broad hands. Softly, reassuringly (мягко, успокаивающе; to reassure [riə'ʃuə] – уверять, заверять; успокаивать), he comforted his friend, as they waited for death together. As if the Don could truly snatch the life of Genco Abbando back (выхватить, вырвать) from that most foul (от этого, у этого самого грязного, подлого [foul]) and criminal traitor to man (и преступного предателя человека).

1 Genco Abbando had run a long race with death, and now, vanquished, he lay exhausted on the raised bed. He was wasted away to no more than a skeleton, and what had once been vigorous black hair had turned into obscene stringy wisps. Don Corleone said cheerily, "Genco, dear friend, I have brought my sons to pay their respects, and look, even Johnny, all the way from Hollywood."

2 The dying man raised his fevered eyes gratefully to the Don. He let the young men clasp his bony hand in their fleshy ones. His wife and daughters ranged themselves along his bed, kissing his cheek, taking his other hand in turn.

3 The Don pressed his old friend's hand. He said comfortingly, "Hurry up and get better and we'll take a trip back to Italy together to our old village. We'll play *boccie* in front of the wineshop like our fathers before us."

4 The dying man shook his head. He motioned the young men and his family away from his bedside; with the other bony claw he hung fast to the Don. He tried

to speak. The Don put his head down and then sat on the bedside chair. Genco Abbandando was babbling about their childhood. Then his coal-black eyes became sly. He whispered. The Don bent closer. The others in the room were astonished to see tears running down Don Corleone's face as he shook his head. The quavering voice grew louder, filling the room. With a tortured, superhuman effort, Abbandando lifted his head off his pillow, eyes unseeing, and pointed a skeletal forefinger at the Don. "Godfather, Godfather," he called out blindly, "save me from death, I beg of you. My flesh is burning off my bones and I can feel the worms eating away my brain. Godfather, cure me, you have the power, dry the tears of my poor wife. In Corleone we played together as children and now will you let me die when I fear hell for my sins?"

5 The Don was silent. Abbandando said, "It is your daughter's wedding day, you cannot refuse me."

6 The Don spoke quietly, gravely, to pierce through the blasphemous delirium. "Old friend," he said, "I have no such powers. If I did I would be more merciful than God, believe me. But don't fear death and don't fear hell. I will have a mass said for your soul every night and every morning. Your wife and your children will pray for you. How can God punish you with so many pleas for mercy?"

7 The skeleton face took on a cunning expression that was obscene. Abbandando said slyly, "It's been arranged then?"

8 When the Don answered, his voice was cold, without comfort. "You blaspheme. Resign yourself."

9 Abbandando fell back on the pillow. His eyes lost their wild gleam of hope. The nurse came back into the room and started shooing them out in a very matter-of-fact way. The Don got up but Abbandando put out his hand. "Godfather," he said, "stay here with me and help me meet death. Perhaps if He sees you near me He will be frightened and leave me in peace. Or perhaps you can say a word, pull a few strings, eh?" The dying man winked as if he were mocking the Don, now not really serious. "You're brothers in blood, after all." Then, as if fearing the Don would be offended, he clutched at his hand. "Stay with me, let me hold your hand. We'll outwit that bastard as we've outwitted others. Godfather, don't betray me."

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Don could truly snatch the life of Genco Abbandando back from that most foul and criminal traitor to man.

1 The wedding day of Connie Corleone ended well for her. Carlo Rizzi performed his duties as a bridegroom (исполнил свои обязанности /в качестве/ жениха) with skill and vigor (с мастерством и энергией ['vɪɡə]), spurred on by the contents of the bride's gift purse (подстегиваемый содержимым кошелька-приданого невесты; spur – шпора) which totaled up (доходило до, насчитывало; to total ['tɒtəl]) to over twenty thousand dollars. The bride, however, gave up her virginity with a great deal more willingness (отдала свою девственность с гораздо большей охотой) than she gave up her purse. For the latter, he had to blacken one of her eyes (за последний = чтобы получить последний, ему пришлось подбить ей глаз).

2 Lucy Mancini waited in her house for a call from Sonny Corleone, sure that he would ask her for a date (на свидание). Finally she called his house and when she heard a woman's voice answer the phone she hung up (повесила трубку; to hang up). She had no way of knowing (не могла знать) that nearly everyone at the wedding had remarked the absence of her and Sonny (заметили отсутствие) for that fatal half hour and the gossip was already spreading (слух уже распространялся) that Santino Corleone had found another victim (нашел еще одну жертву). That he had "done the job" on his own sister's maid of honor.

3 Amerigo Bonasera had a terrible nightmare (ужасный кошмар). In his dreams he saw Don Corleone, in peaked cap (в остроконечном шлеме; peak – пик, остроконечная вершина), overalls (спецовке) and heavy gloves (перчатках [ɡlʌv]), unloading bullet-riddled corpses (разгружает изрешеченные пулями трупы; riddle – решето) in front of his funeral parlor (перед своей «погребальной приемной», перед кабинетом) and shouting, "Remember, Amerigo, not a word to anyone, and bury them quickly." He groaned so loud (простонал, заохал) and long in his sleep that his wife shook him awake. "Eh, what a man you are," she grumbled. "To have a nightmare only after a wedding."

4 Kay Adams was escorted to her New York City hotel by Paulie Gatto and Clemenza. The car was large, luxurious and driven by Gatto. Clemenza sat in the back seat and Kay was given the front seat next to the driver. She found both men wildly exotic. Their speech was movie Brooklynese (на бруклинском жаргоне – как в кино) and they treated her with exaggerated courtliness (обращались с ней с преувеличенной вежливостью; to exaggerate [ɪɡ'zædʒəreɪt] – преувеличивать; courtliness [ko:tlɪnis] –

вежливость, учтивость; court – двор). During the ride (во время поездки) she chatted casually with both men (она легко болтала, просто вела легкую, ни к чему не обязывающую беседу; casually ['kæʃju:ðli] – случайно; ненароком; мимоходом, «при okazji») and was surprised when they spoke of Michael with unmistakable affection and respect (с несомненным теплом и уважением; mistake – ошибка). He had led her to believe that he was an alien (чужак ['eɪljən]) in his father's world. Now Clemenza was assuring her in his wheezing guttural voice (своим хрипящим горловым, гортанным голосом; to wheeze – дышать с присвистом; произносить с хрипом) that the "old man" thought Mike was the best of his sons, the one who would surely inherit the family business (унаследует).

5 "What business is that?" Kay asked in the most natural way (стараясь, чтобы ее голос звучал как можно естественнее).

6 Paulie Gatto gave her a quick glance (быстро взглянул: glance [glɑ:ns] – /быстрый короткий/ взгляд) as he turned the wheel. Behind her Clemenza said in a surprised voice. "Didn't Mike tell you? Mr. Corleone is the biggest importer of Italian olive oil in the States. Now that the war is over the business could get real rich (может стать по-настоящему прибыльным). He'll need a smart boy like Mike (ему нужен будет такой сметливый парень)."

7 At the hotel Clemenza insisted on coming to the desk (к стойке) with her. When she protested, he said simply, "The boss said to make sure you got home OK. I gotta do it (= I got to do it – я должен это сделать)."

8 After she received her room key (получила ключи от номера; key [ki:]) he walked her to the elevator and waited until she got in. She waved to him, smiling, and was surprised at his genuine smile of pleasure in return (была удивлена его ответной улыбкой, в которой светилось неподдельное удовольствие; genuine ['dʒenjuɪn] – истинный, подлинный). It was just as well she did not see him go back to the hotel clerk and ask, "What name she registered under?"

9 The hotel clerk looked at Clemenza coldly. Clemenza rolled the little green spitball (комочек /скомканную купюру/; spitball – комочек бумаги /для плеванья через трубку/; spit – плювок) he was holding in his hand across to the clerk, who picked it up (взял, подхватил) and immediately said, "Mr. and Mrs. Michael Corleone."

10 Back in the car, Paulie Gatto said, "Nice dame."

11 Clemenza grunted. "Mike is doing the job on her." Unless, he thought, they were really married (если только они не женаты на самом деле). "Pick me up early in the

morning (заезжай за мной)," he told Paulie Gatto. "Hagen got some deal for us that gotta be done right away (сразу, безотлагательно)."

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1 It was late Sunday night before Tom Hagen could kiss his wife goodbye and drive out to the airport. With his special number one priority (с удостоверением, дающим ему право внеочередной, первоочередной посадки /на самолет/; priority [praɪ'ɔrɪti] – приоритет; преимущество; очередность) (a grateful gift («благодарный дар») from a Pentagon staff general officer (офицера ген. штаба; staff [sta:f] – штат /служащих/; кадры)) he had no trouble getting on a plane to Los Angeles (не было проблем сесть на самолет).

2 It had been a busy but satisfying day (удачный: «удовлетворяющий» день; to satisfy ['sætɪsfaɪ] – удовлетворять) for Tom Hagen. Genco Abbando had died at three in the morning and when Don Corleone returned from the hospital, he had informed Hagen that he was now officially the new *Consigliori* to the family. This meant that Hagen was sure to become a very rich man, to say nothing of power (не говоря уж о власти).

3 The Don had broken a long-standing tradition (нарушил давнюю традицию). The *Consigliori* was always a full-blooded Sicilian («полнокровный» = чистокровный сицилиец), and the fact that Hagen had been brought up as a member of the Don's family (был выращен, воспитан) made no difference to that tradition. It was a question of blood. Only a Sicilian born to the ways of *omerta* (который с молоком матери

впитывал в себя круговую поруку и обычай кровной мести /итал./), the law of silence (закон молчания), could be trusted in the key post of *Consiglieri*.

4 Between the head of the family, Don Corleone, who dictated policy (определял политику, курс = стратегию), and the operating level of men (и исполнительским уровнем [levl]) who actually carried out the orders of the Don (которые фактически, в на самом деле исполняли приказы; actually ['æktʃuəli]), there were three layers (слоя, пласта, прокладки), or buffers. In that way nothing could be traced to the top (таким образом ничто нельзя было проследить до верхушки /до руководства/; trace – след, отпечаток; to trace – проследить, выследить). Unless the *Consiglieri* turned traitor (кроме того случая, если бы консильери оказался предателем). That Sunday morning Don Corleone gave explicit instructions (подробные, ясные [iks'plisɪt]) on what should be done to the two young men (что должно быть сделано) who had beaten the daughter of Amerigo Bonasera. But he had given those orders in private to Tom Hagen. Later in the day Hagen had, also in private without witnesses (без свидетелей), instructed Clemenza. In turn Clemenza had told Paulie Gatto to execute the commission (выполнить поручение). Paulie Gatto would now muster the necessary manpower (соберет необходимый личный состав, подберет исполнителей) and execute the orders. Paulie Gatto and his men would not know why this particular task was being carried out (почему выполняется эта конкретная, частная задача = именно эта задача; particular [pə'tɪkjʊlə] – особый, особенный; отдельный, одиночный; task [tɑːsk] – урочная работа, задача) or who had ordered it originally (первоначально). Each link of the chain would have to turn traitor (каждое звено цепи должно было бы оказаться предателем) for the Don to be involved (быть замешанным) and though it had never yet happened, there was always the possibility (возможность этого сохранялась). The cure for that possibility also was known (средство против этого: «лечение» было также известно). Only one link in the chain had to disappear (должно было исчезнуть).

5 The *Consiglieri* was also what his name implied (что и заключало в себе, предполагало само название: to imply [ɪm'plaɪ]). He was the counselor to the Don (советником ['kaʊnslə]), his right-hand man, his auxiliary brain («вспомогательным мозгом» [o:g'zɪljəri]). He was also his closest companion and his closest friend. On important trips he would drive the Don's car, at conferences he would go out and get the Don refreshments (приносить закуски, освежающие напитки), coffee and sandwiches, fresh cigars. He would know everything the Don knew or nearly everything, all the cells of power (все клеточки = сегменты власти). He was the one man in the world who

could bring the Don crashing down to destruction (кто мог бы с треском провалить Дона; to crush – с грохотом разрушать, разбивать). But no *Consiglieri* had ever betrayed a Don (ни один консильори ни разу не изменил Дону), not in the memory of any of the powerful Sicilian families who had established themselves in America (обосновались; to establish [is'tæbli] – укреплять, делать стойким; основывать, учреждать). There was no future in it (в этом не было будущего = не было никакого смысла). And every *Consiglieri* knew that if he kept the faith (если останется верен; faith [feɪθ] – вера; верность), he would become rich, wield power (добьется власти; to wield – уметь обращаться; иметь в своем распоряжении, владеть) and win respect. If misfortune came, his wife and children would be sheltered and cared for (их приютят и о них позаботятся; shelter – приют, кров, убежище) as if he were alive or free (как если бы он был жив или свободен). *If he kept the faith.*

6 In some matters the *Consiglieri* had to act for his Don in a more open way and yet not involve his principal (и все же не втягивать, не вмешивать своего начальника [ˈprɪnsɪpəl]). Hagen was flying to California on just such a matter (как раз по такому делу). He realized that his career as *Consiglieri* would be seriously affected by the success or failure of this mission (что на его карьеру серьезно повлияет, чем окончится его миссия: успехом или провалом, неудачей; to affect [ə'fekt] – подвергать воздействию, затрагивать; failure ['feɪlɪʃ] – неспособность, несостоятельность; банкротство; неудача; to fail – недоставать; потерпеть неудачу). By family business standards whether Johnny Fontane got his coveted part in the war movie (получил ли желанную роль: to covet ['kʌvɪt] – жаждать, домогаться, сильно желать), or did not, was a minor matter (мелочь, нечто несущественное; minor ['maɪnə] – незначительный). Far more important was the meeting (гораздо важнее была встреча) Hagen had set up (назначил, спланировал) with Virgil Sollozzo the following Friday. But Hagen knew that to the Don, both were of equal importance (оба дела были одинаковой важности; equal ['i:kwəl] – равный, одинаковый, идентичный), which settled the matter for any good *Consiglieri* (что решало вопрос = что и было решающим для каждого хорошего консильори).

1 It was late Sunday night before Tom Hagen could kiss his wife goodbye and drive out to the airport. With his special number one priority (a grateful gift from a Pentagon staff general officer) he had no trouble getting on a plane to Los Angeles.

2 It had been a busy but satisfying day for Tom Hagen. Genco Abbando had died at three in the morning and when Don Corleone returned from the hospital, he had informed Hagen that he was now officially the new *Consigliori* to the family. This meant that Hagen was sure to become a very rich man, to say nothing of power.

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1 The piston plane (самолет с поршневым двигателем; piston ['pɪstɒn] – поршень) shook Tom Hagen's already nervous insides («и без того уже нервные внутренности») and he ordered a martini from the hostess to quiet them (заказал у стюардессы мартини, чтобы их успокоить; hostess ['hɒstɪs] – хозяйка; стюардесса; официантка). Both the Don and Johnny had briefed him on the character of the movie producer, Jack Woltz (вкратце рассказали ему, инструктировали его по поводу характера кинопродюсера). From everything that Johnny said, Hagen knew he would never be able to persuade Woltz (никогда, ни за что не сможет убедить [pɹə'sweɪd]). But he also had no doubt whatsoever (вовсе никакого сомнения) that the Don would keep his promise to Johnny. His own role was that of negotiator and contact (его ролью была роль посредника).

2 Lying back in his seat, Hagen went over all the information given to him that day. Jack Woltz was one of the three most important movie producers in Hollywood, owner of his own studio with dozens of stars under contract (с дюжинами звезд «под контрактом»). He was on the President of the United States' Advisory Council for War Information (он был членом Президентского консультативного совета по вопросам военной информации; advisory [əd'vaɪzɔrɪ] – совещательный), Cinematic Division (Отдел киноискусства), which meant simply (что просто означало) that he helped make propaganda movies. He had had dinner at the White House. He had entertained J. Edgar Hoover in his Hollywood home (принимал, угощал). But none of this was as impressive as it sounded (но ничто из этого не было таким впечатляющим, как казалось: «звучало»). They were all official relationships (все это были официальные связи). Woltz didn't have any personal political power, mainly (в основном) because he was an extreme reactionary (крайне реакционен, крайним реакционером; extreme

[ɪkstri:m]), partly (отчасти) because he was a megalomaniac (страдал манией величия) who loved to wield power wildly (который любил полновластно, самодурно: «дикое» распоряжаться своей властью; to wield – уметь обращаться; иметь в своем распоряжении, владеть) without regard to the fact (не обращая внимания на то) that by so doing (что, оттого что он так делал: «так делая») legions of enemies sprang up out of the ground (легионы врагов выросли из земли /как грибы/).

3 Hagen sighed. There would be no way to "handle" Jack Woltz (справиться, управиться /путем переговоров/). He opened his briefcase (портфель) and tried to get some paper work done (попытался сделать кое-какую бумажную работу), but he was too tired. He ordered another martini and reflected on his life (стал размышлять). He had no regrets (сожалений), indeed he felt that he had been extremely lucky. Whatever the reason (какая бы на то ни была причина = как бы то ни было), the course he had chosen ten years ago had proved to be right for him (курс, путь, образ действия оказался верен, подходящ для него). He was successful, he was as happy as any grown man could reasonably expect (насколько зрелый мужчина может «разумно ожидать»), and he found life interesting.

1 The piston plane shook Tom Hagen's already nervous insides and he ordered a martini from the hostess to quiet them. Both the Don and Johnny had briefed him on the character of the movie producer, Jack Woltz. From everything that Johnny said, Hagen knew he would never be able to persuade Woltz. But he also had no doubt whatsoever that the Don would keep his promise to Johnny. His own role was that of negotiator and contact.

2 Lying back in his seat, Hagen went over all the information given to him that day. Jack Woltz was one of the three most important movie producers in Hollywood, owner of his own studio with dozens of stars under contract. He was on the President of the United States' Advisory Council for War Information, Cinematic Division, which meant simply that he helped make propaganda movies. He had had dinner at the White House. He had entertained J. Edgar Hoover in his Hollywood home. But none of this was as impressive as it sounded. They were all official relationships. Woltz didn't have any personal political power, mainly because he was an extreme reactionary, partly because he was a megalomaniac who loved to wield power wildly without regard to the fact that by so doing legions of enemies sprang up out of the ground.

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1 Tom Hagen was thirty-five years old, a tall crew-cut man (подстриженный ежиком), very slender (стройный, тонкий), very ordinary-looking (самой обыкновенной внешности). He was a lawyer (адвокатом) but did not do the actual detailed legal work for the Corleone family business (но не занимался собственно судебной практикой) though he had practiced law for three years after passing the bar exam (хотя и работал по профессии: «в юридической области» после сдачи экзамена на адвоката; bar – юридическая деятельность; адвокат).

2 At the age of eleven he had been a playmate of eleven-year-old Sonny Corleone (товарищ по играм). Hagen's mother had gone blind (ослепла) and then died during his eleventh year. Hagen's father, a heavy drinker, had become a hopeless drunkard (превратился в безнадежного пьяницу). A hard-working carpenter (трудяга-плотник), he had never done a dishonest thing in his life (ни разу не совершил ничего нечестного). But his drinking destroyed his family (но его пьянство разрушило его семью) and finally killed him. Tom Hagen was left an orphan (был оставлен сиротой) who wandered the streets and slept in hallways (в проходах, коридорах). His younger sister had been put in a foster home (была отдана в приют; to foster – воспитывать, растить), but in the 1920's the social agencies did not follow up cases of twelve-year-old boys (не занимались делами; to follow up – упорно, энергично преследовать; доводить до конца) who were so ungrateful as to run from their charity (которые были настолько неблагодарны, что сбежали от их милосердия, благотворительности [ˈtʃærɪtɪ]). Hagen, too, had an eye infection. Neighbors whispered that he had caught (заразился: «подхватил»; to catch) or inherited it from his mother (или унаследовал), and so therefore it could be caught from him (поэтому это может быть подхвачено от него = от него можно заразиться). He was shunned (его избегали, обходили стороной, остерегались: «он был избегаем»; to shun). Sonny Corleone, a warmhearted and imperious (властный [ɪmˈpɪəriəs]) eleven-year-old, had brought his friend home and demanded that he be taken in (потребовал, чтобы его приняли: «чтобы он был принят, впущен»; to demand [dɪˈmɑːnd]). Tom Hagen was given a hot

dish of spaghetti (ему дали порцию: «блюдо» горячих спагетти) with oily rich tomato sauce, the taste of which he had never forgotten, and then given a metal folding bed to sleep on (раскладушку; to fold – складывать).

3 In the most natural way, without a word being spoken or the matter discussed in any fashion (не обсуждая никак: «никаким манером» это дело), Don Corleone had permitted the boy to stay in his household (позволил остаться в своем семействе). Don Corleone himself took the boy to a special doctor and had his eye infection cured. He sent him to college and law school. In all this the Don acted not as a father but rather as a guardian (скорее как опекун [gɑ:dʒən]). There was no show of affection (не было выражения любви, привязанности) but oddly enough (как ни странно: «довольно странно») the Don treated Hagen more courteously than his own sons (обращался вежливее), did not impose a parental will upon him (не навязывал ему родительской воли: «не накладывал на него родительскую волю»; parental [pə'rentl]). It was the boy's decision (решение [di'siGən]) to go to law school after college. He had heard Don Corleone say once, "A lawyer with his briefcase can steal more (украсть) than a hundred men with guns (с пистолетами)." Meanwhile, much to the annoyance of their father (к вящей досаде их отца; annoyance [ə'noʊəns] – досада, раздражение; to annoy [ə'noʊ] – досаждать, докучать), Sonny and Freddie insisted on going into the family business (настаивали на том, чтобы войти в семейный бизнес) after graduation from high school (после окончания старших классов). Only Michael had gone on to college, and he had enlisted in the Marines (записался = завербовался в морскую пехоту) the day after Pearl Harbor.

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Hagen, too, had an eye infection. Neighbors whispered that he had caught or inherited it from his mother and so therefore it could be caught from him. He was shunned. Sonny Corleone, a warmhearted and imperious eleven-year-old, had brought his friend home and demanded that he be taken in. Tom Hagen was given a hot dish of spaghetti with oily rich tomato sauce, the taste of which he had never forgotten, and then given a metal folding bed to sleep on.

3 In the most natural way, without a word being spoken or the matter discussed in any fashion, Don Corleone had permitted the boy to stay in his household. Don Corleone himself took the boy to a special doctor and had his eye infection cured. He sent him to college and law school. In all this the Don acted not as a father but rather as a guardian. There was no show of affection but oddly enough the Don treated Hagen more courteously than his own sons, did not impose a parental will upon him. It was the boy's decision to go to law school after college. He had heard Don Corleone say once, "A lawyer with his briefcase can steal more than a hundred men with guns." Meanwhile, much to the annoyance of their father, Sonny and Freddie insisted on going into the family business after graduation from high school. Only Michael had gone on to college, and he had enlisted in the Marines the day after Pearl Harbor.

1 After he passed the bar exam, Hagen married to start his own family. The bride was a young Italian girl from New Jersey, rare at that time for being a college graduate (была редкостью в то время, будучи выпускницей колледжа). After the wedding, which was of course held in the home of Don Corleone (которая, конечно, состоялась: «была проведена» в доме Дона), the Don offered to support Hagen in any undertaking he desired (поддержать Хагена в любом предприятии, какое он пожелает; to support [sɹ'po:t]), to send him law clients, furnish his office (оборудовать, обставить мебелью его офис), start him in real estate (помочь ему с недвижимостью; real estate – недвижимость).

2 Tom Hagen had bowed his head and said to the Don, "I would like to work for you."

3 The Don was surprised, yet pleased. "You know who I am?" he asked.

4 Hagen nodded. He hadn't really known the extent of the Don's power (размер его власти, насколько далеко простиралась его власть; extent [iks'tent] – протяженность), not then (тогда еще нет). He did not really know in the ten years that followed until he was made the acting *Consigliori* after Genco Abbandando became ill. But he nodded and met the Don's eyes with his own. "I would work for you like your

sons," Hagen said, meaning with complete loyalty, with complete acceptance of the Don's parental divinity (с полным принятием «родительской божественности Дона» = относясь к нему с благоговением, как к Богу). The Don, with that understanding which was even then building the legend of his greatness (с тем пониманием /сути дела/, которое уже тогда создавало легенду его величия), showed the young man the first mark (знак) of fatherly affection since he had come into his household. He took Hagen into his arms for a quick embrace (для быстрого = недолгого объятия) and afterward treated him more like a true son, though he would sometimes say, "Tom, never forget your parents," as if he were reminding himself as well as Hagen (как будто напоминая самому себе, также как и Хагену = а не только Хагену).

5 There was no chance that Hagen would forget (да и как бы он смог забыть). His mother had been near moronic (почти идиотка = полусумасшедшая; moronic [mo:'rɒnɪk] – идиотский) and slovenly (и неряшливой; sloven [slʌvn] – неряха, неопрятный, грязнуля), so ridden by anemia (настолько измученная анемией; to ride – ехать верхом, скакать; подавлять, угнетать) she could not feel affection for her children or make a pretense of it (или даже притвориться /любящей матерью/). His father Hagen had hated. His mother's blindness before she died had terrified him (пугала его, приводила в ужас; terror – ужас, страх) and his own eye infection had been a stroke of doom («ударом проклятия»; to strike – бить). He had been sure he would go blind (был уверен, что ослепнет). When his father died, Tom Hagen's eleven-year-old mind had snapped in a curious way (его ум, разум странным образом защелкнулся, захлопнулся = в его уме что-то оборвалось, перевернулось). He had roamed the streets (бродил по улицам) like an animal waiting for death until the fateful day Sonny found him sleeping in the back of a hallway and brought him to his home. What had happened afterward was a miracle (то, что случилось потом, было чудом [ˈmɪrəkl]). But for years Hagen had had nightmares (много, несколько лет ему снились кошмары), dreaming he had grown to manhood blind (видя во сне, что он вырос и стал взрослым мужчиной – слепым; manhood – возмужалось, зрелый возраст), tapping a white cane (постукивающий белой тростью), his blind children behind him tap-tapping with their little white canes as they begged in the streets (просящие милостыню, побирающиеся; to beg). Some mornings when he woke (просыпался; to wake) the face of Don Corleone was imprinted on his brain (отпечатывался в его мозгу) in that first conscious moment (в этот первый сознательный момент; conscious ['kɒnʃəs]) and he would feel safe (и он чувствовал себя в безопасности).

6 But the Don had insisted that he put in three years of general law practice in addition to his duties for the family business (в добавок к своим обязанностям; to add – прибавлять). This experience had proved invaluable later on (этот опыт оказался в дальнейшем неоценимым = который трудно переоценить; valuable ['væljuəbl]), and also removed any doubts in Hagen's mind («убрал какие-либо сомнения» = заставил отбросить все сомнения; to remove – перемещать; убирать) about working for Don Corleone. He had then spent two years of training in the offices of a top firm of criminal lawyers in which the Don had some influence (в которой Дон имел некоторое влияние ['ɪnfluəns]). It was apparent to everyone (всем: «каждому» было очевидно) that he had a flair for this branch of the law (/хороший/ нюх, чутье для этой области: «ветки, ответвления» юриспруденции). He did well (преуспевал) and when he went into the full-time service of the family business, Don Corleone had not been able to reproach him once in the six years that followed (не мог: «не был способен» ни разу ни в чем упрекнуть).

7 When he had been made the acting *Consigliori*, the other powerful Sicilian families referred contemptuously (презрительно отзывались = стали называть; to refer [rɪfə:] – говорить, упоминать) to the Corleone family as the "Irish gang (ирландской бандой)." This had amused Hagen. It had also taught him (это заставило его понять) that he could never hope to succeed the Don as the head of the family business (что он не может надеяться стать когда-либо преемником Дона; to succeed [sək'si:d] – следовать за чем-либо, сменять; наследовать, быть преемником). But he was content. That had never been his goal (это никогда не было его целью, задачей), such an ambition would have been a "disrespect" to his benefactor (по отношению к его благодетелю ['bænɪfæktə]) and his benefactor's blood family.

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Consigliori after Genco Abbandando became ill. But he nodded and met the Don's eyes with his own. "I would work for you like your sons," Hagen said, meaning with complete loyalty, with complete acceptance of the Don's parental divinity. The Don, with that understanding which was even then building the legend of his greatness, showed the young man the first mark of fatherly affection since he had come into his household. He took Hagen into his arms for a quick embrace and afterward treated him more like a true son, though he would sometimes say, "Tom, never forget your parents," as if he were reminding himself as well as Hagen.

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been his goal, such an ambition would have been a "disrespect" to his benefactor and his benefactor's blood family.

1 It was still dark (было все еще темно) when the plane landed in Los Angeles (приземлился). Hagen checked into his hotel (оформился в гостинице), showered and shaved (принял душ и побрился), and watched dawn (рассвет) come over the city. He ordered breakfast and newspapers to be sent up to his room (чтобы были присланы в номер) and relaxed until it was time for his ten A.M. appointment (пока не было пора отправляться на назначенную на десять утра встречу; to appoint [ə'point] – назначать) with Jack Woltz. The appointment had been surprisingly easy to make (удивительно = неожиданно легко было получить эту аудиенцию).

2 The day before (накануне), Hagen had called the most powerful man in the movie labor unions (в профсоюзах работников кино), a man named Billy Goff. Acting on instructions from Don Corleone, Hagen had told Goff to arrange an appointment (договориться о встрече; to arrange [ə'reɪndʒ] – приводить в порядок; устраивать) on the next day for Hagen to call on Jack Woltz, that he should hint to Woltz (намекнуть) that if Hagen was not made happy (если не будет удовлетворен: «сделан счастливым, довольным») by the results of the interview, there could be a labor strike at the movie studio (может быть забастовка). An hour later Hagen received a call from Goff. The appointment would be at ten A.M. Woltz had gotten the message about the possible labor strike (получил извещение о возможной забастовке) but hadn't seemed too impressed (но казался не слишком впечатленным), Goff said. He added, "If it really comes down to that (дойдет до этого), I gotta talk to the Don myself (= I got to talk – мне нужно будет поговорить)."

3 "If it comes to that he'll talk to you," Hagen said. By saying this he avoided making any promises (избежал делания каких-либо обещаний; to avoid [ə'void] – избегать, уклоняться; promise ['promɪs] – обещание). He was not surprised that Goff was so agreeable to the Don's wishes (такой согласный, податливый желаниям Дона; agreeable [ə'grɪəbl̩]; to agree – соглашаться). The family empire, technically, did not extend beyond the New York area (не простиралась за пределы Нью-Йоркской области; area ['eɪrɪə]) but Don Corleone had first become strong by helping labor leaders ("впервые стал /по-настоящему/ сильным» = набрал истинную силу, /лишь/ помогая руководителям профсоюзов). Many of them still owed him debts of friendship (все еще были должны ему, обязаны ему долгом дружбы; debt [det] – долг).

4 But the ten A.M. appointment was a bad sign (плохой знак = дурная примета). It meant that he would be first on the appointment list, that he would not be invited to lunch (что он не будет приглашен на обед). It meant that Woltz held him in small worth (не придавал ему большого значения: «держал его в малой ценности»). Goff had not been threatening enough (не достаточно сильно угрожал: «был недостаточно угрожающ»; to threaten – [θreɪn]), probably (возможно) because Woltz had him on his graft payroll (в списке лиц, получающих взятки; graft [grɑ:ft] – взятка, подкуп, незаконные доходы; payroll – сумма, выплаченная служащим /за определенный период/). And sometimes the Don's success in keeping himself out of the limelight (то, что Дону так хорошо удавалось оставаться в тени; limelight – свет лампы) worked to the disadvantage of the family business (действовало во вред; advantage [æd'vɑ:ntɪdʒ] – преимущество), in that his name did not mean anything to outside circles (тем, что его имя ничего не значило для «внешних кругов» = для непосвященных).

5 His analysis proved correct (его анализ оказался верным; analysis [ə'nælɪsɪs]; to prove [pru:v] – доказывать, подтверждать). Woltz kept him waiting for a half hour past the appointed time (заставил его ждать более получаса /после назначенного времени/). Hagen didn't mind (не обиделся, ему было все равно). The reception room was very plush (роскошным, шикарным: «плюшевым»), very comfortable, and on a plum-colored couch (на темно-фиолетовой кушетке; plum – слива) opposite him (напротив него ['opəzɪt]) sat the most beautiful child Hagen had ever seen. She was no more than eleven or twelve, dressed in a very expensive but simple way as a grown woman. She had incredibly golden hair (невероятно золотистые волосы), huge deep sea-blue eyes and a fresh raspberry-red mouth (малинового цвета рот = губы; raspberry ['rɑ:zbɛrɪ] – малина). She was guarded by a woman (сопровождалась: «охранялась»; to guard [gɑ:d]) obviously her mother (очевидно, ее мать), who tried to stare Hagen down (которая старалась, пристально глядя на Хагена, заставить его потупиться; to stare down – смутить взглядом) with a cold arrogance (с холодным высокомерием ['ærgəʊns]; arrogant ['ærgəʊnt] – заносчивый, высокомерный) that made him want to punch her in the face (что вызывало у него желание двинуть ей кулаком в лицо; to punch – бить кулаком). The angel child and the dragon mother, Hagen thought, returning the mother's cold stare.

6 Finally an exquisitely dressed (изысканно одетая) but stout (полная) middle-aged woman came to lead him through a string of offices (через ряд офисов; string – веревка; последовательность) to the office-apartment of the movie producer. Hagen

was impressed by the beauty of the offices and the people working in them. He smiled. They were all shrewdies (ловкачи, проныры: shrewdie; shrewd [ˈru:d] – пронизывающий, сильный /напр. о ветре/; сообразительный, быстро схватывающий), trying to get their foot in the movie door by taking office jobs, and most of them would work in these offices for the rest of their lives (всю оставшуюся жизнь) or until they accepted defeat (пока не признают: «примут» поражение; defeat [diˈfi:t]) and returned to their home towns.

1 It was still dark when the plane landed in Los Angeles. Hagen checked into his hotel, showered and shaved, and watched dawn come over the city. He ordered breakfast and newspapers to be sent up to his room and relaxed until it was time for his ten A.M. appointment with Jack Woltz. The appointment had been surprisingly easy to make.

2 The day before, Hagen had called the most powerful man in the movie labor unions, a man named Billy Goff. Acting on instructions from Don Corleone, Hagen had told Goff to arrange an appointment on the next day for Hagen to call on Jack Woltz, that he should hint to Woltz that if Hagen was not made happy by the results of the interview, there could be a labor strike at the movie studio. An hour later Hagen received a call from Goff. The appointment would be at ten A.M. Woltz had gotten the message about the possible labor strike but hadn't seemed too impressed, Goff said. He added, "If it really comes down to that, I gotta talk to the Don myself."

3 "If it comes to that he'll talk to you," Hagen said. By saying this he avoided making any promises. He was not surprised that Goff was so agreeable to the Don's wishes. The family empire, technically, did not extend beyond the New York area but Don Corleone had first become strong by helping labor leaders. Many of them still owed him debts of friendship.

4 But the ten A.M. appointment was a bad sign. It meant that he would be first on the appointment list, that he would not be invited to lunch. It meant that Woltz held him in small worth. Goff had not been threatening enough, probably because Woltz had him on his graft payroll. And sometimes the Don's success in keeping himself out of the limelight worked to the disadvantage of the family business, in that his name did not mean anything to outside circles.

5 His analysis proved correct. Woltz kept him waiting for a half hour past the appointed time. Hagen didn't mind. The reception room was very plush, very

comfortable, and on a plum-colored couch opposite him sat the most beautiful child Hagen had ever seen. She was no more than eleven or twelve, dressed in a very expensive but simple way as a grown woman. She had incredibly golden hair, huge deep sea-blue eyes and a fresh raspberry-red mouth. She was guarded by a woman obviously her mother, who tried to stare Hagen down with a cold arrogance that made him want to punch her in the face. The angel child and the dragon mother, Hagen thought, returning the mother's cold stare.

6 Finally an exquisitely dressed but stout middle-aged woman came to lead him through a string of offices to the office-apartment of the movie producer. Hagen was impressed by the beauty of the offices and the people working in them. He smiled. They were all shrewdies, trying to get their foot in the movie door by taking office jobs, and most of them would work in these offices for the rest of their lives or until they accepted defeat and returned to their home towns.

1 Jack Woltz was a tall, powerfully built man (крепко: «мощно» скроенный, сложенный) with a heavy paunch (с «тяжелым» брюхом [pɔ:ntʃ]) almost concealed (почти скрытым) by his perfectly tailored suit (его превосходно сшитым костюмом [sju:t]). Hagen knew his history. At ten years of age Woltz had hustled empty beer kegs (катал бочки из-под пива; keg – бочонок /до 10 галлонов/; hustle [hʌsl] – толкать, пихать, гнать вперед) and pushcarts (тележки: to push – толкать + cart – телега, повозка) on the East Side. At twenty he helped his father sweat garment workers (выжимать соки: «пот» из рабочих швейной промышленности; garment – одежда, предмет одежды). At thirty he had left New York and moved West, invested in the nickelodeon (вложил деньги в один из первых кинотеатров; nickelodeon – так назывались первые кинотеатры, в которых фильмы были лишь частью общего шоу и входная цена была 1 nickel = 5 cents) and pioneered motion pictures (и запустил кинопромышленность, стал одним из ее основателей). At forty-eight he had been the most powerful movie magnate in Hollywood, still rough-spoken (грубый в обращении), rapaciously amorous (алчный в любви; rapacious [rə'peɪʃəs] – жадный, алчный; amorous ['æməɾəs] – влюбчивый), a raging wolf (свирепствующий волк) ravaging helpless flocks of young starlets (пожирающий беззащитные стада молоденьких звездочек; to ravage ['rævɪdʒ] – разорять, опустошать; грабить). At fifty he transformed himself (переменился). He took speech lessons (брал уроки дикции), learned how to dress from an English valet (у лакея, камердинера ['væli:t]) and how to behave socially (как вести себя в обществе: «общественно») from an

English butler (у дворецкого, старшего лакея). When his first wife died he married a world-famous (на всемирно знаменитой) and beautiful actress who didn't like acting (которой не нравилось играть, сниматься). Now at the age of sixty he collected old master paintings (шедевры живописи), was a member of the President's Advisory Committee, and had set up a multimillion-dollar foundation (фонд) in his name to promote art in motion pictures (чтобы содействовать искусству в кино; to promote – выдвигать, продвигать; способствовать). His daughter had married an English lord, his son an Italian princess.

2 His latest passion (его последнее увлечение: «страсть»), as reported dutifully by every movie columnist in America (как старательно было сообщено каждым кинообозревателем; column ['kɒləm] – колонна; колонка /обзор постоянного корреспондента/), was his own racing stables (собственные конюшни для беговых лошадей) on which he had spent ten million dollars in the past year. He had made headlines («сделал заголовки» = это было во всех газетных заголовках) by purchasing (тем, что приобрел, приобретает; to purchase ['pʌ:tʃəz]) the famed English racing horse Khartoum for the incredible price of six hundred thousand dollars and then announcing (а затем заявил, заявив) that the undefeated racer (не знающий поражения скакун; defeat – поражение) would be retired (больше не будет принимать участия в скачках; to retire – уходить, удаляться; уйти на покой, на пенсию) and put to stud (и станет использоваться в качестве жеребца) exclusively for the Woltz stables.

3 He received Hagen courteously, his beautifully, evenly tanned (ровно загорелое), meticulously barbered face (тщательно выбритое лицо; meticulous [mi'tikjuləz] – мелочный, дотошный, тщательный) contorted with a grimace (исказилось гримасой) meant to be a smile (которая должна была означать улыбку). Despite all the money spent, despite the ministrations (несмотря на «оказания» помощи, услуг = несмотря на все старания) of the most knowledgeable technicians (наиболее опытных специалистов), his age showed (его возраст был виден, обнаруживал себя); the flesh of his face looked as if it had been seamed together (словно было сшито; seam – шов; to seam – соединять швом, сшивать). But there was an enormous vitality in his movements (огромная жизненная сила, энергия в его движениях) and he had what Don Corleone had, the air of a man who commanded absolutely the world in which he lived.

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1 Hagen came directly to the point (прямо перешел к сути дела, начал с самой сути). That he was an emissary (эмиссар, посланец ['emisɔrɪ]) from a friend of Johnny Fontane. That this friend was a very powerful man who would pledge his gratitude (готов поклясться, заверить в своей благодарности = гарантирует свою благодарность; to pledge – отдавать в залог; давать обет; связывать обещанием, клятвой) and undying friendship (и вечную: «неумирающую» дружбу) to Mr. Woltz if Mr. Woltz would grant a small favor (сделает небольшую любезность, удовлетворит

просьбу; to grant – дарить, жаловать; предоставлять, удовлетворять). The small favor would be the casting of Johnny Fontane (предоставление роли; to cast – распределять роли) in the new war movie the studio planned to start next week.

2 The seamed face was impassive (бесстрастное), polite (вежливое). "What favors can your friend do me?" Woltz asked. There was just a trace of condescension in his voice (легкий след = оттенок снисходительности).

3 Hagen ignored the condescension. He explained. "You've got some labor trouble coming up (у вас назревает неприятность с профсоюзами). My friend can absolutely guarantee to make that trouble disappear. You have a top male star (у вас есть «главная мужская звезда») who makes a lot of money for your studio but he just graduated from marijuana to heroin (перешел; to graduate ['grædjuə] – прогрессировать, продвигаться вперед; переходить в другое состояние). My friend will guarantee that your male star won't be able to get any more heroin (не сможет больше достать). And if some other little things come up over the years (и если какие-либо другие мелочи возникнут с течением времени) a phone call to me can solve your problems (разрешить)."

4 Jack Woltz listened to this as if he were hearing the boasting of a child (словно он слушал похвалу ребенка). Then he said harshly (резко, грубо), his voice deliberately all East Side (специально, нарочно с /крутым/ истсайдским акцентом /East Side – the eastern section of Manhattan, in New York City, lying to the east of Fifth Avenue/), "You trying to put muscle on me (пытаетесь = вздумали надавить на меня)?"

5 Hagen said coolly, "Absolutely not. I've come to ask a service for a friend. I've tried to explain that you won't lose anything by it (попытался объяснить, что вы ничего не потеряете на этом)."

6 Almost as if he willed it («почти как если бы он хотел этого» = с едва ли не напускным /гневом/), Woltz made his face a mask of anger. The mouth curled (губы скривились), his heavy brows (брови), dyed black (подкрашенные в черный цвет; to dye – красить, окрашивать), contracted (сдвинулись: «сократились») to form a thick line over his glinting eyes (чтобы образовать, образовав толстую /непрерывную/ линию над его засверкавшими глазами). He leaned over the desk toward Hagen. "All right, you smooth son of a bitch (гладенький, скользкий сукин сын; smooth [smu:ð] – гладкий, ровный; скользкий; вежливый, приятный), let me lay it on the line for you and your boss (позволь мне кое-что четко объяснить: «выложить на линию»), whoever he is. Johnny Fontane never gets that movie. I don't care how many guinea

Mafia goombahs come out of the woodwork (сколько итальянских дружков появляются, возникают; woodwork – деревянные изделия; to come out of the woodwork – появляться, возникать; guinea – /сленг, презрит./ итальяшка; goombah – дружок, приятель /сленг, из итальянского/)." He leaned back. "A word of advice to you, my friend. J. Edgar Hoover, I assume (полагаю) you've heard of him" – Woltz smiled sardonically – "is a personal friend of mine. If I let him know I'm being pressured (что на меня оказывают давление, что меня шантажируют), you guys will never know what hit you (вам парням крышка: «никогда так и не узнаете, даже и не узнаете, что вас стукнуло»)."

- 1** Hagen came directly to the point. That he was an emissary from a friend of Johnny Fontane. That this friend was a very powerful man who would pledge his gratitude and undying friendship to Mr. Woltz if Mr. Woltz would grant a small favor. The small favor would be the casting of Johnny Fontane in the new war movie the studio planned to start next week.
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- 4** Jack Woltz listened to this as if he were hearing the boasting of a child. Then he said harshly, his voice deliberately all East Side, "You trying to put muscle on me?"
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a personal friend of mine. If I let him know I'm being pressured, you guys will never know what hit you."

1 Hagen listened patiently (терпеливо). He had expected better from a man of Woltz's stature (он ожидал большего: «лучшего» от человека такого формата, занимающего столь высокое положение; stature ['stætʃ] – рост; высота). Was it possible that a man who acted this stupidly (настолько глупо) could rise to the head of a company worth hundreds of millions? That was something to think about (здесь было о чем подумать) since the Don was looking for new things to put money into (так как Дон искал новые возможности вложения денег), and if the top brains of this industry were so dumb (и если главные мозги в этой индустрии настолько тупы [dʌm]), movies might be the thing (кино может оказаться подходящим делом). The abuse itself bothered him not at all (оскорбление само по себе его вовсе не беспокоило, не раздражало; abuse [ə'bjʊ:s] – оскорбление, брань; to bother ['bɒð] – беспокоить, докучать). Hagen had learned the art of negotiation from the Don himself (выучился искусству вести переговоры у самого Дона). "Never get angry (никогда не сердись: «не становись сердитым»)," the Don had instructed. "Never make a threat (не угрожай). Reason with people (рассуждай с людьми, приводи доводы)." The word "reason" sounded so much better in Italian, *rajunah*, to rejoin (отвечать на обвинение истца, возражать; соединять). The art of this was to ignore all insults, all threats; to turn the other cheek (подставлять: «поворачивать» другую щеку). Hagen had seen the Don sit at a negotiating table for eight hours, swallowing insults (проглатывая, проглатывающим оскорбления), trying to persuade (старающимся убедить [pɹɔs'weɪd]) a notorious (известного) and megalomaniac (и крайне заносчивого: «страдающего манией величия») strong-arm man (крутого парня; strong-arm – применяющий силу /напр. о преступнике/) to mend his ways (исправиться; to mend – чинить, ремонтировать, штопать). At the end of the eight hours Don Corleone had thrown up his hands (всплеснул руками) in a helpless gesture and said to the other men at the table, "But no one can reason with this fellow," and had stalked out (и величаво, гордо вышел; to stalk – шествовать) of the meeting room. The strong-arm man had turned white with fear (побелел, побледнел от страха). Emissaries were sent to bring the Don back into the room. An agreement was reached (соглашение было достигнуто) but two months later the strong-arm was shot to death in his favorite barbershop (был застрелен в своей излюбленной парикмахерской).

2 So Hagen started again, speaking in the most ordinary voice (самым обычным = спокойным голосом). "Look at my card," he said. "I'm a lawyer. Would I stick my neck out (разве я стал бы высовывать шею = напрашиваться на неприятности)? Have I uttered one threatening word (разве я произнес хоть одно угрожающее слово)? Let me just say (позвольте мне только сказать) that I am prepared to meet any condition you name (что я готов на любое условие, которое вы назовете) to get Johnny Fontane that movie (чтобы доставить). I think I've already offered a great deal (уже предложил довольно много) for such a small favor. A favor that I understand it would be in your interest to grant. Johnny tells me that you admit (признаете) he would be perfect for that part (что он в совершенстве подходит для этой роли). And let me say that this favor would never be asked if that were not so. In fact, if you're worried about your investment (если вы волнуетесь по поводу ваших вложений), my client would finance the picture. But please let me make myself absolutely clear (позвольте мне высказаться со всей ясностью). We understand your no is no. Nobody can force you or is trying to (никто не может вынудить вас и никто не пытается сделать это). We know about your friendship with Mr. Hoover, I may add (я хотел бы добавить, заметить), and my boss respects you for it. He respects that relationship very much."

3 Woltz had been doodling (машинально чертил, рисовал: to doodle [du:dl]) with a huge, red-feathered pen (ручкой с красным пером). At the mention of money (при упоминании денег) his interest was aroused (был разбужен, пробудился; to arouse – будить, пробуждать) and he stopped doodling. He said patronizingly (покровительственно = высокомерно, свысока), "This picture is budgeted at five million."

4 Hagen whistled softly (тихо свистнул) to show that he was impressed. Then he said very casually (очень вскользь, ненавязчиво), "My boss has a lot of friends who back his judgment (которые поддержат его суждение = решение)."

5 For the first time Woltz seemed to take the whole thing seriously. He studied Hagen's card. "I never heard of you," he said. "I know most of the big lawyers in New York, but just who the hell are you (но вы-то кто, черт возьми)?"

6 "I have one of those dignified corporate practices (я работаю на одну солидную корпорацию; dignified ['dignifaɪd] – обладающий чувством собственного достоинства /dignity/, достойный, солидный)," Hagen said dryly (сухо). "I just handle this one account (мне просто поручили заняться этим делом /в виде исключения/)." He rose. "I won't take up any more of your time." He held out his hand, Woltz shook it. Hagen took a few steps toward the door and turned to face Woltz again. "I understand

you have to deal with a lot of people who try to seem more important than they are. In my case the reverse is true (в этом случае верно обратное). Why don't you check me out with our mutual friend (почему бы вам не навести обо мне справки через нашего общего друга; mutual ['mju:tjuəl] – взаимный, обоюдный)? If you reconsider (передумаете), call me at my hotel." He paused. "This may be sacrilege to you (это может показаться вам кощунством ['sækriɪdʒ]), but my client can do things for you that even Mr. Hoover might find out of his range (может найти выше своих сил: «вне своей досягаемости»)." He saw the movie producer's eyes narrowing. Woltz was finally getting the message (наконец начал понимать, о чем речь: «получать весть»). "By the way (кстати), I admire your pictures very much (весьма восхищаюсь)," Hagen said in the most fawning voice he could manage (самым вкрадчивым голосом, на какой был способен; to fawn [fo:n] – вилять хвостом, ласкаться /о собаке/; подлизываться). "I hope you can keep up the good work. Our country needs it."

7 Late that afternoon Hagen received a call from the producer's secretary that a car would pick him up within the hour (заедет за ним: «подберет его» примерно через час, в течение часа) to take him out to Mr. Woltz's country home for dinner. She told him it would be about a three-hour drive but that the car was equipped with a bar and some hors d'oeuvres (закусками; hors d'oeuvre [o:'dɔ:vɜ] – закуска /франц./). Hagen knew that Woltz made the trip in his private plane and wondered why he hadn't been invited to make the trip by air. The secretary's voice was adding politely, "Mr. Woltz suggested you bring an overnight bag (сумку с ночными принадлежностями; overnight – предназначенный для использования ночью) and he'll get you to the airport in the morning."

8 "I'll do that," Hagen said. That was another thing to wonder about (над чем стоило задуматься). How did Woltz know he was taking the morning plane back to New York? He thought about it for a moment. The most likely explanation was (наиболее вероятным объяснением было) that Woltz had set private detectives on his trail (по его следу) to get all possible information. Then Woltz certainly knew he represented the Don, which meant that he knew something about the Don, which in turn meant that he was now ready to take the whole matter seriously. Something might be done after all, Hagen thought. And maybe Woltz was smarter than he had appeared this morning (был умнее, чем казался).

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company worth hundreds of millions? That was something to think about since the Don was looking for new things to put money into, and if the top brains of this industry were so dumb, movies might be the thing. The abuse itself bothered him not at all. Hagen had learned the art of negotiation from the Don himself. "Never get angry," the Don had instructed. "Never make a threat. Reason with people." The word "reason" sounded so much better in Italian, *rajunah*, to rejoin. The art of this was to ignore all insults, all threats; to turn the other cheek. Hagen had seen the Don sit at a negotiating table for eight hours, swallowing insults, trying to persuade a notorious and megalomaniac strong-arm man to mend his ways. At the end of the eight hours Don Corleone had thrown up his hands in a helpless gesture and said to the other men at the table, "But no one can reason with this fellow," and had stalked out of the meeting room. The strong-arm man had turned white with fear. Emissaries were sent to bring the Don back into the room. An agreement was reached but two months later the strong-arm was shot to death in his favorite barbershop.

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4 Hagen whistled softly to show that he was impressed. Then he said very casually, "My boss has a lot of friends who back his judgment."

5 For the first time Woltz seemed to take the whole thing seriously. He studied Hagen's card. "I never heard of you," he said. "I know most of the big lawyers in New York, but just who the hell are you?"

6 "I have one of those dignified corporate practices," Hagen said dryly. "I just handle this one account." He rose. "I won't take up any more of your time." He held out his hand, Woltz shook it. Hagen took a few steps toward the door and turned to face Woltz again. "I understand you have to deal with a lot of people who try to seem more important than they are. In my case the reverse is true. Why don't you check me out with our mutual friend? If you reconsider, call me at my hotel." He paused. "This may be sacrilege to you, but my client can do things for you that even Mr. Hoover might find out of his range." He saw the movie producer's eyes narrowing. Woltz was finally getting the message. "By the way, I admire your pictures very much," Hagen said in the most fawning voice he could manage. "I hope you can keep up the good work. Our country needs it."

7 Late that afternoon Hagen received a call from the producer's secretary that a car would pick him up within the hour to take him out to Mr. Woltz's country home for dinner. She told him it would be about a three-hour drive but that the car was equipped with a bar and some hors d'oeuvres. Hagen knew that Woltz made the trip in his private plane and wondered why he hadn't been invited to make the trip by air. The secretary's voice was adding politely, "Mr. Woltz suggested you bring an overnight bag and he'll get you to the airport in the morning."

8 "I'll do that," Hagen said. That was another thing to wonder about. How did Woltz know he was taking the morning plane back to New York? He thought about it for a moment. The most likely explanation was that Woltz had set private detectives on his trail to get all possible information. Then Woltz certainly knew he represented the Don, which meant that he knew something about the Don, which in turn meant that he was now ready to take the whole matter seriously. Something might be done after all, Hagen thought. And maybe Woltz was smarter than he had appeared this morning.

1 The home of Jack Woltz looked like an implausible movie set (выглядел подобно невероятной, фантастической съемочной площадке, подобно каким-то невероятным декорациям; implausible [im'plo:zɪbl] – невероятный, невозможный; plausible ['plo:zɪbəl] – благовидный; правдоподобный). There was a plantation-type mansion (особняк), huge grounds girdled (огромные участки, опоясанные) by a rich black-dirt (с посыпанной черной землей; dirt – грязь; рыхлая земля) bridle path (конной дорожкой; bridle [braɪdl] – уздечка), stables and pasture for a herd of horses (и пастбище для табуна коней; pasture ['pɑ:stʃə]). The hedges (живые изгороди),

flower beds (клумбы) and grasses were as carefully (столь же тщательно) manicured as a movie star's nails (ногти).

2 Woltz greeted Hagen on a glass-panel air-conditioned porch (на застекленном крыльце с кондиционером). The producer was informally dressed (по-домашнему) in blue silk shirt open at the neck, mustard-colored slacks (в широких брюках горчичного цвета; mustard ['mʌstəd] – горчица), soft leather sandals (из мягкой кожи). Framed in all this color and rich fabric (в обрамлении всех этих красок и яркой, насыщенной цветом ткани; fabric ['fæbrɪk] – ткань, материал) his seamed, tough face (жесткое, грубое [tʌf]) was startling (смотрелось странно, поражало; to startle – испугать, поразить, заставить вздрогнуть). He handed Hagen an oversized martini glass (огромный стакан) and took one for himself from the prepared tray (с подготовленного подноса). He seemed more friendly than he had been earlier in the day. He put his arm over Hagen's shoulder and said, "We have a little time before dinner, let's go look at my horses." As they walked toward the stables he said, "I checked you out, Tom; you should have told me your boss is Corleone (должны бы были /сразу/ сказать мне). I thought you were just some third-rate hustler (третьеразрядный мошенник; hustler – предприимчивый человек; мошенник) Johnny was running in to bluff me (прислал запугать меня, взять меня на пушку, блефовать со мной). And I don't bluff. Not that I want to make enemies (не то чтобы я хотел делать врагов), I never believed in that (мне это никогда не нравилось: «я никогда в это не верил»). But let's just enjoy ourselves now (давайте сейчас просто развлечемся, приятно проведем время). We can talk business after dinner."

3 Surprisingly Woltz proved to be a truly considerate host (оказался поистине радушным хозяином; considerate [kən'sɪdərɪt] – внимательный к другим, деликатный, тактичный). He explained his new methods, innovations (нововведения) that he hoped would make his stable the most successful in America (самыми преуспевающими /конюшнями/). The stables were all fire-proofed (огнеупорные; proof – подтверждение, доказательство; непроницаемость), sanitized to the highest degree (оборудованные согласно санитарным требованиям в высочайшей степени), and guarded by a special security detail of private detectives (специальной группой, специальным расчетом ['di:teɪl]). Finally Woltz led him to a stall which had a huge bronze plaque (дощечку, пластинку, знак [plɑ:k]) attached to its outside wall (приделанной к его внешней стене; to attach [ə'tætʃ] – прикреплять). On the plaque was the name "Khartoum."

4 The horse inside the stall was, even to Hagen's inexperienced eyes (даже для его неопытных глаз), a beautiful animal. Khartoum's skin was jet black (черная, как смоль; jet – гагат, черный янтарь) except for a diamond-shaped white patch on his huge forehead. The great brown eyes glinted like golden apples, the black skin over the taut body (на туго натянутом, упругом теле) was silk. Woltz said with childish pride (с ребяческой гордостью), "The greatest racehorse in the world (величайшая беговая лошадь в мире). I bought him in England last year for six hundred grand (за шестьсот тысяч; grand – штука /баксов/ – сленг). I bet (готов поспорить, бьюсь об заклад) even the Russian Czars never paid that much for a single horse (такую сумму за одного-единственного коня). But I'm not going to race him, I'm going to put him to stud. I'm going to build the greatest racing stable this country has ever known (когда-либо знала)." He stroked the horse's mane (погладил гриву) and called out softly, "Khartoum, Khartoum." There was real love in his voice and the animal responded. Woltz said to Hagen, "I'm a good horseman (наездник), you know, and the first time I ever rode (когда я сел на лошадь; to ride – ездить верхом) I was fifty years old." He laughed. "Maybe one of my grandmothers in Russia got raped by a Cossack (была изнасилована казаком) and I got his blood." He tickled Khartoum's belly (пощекотал живот, брюхо) and said with sincere admiration (с искренним восхищением; sincere [sin'siə]), "Look at that cock on him (какой у него член). I should have such a cock (мне бы такой)."

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1 They went back to the mansion to have dinner. It was served by three waiters (официантами) under the command of a butler («под командованием» дворецкого), the table linen (салфетки и скатерти; linen ['lɪnɪn] – полотно, холст) and ware (приборы; ware [wɛə] – изделия) were all gold thread (золотая нить [θred]) and silver, but Hagen found the food mediocre (нашел посредственной ['mi:diəʊkə]). Woltz obviously lived alone, and just as obviously (и точно также очевидно) was not a man who cared about food. Hagen waited until they had both lit up (зажгли; to light up) huge Havana cigars before he asked Woltz, "Does Johnny get it or not?"

2 "I can't," Woltz said. "I can't put Johnny into that picture even if I wanted to. The contracts are all signed for all the performers (подписаны для всех исполнителей) and the cameras roll (завертятся) next week. There's no way I can swing it («качнуть это» = что-либо в этом изменить)."

3 Hagen said impatiently, "Mr. Woltz, the big advantage of dealing with a man at the top (большое преимущество того, что имеешь дело с руководителем; advantage [əd'vɑ:ntɪdʒ]) is that such an excuse is not valid (как раз то, что такая отговорка недействительна = невозможна; valid ['vælɪd] – имеющий силу, правомерный). You can do anything you want to do." He puffed on his cigar (подымил, пустил дым; to puff – дуть порывами /о ветре/; резко выдыхать). "Don't you believe my client can keep his promises?"

4 Woltz said dryly, "I believe that I'm going to have labor trouble. Goff called me up on that, the son of a bitch, and the way he talked to me you'd never guess (никогда не догадаешься = как будто бы я ему не ...) I pay him a hundred grand a year under the table. And I believe you can get that fag he-man star of mine off heroin (что сможете заставить отказаться от героина эту мою звезду-шестерку, щенка, играющую настоящего мужчину; he-man – настоящий мужчина; fag – младший ученик, оказывающий услуги старшему /в английских школах/; человек, выполняющий тяжелую, нудную работу). But I don't care about that and I can finance my own pictures. Because I hate that bastard Fontane. Tell your boss this is one favor I can't give but that he should try me again on anything else (пусть попробует что-нибудь другое). Anything at all (все что угодно)."

5 Hagen thought, you sneaky bastard (подлый, хитрый ублюдок; to sneak – подкрадываться; делать что-либо украдкой), then why the hell did you bring me all the way out here (заставил меня тащиться в такую даль)? The producer had something on his mind (что-то на уме). Hagen said coldly, "I don't think you understand the situation. Mr. Corleone is Johnny Fontane's godfather. That is a very close, a very sacred religious relationship (очень тесная = близкая, очень святая связь; sacred ['seɪkrɪd] – священный)." Woltz bowed his head in respect at this reference to religion (склонил голову в знак уважения при этом упоминании религии). Hagen went on. "Italians have a little joke, that the world is so hard a man must have two fathers to look after him (чтобы следить, заботиться о нем), and that's why they have godfathers. Since Johnny's father died, Mr. Corleone feels his responsibility even more deeply (чувствует свою ответственность еще более глубоко [rɪsponsə'bɪlɪti]; responsible [rɪs'ponsəbl] – ответственный). As for trying you again, Mr. Corleone is much too sensitive (слишком чувствителен = обидчив). He never asks a second favor where he has been refused the first."

6 Woltz shrugged. "I'm sorry. The answer is still no (все же: «все еще» нет). But since you're here, what will it cost me to have that labor trouble cleared up (сколько мне

будет стоить, чтобы уладить: «прояснить» эту профсоюзную проблему; to clear up – прибраться/ся; прояснить)? In cash (наличными). Right now (прямо сейчас)."

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1 That solved one puzzle for Hagen (это разрешило загадку). Why Woltz was putting in so much time on him when he had already decided (если он уже решил) not to give Johnny the part. And that could not be changed at this meeting. Woltz felt secure (чувствовал себя в безопасности: «уверенно» [si:'kjuð]); he was not afraid of the power of Don Corleone. And certainly Woltz with his national political connections, his acquaintanceship with the FBI chief (знакомство, связи с шефом ФБР; acquaintance [ə'kweɪntəns] – знакомство), his huge personal fortune and his absolute power in the film industry, could not feel threatened by Don Corleone. To any intelligent man, even to Hagen, it seemed that Woltz had correctly assessed his position (правильно оценил свое положение; to assess [ə'ses] – определять /сумму налога/; оценивать имущество для обложения налогом). He was impregnable to the Don (неприступен, неуязвим [ɪm'pregnəbl]) if he was willing to take the losses (если он был согласен понести убытки) the labor struggle would cost (которые будет стоить профсоюзная борьба). There was only one thing wrong with the whole equation (во всем этом уравнении [ɪ'kweɪʃən]). Don Corleone had promised his godson he would get the part and Don Corleone had never, to Hagen's knowledge, broken his word in such matters.

2 Hagen said quietly, "You are deliberately misunderstanding me (вы нарочно, специально не понимаете, превратно понимаете меня). You are trying to make me an accomplice to extortion (сообщником в вымогательстве; accomplice [ə'kɒmplɪs]; to extort [ɪks'to:rt] – вымогать /деньги/). Mr. Corleone promises only to speak in your favor (в вашу пользу) on this labor trouble as a matter of friendship (в знак дружбы) in return (взамен) for your speaking in behalf of his client (в пользу, ради его клиента). A friendly exchange of influence (дружеский обмен влиянием), nothing more. But I can see you don't take me seriously. Personally, I think that is a mistake (ошибка)."

3 Woltz, as if he had been waiting for such a moment, let himself get angry («позволил, дал себе рассердиться»). "I understood perfectly," he said. "That's the Mafia style, isn't it? All olive oil and sweet talk when what you're really doing is making threats. So let me lay it on the line. Johnny Fontane will never get that part and he's perfect for it. It would make him a great star. But he never will be because I hate that pinko punk (ненавижу этого жалкого франта, фраера; pinko – розовый /сленг/; punk – /устар./ проститутка; пассивный гомосексуалист; бродяга, побирающийся с другим, более опытным; никчемный человек) and I'm going to run him out of the movies (собираюсь выдворить его из кино вообще). And I'll tell you why. He ruined one of my most valuable protégés (испортил, загубил одну из самых ценных моих протеже). For five years I had this girl under training, singing, dancing, acting lessons, I

spent hundreds of thousands of dollars. I was going to make her a star. I'll be even more frank (откровенен), just to show you that I'm not a hard-hearted man, that it wasn't all dollars and cents. That girl was beautiful and she was the greatest piece of ass («самый великолепный кусок задницы») I've ever had (который у меня когда-либо был) and I've had them all over the world (а они были у меня повсюду, по всему миру). She could suck you out like a water pump (могла высосать тебя не хуже водяного насоса). Then Johnny comes along with that olive-oil voice (заявляется со своим оливковым, масляным голосом) and guinea charm and she runs off (сбегает). She threw it all away just to make me ridiculous (сделать меня смешным, осрамить ; ridiculous [ri'dikjulʌs] – нелепый, смехотворный, смешной). A man in my position, Mr. Hagen, can't afford to look ridiculous (не может позволить себе [ə'fo:d]). I have to pay Johnny off (пришлось отплатить; рассчитать)."

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1 For the first time, Woltz succeeded in astounding Hagen (удалось удивить; to succeed [sʌk'si:d] – следовать за чем-либо; достигать цели; to astound [ə'staʊnd] – удивлять, поражать). He found it inconceivable (немыслимым, непостижимым [ɪnkə'n'si:vəbl̩]; to conceive [kə'n'si:v] – постигать) that a grown man of substance (солидный; substance ['sʌbstəns] – материя; содержание; имущество) would let such trivialities (может позволить таким пустякам, столь тривиальным вещам) affect his judgment (повлиять на свое суждение, решение) in an affair of business, and one of such importance (да еще /в деле/ такой важности). In Hagen's world, the Corleones' world, the physical beauty, the sexual power of women, carried not the slightest weight in worldly matters (не имело: «не несло» ни малейшего веса в мирских делах). It was a private affair, except, of course, in matters of marriage and family disgrace (бесчестья; позора). Hagen decided to make one last try (последнюю попытку).

2 "You are absolutely right, Mr. Woltz," Hagen said. "But are your grievances that major (но настолько ли велика ваша обида, значительны ваши страдания; grievance [gri:vəns] – обида, недовольство /чтобы затмить все/; major ['meɪdʒə] – более важный)? I don't think you've understood how important this very small favor is to my client. Mr. Corleone held the infant Johnny in his arms when he was baptized (крещен; to baptize [bæp'taɪz]). When Johnny's father died, Mr. Corleone assumed the duties of parenthood (взял на себя, принял родительские обязанности: «обязанности родительства»), indeed he is called 'Godfather' by many, many people who wish to show their respect and gratitude for the help he has given them. Mr. Corleone never lets his friends down (никогда не оставляет в беде)."

3 Woltz stood up abruptly (резко). "I've listened to about enough. Thugs don't give me orders (головорезы не дают мне приказаний), I give them orders. If I pick I up this

phone (сниму трубку), you'll spend the night in jail (проведете ночь в тюрьме). And if that Mafia goombah tries any rough stuff (что-нибудь крутое: «грубые вещи»; rough [rʌf] – грубый), he'll find out (обнаружит, поймет) I'm not a band leader. Yeah, I heard that story too. Listen, your Mr. Corleone will never know what hit him. Even if I have to use my influence at the White House."

4 The stupid, stupid son of a bitch. How the hell did he get to be a *pezzonovante*, Hagen wondered. Advisor to the President, head of the biggest movie studio in the world. Definitely (решительно) the Don should get into the movie business. And the guy was taking his words at their sentimental face value (воспринимал слова на их поверхностном, сентиментальном уровне). He was not getting the message.

5 "Thank you for the dinner and a pleasant evening," Hagen said. "Could you give me transportation to the airport? I don't think I'll spend the night." He smiled coldly at Woltz. "Mr. Corleone is a man who insists on hearing bad news at once (настаивает на том, чтобы плохую новость услышать сразу, тут же)."

6 While waiting in the floodlit colonnade (в прожекторном освещении, в освещении заливающим светом; floodlight – прожектор; to floodlight – освещать прожектором; flood [flʌd] – наводнение, разлив) of the mansion for his car, Hagen saw two women about to enter a long limousine already parked in the driveway. They were the beautiful twelve-year-old blond girl and her mother he had seen in Woltz's office that morning. But now the girl's exquisitely cut mouth («изящно вырезанный рот») seemed to have smeared into a thick, pink mass (казался смазанным, размазанным в густую, розовую массу). Her sea-blue eyes were filmed over (покрыты пленкой) and when she walked down the steps toward the open car her long legs tottered like a crippled foal's (дрожали, шатались как у хромого жеребенка; cripple – калека, увечный). Her mother supported the child (поддерживала), helping her into the car, hissing (шипя; to hiss – шипеть, свистеть) commands into her ear. The mother's head turned for a quick furtive look (взгляд украдкой; furtive [ˈfɜːtɪv] – вороватый; затаенный) at Hagen and he saw in her eyes a burning, hawklike (ястребиный; hawk – ястреб) triumph. Then she too disappeared into the limousine.

7 So that was why he hadn't got the plane ride from Los Angeles, Hagen thought. The girl and her mother had made the trip with the movie producer. That had given Woltz enough time to relax before dinner and do the job on the little kid. And Johnny wanted to live in this world? Good luck to him, and good luck to Woltz.

1 For the first time, Woltz succeeded in astounding Hagen. He found it inconceivable that a grown man of substance would let such trivialities affect his judgment in an affair of business, and one of such importance. In Hagen's world, the Corleones' world, the physical beauty, the sexual power of women, carried not the slightest weight in worldly matters. It was a private affair, except, of course, in matters of marriage and family disgrace. Hagen decided to make one last try.

2 "You are absolutely right, Mr. Woltz," Hagen said. "But are your grievances that major? I don't think you've understood how important this very small favor is to my client. Mr. Corleone held the infant Johnny in his arms when he was baptized. When Johnny's father died, Mr. Corleone assumed the duties of parenthood, indeed he is called 'Godfather' by many, many people who wish to show their respect and gratitude for the help he has given them. Mr. Corleone never lets his friends down."

3 Woltz stood up abruptly. "I've listened to about enough. Thugs don't give me orders, I give them orders. If I pick I up this phone, you'll spend the night in jail. And if that Mafia goombah tries any rough stuff, he'll find out I'm not a band leader. Yeah, I heard that story too. Listen, your Mr. Corleone will never know what hit him. Even if I have to use my influence at the White House."

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1 Paulie Gatto hated quickie jobs (на скорую руку), especially when they involved violence (особенно если они включали = предполагали насилие). He liked to plan things ahead (заранее планировать; ahead – предстоящий, впереди). And something like tonight, even though it was punk stuff, could turn into serious business if somebody made a mistake. Now, sipping his beer, he glanced around, checking how the two young punks were making out (справляются, как у них идут дела) with the two little tramps (шлюшками; tramp – бродяга; /сленг/ проститутка) at the bar.

2 Paulie Gatto knew everything there was to know about those two punks. Their names were Jerry Wagner and Kevin Moonan. They were both about twenty years old, good-looking, brown-haired, tall, well-built. Both were due to go back to college (должны были, ожидалось, что; due – должный, ожидаемый) out of town in two weeks, both had fathers with political influence and this, with their college student classification (наряду со студенческим статусом), had so far kept them out of the draft (пока давало им возможность избежать призыва /в армию/; to draw – тащить, волочить). They were both also under suspended sentences for assaulting the daughter of Amerigo Bonasera (за попытку изнасилования; to assault [ə'so:lt]– нападать, набрасываться). The lousy bastards (вшивые ублюдки), Paulie Gatto thought. Draft dodging (уклонение от призыва; to dodge – избегать, увертываться, уклоняться), violating their probation (нарушение своего условного срока, освобождения на поруки; to violate ['vaiəleɪt] – нарушать, попирать) by drinking in a bar after midnight, chasing floozies (охота на шлюх; to chase – гнаться, преследовать, охотиться; floozie – шлюха /сленг/). Young punks. Paulie Gatto had been deferred from the draft himself (ему самому была предоставлена отсрочка; to defer [di'fɜ:] – задерживать, отсрочивать) because his doctor had furnished the draft board (предоставил комиссии; to furnish – снабжать, предоставлять) with documents showing that this patient, male, white, aged twenty-six, unmarried, had received electrical shock treatments (лечение, процедуры; to treat – обращаться;

лечить) for a mental condition (состояние психики, психическое состояние; condition – условие; состояние, положение). All false of course, but Paulie Gatto felt that he had earned his draft exemption (что заработал свое освобождение /от армии/). It had been arranged by Clemenza after Gatto had "made his bones" («сделал свои кости» = прошел испытание, совершив преступление) in the family business.

3 It was Clemenza who had told him that this job must be rushed through (должно быть проделано очень быстро; to rush – делать бросок, нестись), before the boys went to college. Why the hell did it have to be done in New York (это должно быть сделано), Gatto wondered. Clemenza was always giving extra orders instead of just giving out the job. Now if those two little tramps walked out with the punks it would be another night wasted (потрачена зря; to waste – тратить /зря/).

4 He could hear one of the girls laughing and saying, "Are you crazy, Jerry? I'm not going in any car with you. I don't want to wind up in the hospital (кончить в госпитале; to wind up – сматывать, подтягивать, заканчивать; to wind – наматывать) like that other poor girl." Her voice was spitefully rich with satisfaction (был полон язвительного злорадства: «злорадно насыщен удовлетворением»; spiteful – злорадный, язвительный; spite – злоба, озлобленность). That was enough for Gatto. He finished up his beer and walked out into the dark street. Perfect. It was after midnight. There was only one other bar that showed light. The rest of the stores were closed (остальные магазины были закрыты; store – склад; магазин). The precinct patrol car (о /полицейской/ машине, патрулирующей участок; precinct ['pri:sɪŋkt]– административный округ, относящийся к определенному полицейскому участку) had been taken care of by Clemenza (позаботился). They wouldn't be around that way until they got a radio call (не заедут сюда, пока не получат вызова) and then they'd come slow (и даже тогда приедут медленно).

5 He leaned against the four-door Chevy sedan. In the back seat two men were sitting, almost invisible, although they were very big men. Paulie said, "Take them when they come out."

6 He still thought it had all been set up too fast (подготовлено, спланировано слишком быстро). Clemenza had given him copies of the police mug shots (полицейских фотографий; mug – /пивная/ кружка; /сленг/ лицо, рот; mug shot – фотография /сделанная в полиции/) of the two punks, the dope (подсказку; dope – густое смазывающее вещество, смазка; to dope up – /сленг/ выискивать, выяснять) on where the punks went drinking every night to pick up bar girls. Paulie had recruited two of the strong-arms (громил) in the family and fingered the punks for them (указал).

He had also given them their instructions. No blows on the top or the back of the head (никаких ударов по темени или затылку), there was to be no accidental fatality (не должно быть никаких случайных несчастных случаев; fatality [fə'tælɪti] – рок, обреченность, фатальность; смерть /от несчастного случая/). Other than that (в остальном же) they could go as far as they liked. He had given them only one warning: "If those punks get out of the hospital in less than a month, you guys go back to driving trucks."

7 The two big men were getting out of the car. They were both ex-boxers who had never made it past the small clubs (которым никогда не удалось выбраться за пределы маленьких клубов) and had been fixed up by Sonny Corleone (были обеспечены /долей/; to fixed up – организовать, уладить, договориться; дать приют) with a little loan-shark action (loan-shark – гангстер-ростовщик, человек, ссужающий деньги под грабительские проценты; to loan – одалживать, ссужать + shark – акула) so that they could make a decent living (достойное существование, достойный заработок). They were, naturally, anxious to show their gratitude (стремились показать свою благодарность; anxious ['æŋkɪʒs] – озабоченный, беспокоящийся; сильно желающий /чего-либо/).

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1 When Jerry Wagner and Kevin Moonan came out of the bar they were perfect setups (они были в отличной форме, отлично подготовлены /для предстоящего/; setup – установка, наладка). The bar girl's taunts (насмешки; taunt [to:nt] – язвительное замечание) had left their adolescent vanity prickly (оставили их подростковую

гордость в раздраженном состоянии; adolescent [ædðu'lesnt]; vanity ['vænitɪ] – тщеславие; prick – шип, колючка). Paulie Gatto, leaning against the fender of his car (прислонившись к крылу своего автомобиля), called out to them with a teasing laugh (с дразнящим смехом, смешком), "Hey, Casanova, those broads really brushed you off (здорово те девки дали тебе от ворот поворот; brush – щетка; to brush off – смахнуть; отмахнуться, «послать»)."

2 The two young men turned on him with delight (повернулись и направились к нему с восторгом). Paulie Gatto looked like a perfect outlet for their humiliation (как отличная отдушина для их унижения, униженности; to humiliate [hju'mili'eɪt] – унижать, оскорблять). Ferret-faced (с лицом, как у хорька), short, slightly built (тщедушно сложенный; slightly – слегка, незначительно) and a wise guy in the bargain (да еще и умник в придачу; bargain ['bɑ:ɡɪn] – сделка, соглашение). They pounced on him eagerly (они рьяно набросились на него; pounce – коготь /ястреба/; to pounce – хватать когтями; внезапно атаковать) and immediately found their arms pinned (захваченными, зажатými; pin – любой продолговатый предмет для соединения, сцепления чего-либо; to pin – сцеплять, прикалывать; прижать, придавить) by two men grabbing them from behind (схватившими их сзади). At the same moment Paulie Gatto had slipped onto his right hand (незаметно взял; to slip – скользить) a specially made set of brass knuckles (металлический кастет; brass – медь; knuckle – сустав /пальца/; knuckles – кастет) studded (обитый, усеянный; stud – гвоздь /с большой шляпкой/, штифт) with one-sixteenth-inch iron spikes (железными шипами в одну шестнадцатую дюйма; inch = 2,5 см). His timing was good (расчет времени, координация /движений/), he worked out in the gym (в гимнастическом зале) three times a week. He smashed (двинул; to smash – наносить сокрушительный удар, разбивать вдребезги) the punk named Wagner right on the nose. The man holding Wagner lifted him up off the ground and Paulie swung his arm (размахнулся; to swing), uppercutting into the perfectly positioned groin (в удобно подставленный пах). Wagner went limp (обмяк; limp – мягкий, нежесткий) and the big man dropped him. This had taken no more than six seconds.

3 Now both of them turned their attention to Kevin Moonan, who was trying to shout. The man holding him from behind did so easily with one huge muscled arm. The other hand he put around Moonan's throat (вокруг горла) to cut off any sound.

4 Paulie Gatto jumped into the car and started the motor. The two big men were beating Moonan to jelly (до состояния желе). They did so with frightening deliberation (с пугающей расчетливостью, неспешностью; deliberation – рассуждение,

размышление; медлительность), as if they had all the time in the world. They did not throw punches in flurries (они не «бросали удары кулаком суетливыми движениями»; flurry – шквал /ветра/; волнение, спешка, суета) but in timed, slow-motion sequences (но с размеренной, как бы замедленной постепенностью, размеренными сериями /ударов/; sequence ['si:kwɒns] – последовательность, очередность; серия) that carried the full weight (которые несли полный вес) of their massive bodies. Each blow landed with a *splat* (всплеском, шлепком) of flesh splitting open (трескающейся, разбивающейся плоти). Gatto got a glimpse of Moonan's face. It was unrecognizable (неузнаваемо [ʌn'rekəgnəɪzəbl̩]; to recognize ['rekəgnəɪz] – узнавать). The two men left Moonan lying on the sidewalk (на боковой дорожке, тротуаре) and turned their attention to Wagner. Wagner was trying to get to his feet and he started to scream for help. Someone came out of the bar and the two men had to work faster now. They clubbed Wagner to his knees (ударами подняли на ноги; club – дубинка; to club – бить /напр. дубинкой/). One of the men took his arm and twisted it (вывернул), then kicked him in the spine (пнул ногой в позвоночник). There was a cracking sound (что-то хрустнуло; to crack – трещать, хрустеть) and Wagner's scream of agony brought windows open (заставил распахнуться окна) all along the street. The two men worked very quickly. One of them held Wagner up by using his two hands around Wagner's head like a vise (как тиски). The other man smashed his huge fist into the fixed target (в закрепленную цель). There were more people coming out of the bar but none tried to interfere (вмешаться [ɪntə'fɪə]). Paulie Gatto yelled, "Come on, enough (ладно, хватит)." The two big men jumped into the car and Paulie gunned it away (умчал ее, дал полный газ; to gun – /разг./ давать полный газ). Somebody would describe the car and read the license plates (license plate – номерной знак автомобиля) but it didn't matter. It was a stolen California plate and there were one hundred thousand black Chevy sedans in New York City.

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Chapter 2

1 Tom Hagen went to his law office in the city on Thursday morning. He planned to catch up on his paper work (*нагнать /упущенное/; to catch up – быстро схватить, подхватить*) so as to have everything cleared away for the meeting with Virgil Sollozzo

on Friday. A meeting of such importance that he had asked the Don for a full evening of talk to prepare for the proposition (чтобы подготовиться для предложения) they knew Sollozzo would offer the family business. Hagen wanted to have all little details cleared away so that he could go to that preparatory meeting with an unencumbered mind («с необремененным умом»; to encumber [ɪnˈkʌmbəd] – загромождать).

2 The Don had not seemed surprised when Hagen returned from California late Tuesday evening and told him the results of the negotiations with Woltz. He had made Hagen go over every detail and grimaced with distaste (с отвращением = от отвращения) when Hagen told about the beautiful little girl and her mother. He had murmured "infamita," his strongest disapproval (неодобрение). He has asked Hagen one final question. "Does this man have real balls (настоящие яйца = мужество, пойдет ли он до конца)?"

3 Hagen considered exactly (поразмислил точно) what the Don meant by this question. Over the years he had learned that the Don's values (ценности: value [ˈvælju:]) were so different from those of most people that his words also could have a different meaning. Did Woltz have character ([ˈkærɪktəʃ])? Did he have a strong will (сильную волю)? He most certainly did, but that was not what the Don was asking. Did the movie producer have the courage not to be bluffed? Did he have the willingness to suffer heavy financial loss (понести тяжелую финансовую потерю; to suffer – страдать) delay on his movies would mean (которую будет означать отсрочка), the scandal of his big star exposed (выставленному напоказ) as a user of heroin? Again the answer was yes. But again this was not what the Don meant. Finally Hagen translated the question properly (как следует, верно) in his mind. Did Jack Woltz have the balls to risk everything, to run the chance (рискнуть: «подвергнуться возможности») of losing *all* on a matter of principle (ради принципа), on a matter of honor; for revenge (ради мести)?

4 Hagen smiled. He did it rarely but now he could not resist jesting with the Don (не мог удержаться от шутки, чтобы не пошутить; to resist – сопротивляться). "You're asking if he is a Sicilian." The Don nodded his head pleasantly, acknowledging the flattering witticism (признавая, подтверждая /одобрительно/ лестную остроту) and its truth. "No," Hagen said.

5 That had been all. The Don had pondered the question (размышлял) until the next day. On Wednesday afternoon he had called Hagen to his home and given him his instructions. The instructions had consumed (поглотили) the rest of Hagen's working day and left him dazed with admiration (изумленным от восхищения /Доном/; to daze

– изумить, ошеломить). There was no question in his mind that the Don had solved the problem, that Woltz would call him this morning with the news that Johnny Fontane had the starring part in his new war movie.

6 At that moment the phone did ring but it was Amerigo Bonasera. The undertaker's voice was trembling with gratitude (дрожащим от благодарности). He wanted Hagen to convey (передать, выразить /чувства/ [кдп'вей]) to the Don his undying friendship. The Don had only to call on him (пусть только позвонит ему). He, Amerigo Bonasera, would lay down his life (жизнь положит) for the blessed (ради благословенного; to bless – благославлять) Godfather. Hagen assured him that the Don would be told (что Дону будет сказано).

7 The *Daily News* had carried a middle-page spread (разворот) of Jerry Wagner and Kevin Moonan lying in the street. The photos were expertly gruesome («профессионально, умело» отвратительные, ужасные), they seemed to be pulps of human beings (каждый из них казался какой-то бесформенной массой, а не человеческим существом: «/из/ человеческого существа»; pulp – мягкая масса, мяготь). Miraculously (как ни удивительно, чудесным образом), said the News, they were both still alive though they would both be in the hospital for months and would require plastic surgery (им понадобятся пластические операции; to require – требовать; нуждаться в чем-либо). Hagen made a note to tell Clemenza that something should be done for Paulie Gatto. He seemed to know his job.

8 Hagen worked quickly and efficiently for the next three hours consolidating earning reports (объединяя отчеты о доходах) from the Don's real estate company (real estate – недвижимое имущество), his olive oil importing business and his construction firm (строительной фирмы). None of them were doing well (нигде дела не шли хорошо) but with the war over (с окончанием войны) they should all become rich producers. He had almost forgotten the Johnny Fontane problem when his secretary told him California was calling. He felt a little thrill (возбуждение, нервная дрожь, трепет) of anticipation (предчувствия) as he picked up the phone and said, "Hagen here."

9 The voice that came over the phone was unrecognizable with hate and passion. "You fucking bastard," Woltz screamed. "I'll have you all in jail for a hundred years. I'll spend every penny I have to get you (чтобы добраться до тебя). I'll get that Johnny Fontane's balls cut off (устрою, чтобы ему отрезали яйца), do you hear me, you guinea fuck?"

10 Hagen said kindly (любезным, вежливым голосом), "I'm German-Irish." There was a long pause and then a click (щелчок) of the phone being hung up (которую

вешают). Hagen smiled. Not once (ни разу) had Woltz uttered a threat against Don Corleone himself. Genius had its rewards (гениальность имеет свои вознаграждения).

1 Tom Hagen went to his law office in the city on Thursday morning. He planned to catch up on his paper work so as to have everything cleared away for the meeting with Virgil Sollozzo on Friday. A meeting of such importance that he had asked the Don for a full evening of talk to prepare for the proposition they knew Sollozzo would offer the family business. Hagen wanted to have all little details cleared away so that he could go to that preparatory meeting with an unencumbered mind.

2 The Don had not seemed surprised when Hagen returned from California late Tuesday evening and told him the results of the negotiations with Woltz. He had made Hagen go over every detail and grimaced with distaste when Hagen told about the beautiful little girl and her mother. He had murmured "*infamita*," his strongest disapproval. He has asked Hagen one final question. "Does this man have real balls?"

3 Hagen considered exactly what the Don meant by this question. Over the years he had learned that the Don's values were so different from those of most people that his words also could have a different meaning. Did Woltz have character? Did he have a strong will? He most certainly did, but that was not what the Don was asking. Did the movie producer have the courage not to be bluffed? Did he have the willingness to suffer heavy financial loss delay on his movies would mean, the scandal of his big star exposed as a user of heroin? Again the answer was yes. But again this was not what the Don meant. Finally Hagen translated the question properly in his mind. Did Jack Woltz have the balls to risk everything, to run the chance of losing *all* on a matter of principle, on a matter of honor; for revenge?

4 Hagen smiled. He did it rarely but now he could not resist jesting with the Don. "You're asking if he is a Sicilian." The Don nodded his head pleasantly, acknowledging the flattering witticism and its truth. "No," Hagen said.

5 That had been all. The Don had pondered the question until the next day. On Wednesday afternoon he had called Hagen to his home and given him his instructions. The instructions had consumed the rest of Hagen's working day and left him dazed with admiration. There was no question in his mind that the Don

had solved the problem, that Woltz would call him this morning with the news that Johnny Fontane had the starring part in his new war movie.

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1 Jack Woltz always slept alone. He had a bed big enough for ten people and a bedroom large enough for a movie ballroom scene, but he had slept alone since the death of his first wife ten years before. This did not mean he no longer used women. He was physically a vigorous man (крепкий; vigorous – сильный, энергичный ['vɪɡə'rʌs]) despite his age (несмотря на свой возраст), but he could be aroused (возбужден) now only by very young girls and had learned that a few hours in the evening were all the youth of his body and his patience could tolerate (это все, что молодость /то, что

от нее осталось/ его тела и его терпение могли вынести; to tolerate – терпеть, сносить).

2 On this Thursday morning, for some reason, he awoke early. The light of dawn (рассвета) made his huge bedroom as misty as a foggy meadowland (в дымке и в тумане: «дымчатой и туманной», как низинные луга; meadow ['medəʊ] – луг, низина, пойменная земля). Far down at the foot of his bed was a familiar shape and Woltz struggled up on his elbows (с трудом приподнялся на локтях) to get a clearer look. It had the shape of a horse's head. Still groggy (еще не придя в себя; groggy – любящий пропустить рюмочку, хмельной; шаткий, непрочный), Woltz reached (протянул руку) and flicked on the night table lamp (включил; to flick – слегка ударить /быстрым, легким движением; щелкнуть/).

3 The shock of what he saw made him physically ill. It seemed as if a great sledgehammer (кувалда: sledge – сани; кувалда + hammer – молот) had struck him on the chest (ударила его в грудь), his heartbeat jumped erratically (неравномерно; erratic ['ɪræɪtɪk] – переменчивый, непостоянный: «блуждающий») and he became nauseous (его начало тошнить; nauseous ['no:sjəs] – тошнотворный; nausea ['no:sjə] – тошнота). His vomit (рвота ['vomit]) spluttered on the thick flair rug (расплескалась, разбрызгалась по его толстому, стильному, шикарному ковру; flair – чутье; вкус; стиль).

4 Severed from its body (отделенная, отрезанная: to sever ['sevə]), the black silky head of the great horse Khartoum was stuck fast (крепко сидела, торчала, увязла; to stick – втыкать, насаживать) in a thick cake of blood. White, reedy tendons showed (виднелись белые, жесткие сухожилия; reed – камыш, тростник). Froth covered the muzzle (пена покрывала морду) and those apple-sized eyes that had glinted like gold, were mottled (были покрыты крапинками, испещрены; mottle – крапинка, пятнышко) the color of rotting fruit (цвета гниющих плодов) with dead, hemorrhaged blood. Woltz was struck by a purely animal terror (поражен чисто животным ужасом, страхом) and out of that terror he screamed for his servants and out of that terror he called Hagen to make his uncontrolled threats. His maniacal raving (бред, несвязная речь; to rave – говорить несвязно, слишком возбужденно) alarmed the butler (встревожила дворецкого), who called Woltz's personal physician (врача) and his second in command at the studio (и его заместителя). But Woltz regained his senses (пришел в себя: «обрел снова, вернул чувства») before they arrived.

5 He had been profoundly (глубоко) shocked. What kind of man could destroy an animal (погубить: «разрушить») worth six hundred thousand dollars? Without a word

of warning (предупреждения; to warn – предупреждать). Without any negotiation to have the act, its order, countermanded (не дав возможности, после переговоров, отменить, приостановить приказ). The ruthlessness (беспощадность; ruthless – безжалостный), the sheer disregard for any values (совершенное неуважение, неприятие во внимание каких-либо ценностей; sheer – абсолютный, полнейший), implied a man (предполагало, подразумевало; to imply) who considered himself completely his own law, even his own God. And a man who backed up (подкреплял, обеспечивал выполнение; to back up – поддерживать: «подпирать») this kind of will with the power and cunning (хитростью, коварством) that held his own stable security force of no account («считали за ничто его охрану» = перед которыми охрана его конюшен была просто ничто). For by this time Woltz had learned that the horse's body had obviously been heavily drugged (напичкано снотворным) before someone leisurely hacked the huge triangular head off with an ax (спокойно, не спеша оттыпал треугольную голову топором; leisure ['leɪʒə] – досуг; triangle ['traɪæŋɡl] – треугольник). The men on night duty (которые были на ночном дежурстве) claimed (заявляли, утверждали) that they had heard nothing. To Woltz this seemed impossible. They could be made to talk (их можно заставить говорить). They had been bought off (были подкуплены, от них откупились; to buy off – откупаться) and they could be made to tell who had done the buying.

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1 Woltz was not a stupid man, he was merely a supremely egotistical one (только крайне: «в высшей степени» эгоистичный; supreme [sju'pri:m] – высший, высочайший). He had mistaken the power he wielded in his world to be more potent than the power of Don Corleone. He had merely needed some proof (доказательство) that this was not true. He understood this message. That despite all his wealth, despite all his contacts with the President of the United States, despite all his claims of friendship with the director of the FBI, an obscure importer of Italian olive oil (obscure [ɒb'skjuə] – темный, тусклый, плохо освещенный; незаметный, никому не известный) would have him killed (мог бы его убить). Would actually have him killed! Because he wouldn't give Johnny Fontane a movie part he wanted. It was incredible. People didn't have any right to act that way. There couldn't be any kind of world if people acted that way. It was insane (безумно, абсурдно [ɪn'seɪn]). It meant you couldn't do what you wanted with your own money, with the companies you owned, the power you had to give orders. It was ten times worse than communism. It had to be

smashed (это должно бы быть сокрушено). It must never be allowed (это никогда, вовсе не должно быть позволено).

2 Woltz let the doctor give him a very mild sedation (легкое успокоительное; mild [maɪld] – мягкий, спокойный; неострый, некрепкий). It helped him calm down again (успокоиться) and to think sensibly (разумно). What really shocked him was the casualness (легкость /поступка/; casually – ненароком, мимоходом) with which this man Corleone had ordered the destruction of a world-famous horse worth six hundred thousand dollars. Six hundred thousand dollars! And that was just for openers (только начало; opener – начальное событие /в серии событий/; for openers – для начала). Woltz shuddered (содрогнулся). He thought of this life he had built up. He was rich. He could have the most beautiful women in the world by crooking his finger (поманив пальцем: «согнув палец») and promising a contract. He was received by kings and queens. He lived a life as perfect as money and power could make it. It was crazy to risk all this because of a whim (из-за каприза). Maybe he could get to Corleone. What was the legal penalty for killing a race-horse? He laughed wildly and his doctor and servants watched him with nervous anxiety (с беспокойством, тревогой [æŋg'zaiəti]). Another thought occurred to him (пришла: «случилась» ему в голову). He would be the laughingstock (посмешищем) of California merely because someone had contemptuously defied his power (презрительно бросил вызов его власти; to defy [di'faɪ] – вызывать, бросать вызов) in such arrogant fashion (таким высокомерным, наглым образом). That decided him (это решило дело, заставило его принять решение). That and the thought that maybe, maybe they wouldn't kill him. That they had something much more clever and painful in reserve (хитрое и болезненное в запасе).

3 Woltz gave the necessary orders. His personal confidential staff swung into action (его личная доверенная команда бросилась выполнять). The servants and the doctor were sworn to secrecy (покаялись хранить тайну, принесли присягу о соблюдении секретности) on pain of incurring the studio's and Woltz's undying enmity (под угрозой навлечения на себя вечной вражды; to incur [ɪn'kʌ:] – подвергаться, навлекать на себя). Word was given to the press that the racehorse Khartoum had died of an illness contracted during his shipment from England (от болезни, полученной при его переправке). Orders were given to bury the remains (захоронить останки) in a secret place on the estate (на территории имения).

4 Six hours later Johnny Fontane received a phone call from the executive producer (от исполнительного директора) of the film telling him to report for work (явиться на

работу; to report – сообщать; докладывать; являться, представлять) the following Monday.

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1 That evening, Hagen went to the Don's house to prepare him for the important meeting the next day with Virgil Sollozzo. The Don had summoned his eldest son to attend (вызвал присутствовать; to summon ['sʌmən] – вызывать, созывать; to attend [ə'tend] – уделять внимание; посещать, присутствовать), and Sonny Corleone, his heavy Cupid-shaped face drawn with fatigue (вытянутое от усталости, с печатью усталости), was sipping at a glass of water. He must still be humping that maid of honor (должно быть, все еще трахает; hump – бугорок, кочка; горб; горбиться; вкалывать, напрягаться; /вульг./ совокупляться), Hagen thought. Another worry (еще одна забота, еще одно беспокойство).

2 Don Corleone settled into an armchair puffing his Di Nobili cigar. Hagen kept a box of them in his room. He had tried to get the Don to switch to Havanas (переключиться) but the Don claimed they hurt his throat.

3 "Do we know everything necessary for us to know?" the Don asked.

4 Hagen opened the folder (папку; to fold – складывать) that held his notes. The notes were in no way incriminating (записи были ни в коей мере не «изобличительные, инкриминирующие» = вполне безопасные, конспиративные), merely cryptic reminders (всего лишь таинственные, секретные пометки; reminder – напоминание) to make sure he touched on every important detail. "Sollozzo is coming to us for help," Hagen said. "He will ask the family to put up at least a million dollars (вложить; to put up – выставить /на продажу/; вложить /деньги/) and to promise some sort of immunity from the law (обещать что-то вроде неприкосновенности со стороны закона; immunity [i'mju:niti] – неприкосновенность; иммунитет). For that we get a piece of the action (долю), nobody knows how much. Sollozzo is vouched for by the Tattaglia family (за него поручилась; to vouch – ручаться) and they may have a piece of the action. The action is narcotics. Sollozzo has the contacts in Turkey, where they grow the poppy (мак). From there he ships to Sicily. No trouble. In Sicily he has the plant to process into heroin (фабрика для переработки; plant [plɑ:nt] – фабрика, завод; to process ['prɒsɪs] – перерабатывать). He has safety-valve operations (safety-valve – предохранительный клапан, отдушина) to bring it down to morphine and bring it up to heroin if necessary (суть которых /операций для безопасности/ в том, что можно переработать это в морфий, а затем обратно в героин, если необходимо, если понадобится). But it would seem that the processing plant in Sicily

is protected in every way. The only hitch (задержка, заминка, неполадка = загвоздка) is bringing it into this country, and then distribution (распределение, распространение). Also initial capital (а также начальный капитал). A million dollars cash doesn't grow on trees." Hagen saw Don Corleone grimace (как его лицо искажилось гримасой /недовольства/ [grɪ'meɪs]). The old man hated unnecessary flourishes in business matters (излишние прикрасы; flourish ['flʌrɪʃ] – цветение /плодового дерева/; завитушки, цветистые выражения). He went on hastily (продолжил поспешно).

5 "They call Sollozzo the Turk. Two reasons. He's spent a lot of time in Turkey and is supposed to have a Turkish wife and kids (предполагается, что у него есть = кажется, у него). Second. He's supposed to be very quick with the knife, or was, when he was young. Only in matters of business, though, and with some sort of reasonable complaint (и только при наличии какой-либо весомой причины для недовольства; complaint [kəm'pleɪnt] – жалоба, неудовлетворенность). A very competent man and his own boss. He has a record, he's done two terms in prison (два срока), one in Italy, one in the United States, and he's known to the authorities (властям) as a narcotics man. This could be a plus for us. It means that he'll never get immunity to testify (он не будет иметь права свидетельствовать, давать показания /против нас/), since he's considered the top and, of course, because of his record. Also he has an American wife and three children and he is a good family man. He'll stand still (стоять на месте) for any rap (легкий удар, стук; /сленг/ наказание, обвинение, приговор) = (его не поколеблет никакой приговор) as long as he knows that they will be well taken care of for living money (пока будет знать, что о них позаботятся и у них всегда будут деньги на жизнь)."

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5 "They call Sollozzo the Turk. Two reasons. He's spent a lot of time in Turkey and is supposed to have a Turkish wife and kids. Second. He's supposed to be very quick with the knife, or was, when he was young. Only in matters of business, though, and with some sort of reasonable complaint. A very competent man and his own boss. He has a record, he's done two terms in prison, one in Italy, one in the United States, and he's known to the authorities as a narcotics man. This could be a plus for us. It means that he'll never get immunity to testify, since he's considered the top and, of course, because of his record. Also he has an American wife and three children and he is a good family man. He'll stand still for any rap as long as he knows that they will be well taken care of for living money."

1 The Don puffed on his cigar and said, "Santino, what do you think?"

2 Hagen knew what Sonny would say. Sonny was chafing (сердился, раздражался; chafe – ссадина; гнев, досада) at being under the Don's thumb (что он все время находится под опекой: «под большим пальцем Дона» [θΛm]). He wanted a big operation of his own. Something like this would be perfect.

3 Sonny took a long slug of scotch (глоток /спиртного – сленг/). "There's a lot of money in that white powder (в этом белом порошке)," he said. "But it could be dangerous (опасно; danger ['deɪndʒə] – опасность). Some people could wind up in jail

for twenty years. I'd say that if we kept out of the operations end, just stuck to protection and financing (если ограничимся), it might be a good idea."

4 Hagen looked at Sonny approvingly (одобрительно). He had played his cards well. He had stuck to the obvious (держался очевидного), much the best course for him.

5 The Don puffed on his cigar. "And you, Tom, what do you think?"

6 Hagen composed himself to be absolutely honest. He had already come to the conclusion (к заключению) that the Don would refuse Sollozzo's proposition (отвергнет предложение). But what was worse, Hagen was convinced (убежден; to convince [kə'nvi:ns] – убеждать) that for one of the few times in his experience, the Don had not thought things through (не продумал /как следует/). He was not looking far enough ahead.

7 "Go ahead (давай, начинай, вперед), Tom," the Don said encouragingly (подбадривающе; encourage [in'kʌrɪdʒ] – ободрять, поддерживать). "Not even a Sicilian *Consigliori* always agrees with the boss." They all laughed.

8 "I think you should say yes," Hagen said. "You know all the obvious reasons. But the most important one is this. There is more money potential in narcotics than in any other business. If we don't get into it, somebody else will, maybe the Tattaglia family. With the revenue (с доходом, выручкой ['revɪnju:]) they earn they can amass (собрать, скопить [ə'mæs]) more and more police and political power. Their family will become stronger than ours. Eventually (в конце концов) they will come after us to take away what we have. It's just like countries. If they arm (вооружаются), we have to arm. If they become stronger economically, they become a threat to us (угрозой). Now we have the gambling and we have the unions and right now they are the best things to have. But I think narcotics is the coming thing («грядущая вещь» = в этом будущее, это самая перспективная вещь). I think we have to have a piece of that action or we risk everything we have. Not now, but maybe ten years from now.

9 The Don seemed enormously impressed. He puffed on his cigar and murmured, "That's the most important thing of course." He sighed and got to his feet. "What time do I have to meet this infidel tomorrow (этого неверного = турка, мусульманина; infidel ['ɪnfɪdəl])?"

10 Hagen said hopefully, "He'll be here at ten in the morning." Maybe the Don would go for it (пойдет на это).

11 "I'll want you both here with me," the Don said. He rose, stretching (потянувшись), and took his son by the arm. "Santino, get some sleep tonight, you look like the devil himself. Take care of yourself, you won't be young forever (вечно)."

12 Sonny, encouraged by this sign of fatherly concern (заботы [kəʊ'n'sɔ:ɪ]), asked the question Hagen did not dare to ask (не осмелился). "Pop, what's your answer going to be?"

13 Don Corleone smiled. "How do I know until I hear the percentages (о процентах; percentage [pə'sentɪdʒ] – процент, процентное отчисление, доля) and other details? Besides I have to have time to think over the advice given here tonight (о данном здесь сегодня вечером совете). After all, I'm not a man who does things rashly (поспешно)." As he went out the door he said casually to Hagen, "Do you have in your notes that the Turk made his living from prostitution before the war? As the Tattaglia family does now. Write that down before you forget." There was just a touch of derision (маленький оттенок насмешки [dɪ'rɪGəʊ]) in the Don's voice and Hagen flushed (покраснел, залился краской; to flush – забить струей, хлынуть; прилить /о крови/). He had deliberately not mentioned it (сознательно, нарочно не упомянул; to deliberate [dɪ'lɪbəreɪt] – /глубоко/ обдумывать, размышлять), legitimately so since it really had no bearing (законно, потому что это не относилось к делу, не имело основания; bearing – ношение; опора; отношение; смысл), but he had feared it might prejudice the Don's decision (/негативно/ повлиять на решение; to prejudice ['preɪdʒudɪs] – предубеждать, создавать предвзятое мнение, настраивать против). He was notoriously straitlaced in matters of sex (было известно насколько он щепетилен: «туго стянут, зашнурован» в вопросах пола).

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1 Virgil "the Turk" Sollozzo was a powerfully built, medium-sized man (среднего роста) of dark complexion (с темным цветом лица) who could have been taken for a true Turk. He had a scimitar of a nose (/изогнутый/ нос, напоминающий турецкую саблю; scimitar ['simitʌ] – кривая турецкая сабля) and cruel (жестокое) black eyes. He also had an impressive dignity (внушительное чувство собственного достоинства, важность).

2 Sonny Corleone met him at the door and brought him into the office where Hagen and the Don waited. Hagen thought he had never seen a more dangerous-looking man except for Luca Brasi.

3 There were polite handshakings all around. If the Don ever asks me if this man has balls, I would have to answer yes, Hagen thought. He had never seen such force in one man, not even the Don. In fact the Don appeared at his worst (в худшей своей форме, был не в форме). He was being a little too simple, a little too peasantlike (по-крестьянски, деревенский) in his greeting.

4 Sollozzo came to the point immediately (сразу перешел к сути). The business was narcotics. Everything was set up (подготовлено). Certain poppy fields in Turkey had pledged him (обещали, заверили = гарантировали) certain amounts (определенные количества; amount [ə'maʊnt]) every year. He had a protected plant in France to convert into morphine. He had an absolutely secure plant in Sicily to process into heroin. Smuggling (провоз контрабанды; to smuggle – провозить контрабанду) into both countries was as positively safe as such matters could be (настолько безопасен, насколько такие вещи могут быть /безопасны/). Entry into the United States (ввоз; entry ['entri] – вход, въезд) would entail (повлечет за собой [ɪn'teɪl]) about five percent losses since the FBI itself was incorruptible (неподкупно [ɪnkə'ruptəbl]), as they both knew. But the profits would be enormous (но выгоды, доходы будут огромными), the risk nonexistent («несуществующим» = а риска никакого).

5 "Then why do you come to me?" the Don asked politely. "How have I deserved your generosity (чем я заслужил вашу щедрость, великодушие [dʒenə'rɒsɪtɪ])?"

6 Sollozzo's dark face remained impassive («осталось бесстрастным»). "I need two million dollars cash," he said. "Equally important (и что не менее: «одинаково» важно), I need a man who has powerful friends in the important places. Some of my couriers (некоторые из моих курьеров /с контрабандным товаром/ ['kʊriə]) will be caught over the years (будут пойманы с течением времени). That is inevitable (неизбежно [ɪn'evɪtəbl]). They will all have clean records (у них не будет судимостей), that I promise. So it will be logical for judges to give light sentences (легкие приговоры). I

need a friend who can guarantee that when my people get in trouble they won't spend more than a year or two in jail. Then they won't talk. But if they get ten and twenty years, who knows? In this world there are many weak individuals. They may talk, they may jeopardize more important people (подвергнуть опасности, поставить в рискованное положение ['dGepɔdaɪz]). Legal protection is a must (/абсолютная/ необходимость). I hear, Don Corleone, that you have as many judges in your pocket as a bootblack (чистильщик сапог) has pieces of silver."

7 Don Corleone didn't bother to acknowledge the compliment (не подумал: «не побеспокоился» показать, что ему приятен комплимент: «признать комплимент»). "What percentage for my family?" he asked.

8 Sollozzo's eyes gleamed. "Fifty percent." He paused and then said in a voice that was almost a caress (ласка), "In the first year your share (доля) would be three or four million dollars. Then it would go up."

9 Don Corleone said, "And what is the percentage of the Tattaglia family?"

10 For the first time Sollozzo seemed to be nervous. "They will receive something from my share. I need some help in the operations."

11 "So," Don Corleone said, "I receive fifty percent merely for finance and legal protection. I have no worries about operations, is that what you tell me?"

12 Sollozzo nodded. "If you think two million dollars in cash is 'merely finance,' I congratulate you, Don Corleone (поздравляю)."

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both countries was as positively safe as such matters could be. Entry into the United States would entail about five percent losses since the FBI itself was incorruptible, as they both knew. But the profits would be enormous, the risk nonexistent.

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1 The Don said quietly, "I consented to see you (согласился) out of my respect for the Tattaglias and because I've heard you are a serious man to be treated also with respect (с которым надо обращаться также уважительно). I must say no to you but I must give you my reasons (причины, доводы). The profits in your business are huge but so are the risks. Your operation, if I were part of it, could damage my other interests (повредить, нанести ущерб ['dæmɪdʒ]). It's true I have many, many friends in politics,

but they would not be so friendly if my business were narcotics instead of gambling. They think gambling is something like liquor, a harmless vice (безобидный порок), and they think narcotics a dirty business. No, don't protest. I'm telling you their thoughts, not mine. How a man makes his living is not my concern (не моя забота). And what I am telling you is that this business of yours is too risky. All the members of my family have lived well the last ten years, without danger, without harm. I can't endanger them (подвергнуть опасности) or their livelihoods (средства к жизни, заработки ['laɪvlihud]) out of greed (из жадности, алчности)."

2 The only sign of Sollozzo's disappointment (разочарования) was a quick flickering of his eyes (быстрое движение = стрельнул глазами; to flicker – мигать; мелькнуть) around the room, as if he hoped Hagen or Sonny would speak in his support (в его поддержку). Then he said, "Are you worried about security for your two million (волнуетесь за сохранность)?"

3 The Don smiled coldly. "No," he said.

4 Sollozzo tried again. "The Tattaglia family will guarantee your investment also."

5 It was then that Sonny Corleone made an unforgivable error (непростительную ошибку) in judgment and procedure (в суждении и в ходе дела, в процедуре [prɒ'si:dGə]). He said eagerly («рьяно, оживленно, жадно»; eager – страстно желающий /о человеке/; интенсивный, напряженный /о взгляде, жесте/), "The Tattaglia family guarantees the return of our investment (возвращение нашего вклада) without any percentage from us?"

6 Hagen was horrified at this break (был в ужасе от этого нарушения). He saw the Don turn cold, malevolent eyes (злобные: «недоброжелательные» [mɒ'levəlɒnt]) on his eldest son, who froze (застыл: «замерз, оледенел»; to freeze) in uncomprehending dismay (в непонимающем испуге, смятении [dis'meɪ]). Sollozzo's eyes flickered again but this time with satisfaction (с удовлетворением). He had discovered a chink in the Don's fortress (обнаружил трещинку, разлом = брешь в крепости). When the Don spoke his voice held a dismissal (по его голосу было понятно, что разговор окончен; dismissal [dis'mɪsəl] – увольнение, отпуск, роспуск). "Young people are greedy (жадные, алчные)," he said. "And today they have no manners. They interrupt their elders (обрывают, перебивают старших). They meddle (вмешиваются). But I have a sentimental weakness for my children and I have spoiled them (избаловал). As you see. Signor Sollozzo, my no is final (окончательное). Let me say that I myself wish you good fortune in your business. It has no conflict with my own. I'm sorry that I had to disappoint you (что пришлось разочаровать)."

- 7 Sollozzo bowed (поклонился), shook the Don's hand and let Hagen take him to his car outside. There was no expression on his face when he said good-bye to Hagen.
- 8 Back in the room, Don Corleone asked Hagen, "What did you think of that man?"
- 9 "He's a Sicilian," Hagen said dryly.
- 10 The Don nodded his head thoughtfully. Then he turned to his son and said gently, "Santino, never let anyone outside the family know what you are thinking. Never let them know what you have under your fingernails (под ногтями). I think your brain is going soft (размягчился) from all that comedy you play with that young girl. Stop it and pay attention to business. Now get out of my sight (уйди с глаз долой)."
- 11 Hagen saw the surprise on Sonny's face, then anger at his father's reproach (упрек). Did he really think the Don would be ignorant of his conquest (не знает о его победе, завоевании ['koŋkwɛst]), Hagen wondered. And did he really not know what a dangerous mistake he had made this morning? If that were true, Hagen would never wish to be the *Consiglieri* to the Don of Santino Corleone.
- 12 Don Corleone waited until Sonny had left the room. Then he sank back into his leather armchair and motioned brusquely for a drink (резким движением; brusque [brusk] – отрывистый, резкий). Hagen poured him a glass of anisette (налил анисового ликера; to pour [po:]). The Don looked up at him. "Send Luca Brasi to see me," he said.

1 The Don said quietly, "I consented to see you out of my respect for the Tattaglias and because I've heard you are a serious man to be treated also with respect. I must say no to you but I must give you my reasons. The profits in your business are huge but so are the risks. Your operation, if I were part of it, could damage my other interests. It's true I have many, many friends in politics, but they would not be so friendly if my business were narcotics instead of gambling. They think gambling is something like liquor, a harmless vice, and they think narcotics a dirty business. No, don't protest. I'm telling you their thoughts, not mine. How a man makes his living is not my concern. And what I am telling you is that this business of yours is too risky. All the members of my family have lived well the last ten years, without danger, without harm. I can't endanger them or their livelihoods out of greed."

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1 Three months later, Hagen hurried through the paper work in his city office hoping to leave early enough for some Christmas shopping for his wife and children (для Рождественских покупок). He was interrupted by a phone call from a Johnny Fontane bubbling with high spirits («пузырящегося хорошим настроением»; bubble – пузырек). The picture had been shot (снята), the rushes (первые отснятые эпизоды для показа), whatever the hell they were (как будто я знаю, что это такое), Hagen thought, were fabulous (сказочны ['fæbjulðs]). He was sending the Don a present for Christmas that would knock his eyes out («выбьет его глаза» = поразит его), he'd bring it himself but there were some little things to be done in the movie. He would have to stay out on the Coast. Hagen tried to conceal his impatience (скрыть нетерпение = раздражение [im'pei]ðns]). Johnny Fontane's charm had always been lost on him (был потерян на нем = он не был подвержен шарму Джонни). But his interest was aroused (разбужен, пробудился). "What is it?" he asked. Johnny Fontane chuckled (хохотнул, издал горловой, как бы захлебывающийся, смешок) and said, "I can't tell, that's the best part of a Christmas present." Hagen immediately lost all interest and finally managed, politely, to hang up (и наконец ему удалось вежливо повесить трубку).

2 Ten minutes later his secretary told him that Connie Corleone was on the phone and wanted to speak to him. Hagen sighed. As a young girl Connie had been nice, as a married woman she was a nuisance (досада, неприятность; надоедливый человек, зануда ['nju:sns]). She made complaints about her husband (жаловалась). She kept going home to visit her mother for two or three days. And Carlo Rizzi was turning out to be a real loser (оказался: «оказывался» = становилось ясно, что он настоящий неудачник, олух: «проигрывающий»). He had been fixed up with a nice little business (ему устроили) and was running it into the ground (а он его разорял: «загонял в землю»). He was also drinking, whoring around (блядовал вовсю), gambling and beating his wife up (избивал; to beat up) occasionally (иногда, время от времени [ð'keiGnðli]; occasion [ð'keiGðn] – случай, возможность). Connie hadn't told her family about that but she had told Hagen. He wondered what new tale of woe (горестное предание; woe [wðu] – горе, скорбь /поэт./) she had for him now.

3 But the Christmas spirit (дух = настроение Рождества) seemed to have cheered her up (ободрил, развеселил). She just wanted to ask Hagen what her father would really like for Christmas. And Sonny and Fred and Mike. She already knew what she would get her mother. Hagen made some suggestions (предположений, советов; to suggest [sð'dGest] – предлагать, советовать), all of which she rejected as silly

(отвергла: «отбросила» как глупые). Finally she let him go (отстала от него: «отпустила его»).

4 When the phone rang again, Hagen threw his papers back into the basket (в корзину ['bɑ:skɪt]). The hell with it. He'd leave. It never occurred to him to refuse to take the call, however (однако ему никогда не приходило в голову отказаться снять трубку). When his secretary told him it was Michael Corleone he picked up the phone with pleasure. He had always liked Mike.

5 "Tom," Michael Corleone said, "I'm driving down to the city with Kay tomorrow. There's something important I want to tell the old man before Christmas. Will he be home tomorrow night?"

6 "Sure," Hagen said. "He's not going out of town until after Christmas. Anything I can do for you?"

7 Michael was as closemouthed as his father (неразговорчив). "No," he said. "I guess I'll see you Christmas, everybody is going to be out at Long Beach, right?"

8 "Right," Hagen said. He was amused (удивлен и развеселен: «развлечен», его позабавило; to amuse [ə'mju:z]) when Mike hung up on him without any small talk (безо всякого «светского разговора» = разговора ради любезности).

9 He told his secretary to call his wife and tell her he would be home a little late but to have some supper for him. Outside the building he walked briskly (живо, быстро) downtown (в центр; downtown – деловая часть города) toward Macy's (название торгового центра). Someone stepped in his way. To his surprise he saw it was Sollozzo.

10 Sollozzo took him by the arm and said quietly, "Don't be frightened (не пугайтесь). I just want to talk to you." A car parked at the curb (у бордюра, обочины) suddenly had its door open. Sollozzo said urgently (настойчиво; urgent [ˈɜ:dʒənt] – срочный, неотложный, необходимый; настойчивый, добивающийся; to urge – подгонять, подстегивать), "Get in, I want to talk to you."

11 Hagen pulled his arm loose (выдернул, высвободил руку). He was still not alarmed (не встревожен), just irritated (просто раздражен, возмущен; to irritate ['ɪrɪteɪt] – возмущать, сердить). "I haven't got time," he said. At that moment two men came up behind him. Hagen felt a sudden weakness in his legs. Sollozzo said softly, "Get in the car. If I wanted to kill you you'd be dead now. Trust me."

12 Without a shred of trust («без крупицы доверия»; shred – клочок, кусочек) Hagen got into the car.

1 Three months later, Hagen hurried through the paper work in his city office hoping to leave early enough for some Christmas shopping for his wife and children. He was interrupted by a phone call from a Johnny Fontane bubbling with high spirits. The picture had been shot, the rushes, whatever the hell they were, Hagen thought, were fabulous. He was sending the Don a present for Christmas that would knock his eyes out, he'd bring it himself but there were some little things to be done in the movie. He would have to stay out on the Coast. Hagen tried to conceal his impatience. Johnny Fontane's charm had always been lost on him. But his interest was aroused. "What is it?" he asked. Johnny Fontane chuckled and said, "I can't tell, that's the best part of a Christmas present." Hagen immediately lost all interest and finally managed, politely, to hang up.

2 Ten minutes later his secretary told him that Connie Corleone was on the phone and wanted to speak to him. Hagen sighed. As a young girl Connie had been nice, as a married woman she was a nuisance. She made complaints about her husband. She kept going home to visit her mother for two or three days. And Carlo Rizzi was turning out to be a real loser. He had been fixed up with a nice little business and was running it into the ground. He was also drinking, whoring around, gambling and beating his wife up occasionally. Connie hadn't told her family about that but she had told Hagen. He wondered what new tale of woe she had for him now.

3 But the Christmas spirit seemed to have cheered her up. She just wanted to ask Hagen what her father would really like for Christmas. And Sonny and Fred and Mike. She already knew what she would get her mother. Hagen made some suggestions, all of which she rejected as silly. Finally she let him go.

4 When the phone rang again, Hagen threw his papers back into the basket. The hell with it. He'd leave. It never occurred to him to refuse to take the call, however. When his secretary told him it was Michael Corleone he picked up the phone with pleasure. He had always liked Mike.

5 "Tom," Michael Corleone said, "I'm driving down to the city with Kay tomorrow. There's something important I want to tell the old man before Christmas. Will he be home tomorrow night?"

6 "Sure," Hagen said. "He's not going out of town until after Christmas. Anything I can do for you?"

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12 Without a shred of trust Hagen got into the car.

1 Michael Corleone had lied to Hagen. He was already in New York, and he had called from a room in the Hotel Pennsylvania less than ten blocks away. When he hung up the phone, Kay Adams put out her cigarette and said, "Mike, what a good fibber you are (враль, выдумщик)."

2 Michael sat down beside her on the bed. "All for you, honey; if I told my family we were in town we'd have to go there right away. Then we couldn't go out to dinner, we couldn't go to the theater, and we couldn't sleep together tonight. Not in my father's house, not when we're not married." He put his arms around her and kissed her gently on the lips. Her mouth was sweet and he gently pulled her down on the bed. She closed her eyes, waiting for him to make love to her and Michael felt an enormous happiness. He had spent the war years fighting in the Pacific, and on those bloody islands (на этих окровавленных; проклятых островах) he had dreamed of a girl like Kay Adams. Of a beauty like hers. A fair (прекрасное; светлое) and fragile (хрупкое [ˈfrædGaɪl]) body, milky-skinned and electrified by passion. She opened her eyes and then pulled his head down to kiss him. They made love until it was time for dinner and the theater.

3 After dinner they walked past the brightly lit department stores full of holiday shoppers and Michael said to her, "What shall I get you for Christmas?"

4 She pressed against him. "Just you," she said. "Do you think your father will approve of me?"

- 5 Michael said gently, "That's not really the question. Will your parents approve of me?"
- 6 Kay shrugged. "I don't care," she said.
- 7 Michael said, "I even thought of changing my name, legally, but if something happened, that wouldn't really help. You sure you want to be a Corleone?" He said it only half-jokingly.
- 8 "Yes," she said without smiling. They pressed against each other. They had decided to get married during Christmas week, a quiet civil ceremony at City Hall with just two friends as witnesses. But Michael had insisted he must tell his father. He had explained that his father would not object in any way as long as it was not done in secrecy. Kay was doubtful. She said she could not tell her parents until after the marriage. "Of course they'll think I'm pregnant (**беременна**)," she said. Michael grinned. "So will my parents," he said.
- 9 What neither of them mentioned was the fact that Michael would have to cut his close ties (**порвать близкие связи**) with his family. They both understood that Michael had already done so to some extent (**до определенной степени**) and yet they both felt guilty (**виноватыми**) about this fact.
- 10 They planned to finish college, seeing each other weekends and living together during summer vacations. It seemed like a happy life.
- 11 The play was a musical called *Carousel* and its sentimental story of a braggart thief (**braggart – хвастун, хвастливый** [**'brægdʌt**]) made them smile at each other with amusement. When they came out of the theater it had turned cold. Kay snuggled up to him (**прижалась**) and said, "After we're married, will you beat me and then steal a star for a present?"
- 12 Michael laughed. "I'm going to be a mathematics professor," he said. Then he asked, "Do you want something to eat before we go to the hotel?"
- 13 Kay shook her head. She looked up at him meaningfully. As always he was touched by her eagerness to make love. He smiled down at her, and they kissed in the cold street. Michael felt hungry, and he decided to order sandwiches sent up to the room.
- 14 In the hotel lobby (**большой коридор, холл**) Michael pushed Kay toward the newsstand and said, "Get the papers while I get the key." He had to wait in a small line (**в очереди**); the hotel was still short of help despite the end of the war. Michael got his room key and looked around impatiently for Kay. She was standing by the newsstand, staring down at a newspaper she held in her hand. He walked toward her. She looked

up at him. Her eyes were filled with tears. "Oh, Mike," she said, "oh, Mike." He took the paper from her hands. The first thing he saw was a photo of his father lying in the street, his head in a pool of blood (в луже крови). A man was sitting on the curb weeping like a child. It was his brother Freddie. Michael Corleone felt his body turning to ice. There was no grief, no fear, just cold rage. He said to Kay, "Go up to the room." But he had to take her by the arm and lead her into the elevator. They rode up together in silence. In their room, Michael sat down on the bed and opened the paper. The headlines said, VITO CORLEONE SHOT. ALLEGED (предполагаемый) RACKET CHIEF CRITICALLY WOUNDED. OPERATED ON UNDER HEAVY POLICE GUARD. BLOODY MOB WAR FEARED (опасность гангстерской войны; моб – толпа, чернь; банда).

15 Michael felt the weakness in his legs. He said to Kay, "He's not dead, the bastards didn't kill him." He read the story again. His father had been shot at five in the afternoon. That meant that while he had been making love to Kay, having dinner, enjoying the theater, his father was near death. Michael felt sick with guilt.

16 Kay said "Shall we go down to the hospital now?" Michael shook his head. "Let me call the house first. The people who did this are crazy and now that the old man's still alive they'll be desperate (в отчаянии, готовы на все /в своем безвыходном положении/ ['despərit]). Who the hell knows what they'll pull next (что они еще устроят, сделают; to pull – тянуть)."

17 Both phones in the Long Beach house were busy and it was almost twenty minutes before Michael could get through. He heard Sonny's voice saying, "Yeah."

18 "Sonny, it's me." Michael said.

19 He could hear the relief in Sonny's voice. "Jesus, kid, you had us worried. Where the hell are you? I've sent people to that hick town of yours (hick – захолустный) to see what happened."

20 "How's the old man?" Michael said. "How bad is he hurt?"

21 "Pretty bad," Sonny said. "They shot him five times. But he's tough. Sonny's voice was proud. "The doctors said he'll pull through. Listen, kid, I'm busy, I can't talk, where are you?"

22 "In New York," Michael said. "Didn't Tom tell you I was coming down?"

23 Sonny's voice dropped a little. "They've snatched Tom (сцапали, стащили). That's why I was worried about you. His wife is here. She don't know and neither do the cops. I don't want them to know. The bastards who pulled this must be crazy. I want you to get out here right away and keep your mouth shut. OK?"

24 "OK," Mike said, "do you know who did it?"

25 "Sure," Sonny said. "And as soon as Luca Brasi checks in (объявится; to check in – зарегистрироваться; отмечать приход на работу) they're gonna (= going to) be dead meat. We still have all the horses."

26 "I'll be out in a hour," Mike said. "In a cab." He hung up. The papers had been on the streets for over three hours. There must have been radio news reports. It was almost impossible that Luca hadn't heard the news. Thoughtfully Michael pondered the question (размышлял). Where was Luca Brasi? It was the same question that Hagen was asking himself at that moment. It was the same question that was worrying Sonny Corleone out in Long Beach.

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- 1 At a quarter to five that afternoon, Don Corleone had finished checking the papers the office manager of his olive oil company had prepared for him. He put on his jacket and rapped his knuckles (слегка постучал костяшками пальцев) on his son Freddie's head to make him take his nose out of the afternoon newspaper. "Tell Gatto to get the car from the lot (с автостоянки: parking lot)," he said. "I'll be ready to go home in a few minutes."
- 2 Freddie grunted (замычал, проворчал: «хрюкнул»). "I'll have to get it myself. Paulie called in sick this morning. Got a cold again (простудился)."
- 3 Don Corleone looked thoughtful for a moment. "That's the third time this month. I think maybe you'd better get a healthier fellow for this job. Tell Tom."
- 4 Fred protested. "Paulie's a good kid. If he says he's sick, he's sick. I don't mind getting the car," He left the office. Don Corleone watched out the window as his son crossed Ninth Avenue to the parking lot. He stopped to call Hagen's office but there was no answer. He called the house at Long Beach but again there was no answer. Irritated, he looked out the window. His car was parked at the curb in front of his building. Freddie was leaning against the fender, arms folded, watching the throng of Christmas shoppers. Don Corleone put on his jacket. The office manager helped him with his overcoat. Don Corleone grunted his thanks and went out the door and started down the two flights (два пролета) of steps.
- 5 Out in the street the early winter light was failing. Freddie leaned casually against the fender of the heavy Buick. When he saw his father come out of the building Freddie went out into the street to the driver's side of the car and got in. Don Corleone was about to get in on the sidewalk side of the car when he hesitated (помедлил: «засомневался») and then turned back to the long open fruit stand near the corner. This had been his habit (привычка) lately, he loved the big but-of-season fruits, yellow peaches and oranges, that glowed (светились, рдели, румянились) in their green boxes. The proprietor sprang to serve him. Don Corleone did not handle the fruit (не брал в руки, не перебирал). He pointed. The fruit man disputed his decisions only once, to show him that one of his choices had a rotten underside (гнилой низ). Don Corleone took the paper bag in his left hand and paid the man with a five-dollar bill. He took his change and, as he turned to go back to the waiting car, two men stepped from around the corner. Don Corleone knew immediately what was to happen.
- 6 The two men wore black overcoats and black hats pulled low to prevent identification by witnesses (to prevent – предотвратить, не допустить [pri'vent]). They had not

expected Don Corleone's alert reaction (*alert – бдительный, проворный [ə'la:t]*). He dropped the bag of fruit and darted toward the parked car (*бросился; dart – стрела, дротик*) with startling quickness for a man of his bulk. At the same time he shouted, "Fredo, Fredo." It was only then that the two men drew their guns and fired.

7 The first bullet caught Don Corleone in the back. He felt the hammer shock of its impact but made his body move toward the car. The next two bullets hit him in the buttocks and sent him sprawling in the middle of the street (*to sprawl – растянуться, развалиться*). Meanwhile the two gunmen, careful not to slip on the rolling fruit (*to slip – поскользнуться*), started to follow in order to finish him off. At that moment, perhaps no more than five seconds after the Don's call to his son, Frederico Corleone appeared out of his car, looming over it (*to loom – виднеться, неясно вырисовываться, маячить; принимать угрожающие размеры*). The gunmen fired two more hasty shots at the Don lying in the gutter (*в /сточной/ канаве*). One hit him in the fleshy part of his arm and the second hit him in the calf of his right leg. Though these wounds were the least serious they bled profusely (*обильно; profuse [prə'fju:s] – избыливающий, расточительный*), forming small pools of blood beside his body. But by this time Don Corleone had lost consciousness (*потерял сознание; conscious ['kɒn[ə]s] – сознательный; ощущающий*).

8 Freddie had heard his father shout, calling him by his childhood name, and then he had heard the first two loud reports (*report – звенящее эхо /выстрела/*). By the time he got out of the car he was in shock, he had not even drawn his gun. The two assassins (*assassin [ə'sæsin] – /наемный, нападающий из-за угла/ убийца*) could easily have shot him down. But they too panicked.

9 They must have known the son was armed, and besides too much time had passed. They disappeared around the corner, leaving Freddie alone in the street with his father's bleeding body. Many of the people thronging the avenue had flung themselves into doorways or on the ground (*бросились; to fling*), others had huddled together in small groups (*толпились, жались друг к другу*).

10 Freddie still had not drawn his weapon. He seemed stunned (*to stun – оглушать ударом*). He stared down at his father's body lying face down on the tarred street (*на испачканной: «просмоленной» улице; tar – смола, гудрон*), lying now in what seemed to him a blackish lake of blood (*черноватое озеро*). Freddie went into physical shock. People eddied out again (*снова появились, вышли наружу; eddy – маленький водоворот, воронка; to eddy – крутиться в водовороте*) and someone, seeing him start to sag (*начал оседать*), led him to the curbstone and made him sit down on it. A crowd gathered around Don Corleone's body, a circle that shattered (*рассыпался*)

when the first police car sirened a path through them. Directly behind the police was the *Daily News* radio car and even before it stopped a photographer jumped out to snap pictures (щелкнуть, нащелкать) of the bleeding Don Corleone. A few moments later an ambulance arrived. The photographer turned his attention to Freddie Corleone, who was now weeping openly, and this was a curiously comical sight, because of his tough, Cupid-featured face, heavy nose and thick mouth smeared with snot (измаранные соплями; to smear – размазывать; пачкать). Detectives were spreading through the crowd and more police cars were coming up. One detective knelt beside Freddie, questioning him, but Freddie was too deep in shock to answer. The detective reached inside Freddie's coat and lifted his wallet. He looked at the identification inside and whistled to his partner. In just a few seconds Freddie had been cut off from the crowd by a flock of plainclothesmen (группкой: «стадом» сыщиков: «людей в штатском»). The first detective found Freddie's gun in its shoulder holster (в кобуре) and took it. Then they lifted Freddie off his feet and shoved him into an unmarked car. As that car pulled away it was followed by the *Daily News* radio car. The photographer was still snapping pictures of everybody and everything.

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with his father's bleeding body. Many of the people thronging the avenue had flung themselves into doorways or on the ground, others had huddled together in small groups.

10 Freddie still had not drawn his weapon. He seemed stunned. He stared down at his father's body lying face down on the tarred street, lying now in what seemed to him a blackish lake of blood. Freddie went into physical shock. People eddied out again and someone, seeing him start to sag, led him to the curbstone and made him sit down on it. A crowd gathered around Don Corleone's body, a circle that shattered when the first police car sirened a path through them. Directly behind the police was the *Daily News* radio car and even before it stopped a photographer jumped out to snap pictures of the bleeding Don Corleone. A few moments later an ambulance arrived. The photographer turned his attention to Freddie Corleone, who was now weeping openly, and this was a curiously comical sight, because of his tough, Cupid-featured face, heavy nose and thick mouth smeared with snot. Detectives were spreading through the crowd and more police cars were coming up. One detective knelt beside Freddie, questioning him, but Freddie was too deep in shock to answer. The detective reached inside Freddie's coat and lifted his wallet. He looked at the identification inside and whistled to his partner. In just a few seconds Freddie had been cut off from the crowd by a flock of plainclothesmen. The first detective found Freddie's gun in its shoulder holster and took it. Then they lifted Freddie off his feet and shoved him into an unmarked car. As that car pulled away it was followed by the *Daily News* radio car. The photographer was still snapping pictures of everybody and everything.

1 In the half hour after the shooting of his father, Sonny Corleone received five phone calls in rapid succession (в быстром следовании /друг за другом/; rapid ['ræpɪd] – скорый, стремительный). The first was from Detective John Phillips, who was on the family payroll and had been in the lead car of plainclothesmen at the scene of the shooting. The first thing he said to Sonny over the phone was, "Do you recognize my voice?"

2 "Yeah," Sonny said. He was fresh from a nap (дремота, короткий сон), called to the phone by his wife.

3 Phillips said quickly without preamble (преамбула; предисловие, вступление [pri:'æmbɪ]), "Somebody shot your father outside his place. Fifteen minutes ago. He's

alive but hurt bad. They've taken him to French Hospital. They got your brother Freddie down at the Chelsea precinct. You better get him a doctor when they turn him loose (отпустят). I'm going down to the hospital now to help question your old man, if he can talk. I'll keep you posted (держат в курсе)."

4 Across the table, Sonny's wife Sandra noticed that her husband's face had gone red with flushing blood. His eyes were glazed over (остекленели, потускнели; to glaze – покрывать глазурью). She whispered, "What's the matter?" He waved at her impatiently to shut up (чтобы заткнулась), swung his body away so that his back was toward her and said into the phone, "You sure he's alive?"

5 "Yeah, I'm sure," the detective said. "A lot of blood but I think maybe he's not as bad as he looks."

6 "Thanks, " Sonny said. "Be home tomorrow morning eight sharp. You got a grand coming."

7 Sonny cradled the phone (повесил трубку; cradle – колыбель; to cradle – класть в колыбель; вешать трубку). He forced himself to sit still. He knew that his greatest weakness was his anger and this was one time when anger could be fatal. The first thing to do was get Tom Hagen. But before he could pick up the phone, it rang. The call was from the bookmaker (букмекер – получающий деньги с тех, кто делает ставки на скачках) licensed by the Family to operate in the district of the Don's office. The bookmaker had called to tell him that the Don had been killed, shot dead in the street. After a few questions to make sure that the bookmaker's informant had not been close to the body, Sonny dismissed the information as incorrect. Phillips' dope would be more accurate. The phone rang almost immediately a third time. It was a reporter from the *Daily News*. As soon as he identified himself, Sonny Corleone hung up.

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9 He tried to think things out. He tried to imagine (вообразить [i'mædʒɪn]) how his father would react in a like situation. He had known immediately that this was an attack by Sollozzo, but Sollozzo would never have dared to eliminate (устранить [i'liːmineɪt]) so high-ranking a leader as the Don unless he was backed by other powerful people. The phone, ringing for the fourth time, interrupted his thoughts. The voice on the other end was very soft, very gentle. "Santino Corleone?" it asked.

10 "Yeah," Sonny said.

11 "We have Tom Hagen," the voice said. "In about three hours he'll be released with our proposition. Don't do anything rash until you've heard what he has to say. You can only cause a lot of trouble. What's done is done. Everybody has to be sensible now. Don't lose that famous temper of yours (самообладание; нрав, характер)." The voice was slightly mocking. Sonny couldn't be sure, but it sounded like Sollozzo. He made his voice sound muted, depressed. "I'll wait," he said. He heard the receiver on the other end click. He looked at his heavy gold-banded wristwatch and noted the exact time of the call and jotted it down on the tablecloth (to jot – кратко записать, набросать).

12 He sat at the kitchen table, frowning (нахмурившись). His wife asked, "Sonny, what is it?" He told her calmly, "They shot the old man." When he saw the shock on her face he said roughly, "Don't worry, he's not dead. And nothing else is going to happen." He did not tell her about Hagen. And then the phone rang for the fifth time.

13 It was Clemenza. The fat man's voice came wheezing over the phone in gruntlike gasps (затрудненное дыхание, удушье). "You hear about your father?" he asked.

14 "Yeah," Sonny said. "But he's not dead." There was a long pause over the phone and then Clemenza's voice came packed with emotion, "Thank God, thank God." Then anxiously, "You sure? I got word he was dead in the street."

15 "He's alive," Sonny said. He was listening intently to every intonation in Clemenza's voice. The emotion had seemed genuine but it was part of the fat man's profession to be a good actor.

16 "You'll have to carry the ball, Sonny," Clemenza said. "What do you want me to do?"

17 "Get over to my father's house," Sonny said. "Bring Paulie Gatto."

18 "That's all?" Clemenza asked. "Don't you want me to send some people to the hospital and your place?"

19 "No, I just want you and Paulie Gatto," Sonny said. There was a long pause. Clemenza was getting the message. To make it a little more natural, Sonny asked, "Where the hell was Paulie anyway? What the hell was he doing?"

20 There was no longer any wheezing on the other end of the line. Clemenza's voice was guarded. "Paulie was sick, he had a cold, so he stayed home. He's been a little sick all winter."

21 Sonny was instantly alert. "How many times did he stay home the last couple of months?"

- 22 "Maybe three or four times," Clemenza said. "I always asked Freddie if he wanted another guy but he said no. There's been no cause, the last ten years things been smooth, you know."
- 23 "Yeah," Sonny said. "I'll see you at my father's house. Be sure you bring Paulie. Pick him up on your way over. I don't care how sick he is. You got that?" He slammed down the phone (**to slam – хлопнуть /дверью/, бросить со шумом**) without waiting for an answer.
- 24 His wife was weeping silently. He stared at her for a moment, then said in a harsh voice (**harsh – жесткий, грубый**), "Any of our people call, tell them to get me in my father's house on his special phone. Anybody else call, you don't know nothing. If Tom's wife calls, tell her that Tom won't be home for a while, he's on business."
- 25 He pondered for a moment. "A couple of our people will come to stay here." He saw her look of fright and said impatiently, "You don't have to be scared, I just want them here. Do whatever they tell you to do. If you wanta (= **want to**) talk to me, get me on Pop's special phone but don't call me unless it's really important. And don't worry." He went out of the house.
- 26 Darkness had fallen and the December wind whipped through the mall (**хлестал по аллее; whip – хлыст**). Sonny had no fear about stepping out into the night. All eight houses were owned by Don Corleone. At the mouth of the mall the two houses on either side were rented by family retainers (**retainer – слуга /постоянно живущий в какой-либо семье/**) with their own families and star boarders (**и постоянными квартирантами, пансионерами**), single men who lived in the basement apartments (**basement – подвал; цокольный этаж**). Of the remaining six houses that formed the rest of the half circle, one was inhabited by Tom Hagen and his family, his own, and the smallest and least ostentatious (**бросающийся в глаза, показной [osten'tei[ðs]**) by the Don himself. The other three houses were given rent-free to retired friends of the Don with the understanding that they would be vacated whenever he requested (**освобождены по первому требованию**). The harmless-looking mall was an impregnable fortress (**«непроницаемая» крепость**).
- 27 All eight houses were equipped with floodlights which bathed the grounds around them and made the mall impossible to lurk in (**прокрасться; to lurk – скрываться в засаде, прятаться**). Sonny went across the street to his father's house and let himself inside with his own key. He yelled out, "Ma, where are you?" and his mother came out of the kitchen. Behind her rose the smell of frying peppers (**жарящегося перца**). Before she could say anything, Sonny took her by the arm and made her sit down. "I just got a

call," he said. "Now don't get worried. Pop's in the hospital, he's hurt. Get dressed and get ready to get down there. I'll have a car and a driver for you in a little while. OK?"

28 His mother looked at him steadily (*пристально: «неподвижно»*) for a moment and then asked in Italian, "Have they shot him?"

29 Sonny nodded. His mother bowed her head for a moment. Then she went back into the kitchen. Sonny followed her. He watched her turn off the gas under the panful of peppers (*под сковородой с перцем*) and then go out and up to the bedroom. He took peppers from the pan and bread from the basket on the table and made a sloppy sandwich (*sloppy – мокрый, водянистый*) with hot olive oil dripping from his fingers. He went into the huge corner room that was his father's office and took the special phone from a locked cabinet box (*to lock – запираеть*). The phone had been especially installed and was listed under a phony (*фальшивое*) name and a phony address. The first person he called was Luca Brasi. There was no answer. Then he called the safety-valve *caporegime* in Brooklyn, a man of unquestioned loyalty to the Don. This man's name was Tessio. Sonny told him what had happened and what he wanted. Tessio was to recruit fifty absolutely reliable men (*надежных; to rely on ... – полагаться на ...*). He was to send guards to the hospital, he was to send men out to Long Beach to work here. Tessio asked, "Did they get Clemenza too?" Sonny said, "I don't want to use Clemenza's people right now." Tessio understood immediately, there was a pause, and then he said, "Excuse me, Sonny, I say this as your father would say it. Don't move too fast. I can't believe Clemenza would betray us."

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33 "OK," Tessio said, "I'll be over your father's house as soon as I get things rolling. OK? You know my boys, right?"

34 "Yeah," Sonny said. He hung up. He went over to a small wall safe and unlocked it. From it he took an indexed book (*с алфавитным индексом*) bound in blue leather. He opened it to the T's until he found the entry he was looking for. It read, "Ray Farrell \$5,000 Christmas Eve (*Сочельник*)." This was followed by a telephone number. Sonny dialed the number and said, "Farrell?" The man on the other end answered, "Yes." Sonny said, "This is Santino Corleone. I want you to do me a favor and I want you to do

it right away (сейчас же, незамедлительно). I want you to check two phone numbers and give me all the calls they got and all the calls they made for the last three months." He gave Farrell the number of Paulie Gatto's home and Clemenza's home. Then he said, "This is important. Get it to me before midnight and you'll have an extra very Merry Christmas."

35 Before he settled back to think things out he gave Luca Brasi's number one more call. Again there was no answer. This worried him but he put it out of his mind. Luca would come to the house as soon as he heard the news. Sonny leaned back in the swivel chair (вращающееся кресло; swivel [swivl] – шарнирное соединение). In an hour the house would be swarming with Family people (to swarm – кишеть, роиться; swarm – рой, стая) and he would have to tell them all what to do, and now that he finally had time to think he realized how serious the situation was. It was the first challenge (вызов) to the Corleone Family and their power in ten years. There was no doubt that Sollozzo was behind it, but he would never have dared attempt such a stroke (никогда бы не отважился на такой удар; to attempt – попытаться) unless he had support from at least one of the five great New York families. And that support must have come from the Tattaglias. Which meant a full-scale war (полномасштабную; scale – чаша весов; градация; масштаб) or an immediate settlement on Sollozzo's terms (немедленное принятие его условий; settlement – урегулирование, соглашение). Sonny smiled grimly. The wily (коварный, хитрый) Turk had planned well but he had been unlucky. The old man was alive and so it was war. With Luca Brasi and the resources of the Corleone Family there could be but one outcome. But again the nagging worry (грызущее беспокойство). Where was Luca Brasi?

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Chapter 3

1 Counting the driver, there were four men in the car with Hagen. They put him in the back seat, in the middle of the two men who had come up behind him in the street. Sollozzo sat up front. The man on Hagen's right reached over across his body and tilted Hagen's hat (наклонил, отвернул) over his eyes so that he could not see. "Don't even move your pinkie (мизинец)," he said.

2 It was a short ride, not more than twenty minutes and when they got out of the car Hagen could not recognize the neighborhood because darkness had fallen. They led him into a basement apartment and made him sit on a straight-backed kitchen chair. Sollozzo sat across the kitchen table from him. His dark face had a peculiarly vulturine look (особенно хищное выражение /лица/; vulture [ˈvʌltʃə] – гриф /птица/; peculiarly [pɪˈkjuːli] – особо; странно, необычно).

3 "I don't want you to be afraid," he said. "I know you're not in the muscle end of the Family (не обладаешь реальной властью, силой). I want you to help the Corleones and I want you to help me."

4 Hagen's hands were shaking as he put a cigarette in his mouth. One of the men brought a bottle of rye to the table and gave him a slug of it in a china coffee cup. Hagen drank the fiery liquid gratefully. It steadied his hands and took the weakness out of his legs.

5 "Your boss is dead," Sollozzo said. He paused, surprised at the tears that sprang to Hagen's eyes. Then he went on. "We got him outside his office, in the street. As soon as I got the word, I picked you up. You have to make the peace between me and Sonny."

6 Hagen didn't answer. He was surprised at his own grief (скорбь, горе). And the feeling of desolation (опустошенность; безутешность [desəˈleɪʃən]) mixed with his fear of death. Sollozzo was speaking again. "Sonny was hot for my deal (был в восторге от моего предложения, был за). Right? You know it's the smart thing to do too. Narcotics

is the coming thing. There's so much money in it that everybody can get rich just in a couple of years. The Don was an old 'Moustache Pete,' (человек старого закала) his day was over but he didn't know it. Now he's dead, nothing can bring him back. I'm ready to make a new deal, I want you to talk Sonny into taking it."

7 Hagen said, "You haven't got a chance. Sonny will come after you with everything he's got (to come after – преследовать)."

8 Sollozzo said impatiently, "That's gonna be his first reaction. You have to talk some sense to him. The Tattaglia Family stands behind me with all their people. The other New York families will go along with anything that will stop a full-scale war between us. Our war has to hurt them and their businesses. If Sonny goes along with the deal (to go along – сопровождать; соглашаться), the other Families in the country will consider it none of their affair, even the Don's oldest friends."

9 Hagen stared down at his hands, not answering. Sollozzo went on persuasively (убеждая, стараясь убедить; to persuade [pə'sweɪd] – убеждать). "The Don was slipping (сильно сдал; to slip – соскальзывать; ухудшаться, деградировать). In the old days I could never have gotten to him (не смог бы к нему подобраться). The other Families distrust him (не доверяют) because he made you his *Consiglieri* and you're not even Italian, much less Sicilian. If it goes to all-out war (дойдет до полной, тотальной войны; all-out – изо всех сил, всеми средствами) the Corleone Family will be smashed and everybody loses, me included. I need the Family political contacts more than I need the money even. So talk to Sonny, talk to the *caporegimes*; you'll save a lot of bloodshed (кровопролитие)."

10 Hagen held out his china cup for more whiskey. "I'll try," he said. "But Sonny is strong-headed (упрям). And even Sonny won't be able to call off Luca. You have to worry about Luca. I'll have to worry about Luca if I go for your deal."

11 Sollozzo said quietly, "I'll take care of Luca. You take care of Sonny and the other two kids. Listen, you can tell them that Freddie would have gotten it today with his old man but my people had strict orders (строгие указания, определенный, точный указ) not to gun him. I didn't want any more hard feelings (раздражение, гнев, вражда) than necessary. You can tell them that, Freddie is alive because of me."

12 Finally Hagen's mind was working. For the first time he really believed that Sollozzo did not mean to kill him or hold him as a hostage (заложник). The sudden relief (облегчение, освобождение) from fear that flooded his body made him flush with shame. Sollozzo watched him with a quiet understanding smile. Hagen began to think things out. If he did not agree to argue Sollozzo's case (to argue ['ɑ:gju:] – спорить,

доказывать, утверждать; здесь: поддержать, выступить в защиту), he might be killed. But then he realized that Sollozzo expected him only to present it (представить, показать, передать) and present it properly, as he was bound (обязан) to do as a responsible *Consigliori*. And now, thinking about it, he also realized that Sollozzo was right. An unlimited war between the Tattaglias and the Corleones must be avoided at all costs (to avoid – избежать). The Corleones must bury their dead and forget, make a deal. And then when the time was right they could move against Sollozzo.

13 But glancing up, he realized that Sollozzo knew exactly what he was thinking. The Turk was smiling. And then it struck Hagen. What had happened to Luca Brasi that Sollozzo was so unconcerned? Had Luca made a deal? He remembered that on the night Don Corleone had refused Sollozzo, Luca had been summoned into the office for a private conference with the Don. But now was not the time to worry about such details. He had to get back to the safety of the Corleone Family fortress in Long Beach. "I'll do my best," he said to Sollozzo. "I believe you're right, it's even what the Don would want us to do."

14 Sollozzo nodded gravely. "Fine," he said. "I don't like bloodshed, I'm a businessman and blood costs too much money." At that moment the phone rang and one of the men sitting behind Hagen went to answer it. He listened and then said curtly, "OK, I'll tell him." He hung up the phone, went to Sollozzo's side and whispered in the Turk's ear. Hagen saw Sollozzo's face go pale, his eyes glitter with rage (to glitter – блестеть, сверкать). He himself felt a thrill of fear. Sollozzo was looking at him speculatively (задумчиво, размышляя) and suddenly Hagen knew that he was no longer going to be set free. That something had happened that might mean his death. Sollozzo said, "The old man is still alive. Five bullets in his Sicilian hide (кожа, шкура) and he's still alive." He gave a fatalistic shrug. "Bad luck," he said to Hagen. "Bad luck for me. Bad luck for you."

1 Counting the driver, there were four men in the car with Hagen. They put him in the back seat, in the middle of the two men who had come up behind him in the street. Sollozzo sat up front. The man on Hagen's right reached over across his body and tilted Hagen's hat over his eyes so that he could not see. "Don't even move your pinkie," he said.

2 It was a short ride, not more than twenty minutes and when they got out of the car Hagen could not recognize the neighborhood because darkness had fallen. They led him into a basement apartment and made him sit on a straight-backed

kitchen chair. Sollozzo sat across the kitchen table from him. His dark face had a peculiarly vulterine look.

3 "I don't want you to be afraid," he said. "I know you're not in the muscle end of the Family. I want you to help the Corleones and I want you to help me."

4 Hagen's hands were shaking as he put a cigarette in his mouth. One of the men brought a bottle of rye to the table and gave him a slug of it in a china coffee cup. Hagen drank the fiery liquid gratefully. It steadied his hands and took the weakness out of his legs.

5 "Your boss is dead," Sollozzo said. He paused, surprised at the tears that sprang to Hagen's eyes. Then he went on. "We got him outside his office, in the street. As soon as I got the word, I picked you up. You have to make the peace between me and Sonny."

6 Hagen didn't answer. He was surprised at his own grief. And the feeling of desolation mixed with his fear of death. Sollozzo was speaking again. "Sonny was hot for my deal. Right? You know it's the smart thing to do too. Narcotics is the coming thing. There's so much money in it that everybody can get rich just in a couple of years. The Don was an old 'Moustache Pete,' his day was over but he didn't know it. Now he's dead, nothing can bring him back. I'm ready to make a new deal, I want you to talk Sonny into taking it."

7 Hagen said, "You haven't got a chance. Sonny will come after you with everything he's got."

8 Sollozzo said impatiently, "That's gonna be his first reaction. You have to talk some sense to him. The Tattaglia Family stands behind me with all their people. The other New York families will go along with anything that will stop a full-scale war between us. Our war has to hurt them and their businesses. If Sonny goes along with the deal, the other Families in the country will consider it none of their affair, even the Don's oldest friends."

9 Hagen stared down at his hands, not answering. Sollozzo went on persuasively. "The Don was slipping. In the old days I could never have gotten to him. The other Families distrust him because he made you his *Consiglieri* and you're not even Italian, much less Sicilian. If it goes to all-out war the Corleone Family will be smashed and everybody loses, me included. I need the Family political contacts more than I need the money even. So talk to Sonny, talk to the *caporegimes*; you'll save a lot of bloodshed."

10 Hagen held out his china cup for more whiskey. "I'll try," he said. "But Sonny is strong-headed. And even Sonny won't be able to call off Luca. You have to worry about Luca. I'll have to worry about Luca if I go for your deal."

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Chapter 4

1 When Michael Corleone arrived at his father's house in Long Beach he found the narrow entrance mouth of the mall blocked off with a link chain. The mall itself was bright with the floodlights of all eight houses, outlining at least ten cars parked along the curving cement walk (вдоль «изгибающегося» тротуара; to curve – изгибаться; curve – кривая линия, дуга).

2 Two men he didn't know were leaning against the chain. One of them asked in a Brooklyn accent, "Who're you?"

3 He told them. Another man came out of the nearest house and peered at his face (to peer – вглядываться). "That's the Don's kid," he said. "I'll bring him inside." Mike followed this man to his father's house, where two men at the door let him and his escort pass inside.

4 The house seemed to be full of men he didn't know, until he went into the living room. There Michael saw Tom Hagen's wife, Theresa, sitting stiffly on the sofa (stiff – тугой, негибкий; одеревенелый), smoking a cigarette. On the coffee table in front of her was a glass of whiskey. On the other side of the sofa sat the bulky (грузный, тучный) Clemenza. The *caporegime's* face was impassive, but he was sweating and the cigar in his hand glistened slickly black with his saliva (slick – гладкий, скользкий; saliva [sə'laɪvə] – слюна).

5 Clemenza came to wring his hand in a consoling way (пожать ему руку, утешая = сочувственно, стараясь успокоить; to console [kən'səʊl]), muttering, "Your mother is at the hospital with your father, he's going to be all right." Paulie Gatto stood up to shake hands. Michael looked at him curiously. He knew Paulie was his father's bodyguard but did not know that Paulie had stayed home sick that day. But he sensed tension (напряжение, напряженность) in the thin dark face. He knew Gatto's reputation as an up-and-coming man (подающий надежды, перспективный), a very quick man who knew how to get delicate jobs done without complications (без осложнений), and today he had failed in his duty (не исполнил свой долг). He noticed several other men in the corners of the room but he did not recognize them. They were not of Clemenza's people. Michael put these facts together and understood. Clemenza and Gatto were suspect (подозреваемы, под подозрением ['sʌspekt]). Thinking that

Paulie had been at the scene, he asked the ferret-faced young man, "How is Freddie? He OK?"

6 "The doctor gave him a shot (укол)," Clemenza said. "He's sleeping."

7 Michael went to Hagen's wife and bent down to kiss her cheek. They had always liked each other. He whispered, "Don't worry, Tom will be OK. Have you talked to Sonny yet?"

8 Theresa clung to him (to cling – цепляться, прилипнуть, крепко держаться) for a moment and shook her head. She was a delicate, very pretty woman, more American than Italian, and very scared (испуганная). He took her hand and lifted her off the sofa. Then he led her into his father's corner room office.

9 Sonny was sprawled out (развалился) in his chair behind the desk holding a yellow pad (блокнот) in one hand and a pencil in the other. The only other man in the room with him was the *caporegime* Tessio, whom Michael recognized and immediately realized that it must be his men who were in the house and forming the new palace guard. He too had a pencil and pad in his hands.

10 When Sonny saw them he came from behind his desk and took Hagen's wife in his arms. "Don't worry, Theresa," he said. "Tom's OK. They just wanta give him the proposition (предложение), they said they'd turn him loose (отпустят). He's not on the operating end, he's just our lawyer. There's no reason for anybody to do him harm."

11 He released Theresa and then to Michael's surprise he too, got a hug («получил» объятие = был обнят) and a kiss on the cheek. He pushed Sonny away and said grinning, "After I get used to you beating me up I gotta put up with this (после того, как я привык к тому, как ты меня лупил, мне еще и с этим придется мириться, и к этому привыкать)?" They had often fought when they were younger.

12 Sonny shrugged. "Listen, kid, I was worried when I couldn't get ahold of you (не мог тебя найти; ahold – захват, удержание) in that hick town. Not that I gave a crap if they knocked you off (не то чтобы я очень волновался, переживал бы, если бы они тебя уколошили; crap – дерьмо; ерунда, мелочь; to knock off – убить /сленг/), but I didn't like the idea of bringing the news to the old lady. I had to tell her about Pop (о папе)."

13 "How'd she take it?" Michael asked.

14 "Good," Sonny said. "She's been through it before. Me too. You were too young to know about it and then things got pretty smooth while you were growing up." He paused and then said, "She's down at the hospital with the old man. He's gonna pull through (выкарабкается)."

15 "How about us going down (съездить туда /в центр города/)?" Michael asked.

16 Sonny shook his head and said dryly, "I can't leave this house until it's all over."

The phone rang. Sonny picked it up and listened intently (внимательно, сосредоточенно). While he was listening Michael sauntered over to the desk (медленно прошел; to saunter ['so:ntə] – медленно гулять, прохаживаться) and glanced down at the yellow pad Sonny had been writing on. There was a list of seven names. The first three were Sollozzo, Phillip Tattaglia, and John Tattaglia. It struck Michael with full force that he had interrupted Sonny and Tessio as they were making up a list of men to be killed.

17 When Sonny hung up the phone he said to Theresa Hagen and Michael, "Can you two wait outside? I got some business with Tessio we have to finish."

18 Hagen's wife said, "Was that call about Tom?" She said it almost truculently (truculent ['trʌkjʊlənt] – жестокий, свирепый; грубый, вызывающий) but she was weeping with fright. Sonny put his arm around her and led her to the door. "I swear he's going to be OK," he said. "Wait in the living room. I'll come out as soon as I hear something." He shut the door behind her. Michael had sat down in one of the big leather armchairs. Sonny gave him a quick sharp look and then went to sit down behind the desk.

19 "You hang around me (держись возле меня), Mike," he said, "you're gonna hear things you don't wanta hear."

20 Michael lit a cigarette. "I can help out," he said.

21 "No, you can't," Sonny said. "The old man would be sore as hell (чертовски раздражен, разозлен) if I let you get mixed up in this (позволю тебе быть замешанным в этом, втяну тебя в это)."

22 Michael stood up and yelled. "You lousy bastard, he's my father. I'm not supposed to help him? I can help. I don't have to go out and kill people but I can help. Stop treating me like a kid brother. I was in the war. I got shot (меня подстрелили = я был ранен), remember? I killed some Japs (япошек). What the hell do you think I'll do when you knock somebody off? Faint (упаду в обморок)?"

23 Sonny grinned at him. "Pretty soon you'll want me to put up my dukes (поднять руки /приняв боксерскую стойку/; dukes – кулаки /сленг/). OK, stick around, you can handle the phone." He turned to Tessio. "That call I just got gave me dope (подсказку, информацию) we needed." He turned to Michael. "Somebody had to finger the old man (должен был указать = подставить). It could have been Clemenza, it could have been Paulie Gatto, who was very conveniently sick today (convenient [kən'vi:njənt] –

удобный, подходящий). I know the answer now, let's see how smart you are, Mike, you're the college boy. Who sold out to Sollozzo?"

24 Michael sat down again and relaxed back into the leather armchair. He thought everything over very carefully. Clemenza was a *caporegime* in the Corleone Family structure. Don Corleone had made him a millionaire and they had been intimate friends for over twenty years. He held one of the most powerful posts in the organization. What could Clemenza gain for betraying his Don? More money? He was rich enough but then men are always greedy. More power? Revenge for some fancied insult or slight (мечь за какое-нибудь воображаемое, надуманное оскорбление или проявление пренебрежительности; to fancy – воображать, представлять себе)? That Hagen had been made the *Consigliori*? Or perhaps a businessman's conviction (убеждение) that Sollozzo would win out? No, it was impossible for Clemenza to be a traitor, and then Michael thought sadly it was only impossible because he didn't want Clemenza to die. The fat man had always brought him gifts when he was growing up, had sometimes taken him on outings (загородные прогулки) when the Don had been too busy. He could not believe that Clemenza was guilty of treachery (виновен в предательстве; treachery [ˈtretʃəri] – вероломство, измена).

25 But, on the other hand, Sollozzo would want Clemenza in his pocket more than any other man in the Corleone Family.

26 Michael thought about Paulie Gatto. Paulie as yet had not become rich. He was well thought of (о нем хорошо позаботились), his rise in the organization was certain but he would have to put in his time like everybody else. Also he would have wilder dreams of power, as the young always do. It had to be Paulie. And then Michael remembered that in the sixth grade (в шестом классе) he and Paulie had been in the same class in school and he didn't want it to be Paulie either.

27 He shook his head. "Neither one of them," he said. But he said it only because Sonny had said he had the answer. If it had been a vote (голосование), he would have voted Paulie guilty.

28 Sonny was smiling at him. "Don't worry," he said. "Clemenza is OK. It's Paulie."

29 Michael could see that Tessio was relieved. As a fellow *caporegime* his sympathy would be with Clemenza. Also the present situation was not so serious if treachery did not reach so high. Tessio said cautiously (cautious [ˈkoːʃəs] – осторожный), "Then I can send my people home tomorrow?"

30 Sonny said, "The day after tomorrow. I don't want anybody to know about this until then. Listen, I want to talk some family business with my brother, personal. Wait out in

the living room, eh? We can finish our list later. You and Clemenza will work together on it."

31 "Sure," Tessio said. He went out.

32 "How do you know for sure it's Paulie?" Michael asked.

33 Sonny said, "We have people in the telephone company and they tracked down (проследили, восстановили) all of Paulie's phone calls in and out Clemenza's too. On the three days Paulie was sick this month he got a call from a street booth across from the old man's building. Today too. They were checking to see if Paulie was coming down or somebody was being sent down to take his place. Or for some other reason. It doesn't matter." Sonny shrugged. "Thank God it was Paulie. We'll need Clemenza bad (он нам очень будет нужен)."

34 Michael asked hesitantly (hesitant ['hezitənt] – колеблющийся, нерешительный, сомневающийся), "Is it going to be an all-out war?"

35 Sonny's eyes were hard. "That's how I'm going to play it as soon as Tom checks in. Until the old man tells me different."

36 Michael asked, "So why don't you wait until the old man can tell you?"

37 Sonny looked at him curiously. "How the hell did you win those combat medals (боевые медали; combat ['kɒmbət] – бой, сражение)? We are under the gun, man, we gotta fight. I'm just afraid they won't let Tom go."

38 Michael was surprised at this. "Why not?"

39 Again Sonny's voice was patient "They snatched Tom because they figured the old man was finished and they could make a deal with me and Tom would be the sit-down guy in the preliminary stages (парень для переговоров на предварительных стадиях [pri'liminəri]), carry the proposition. Now with the old man alive they know I can't make a deal so Tom's no good to them. They can turn him loose or dump him (прикончить /сленг/; dump – мусорная куча, отвал /земли, руды/; to dump – выгружать, сваливать), depending how Sollozzo feels. If they dump him, it would be just to show us they really mean business, trying to bulldoze us (запугать; to bulldoze ['buldɒuz] – разбивать крупные куски /руды/; расчищать при помощи бульдозера; запугивать, шантажировать /сленг/)."

40 Michael said quietly, "What think he could get a deal with you?"

41 Sonny flushed and he didn't answer for a moment. Then he said, "We had a meeting a few months ago, Sollozzo came to us with a proposition on drugs. The old man turned him down (отклонил). But during the meeting I shot off my mouth a little (проболтался; to shot off – стрелять в воздух, пускать /фейерверк, ракету/), I

showed I wanted the deal. Which is absolutely the wrong thing to do; if there's one thing the old man hammered into me (вбивал, вколачивал; hammer – молоток) it's never to do a thing like that, to let other people know there's a split of opinion (разделение мнений, расхождение во мнениях; to split – раскалывать, расщеплять) in the Family. So Sollozzo figures he gets rid of the old man (воображает, что если избавится), I have to go in with him on the drugs. With the old man gone, the Family power is cut at least in half. I would be fighting for my life anyway to keep all the businesses the old man got together. Drugs are the coming thing, we should get into it. And his knocking off the old man is purely business, nothing personal. As a matter of business I would go in with him. Of course he would never let me get too close, he'd make sure I'd never get a clean shot at him, just in case (на всякий случай). But he also knows that once I accepted the deal the other Families would never let me start a war a couple of years later just for revenge. Also, the Tattaglia Family is behind him."

42 "If they had gotten the old man, what would you have done?" Michael asked.

43 Sonny said very simply, "Sollozzo is dead meat. I don't care what it costs. I don't care if we have to fight all the five families in New York. The Tattaglia Family is going to be wiped out (будет истреблена; to wipe – стирать; уничтожать; убивать /сленг/). I don't care if we all go down together (если все, пусть даже мы все загнемся)."

44 Michael said softly, "That's not how Pop would have played it."

Sonny made a violent gesture (violent – неистовый, вспыльчивый). "I know I'm not the man he was. But I'll tell you this and he'll tell you too. When it comes to real action I can operate as good as anybody, short-range (в ближнем бою: «в малом радиусе действия»). Sollozzo knows that and so do Clemenza and Tessio, I 'made my bones' when I was nineteen, the last time the Family had a war, and I was a big help to the old man. So I'm not worried now. And our Family has all the horses in a deal like this. I just wish we could get contact with Luca."

45 Michael asked curiously, "Is Luca that tough (действительно настолько крутой), like they say? Is he that good?"

46 Sonny nodded. "He's in a class by himself. I'm going to send him after the three Tattaglias. I'll get Sollozzo myself."

47 Michael shifted uneasily in his chair (задвигался, заерзал беспокойно). He looked at his older brother. He remembered Sonny as being sometimes casually brutal (подчас жесток, груб) but essentially warmhearted (по сути, в основе своей добр). A nice guy. It seemed unnatural to hear him talking this way, it was chilling (жутко; to chill – замораживать, охлаждать) to see the list of names he had scribbled down (набросал;

to scribble – писать неразборчивым почерком, небрежно), men to be executed (которые должны быть казнены), as if he were some newly crowned Roman Emperor. He was glad that he was not truly part of all this, that now his father lived he did not have to involve himself in vengeance (месть, мщение ['vendGðns]). He'd help out, answering the phone, running errands (бегая по поручениям) and messages. Sonny and the old man could take care of themselves, especially with Luca behind them.

48 At that moment they heard a woman scream in the living room. Oh, Christ, Michael thought, it sounded like Tom's wife. He rushed to the door and opened it. Everybody in the living room was standing. And by the sofa Tom Hagen was holding Theresa close to him, his face embarrassed (смущенное). Theresa was weeping and sobbing, and Michael realized that the scream he had heard had been her calling out her husband's name with joy. As he watched, Tom Hagen disentangled himself from his wife's arms (освободился: «выпутался»; entangle [in'tæŋgl] – запутывать, сплетаться; tangle – запутанный клубок) and lowered her back onto the sofa. He smiled at Michael grimly (мрачно). "Glad to see you, Mike, really glad." He strode (to stride – идти большими шагами, быстрой походкой) into the office without another look at his still-sobbing wife. He hadn't lived with the Corleone Family ten years for nothing (недаром, не бесследно прожил), Michael thought with a queer flush of pride. Some of the old man had rubbed off on him (что-то перешло к нему от старика, какой-то налет остался; to rub – тереть; to rub off – стирать), as it had on Sonny, and he thought, with surprise, even on himself.

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8 Theresa clung to him for a moment and shook her head. She was a delicate, very pretty woman, more American than Italian, and very scared. He took her hand and lifted her off the sofa. Then he led her into his father's corner room office.

9 Sonny was sprawled out in his chair behind the desk holding a yellow pad in one hand and a pencil in the other. The only other man in the room with him was the *caporegime* Tessio, whom Michael recognized and immediately realized that it must be his men who were in the house and forming the new palace guard. He too had a pencil and pad in his hands.

10 When Sonny saw them he came from behind his desk and took Hagen's wife in his arms. "Don't worry, Theresa," he said. "Tom's OK. They just wanta give him the proposition, they said they'd turn him loose (**отпустят**). He's not on the operating end, he's just our lawyer. There's no reason for anybody to do him harm."

11 He released Theresa and then to Michael's surprise he too, got a hug and a kiss on the cheek. He pushed Sonny away and said grinning, "After I get used to

you beating me up I gotta put up with this?" They had often fought when they were younger.

12 Sonny shrugged. "Listen, kid, I was worried when I couldn't get ahold of you in that hick town. Not that I gave a crap if they knocked you off, but I didn't like the idea of bringing the news to the old lady. I had to tell her about Pop."

13 "How'd she take it?" Michael asked.

14 "Good," Sonny said. "She's been through it before. Me too. You were too young to know about it and then things got pretty smooth while you were growing up." He paused and then said, "She's down at the hospital with the old man. He's gonna pull through."

15 "How about us going down?" Michael asked.

16 Sonny shook his head and said dryly, "I can't leave this house until it's all over." The phone rang. Sonny picked it up and listened intently. While he was listening Michael sauntered over to the desk and glanced down at the yellow pad Sonny had been writing on. There was a list of seven names. The first three were Sollozzo, Phillip Tattaglia, and John Tattaglia. It struck Michael with full force that he had interrupted Sonny and Tessio as they were making up a list of men to be killed.

17 When Sonny hung up the phone he said to Theresa Hagen and Michael, "Can you two wait outside? I got some business with Tessio we have to finish."

18 Hagen's wife said, "Was that call about Tom?" She said it almost truculently but she was weeping with fright. Sonny put his arm around her and led her to the door. "I swear he's going to be OK," he said. "Wait in the living room. I'll come out as soon as I hear something." He shut the door behind her. Michael had sat down in one of the big leather armchairs. Sonny gave him a quick sharp look and then went to sit down behind the desk.

19 "You hang around me, Mike," he said, "you're gonna hear things you don't wanta hear."

20 Michael lit a cigarette. "I can help out," he said.

21 "No, you can't," Sonny said. "The old man would be sore as hell if I let you get mixed up in this."

22 Michael stood up and yelled. "You lousy bastard, he's my father. I'm not supposed to help him? I can help. I don't have to go out and kill people but I can help. Stop treating me like a kid brother. I was in the war. I got shot, remember? I

killed some Japs. What the hell do you think I'll do when you knock somebody off? Faint?"

23 Sonny grinned at him. "Pretty soon you'll want me to put up my dukes. OK, stick around, you can handle the phone." He turned to Tessio. "That call I just got gave me dope we needed." He turned to Michael. "Somebody had to finger the old man. It could have been Clemenza, it could have been Paulie Gatto, who was very conveniently sick today. I know the answer now, let's see how smart you are, Mike, you're the college boy. Who sold out to Sollozzo?"

24 Michael sat down again and relaxed back into the leather armchair. He thought everything over very carefully. Clemenza was a *caporegime* in the Corleone Family structure. Don Corleone had made him a millionaire and they had been intimate friends for over twenty years. He held one of the most powerful posts in the organization. What could Clemenza gain for betraying his Don? More money? He was rich enough but then men are always greedy. More power? Revenge for some fancied insult or slight? That Hagen had been made the *Consigliori*? Or perhaps a businessman's conviction that Sollozzo would win out? No, it was impossible for Clemenza to be a traitor, and then Michael thought sadly it was only impossible because he didn't want Clemenza to die. The fat man had always brought him gifts when he was growing up, had sometimes taken him on outings when the Don had been too busy. He could not believe that Clemenza was guilty of treachery.

25 But, on the other hand, Sollozzo would want Clemenza in his pocket more than any other man in the Corleone Family.

26 Michael thought about Paulie Gatto. Paulie as yet had not become rich. He was well thought of, his rise in the organization was certain but he would have to put in his time like everybody else. Also he would have wilder dreams of power, as the young always do. It had to be Paulie. And then Michael remembered that in the sixth grade he and Paulie had been in the same class in school and he didn't want it to be Paulie either.

27 He shook his head. "Neither one of them," he said. But he said it only because Sonny had said he had the answer. If it had been a vote, he would have voted Paulie guilty.

28 Sonny was smiling at him. "Don't worry," he said. "Clemenza is OK. It's Paulie."

29 Michael could see that Tessio was relieved. As a fellow *caporegime* his sympathy would be with Clemenza. Also the present situation was not so serious if treachery did not reach so high. Tessio said cautiously, "Then I can send my people home tomorrow?"

30 Sonny said, "The day after tomorrow. I don't want anybody to know about this until then. Listen, I want to talk some family business with my brother, personal. Wait out in the living room, eh? We can finish our list later. You and Clemenza will work together on it."

31 "Sure," Tessio said. He went out.

32 "How do you know for sure it's Paulie?" Michael asked.

33 Sonny said, "We have people in the telephone company and they tracked down all of Paulie's phone calls in and out Clemenza's too. On the three days Paulie was sick this month he got a call from a street booth across from the old man's building. Today too. They were checking to see if Paulie was coming down or somebody was being sent down to take his place. Or for some other reason. It doesn't matter." Sonny shrugged. "Thank God it was Paulie. We'll need Clemenza bad."

34 Michael asked hesitantly, "Is it going to be an all-out war?"

35 Sonny's eyes were hard. "That's how I'm going to play it as soon as Tom checks in. Until the old man tells me different."

36 Michael asked, "So why don't you wait until the old man can tell you?"

37 Sonny looked at him curiously. "How the hell did you win those combat medals? We are under the gun, man, we gotta fight. I'm just afraid they won't let Tom go."

38 Michael was surprised at this. "Why not?"

39 Again Sonny's voice was patient "They snatched Tom because they figured the old man was finished and they could make a deal with me and Tom would be the sit-down guy in the preliminary stages, carry the proposition. Now with the old man alive they know I can't make a deal so Tom's no good to them. They can turn him loose or dump him, depending how Sollozzo feels. If they dump him, it would be just to show us they really mean business, trying to bulldoze us."

40 Michael said quietly, "What think he could get a deal with you?"

41 Sonny flushed and he didn't answer for a moment. Then he said, "We had a meeting a few months ago, Sollozzo came to us with a proposition on drugs. The old man turned him down. But during the meeting I shot off my mouth a little, I

showed I wanted the deal. Which is absolutely the wrong thing to do; if there's one thing the old man hammered into me it's never to do a thing like that, to let other people know there's a split of opinion in the Family. So Sollozzo figures he gets rid of the old man, I have to go in with him on the drugs. With the old man gone, the Family power is cut at least in half. I would be fighting for my life anyway to keep all the businesses the old man got together. Drugs are the coming thing, we should get into it. And his knocking off the old man is purely business, nothing personal. As a matter of business I would go in with him. Of course he would never let me get too close, he'd make sure I'd never get a clean shot at him, just in case. But he also knows that once I accepted the deal the other Families would never let me start a war a couple of years later just for revenge. Also, the Tattaglia Family is behind him."

42 "If they had gotten the old man, what would you have done?" Michael asked.

43 Sonny said very simply, "Sollozzo is dead meat. I don't care what it costs. I don't care if we have to fight all the five families in New York. The Tattaglia Family is going to be wiped out. I don't care if we all go down together."

44 Michael said softly, "That's not how Pop would have played it."

Sonny made a violent gesture. "I know I'm not the man he was. But I'll tell you this and he'll tell you too. When it comes to real action I can operate as good as anybody, short-range. Sollozzo knows that and so do Clemenza and Tessio, I 'made my bones' when I was nineteen, the last time the Family had a war, and I was a big help to the old man. So I'm not worried now. And our Family has all the horses in a deal like this. I just wish we could get contact with Luca."

45 Michael asked curiously, "Is Luca that tough, like they say? Is he that good?"

46 Sonny nodded. "He's in a class by himself. I'm going to send him after the three Tattaglias. I'll get Sollozzo myself."

47 Michael shifted uneasily in his chair. He looked at his older brother. He remembered Sonny as being sometimes casually brutal but essentially warmhearted. A nice guy. It seemed unnatural to hear him talking this way, it was chilling to see the list of names he had scribbled down, men to be executed, as if he were some newly crowned Roman Emperor. He was glad that he was not truly part of all this, that now his father lived he did not have to involve himself in vengeance. He'd help out, answering the phone, running errands and messages. Sonny and the old man could take care of themselves, especially with Luca behind them.

48 At that moment they heard a woman scream in the living room. Oh, Christ, Michael thought, it sounded like Tom's wife. He rushed to the door and opened it. Everybody in the living room was standing. And by the sofa Tom Hagen was holding Theresa close to him, his face embarrassed. Theresa was weeping and sobbing, and Michael realized that the scream he had heard had been her calling out her husband's name with joy. As he watched, Tom Hagen disentangled himself from his wife's arms and lowered her back onto the sofa. He smiled at Michael grimly. "Glad to see you, Mike, really glad." He strode into the office without another look at his still-sobbing wife. He hadn't lived with the Corleone Family ten years for nothing, Michael thought with a queer flush of pride. Some of the old man had rubbed off on him, as it had on Sonny, and he thought, with surprise, even on himself.

Chapter 5

1 It was nearly four o'clock in the morning as they all sat in the corner room office – Sonny, Michael, Tom Hagen, Clemenza and Tessio. Theresa Hagen had been persuaded to go to her own home next door. Paulie Gatto was still waiting in the living room, not knowing that Tessio's men had been instructed not to let him leave or let him out of their sight.

2 Tom Hagen relayed the deal (передавал, пересказывал) Sollozzo offered. He told how after Sollozzo had learned the Don still lived, it was obvious that he meant to kill Hagen. Hagen grinned. "If I ever plead (защищать интересы подсудимого, выступать в суде с заявлением) before the Supreme Court (Верховный суд /суд первой инстанции в штате Нью-Йорк/; supreme [sju:'pri:m] – высший), I'll never plead better than I did with that goddamn Turk tonight. I told him I'd talk the Family into the deal even though the Don was alive. I told him I could wrap you around my finger (обмотать вокруг пальца), Sonny. How we were buddies (приятелями, друзьями) as kids; and don't get sore, but I let him get the idea that maybe you weren't too sorry about getting the old man's job, God forgive me." He smiled apologetically at Sonny, who made a gesture signifying that he understood, that it was of no consequence (не имеет значения, ерунда; consequence ['kɒnsɪkwəns] – следствие).

3 Michael, leaning back in his armchair with the phone at his right hand, studied both men. When Hagen had entered the room Sonny had come rushing to embrace him. Michael realized with a faint twinge of jealousy (с легким уколом ревности, зависти;

twinge – приступ боли; моральная мука, угрызения) that in many ways Sonny and Tom Hagen were closer than he himself could ever be to his own brother.

4 "Let's get down to business," Sonny said. "We have to make plans. Take a look at this list me and Tessio made up. Tessio, give Clemenza your copy."

5 "If we make plans," Michael said, "Freddie should be here."

6 Sonny said grimly, "Freddie is no use to us. The doctor says he's in shock so bad he has to have complete rest. I don't understand that. Freddie was always a pretty tough guy. I guess seeing the old man gunned down was hard on him, he always thought the Don was God. He wasn't like you and me, Mike."

7 Hagen said quickly, "OK, leave Freddie out. Leave him out of everything, absolutely everything. Now, Sonny, until this is all over I think you should stay in the house. I mean never leave it. You're safe here. Don't underrate Sollozzo (не недооценивай), he's got to be a *pezzonovante*, a real .90 caliber. Is the hospital covered (надежно прикрит = охраняем, следят ли за ним)?"

8 Sonny nodded. "The cops have it locked in and I got my people there visiting Pop all the time. What do you think of that list, Tom?"

9 Hagen frowned down at the list of names. "Jesus Christ, Sonny, you're really taking this personal, The Don would consider it a purely business dispute. Sollozzo is the key. Get rid of Sollozzo and everything falls in line (утрясется, придет в норму). You don't have to go after the Tattaglias."

10 Sonny looked at his two *caporegimes*. Tessio shrugged. "It's tricky (запутанно = сложное дело, трудно сказать)," he said. Clemenza didn't answer at all.

11 Sonny said to Clemenza, "One thing we can take care of without discussion. I don't want Paulie around here anymore. Make that first on your list." The fat *caporegime* nodded.

12 Hagen said, "What about Luca? Sollozzo didn't seem worried about Luca. That *worries me*. If Luca sold us out, we're in real trouble. That's the first thing we have to know. Has anybody been able to get in touch with him?"

13 "No," Sonny said. "I've been calling him all night. Maybe he's shacked up (где-то не у себя, с женщиной сейчас проживает; shack – лачуга, хижина; to shack up – сожительствовать с кем-то /сленг/)."

14 "No," Hagen said. "He never sleeps over with a broad (никогда не проводит с девкой всю ночь). He always goes home when he's through (закончит). Mike, keep ringing his number until you get an answer." Michael dutifully picked up the phone and

dialed. He could hear the phone ringing on the other end but no one answered. Finally he hung up. "Keep trying every fifteen minutes," Hagen said.

15 Sonny said impatiently, "OK, Tom you're the *Consiglieri*, how about some advice (как насчет какого-нибудь совета)? What the hell do you think we should do?"

16 Hagen helped himself to the whiskey bottle on the desk. "We negotiate with Sollozzo until your father is in shape to take charge (будет в форме, чтобы взять на себя нагрузку, заботу /обо всем/). We might even make a deal if we have to. When your father gets out of bed he can settle the whole business without a fuss (без суеты, шума, 'базара') and all the Families will go along with him."

17 Sonny said angrily, "You think I can't handle this guy Sollozzo (не справлюсь)?"

18 Tom Hagen looked him directly in the eye. "Sonny, sure you can outfight him (победить в бою). The Corleone Family has the power. You have Clemenza and Tessio here and they can muster a thousand men (собрать, созвать) if it comes to an all-out war. But at the end there will be a shambles (бойня; разрушения, руины) over the whole East Coast and all the other Families will blame the Corleones (to blame – винить). We'll make a lot of enemies. And that's something your father never believed in."

19 Michael, watching Sonny, thought he took this well. But then Sonny said to Hagen, "What if the old man dies, what do you advise then, *Consiglieri*?"

20 Hagen said quietly, "I know you won't do it, but I would advise you to make a real deal with Sollozzo on the drugs. Without your father's political contacts and personal influence (влияние ['influəns]) the Corleone Family loses half its strength. Without your father, the other New York Families might wind up supporting the Tattaglias (кончат тем, что будут поддерживать) and Sollozzo just to make sure there isn't a long destructive war. If your father dies, make the deal. Then wait and see."

21 Sonny was white-faced with anger. "That's easy for you to say, it's not your father they killed."

22 Hagen said quickly and proudly, "I was as good a son to him as you or Mike, maybe better. I'm giving you a professional opinion. Personally I want to kill all those bastards." The emotion in his voice shamed Sonny, who said, "Oh, Christ, Tom, I didn't mean it that way." But he had, really. Blood was blood and nothing else was its equal.

23 Sonny brooded (to brood – сидеть на яйцах, высиживать; размышлять, вынашивать /в уме/) for a moment as the others waited in embarrassed silence. Then he sighed and spoke quietly. "OK, we'll sit tight (будем сидеть тихо) until the old man can give us the lead. But, Tom, I want you to stay inside the mall, too. Don't take any

chances (не рискуй). Mike, you be careful, though I don't think even Sollozzo would bring personal family into the war. Everybody would be against him then. But be careful. Tessio, you hold your people in reserve but have them nosing around the city (пусть разнюхивают). Clemenza, after you settle the Paulie Gatto thing, you move your men into the house and the mall to replace Tessio's people. Tessio, you keep your men at the hospital, though. Tom, start negotiation over the phone or by messenger with Sollozzo and the Tattaglias the first thing in the morning. Mike, tomorrow you take a couple of Clemenza's people and go to Luca's house and wait for him to show up or find out where the hell he is. That crazy bastard might be going after Sollozzo right now if he's heard the news. I can't believe he'd ever go against his Don, no matter what the Turk offered him."

24 Hagen said reluctantly, "Maybe Mike shouldn't get mixed up in this so directly."

25 "Right," Sonny said. "Forget that, Mike. Anyway I need you on the phone here in the house, that's more important."

26 Michael didn't say anything. He felt awkward (неловко ['o:kwed]), almost ashamed (пристыженно), and he noticed Clemenza and Tessio with faces so carefully impassive that he was sure that they were hiding their contempt (скрывали презрение). He picked up the phone and dialed Luca Brasi's number and kept the receiver to his ear as it rang and rang.

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Chapter 6

1 Peter Clemenza slept badly that night. In the morning he got up early and made his own breakfast of a glass of *grappa*, a thick slice of Genoa salami (*slice – ломтик*) with a chunk of fresh Italian bread (*chunk – толстый кусок /хлеба, сыра, мяса/*) that was still delivered to his door (*to deliver – доставлять, разносить*) as in the old days. Then he drank a great, plain china mug filled with hot coffee that had been lashed with anisette (*с добавкой анисового ликера; to lash – хлестать; подхлестывать, возбуждать; связывать*). But as he padded about the house (*расхаживал, мягко ступая; pad – прокладка; подушечка /на кончиках пальцев/*) in his old bathrobe and red felt slippers he pondered on the day's work that lay ahead of him. Last night Sonny Corleone had made it very clear that Paulie Gatto was to be taken care of immediately. It had to be today.

2 Clemenza was troubled. Not because Gatto had been his protégé and had turned traitor. This did not reflect on the *caporegime's* judgment. After all, Paulie's background had been perfect. He came from a Sicilian family, he had grown up in the same neighborhood as the Corleone children, had indeed even gone to school with one of the

sons. He had been brought up through each level (**уровень**) in the proper manner. He had been tested and not found wanting (**нуждающийся; недостаточный, неполноценный**). And then after he had "made his bones" he had received a good living from the Family, a percentage of an East Side "book" and a union payroll slot (**цель; место в расписании, надлежащее место; размеченное место для парковки автомобиля**). Clemenza had not been unaware that Paulie Gatto supplemented his income with free-lance stickups (**дополнял свой доход независимыми грабежами; to supplement ['sʌplɪmɛnt]; free-lance – «свободное копье»: ландскнехт /наемный солдат в Средние века/; независимый, свободный; внештатный; to stick up – останавливать с целью ограбления /сленг/**), strictly against the Family rules, but even this was a sign of the man's worth. The breaking of such regulations was considered a sign of high-spiritedness (**мужественность, удалство**), like that shown by a fine racing horse fighting the reins (**поводья, вожжи**).

3 And Paulie had never caused trouble with his stickups. They had always been meticulously planned (**meticulous [mi'tɪkjʊləs] – мелочный, дотошный, тщательный**) and carried out with the minimum of fuss and trouble, with no one ever getting hurt: a three-thousand-dollar Manhattan garment (**одежда**) center payroll (**наличность**), a small chinaware factory (**фабрика фарфоровых изделий**) payroll in the slums (**трущобы**) of Brooklyn. After all, a young man could always use some extra pocket money. It was all in the pattern (**в норме; pattern – образец, модель**). Who could ever foretell (**предсказать**) that Paulie Gatto would turn traitor?

4 What was troubling Peter Clemenza this morning was an administrative problem. The actual execution of Gatto was a cut-and-dried chore (**рутинное дело; cut-and-dried – рутинный; chore [tʃɔ:] – рутинная работа, ежедневные обязанности**). The problem was, who should the *caporegime* bring up from the ranks to replace Gatto in the Family? It was an important promotion (**продвижение, повышение**), that to "button" man (**боевик: «солдат» /сленг/**), one not to be handed out lightly. The man had to be tough and he had to be smart. He had to be safe, not a person who would talk to the police if he got in trouble, one well saturated (**to saturate ['sætʃəreɪt] – насыщать, пропитывать**) in the Sicilians' law of *omerta*, the law of silence. And then, what kind of a living would he receive for his new duties? Clemenza had several times spoken to the Don about better rewards for the all-important button man who was first in the front line when trouble arose, but the Don had put him off. If Paulie had been making more money, he might have been able to resist the blandishments (**сопротивляться, противостоять уговорам, обольщениям**) of the wily Turk, Sollozzo.

5 Clemenza finally narrowed down the list of candidates to three men. The first was an enforcer (лицо, принудительно осуществляющий право в судебном порядке; член гангстерской банды, функцией которого является принуждение к выполнению ее требований) who worked with the colored policy bankers in Harlem, a big brawny brute of a man of great physical strength, a man with a great deal of personal charm who could get along with people and yet when necessary make them go in fear of him. But Clemenza scratched him off the list (вычеркнул; scratch – царапать; to scratch – вычеркивать) after considering his name for a half hour. This man got along too well with the black people, which hinted at some flaw of character (flaw – трещина, порок). Also he would be too hard to replace in the position he now held.

6 The second name Clemenza considered and almost settled on was a hard-working chap (парень) who served faithfully and well in the organization. This man was the collector of delinquent accounts (сборщик процентов по счетам у тех, кто уклоняется от платежей; delinquent [di'liŋkwənt] – нарушающий закон, правонарушитель) for Family-licensed shylocks (ростовщики; Shylock – беспощадный и мстительный ростовщик в пьесе Шекспира «Венецианский купец») in Manhattan. He had started off as a bookmaker's runner. But he was not quite yet ready for such an important promotion.

7 Finally he settled on Rocco Lampone. Lampone had served a short but impressive apprenticeship (ученичество, срок обучения; apprentice – подмастерье) in the Family. During the war he had been wounded in Africa and been discharged in 1943. Because of the shortage of young men, Clemenza had taken him on even though Lampone was partially incapacitated (был частично сделан непригодным, выведен из строя; sarcacity [kə'pæsiti] – способность) by his injuries (injury ['ɪndʒəri] – повреждение; рана) and walked with a pronounced limp (с явным, хорошо заметным прихрамыванием). Clemenza had used him as a black-market contact in the garment center and with government employees controlling OPA food stamps. From that, Lampone had graduated to trouble-shooter (аварийный монтер; специальный уполномоченный по улаживанию конфликтов; посредник) for the whole operation. What Clemenza liked about him was his good judgment. He knew that there was no percentage in being tough about something that would only cost a heavy fine (штраф) or six months in jail, small prices to pay for the enormous profits earned. He had the good sense to know that it was not an area for heavy threats but light ones. He kept the whole operation in a minor key, which was exactly what was needed.

8 Clemenza felt the relief of a conscientious administrator who has solved a knotty personnel problem. Yes, it would be Rocco Lampone who would assist. For Clemenza planned to handle this job himself, not only to help a new, inexperienced man "make his bones," but to settle a personal score with Paulie Gatto. Paulie had been his protégé, he had advanced Paulie over the heads of more deserving and more loyal people, he had helped Paulie "make his bones" and furthered his career in every way (to further – продвигать, поддерживать, содействовать). Paulie had not only betrayed the Family, he had betrayed his *padrone*, Peter Clemenza. This lack of respect had to be repaid.

9 Everything else was arranged. Paulie Gatto had been instructed to pick him up at three in the afternoon, and to pick him up with his own car, nothing hot (только что украденный /сленг/). Now Clemenza took up the telephone and dialed Rocco Lampone's number. He did not identify himself. He simply said, "Come to my house, I have an errand for you." He was pleased to note that despite the early hour, Lampone's voice was not surprised or dazed with sleep (to daze – изумить, ошеломить, застать врасплах) and he simply said, "OK." Good man. Clemenza added, "No rush, have your breakfast and lunch first before you come see me. But not later than two in the afternoon."

10 There was another laconic OK on the other end and Clemenza hung up the phone. He had already alerted his people about replacing *caporegime* Tessio's people in the Corleone mall so that was done. He had capable subordinates and never interfered in a mechanical operation of that kind.

11 He decided to wash his Cadillac. He loved the car. It gave him such a quiet peaceful ride, and its upholstery (обивка) was so rich that he sometimes sat in it for an hour when the weather was good because it was more pleasant than sitting in the house. And it always helped him think when he was grooming the car (to groom – чистить; холить, наводить лоск; groom – конюх). He remembered his father in Italy doing the same thing with donkeys (ослы).

12 Clemenza worked inside the heated garage, he hated cold. He ran over his plans (еще раз перебрал в голове). You had to be careful with Paulie, the man was like a rat, he could smell danger. And now of course despite being so tough he must be shitting in his pants because the old man was still alive. He'd be as skittish (норовистый, пугливый) as a donkey with ants (муравьи) up his ass. But Clemenza was accustomed to these circumstances (привык к этим обстоятельствам; to accustom [ə'kʌstəm] – приучать; circumstance ['sɜ:kəmstəns]), usual in his work. First, he had to have a good excuse for Rocco to accompany them. Second, he had to have a plausible

(правдоподобный, внешне убедительный ['plo:zɔbl]) mission for the three of them to go on.

13 Of course, strictly speaking, this was not necessary. Paulie Gatto could be killed without any of these frills (и без этих ухищрений, прикрас; frill – оборка, жабо; вычурность, манерность). He was locked in, he could not run away. But Clemenza felt strongly that it was important to keep good working habits and never give away a fraction (дробь, доля) of a percentage point. You never could tell what might happen and these matters were, after all, questions of life and death.

14 As he washed his baby-blue Cadillac, Peter Clemenza pondered and rehearsed his lines (повторял, репетировал «реплики, строки»; to rehearse [ri'hɜ:s]), the expressions of his face. He would be curt with Paulie, as if displeased with him. With a man so sensitive and suspicious as Gatto this would throw him off the track or at least leave him uncertain. Undue friendliness would make him wary (подозрительный, настороженный ['wɛɟri]). But of course the curtness must not be too angry. It had to be rather an absentminded sort of irritation. And why Lampone? Paulie would find that most alarming, especially since Lampone had to be in the rear seat. Paulie wouldn't like being helpless at the wheel with Lampone behind his head. Clemenza rubbed and polished the metal of his Cadillac furiously. It was going to be tricky. Very tricky. For a moment he debated whether to recruit another man but decided against it. Here he followed basic reasoning. In years to come a situation might arise where it might be profitable for one of his partners to testify against him. If there were just one accomplice (сообщник [ɟ'komplis]) it was one's word against the other. But the word of a second accomplice could swing the balance. No, they would stick to procedure (придерживаться намеченного плана).

15 What annoyed (to annoy [ɟ'noi] – докучать; раздражать) Clemenza was that the execution had to be "public." That is, the body was to be found. He would have much preferred having it disappear. (Usual burying grounds were the nearby ocean or the swamplands (болота) of New Jersey on land owned by friends of the Family or by other more complicated methods.) But it had to be public so that embryo traitors (предатели «в зародыше») would be frightened and the enemy warned that the Corleone Family had by no means gone stupid or soft (вовсе не поглупела и не ослабла, размякла). Sollozzo would be made wary by this quick discovery of his spy (шпион). The Corleone Family would win back some of its prestige (престиж [pres'ti:G]). It had been made to look foolish by the shooting of the old man.

16 Clemenza sighed. The Cadillac gleamed like a huge blue steel egg, and he was nowhere near the solving of his problem. Then the solution hit him, logical and to the point. It would explain Rocco Lampone, himself and Paulie being together and give them a mission of sufficient secrecy and importance (**sufficient – достаточный [sə'fiʃənt]**).

17 He would tell Paulie that their job today was to find an apartment in case the Family decided to "go to the mattresses (**залечь в матрасы**)."

18 Whenever a war between the Families became bitterly intense, the opponents would set up headquarters (**устраивать штаб-квартиры**) in secret apartments where the "soldiers" could sleep on mattresses scattered (**разбросанные**) through the rooms. This was not so much (**не столько для того /чтобы/**) to keep their families out of danger, their wives and little children, since any attack on noncombatants (**на «мирных жителей», на не участвующих в сражении**) was undreamed of (**немыслима**). All parties were too vulnerable (**ранимы**) to similar retaliation (**для подобного ответного удара; retaliation – возмездие**). But it was always smarter to live in some secret place where your everyday movements could not be charted (**нанесены на карту = прослежены**) either by your opponents or by some police who might arbitrarily (**без достаточных оснований, своевольно**) decide to meddle.

19 And so usually a trusted *caporegime* would be sent out to rent a secret apartment and fill it with mattresses. That apartment would be used as a sally port (**проход /в укреплении/, используемый войсками для совершения вылазки; sally – вылазка**) into the city when an offensive was mounted (**когда организуется, предпринимается нападение; to mount – подниматься, восходить; предпринимать**). It was natural for Clemenza to be sent on such an errand. It was natural for him to take Gatto and Lampone with him to arrange all the details, including the furnishing of the apartment (**меблировку помещения; to furnish – снабжать; обставлять, меблировать**). Also, Clemenza thought with a grin, Paulie Gatto had proved he was greedy and the first thought that would pop into his head (**неожиданно появится**) was how much he could get from Sollozzo for this valuable intelligence (**за это ценное сведение**).

20 Rocco Lampone arrived early and Clemenza explained what had to be done and what their roles would be. Lampone's face lit up with surprised gratitude and he thanked Clemenza respectfully for the promotion allowing him (**позволяющее**) to serve the Family. Clemenza was sure he had done well. He clapped Lampone on the shoulder and said, "You'll get something better for your living after today. We'll talk about that later. You understand the Family now is occupied with more critical matters, more

important things to do." Lampone made a gesture that said he would be patient, knowing his reward was certain.

21 Clemenza went to his den's safe (den – берлога, нора; укрытие; каморка, уединенная комната) and opened it. He took out a gun and gave it to Lampone. "Use this one," he said. "They can never trace it. Leave it in the car with Paulie. When this job is finished I want you to take your wife and children on a vacation to Florida. Use your own money now and I'll pay you back later. Relax, get the sun. Use the Family hotel in Miami Beach so I'll know where I can get you when I want."

22 Clemenza's wife knocked on the door of the den to tell them that Paulie Gatto had arrived. He was parked in the driveway. Clemenza led the way through the garage and Lampone followed him. When Clemenza got into the front seat with Gatto he merely grunted in greeting, an exasperated look on his face. He looked at his wrist watch as if he expected to find that Gatto was late.

23 The ferret-faced button man was watching him intently, looking for a clue (клубок, моток /ниток/; ключ /к разгадке/). He flinched (вздрагнул, передернулся) a little when Lampone got into the rear seat behind him and said, "Rocco, sit on the other side. A big guy like you blocks up my rear-view mirror." Lampone shifted dutifully (как положено = послушно) so that he was sitting behind Clemenza, as if such a request (просьба) was the most natural thing in the world.

24 Clemenza said sourly to Gatto, "Damn that Sonny, he's running scared (сильно напуган). He's already thinking of going to the mattresses. We have to find a place on the West Side. Paulie, you and Rocco gotta staff and supply it (набрать людей и всем обеспечить) until the word comes down for the rest of the soldiers to use it. You know a good location (помещение, место; размещение, дислокация)?"

25 As he had expected, Gatto's eyes became greedily interested. Paulie had swallowed the bait (проглотил наживку, приманку) and because he was thinking how much the information was worth to Sollozzo, he was forgetting to think about whether he was in danger. Also, Lampone was acting his part perfectly, staring out the window in a disinterested, relaxed way. Clemenza congratulated himself on his choice.

26 Gatto shrugged. "I'd have to think about it," he said.

27 Clemenza grunted. "Drive while you think, I want to get to New York today."

28 Paulie was an expert driver and traffic going into the city was light at this time in the afternoon, so the early winter darkness was just beginning to fall when they arrived. There was no small talk in the car. Clemenza directed Paulie to drive up to the Washington Heights section. He checked a few apartment buildings and told him to park

near Arthur Avenue and wait. He also left Rocco Lampone in the car. He went into the Vera Mario Restaurant and had a light dinner of veal (телятина) and salad, nodding his hello's to some acquaintances (знакомым; acquaintance [ə'kweɪntəns] – знакомство; знакомый). After an hour had gone by he walked the several blocks (несколько кварталов) to where the car was parked and entered it. Gatto and Lampone were still waiting. "Shit," Clemenza said, "they want us back in Long Beach. They got some other job for us now. Sonny says we can let this one go until later. Rocco, you live in the city, can we drop you off (подвезти: «сбросить»)?"

29 Rocco said quietly, "I have my car out at your place and my old lady needs it first thing in the morning (прямо с самого утра)."

30 "That's right," Clemenza said. "Then you have to come back with us, after all."

31 Again on the ride back to Long Beach nothing was said. On the stretch of road (на отрезке дороги; to stretch – тянуть/ся/, растягивать/ся/) that led into the city, Clemenza said suddenly, "Paulie, pull over (останови машину: «отъезжай-ка к обочине»), I gotta take a leak (мне надо спустить; leak – течь, утечка; to leak – просачиваться)." From working together so long, Gatto knew the fat *caporegime* had a weak bladder (мочевой пузырь). He had often made such a request (просьба, требование, заявка [rɪ'kwest]). Gatto pulled the car off the highway onto the soft earth that led to the swamp (вела к болоту). Clemenza climbed out of the car and took a few steps into the bushes. He actually relieved himself (и в самом деле облегчился). Then as he opened the door to get back into the car he took a quick look up and down the highway. There were no lights, the road was completely dark. "Go ahead," Clemenza said. A second later the interior of the car reverberated with the report of a gun (to reverberate – отражаться, отдаваться /о звуке/; report – звенящее эхо /выстрела/). Paulie Gatto seemed to jump forward, his body flinging against the steering wheel and then slumping over to the seat (осев, резко упав). Clemenza had stepped back hastily to avoid being hit with fragments of skull bone and blood.

32 Rocco Lampone scrambled out (выкарабкался, вылез) of the back seat. He still held the gun and he threw it into the swamp. He and Clemenza walked hastily to a car parked nearby and got in. Lampone reached underneath the seat and found the key that had been left for them. He started the car and drove Clemenza to his home. Then instead of going back by the same route, he took the Jones Beach Causeway right on through to the town of Merrick and onto the Meadowbrook Parkway until he reached the Northern State Parkway. He rode that to the Long Island Expressway and then continued on to the Whitestone Bridge and through the Bronx to his home in Manhattan.

1 Peter Clemenza slept badly that night. In the morning he got up early and made his own breakfast of a glass of *grappa*, a thick slice of Genoa salami with a chunk of fresh Italian bread that was still delivered to his door as in the old days. Then he drank a great, plain china mug filled with hot coffee that had been lashed with anisette. But as he padded about the house in his old bathrobe and red felt slippers he pondered on the day's work that lay ahead of him. Last night Sonny Corleone had made it very clear that Paulie Gatto was to be taken care of immediately. It had to be today.

2 Clemenza was troubled. Not because Gatto had been his protégé and had turned traitor. This did not reflect on the *caporegime's* judgment. After all, Paulie's background had been perfect. He came from a Sicilian family, he had grown up in the same neighborhood as the Corleone children, had indeed even gone to school with one of the sons. He had been brought up through each level in the proper manner. He had been tested and not found wanting. And then after he had "made his bones" he had received a good living from the Family, a percentage of an East Side "book" and a union payroll slot. Clemenza had not been unaware that Paulie Gatto supplemented his income with free-lance stickups, strictly against the Family rules, but even this was a sign of the man's worth. The breaking of such regulations was considered a sign of high-spiritedness, like that shown by a fine racing horse fighting the reins.

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18 Whenever a war between the Families became bitterly intense, the opponents would set up headquarters in secret apartments where the "soldiers" could sleep on mattresses scattered through the rooms. This was not so much to keep their families out of danger, their wives and little children, since any attack on noncombatants was undreamed of. All parties were too vulnerable to similar retaliation. But it was always smarter to live in some secret place where your everyday movements could not be charted either by your opponents or by some police who might arbitrarily decide to meddle.

19 And so usually a trusted *caporegime* would be sent out to rent a secret apartment and fill it with mattresses. That apartment would be used as a sally port into the city when an offensive was mounted. It was natural for Clemenza to be sent on such an errand. It was natural for him to take Gatto and Lampone with him to arrange all the details, including the furnishing of the apartment. Also, Clemenza thought with a grin, Paulie Gatto had proved he was greedy and the first thought that would pop into his head was how much he could get from Sollozzo for this valuable intelligence.

20 Rocco Lampone arrived early and Clemenza explained what had to be done and what their roles would be. Lampone's face lit up with surprised gratitude and he thanked Clemenza respectfully for the promotion allowing him to serve the Family. Clemenza was sure he had done well. He clapped Lampone on the shoulder and said, "You'll get something better for your living after today. We'll talk about that later. You understand the Family now is occupied with more critical matters, more important things to do." Lampone made a gesture that said he would be patient, knowing his reward was certain.

21 Clemenza went to his den's safe and opened it. He took out a gun and gave it to Lampone. "Use this one," he said. "They can never trace it. Leave it in the car with Paulie. When this job is finished I want you to take your wife and children on a vacation to Florida. Use your own money now and I'll pay you back later. Relax, get the sun. Use the Family hotel in Miami Beach so I'll know where I can get you when I want."

22 Clemenza's wife knocked on the door of the den to tell them that Paulie Gatto had arrived. He was parked in the driveway. Clemenza led the way through the garage and Lampone followed him. When Clemenza got into the front seat with Gatto he merely grunted in greeting, an exasperated look on his face. He looked at his wrist watch as if he expected to find that Gatto was late.

23 The ferret-faced button man was watching him intently, looking for a clue. He flinched a little when Lampone got into the rear seat behind him and said, "Rocco, sit on the other side. A big guy like you blocks up my rear-view mirror." Lampone shifted dutifully so that he was sitting behind Clemenza, as if such a request was the most natural thing in the world.

24 Clemenza said sourly to Gatto, "Damn that Sonny, he's running scared. He's already thinking of going to the mattresses. We have to find a place on the West

Side. Paulie, you and Rocco gotta staff and supply it until the word comes down for the rest of the soldiers to use it. You know a good location?"

25 As he had expected, Gatto's eyes became greedily interested. Paulie had swallowed the bait and because he was thinking how much the information was worth to Sollozzo, he was forgetting to think about whether he was in danger. Also, Lampone was acting his part perfectly, staring out the window in a disinterested, relaxed way. Clemenza congratulated himself on his choice.

26 Gatto shrugged. "I'd have to think about it," he said.

27 Clemenza grunted. "Drive while you think, I want to get to New York today."

28 Paulie was an expert driver and traffic going into the city was light at this time in the afternoon, so the early winter darkness was just beginning to fall when they arrived. There was no small talk in the car. Clemenza directed Paulie to drive up to the Washington Heights section. He checked a few apartment buildings and told him to park near Arthur Avenue and wait. He also left Rocco Lampone in the car. He went into the Vera Mario Restaurant and had a light dinner of veal and salad, nodding his hello's to some acquaintances. After an hour had gone by he walked the several blocks to where the car was parked and entered it. Gatto and Lampone were still waiting. "Shit," Clemenza said, "they want us back in Long Beach. They got some other job for us now. Sonny says we can let this one go until later. Rocco, you live in the city, can we drop you off?"

29 Rocco said quietly, "I have my car out at your place and my old lady needs it first thing in the morning."

30 "That's right," Clemenza said. "Then you have to come back with us, after all."

31 Again on the ride back to Long Beach nothing was said. On the stretch of road that led into the city, Clemenza said suddenly, "Paulie, pull over, I gotta take a leak." From working together so long, Gatto knew the fat *caporegime* had a weak bladder. He had often made such a request. Gatto pulled the car off the highway onto the soft earth that led to the swamp. Clemenza climbed out of the car and took a few steps into the bushes. He actually relieved himself. Then as he opened the door to get back into the car he took a quick look up and down the highway. There were no lights, the road was completely dark. "Go ahead," Clemenza said. A second later the interior of the car reverberated with the report of a gun. Paulie Gatto seemed to jump forward, his body flinging against the

steering wheel and then slumping over to the seat. Clemenza had stepped back hastily to avoid being hit with fragments of skull bone and blood.

32 Rocco Lampone scrambled out of the back seat. He still held the gun and he threw it into the swamp. He and Clemenza walked hastily to a car parked nearby and got in. Lampone reached underneath the seat and found the key that had been left for them. He started the car and drove Clemenza to his home. Then instead of going back by the same route, he took the Jones Beach Causeway right on through to the town of Merrick and onto the Meadowbrook Parkway until he reached the Northern State Parkway. He rode that to the Long Island Expressway and then continued on to the Whitestone Bridge and through the Bronx to his home in Manhattan.

Chapter 7

1 On the night before the shooting of Don Corleone, his strongest and most loyal and most feared retainer (слуга /постоянно живущий в семье/) prepared to meet with the enemy. Luca Brasi had made contact with the forces of Sollozzo several months before. He had done so on the orders of Don Corleone himself. He had done so by frequenting the nightclubs (посещая; to frequent [fri:'kwent] – часто посещать, бывать) controlled by the Tattaglia Family and by taking up with one of their top call girls (завязав отношения, занявшись одной из их основных девушек по вызову). In bed with this call girl he grumbled about how he was held down in the Corleone Family (ворчал, что ему не дают ходу; to hold down – удерживать, держать в подчинении), how his worth was not recognized (его достоинство /то, на что он способен/, не признается, не ценится; to recognize ['rekəgnaɪz] – признавать). After a week of this affair with the call girl (affair [ə'fɛə] – связь), Luca was approached by Bruno Tattaglia (к нему обратился; to approach [ə'prəʊtʃ] – приближаться, подходить; обращаться /с просьбой, предложением/), manager of the nightclub. Bruno was the youngest son, and ostensibly not connected (якобы, по видимости не связанный, не причастный) with the Family business of prostitution. But his famous nightclub with its dancing line of long-stemmed beauties (длинноногих красоток; stem – стебель; long-stemmed – с длинным стеблем; длинноногая) was the finishing school for many of the city hookers (уличных проституток).

2 The first meeting was all above-board (открытый, прямой), Tattaglia offering him a job to work in the Family business as enforcer (enforcer – «принудитель», член

гангстерской банды, функцией которого является принуждение к выполнению ее требований или приведение в исполнение ее приговоров). The flirtation went on for nearly a month. Luca played his role of man infatuated with a young beautiful girl (to infatuate [in'fætjueit] – свести с ума, внушить сильную страсть), Bruno Tattaglia the role of a businessman trying to recruit an able executive from a rival (от соперника, конкурента). At one such meeting, Luca pretended to be swayed (сделал вид, что соглашается: «что уговорен»; to sway – качаться, колебаться; склонять /к чему-либо/), then said, "But one thing must be understood. I will never go against the Godfather. Don Corleone is a man I respect. I understand that he must put his sons before me in the Family business."

3 Bruno Tattaglia was one of the new generation with a barely hidden contempt (с едва скрываемым презрением) for the old Moustache Petes like Luca Brasi, Don Corleone and even his own father. He was just a little too respectful. Now he said, "My father wouldn't expect you to do anything against the Corleones. Why should he? Everybody gets along with everybody else now (все уживаются, договариваются), it's not like the old days. It's just that if you're looking for a new job, I can pass along the word to my father (передать). There's always need for a man like you in our business. It's a hard business and it needs hard men to keep it running smooth. Let me know if you ever make up your mind (если надумаешь)."

4 Luca shrugged. "It's not so bad where I'm at." And so they left it.

5 The general idea had been to lead the Tattaglias to believe that he knew about the lucrative narcotics operation (lucrative ['lu:krətɪv] – прибыльный) and that he wanted a piece of it free-lance. In that fashion he might hear something about Sollozzo's plans if the Turk had any, or whether he was getting ready to step on the toes of Don Corleone (собирается ли он что-либо предпринять против Дона Корлеоне: «наступить на пальцы ног»). After waiting for two months with nothing else happening, Luca reported to the Don that obviously Sollozzo was taking his defeat graciously (gracious ['greɪʃəs] – милостивый; любезный, обходительный, вежливый). The Don had told him to keep trying but merely as a sideline, not to press it.

6 Luca had dropped into the nightclub the evening before Don Corleone's being shot. Almost immediately Bruno Tattaglia had come to his table and sat down.

7 "I have a friend who wants to talk to you," he said.

8 "Bring him over," Luca said. "I'll talk to any friend of yours."

9 "No," Bruno said. "He wants to see you in private."

10 "Who is he?" Luca asked.

11 "Just a friend of mine," Bruno Tattaglia said. "He wants to put a proposition to you. Can you meet him later on tonight?"

12 "Sure," Luca said. "What time and where?"

13 Tattaglia said softly, "The club closes at four in the morning. Why don't you meet in here while the waiters are cleaning up?"

14 They knew his habits (*привычки* ['hæbit]), Luca thought, they must have been checking him out (*они, должно быть, следили за ним, выслеживали его*). He usually got up about three or four in the afternoon and had breakfast, then amused himself by gambling with cronies in the Family (*crony – закадычный друг, дружок*) or had a girl. Sometimes he saw one of the midnight movies and then would drop in for a drink at one of the clubs. He never went to bed before dawn. So the suggestion (*предложение*) of a four A.M. meeting was not as outlandish (*странным, диковинным: «заморским»*) as it seemed.

15 "Sure, sure," he said. "I'll be back at four." He left the club and caught a cab to his furnished room on Tenth Avenue. He boarded (*проживал; board – обеденный, накрытый стол; board – столоваться, проживать /за плату/*) with an Italian family to which he was distantly related (*в отдаленном родстве*). His two rooms were separated from the rest of their railroad flat by a special door. He liked the arrangement (*этот порядок, такое устройство, положение вещей*) because it gave him some family life and also protection against surprise where he was most vulnerable.

16 The sly Turkish fox was going to show his bushy tail (*хитрая лиса покажет свой пышный хвост*), Luca thought. If things went far enough, if Sollozzo committed himself tonight (*раскроется, выдаст себя; to commit – совершать /выходящее за какие-либо рамки действие/; вверять; компрометировать*), maybe the whole thing could be wound up as a Christmas present for the Don. In his room, Luca unlocked the trunk (*сундук*) beneath the bed and took out a bulletproof vest (*пуленепробиваемый жилет*). It was heavy. He undressed and put it on over his woolen underwear, then put his shirt and jacket over it. He thought for a moment of calling the Don's house at Long Beach to tell him of this new development but he knew the Don never talked over the phone, to anyone, and the Don had given him this assignment (*задание: «назначение»* [ə'sainmənt]) in secret and so did not want anyone, not even Hagen or his eldest son, to know about it.

17 Luca always carried a gun. He had a license to carry a gun, probably the most expensive gun license ever issued anyplace, anytime (*to issue* ['i:u:], ['i:ju:] – *исходить, вытекать; выдавать*). It had cost a total of ten thousand dollars but it would keep him

out of jail if he was frisked by the cops (to frisk – скакать, прыгать; обыскивать /в поисках оружия – сленг/). As a top executive operating official of the Family he rated the license (заслуживал, удостоился). But tonight, just in case he could finish off the job, he wanted a "safe" gun. One that could not possibly be traced. But then thinking the matter over, he decided that he would just listen to the proposition tonight and report back to the Godfather, Don Corleone.

18 He made his way back to the club but he did not drink any more. Instead he wandered out to 48th Street, where he had a leisurely (неспешный; leisure ['leɪʒə] – досуг, свободное время) late supper at Patsy's, his favorite Italian restaurant. When it was time for his appointment (для назначенной встречи) he drifted uptown (неспешно отправился в жилые кварталы /из центра/; to drift – сносить течением) to the club entrance. The doorman was no longer there when he went in. The hatcheck girl (гардеробщица) was gone. Only Bruno Tattaglia waited to greet him and lead him to the deserted bar at the side of the room. Before him he could see the desert of small tables with the polished yellow wood dance floor gleaming like a small diamond in the middle of them. In the shadows was the empty bandstand, out of it grew the skeleton metal stalk (стебель) of a microphone.

19 Luca sat at the bar and Bruno Tattaglia went behind it. Luca refused the drink offered to him and lit a cigarette. It was possible that this would turn out to be something else, not the Turk. But then he saw Sollozzo emerge out of the shadows (как появился, возник) at the far end of the room.

20 Sollozzo shook his hand and sat at the bar next to him. Tattaglia put a glass in front of the Turk, who nodded his thanks. "Do you know who I am?" asked Sollozzo.

21 Luca nodded. He smiled grimly. The rats were being flushed out of their holes. It would be his pleasure to take care of this renegade Sicilian.

22 "Do you know what I am going to ask of you?" Sollozzo asked.

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24 "There's big business to be made," Sollozzo said. "I mean millions for everybody at the top level. On the first shipment I can guarantee you fifty thousand dollars. I'm talking about drugs. It's the coming thing."

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26 Sollozzo grimaced. "I've already talked to the Don. He wants no part of it. All right, I can do without him. But I need somebody strong to protect the operation physically. I understand you're not happy with your Family, you might make a switch (перейти к нам: «сделать переключение»)."

27 Luca shrugged. "If the offer is good enough."

28 Sollozzo had been watching him intently and seemed to have come to a decision (принял решение). "Think about my offer for a few days and then we'll talk again," he said. He put out his hand but Luca pretended not to see it and busied himself putting a cigarette in his mouth. Behind the bar, Bruno Tattaglia made a lighter (зажигалку) appear magically and held it to Luca's cigarette. And then he did a strange thing. He dropped the lighter on the bar and grabbed Luca's right hand, holding it tight.

29 Luca reacted instantly, his body slipping off the bar stool and trying to twist away (вывернуться). But Sollozzo had grabbed his other hand at the wrist (схватил у запястья). Still, Luca was too strong for both of them and would have broken free except that a man stepped out of the shadows behind him and threw a thin silken cord around his neck. The cord pulled tight, choking off Luca's breath (to choke – душить). His face became purple, the strength in his arms drained away (to drain – осушать, делать дренаж; истощать, выкачивать). Tattaglia and Sollozzo held his hands easily now, and they stood there curiously childlike as the man behind Luca pulled the cord around Luca's neck tighter and tighter. Suddenly the floor was wet and slippery. Luca's sphincter, no longer under control, opened, the waste («отходы, отбросы») of his body spilled out (пролились). There was no strength in him anymore and his legs folded (подогнулись; to fold – складывать/ся/), his body sagged. Sollozzo and Tattaglia let his hands go and only the strangler stayed with the victim (удушитель остался с жертвой; to strangle – задушить), sinking to his knees to follow Luca's falling body, drawing the cord so tight that it cut into the flesh of the neck and disappeared. Luca's eyes were bulging out of his head (вылезли: «выпятились») as if in the utmost surprise (словно от крайнего удивления) and this surprise was the only humanity remaining to him. He was dead.

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Chapter 8

1 The day after the shooting of Don Corleone was a busy time for the Family. Michael stayed by the phone relaying messages to Sonny. Tom Hagen was busy trying to find a mediator (посредника) satisfactory to both parties (удовлетворительного, удовлетворяющего) so that a conference could be arranged with Sollozzo. The Turk had suddenly become cagey (уклончивый в ответах, скрытный ['keɪdʒɪ]), perhaps he knew that the Family button men of Clemenza and Tessio were ranging far and wide over the city (рыскали; to range) in an attempt to pick up his trail (пытаясь: «в попытке» найти его след; to attempt [ə'tempt] – пытаться). But Sollozzo was sticking close to his hideout (держался своего укрытия, далеко не отходил), as were all top members of the Tattaglia Family. This was expected by Sonny, an elementary precaution (предосторожность) he knew the enemy was bound to take (неприменно предпримет, вынужден предпринять).

2 Clemenza was tied up with Paulie Gatto. Tessio had been given the assignment of trying to track down the whereabouts of Luca Brasi (местонахождение). Luca had not

been home since the night before the shooting, a bad sign. But Sonny could not believe that Brasi had either turned traitor or had been taken by surprise (врасплох).

3 Mama Corleone was staying in the city with friends of the Family so that she could be near the hospital. Carlo Rizzi, the son-in-law (зять), had offered his services but had been told to take care of his own business that Don Corleone had set him up in, a lucrative bookmaking territory in the Italian section of Manhattan. Connie was staying with her mother in town so that she too could visit her father in the hospital.

4 Freddie was still under sedation (успокоительные) in his own room of his parents' house. Sonny and Michael had paid him a visit and had been astonished at his paleness (удивлен, поражен его бледностью; pale – бледный), his obvious illness. "Christ," Sonny said to Michael when they left Freddie's room, "he looks like he got plugged worse than the old man (словно ему больше досталось, чем старику; plugg – пробка, затычка; to plugg – затыкать, закупоривать; нанести сильный удар кулаком /сленг/)."

5 Michael shrugged. He had seen soldiers in the same condition (в том же состоянии) on the battlefield. But he had never expected it to happen to Freddie. He remembered the middle brother as being physically the toughest one in the family when all of them were kids. But he had also been the most obedient son to his father (послушный [ə'bi:djənt]). And yet everyone knew that the Don had given up on this middle son ever being important to the business (отказался от этой мысли, оставил эту идею). He wasn't quite smart enough, and failing that (кроме того: «за неимением этого»), not quite ruthless enough (ruthless ['ru:θlis] – безжалостный, беспощадный). He was too retiring a person (застенчивый, скромный, здесь – робкий: «отступающий, уступающий»), did not have enough force.

6 Late in the afternoon, Michael got a call from Johnny Fontane in Hollywood. Sonny took the phone. "Nah, Johnny, no use coming back here to see the Old Man. He's too sick and it would give you a lot of bad publicity (гласность), and I know the old man wouldn't like that. Wait until he's better and we can move him home, then come see him. OK, I'll give him your regards (передам твое почтение)." Sonny hung up the phone. He turned to Michael and said. "That'll make Pop happy, that Johnny wanted to fly from California to see how he was."

7 Late that afternoon, Michael was called to the listed phone in the kitchen by one of Clemenza's men. It was Kay.

8 "Is your father all right?" she asked. Her voice was a little strained (напряжен; to strain – натягивать, напрягать), a little unnatural. Michael knew that she couldn't quite

believe what had happened, that his father really was what the newspapers called a gangster.

9 "He'll be OK," Michael said.

10 "Can I come with you when you visit him in the hospital?" Kay asked.

11 Michael laughed. She had remembered him telling her how important it was to do such things if you wanted to get along with the old Italians. "This is a special case," he said. "If the newspaper guys get a hold of your name and background you'll be on page three of the *Daily News*. Girl from old Yankee family mixed up with son of big Mafia chief. How would your parents like that?"

12 Kay said dryly, "My parents never read the *Daily News*." Again there was an awkward pause and then she said, "You're OK, aren't you, Mike, you're not in any danger?"

13 Mike laughed again. "I'm known as the sissy of the Corleone family (неженка, маменькин сынок, баба /о мужчине/). No threat. So they don't have to bother coming after me (им совершенно незачем за мной охотится, я им неинтересен). No, it's all over, Kay, there won't be any more trouble. It was all sort of an accident anyway (несчастный случай ['æksɪdɪnt]). I'll explain when I see you."

14 "When will that be?" she asked.

15 Michael pondered. "How about late tonight? We'll have a drink and supper in your hotel and then I'll go to the hospital and see my old man. I'm getting tired of hanging around here answering phones. OK? But don't tell anybody. I don't want newspaper photographers snapping pictures of us together. No kidding, Kay, it's damned embarrassing (ужасно неловко, неприятно; to embarrass [ɪm'bærəʃs] – затруднять, стеснять, ставить в неловкое положение), especially for your parents."

16 "All right," Kay said. "I'll be waiting. Can I do any Christmas shopping for you? Or anything else?"

17 "No," Michael said. "Just be ready."

18 She gave a little excited laugh (to excite [ɪk'saɪt] – возбуждать). "I'll be ready," she said. "Aren't I always?"

19 "Yes, you are," he said. "That's why you're my best girl."

20 "I love you," she said. "Can you say it?"

21 Michael looked at the four hoods sitting in the kitchen (hood = hoodlum ['hʊdlʌm] – хулиган /сленг/, здесь – гангстер). "No," he said. "Tonight, OK?"

22 "OK," she said. He hung up.

- 23 Clemenza had finally come back from his day's work and was bustling around the kitchen (**суетился; to bustle**) cooking up a huge pot of tomato sauce. Michael nodded to him and went to the corner office where he found Hagen and Sonny waiting for him impatiently. "Is Clemenza out there?" Sonny asked.
- 24 Michael grinned. "He's cooking up spaghetti for the troops (**для войск**), just like the army."
- 25 Sonny said impatiently, "Tell him to cut out that crap (**прекратить эту чепуху**) and come on in here. I have more important things for him to do. Get Tessio in here with him."
- 26 In a few minutes they were all gathered in the office. Sonny said curtly to Clemenza, "You take care of him?"
- 27 Clemenza nodded. "You won't see him anymore."
- 28 With a slight electric shock, Michael realized they were talking about Paulie Gatto and that little Paulie was dead, murdered by that jolly (**веселым, жизнерадостным**) wedding dancer, Clemenza.
- 29 Sonny asked Hagen, "You have any luck with Sollozzo?"
- 30 Hagen shook his head. "He seems to have cooled off on the negotiation idea (**охладел**). Anyway he doesn't seem to be too anxious. Or maybe he's just being very careful so that our button men won't nail him. Anyway I haven't been able to set up a top-notch go-between (**действительно подходящего посредника; top-notch – отличный, первоклассный**) he'll trust. But he must know he has to negotiate now. He missed his chance when he let the old man get away from him."
- 31 Sonny said, "He's a smart guy, the smartest our Family ever came up against. Maybe he figured we're just stalling (**выжидаем; stall – стойло, конюшня; to stall – поставить в стойло; застрять; увиливать**) until the old man gets better or we can get a line on him (**to get a line – получить сведения /о ком-л./**)."
- 32 Hagen shrugged. "Sure, he figures that (**предполагает, воображает**). But he still has to negotiate. He has no choice. I'll get it set up tomorrow. That's certain."
- 33 One of Clemenza's men knocked on the office door and then came in. He said to Clemenza, "It just came over the radio, the cops found Paulie Gatto. Dead in his car."
- 34 Clemenza nodded and said to the man, "Don't worry about it." The button man gave his *caporegime* an astonished look, which was followed by a look of comprehension, before he went back to the kitchen.
- 35 The conference went on as if there had been no interruption (**прерывания**). Sonny asked Hagen, "Any change in the Don's condition?"

36 Hagen shook his head. "He's OK but he won't be able to talk for another couple of days. He's all knocked out. Still recovering from the operation (приходит в себя: to recover – вновь обретать, возвращать; придти в себя, оправляться). Your mother spends most of the day with him, Connie too. There's cops all over the hospital and Tessio's men hang around too, just in case. In a couple of days he'll be all right and then we can see what he wants us to do. Meanwhile we have to keep Sollozzo from doing anything rash. That's why I want to start you talking deals with him."

37 Sonny grunted. "Until he does, I've got Clemenza and Tessio looking for him. Maybe we'll get lucky and solve the whole business."

38 "You won't get lucky," Hagen said. "Sollozzo is too smart." Hagen paused. "He knows once he comes to the table he'll have to go our way mostly. That's why he's stalling. I'm guessing he's trying to line up support from the other New York Families so that we won't go after him when the old man gives us the word."

39 Sonny frowned. "Why the hell should they do that?" Hagen said patiently, "To avert a big war (предотвратить [ɒ'vɔ:t]) which hurts everybody and brings the papers and government into the act. Also, Sollozzo will give them a piece of the action. And you know how much dough there is in drugs (dough [dɒu] – тесто; деньги /сленг/). The Corleone Family doesn't need it, we have the gambling, which is the best business to have. But the other Families are hungry. Sollozzo is a proven man (испытанный, проверенный), they know he can make the operation go on a big scale (широкомасштабную). Alive he's money in their pockets, dead he's trouble."

40 Sonny's face was as Michael had never seen it. The heavy Cupid mouth and bronzed skin seemed gray. "I don't give a fuck what they want. They better not mess in this fight (лучше бы им не вмешиваться в драку)."

41 Clemenza and Tessio shifted uneasily in their chairs, infantry leaders (командиры пехоты) who hear their general rave about storming an impregnable hill (кричит, что надо взять неприступную высоту; to rave – бредить, говорить возбужденно) no matter what the cost. Hagen said a little impatiently, "Come on, Sonny, your father wouldn't like you thinking that way. You know what he always says, 'That's a waste (растрата, расточительство /денег, сил/).' Sure, we're not going to let anybody stop us if the old man says we go after Sollozzo. But this is not a personal thing, this is business. If we go after the Turk and the Families interfere (вмешаются [ɪntə'fið]), we'll negotiate the issue (исход, выход ['i:ʊ:]). If the Families see that we're determined to have Sollozzo (твердо решили; determined [di'tɔ:mɪnd] – решительный, твердый, непреклонный), they'll let us. The Don will make concessions (уступки) in other areas

to square things (уровнять). But don't go blood crazy on a thing like this. It's business. Even the shooting of your father was business, not personal. You should know that by now."

42 Sonny's eyes were still hard. "OK. I understand all that. Just so long as you understand that nobody stands in our way when we want Sollozzo."

43 Sonny turned to Tessio. "Any leads on Luca (сведения; lead – ключ, указатель, намек)?"

44 Tessio shook his head. "None at all. Sollozzo must have snatched him."

45 Hagen said quietly, "Sollozzo wasn't worried about Luca, which struck me as funny (поразило меня, показалось странным). He's too smart not to worry about a guy like Luca. I think he maybe got him out of the picture, one way or the other."

46 Sonny muttered, "Christ, I hope Luca isn't fighting against us. That's the one thing I'd be afraid of. Clemenza, Tessio, how do you two guys figure it?"

47 Clemenza said slowly, "Anybody could go wrong, look at Paulie. But with Luca, he was a man who could only go one way. The Godfather was the only thing he believed in, the only man he feared. But not only that, Sonny, he respected your father as no one else respected him and the Godfather has earned respect from everyone. No, Luca would never betray us (никогда бы не предал). And I find it hard to believe that a man like Sollozzo, no matter how cunning (каким бы он не был хитрым, коварным), could surprise Luca. He was a man who suspected everyone and everything. He was always ready for the worst. I think maybe he just went off someplace for a few days. We'll be hearing from him anytime now."

48 Sonny turned to Tessio. The Brooklyn *caporegime* shrugged. "Any man can turn traitor. Luca was very touchy (обидчивый, повышенно чувствительный, раздражительный). Maybe the Don offended him some way. That could be. I think though that Sollozzo gave him a little surprise. That fits in with what the *Consiglieri* says. We should expect the worst."

49 Sonny said to all of them, "Sollozzo should get the word soon about Paulie Gatto. How will that affect him?"

50 Clemenza said grimly, "It will make him think. He will know the Corleone Family are not fools. He will realize that he was very lucky yesterday."

51 Sonny said sharply, "That wasn't luck. Sollozzo was planning that for weeks. They must have tailed the old man to his office every day (tail – хвост; to tail – идти следом, выслеживать) and watched his routine. Then they bought Paulie off and maybe Luca. They snatched Tom right on the button (точно в нужный, подходящий момент). They

did everything they wanted to do. They were unlucky, not lucky. Those button men they hired weren't good enough and the old man moved too quick. If they had killed him, I would have had to make a deal and Sollozzo would have won. For now. I would have waited maybe and got him five, ten years from now. But don't call him lucky, Pete, that's underrating him (to *underrate* – недооценивать, преуменьшать). And we've done that too much lately."

52 One of the button men brought a bowl of spaghetti in from the kitchen and then some plates, forks and wine. They ate as they talked. Michael watched in amazement (с удивлением). He didn't eat and neither did Tom, but Sonny, Clemenza and Tessio dug in (набросились /на еду/; to *dig* – копать; to *dig in* – вонзаться), mopping up sauce (подбирая, вытирая соус; mop – швабра; to *mop* – протирать шваброй; вытирать /слезы, пот/) with crusts of bread. It was almost comical. They continued their discussion.

53 Tessio didn't think that the loss of Paulie Gatto would upset Sollozzo (огорчит, расстроит, беспокоит; to *upset* – опрокидывать, переворачивать), in fact he thought that the Turk might have anticipated it (to *anticipate* [æn'tɪsɪpeɪt]– ожидать, предвидеть), indeed might have welcomed it. A useless mouth off the payroll. And he would not be frightened by it; after all, would they be in such a situation?

54 Michael spoke up diffidently (*diffident* – неуверенный в себе, застенчивый, робкий). "I know I'm an amateur in this (любитель, непрофессионал ['æmətɹə]), but from everything you guys have said about Sollozzo, plus the fact that all of a sudden he's out of touch with Tom, I'd guess he has an ace up his sleeve (туз в рукаве). He might be ready to pull off something real tricky that would put him back on top. If we could figure out what that would be, we'd be in the driver's seat."

55 Sonny said reluctantly (*reluctant* [rɪ'lʌktənt] – делающий что-то с большой неохотой, вынужденно), "Yeah, I thought of that and the only thing I can figure is Luca. The word is already out that he's to be brought here before he's allowed any of his old rights in the Family. The only other thing I can think of is that Sollozzo has made his deal with the Families in New York and we'll get the word tomorrow that they will be against us in a war. That we'll have to give the Turk his deal. Right, Tom?"

56 Hagen nodded. "That's what it looks like to me. And we can't move against that kind of opposition without your father. He's the only one who can stand against the Families. He has the political connections they always need and he can use them for trading. If he wants to badly enough."

57 Clemenza said, a little arrogantly (*несколько заносчиво, высокомерно*) for a man whose top button man had recently betrayed him, "Sollozzo will never get near this house, Boss, you don't have to worry about that."

58 Sonny looked at him thoughtfully for a moment. Then he said to Tessio, "How about the hospital, your men got it covered?"

59 For the first time during the conference Tessio seemed to be absolutely sure of his ground. "Outside and inside," he said. "Right around the clock (*круглосуточно*). The cops have it covered pretty good too. Detectives at the bedroom door waiting to question the old man. That's a laugh. The Don is still getting that stuff in the tubes (*получает эту штуку: «материал» = лекарство по трубочкам*), no food, so we don't have to worry about the kitchen, which would be something to worry about with those Turks, they believe in poison (*яд*). They can't get at the Don, not in any way."

60 Sonny tilted back in his chair (*откинулся*). "It wouldn't be me, they have to do business with me, they need the Family machine." He grinned at Michael. "I wonder if it's you? Maybe Sollozzo figures to snatch you and hold you for a hostage to make a deal."

61 Michael thought ruefully (*rueful* [*'ru:ful*] – *грустный, удрученный, подавленный; rue* – *жалость, сострадание; раскаяние*), there goes my date with Kay (*вот тебе и свидание*). Sonny wouldn't let him out of the house. But Hagen said impatiently, "No, he could have snatched Mike anytime if he wanted insurance (*если бы захотел подстраховаться; insurance* [*in'ʃʊərəns*] – *страхование*). But everybody knows that Mike is not in the Family business. He's a civilian (*гражданское лицо*) and if Sollozzo snatches him, then he loses all the other New York Families. Even the Tattaglias would have to help hunt him down. No, it's simple enough. Tomorrow we'll get a representative (*представителя*) from all the Families who'll tell us we have to do business with the Turk. That's what he's waiting for. That's his ace in the hole."

62 Michael heaved a sigh of relief. "Good," he said "I have to go into town tonight."

63 "Why?" Sonny asked sharply.

64 Michael grinned. "I figure I'll drop in to the hospital and visit the old man, see Mom and Connie. And I got some other things to do." Like the Don, Michael never told his real business and now he didn't want to tell Sonny he was seeing Kay Adams. There was no reason not to tell him, it was just habit.

65 There was a loud murmur of voices in the kitchen. Clemenza went out to see what was happening. When he come back he was holding Luca Brasi's bulletproof vest in his hands. Wrapped In the vest was a huge dead fish.

66 Clemenza said drily, "The Turk has heard about his spy Paulie Gatto."

67 Tessio said just as dryly, "And now we know about Luca Brasi."

68 Sonny lit a cigar and took a shot of whiskey. Michael, bewildered, said, "What the hell does that fish mean?" It was Hagen the Irisher, the *Consigliori*, who answered him. "The fish means that Luca Brasi is sleeping on the bottom of the ocean," he said. "It's an old Sicilian message."

1 The day after the shooting of Don Corleone was a busy time for the Family. Michael stayed by the phone relaying messages to Sonny. Tom Hagen was busy trying to find a mediator satisfactory to both parties so that a conference could be arranged with Sollozzo. The Turk had suddenly become cagey, perhaps he knew that the Family button men of Clemenza and Tessio were ranging far and wide over the city in an attempt to pick up his trail. But Sollozzo was sticking close to his hideout, as were all top members of the Tattaglia Family. This was expected by Sonny, an elementary precaution he knew the enemy was bound to take.

2 Clemenza was tied up with Paulie Gatto. Tessio had been given the assignment of trying to track down the whereabouts of Luca Brasi. Luca had not been home since the night before the shooting, a bad sign. But Sonny could not believe that Brasi had either turned traitor or had been taken by surprise.

3 Mama Corleone was staying in the city with friends of the Family so that she could be near the hospital. Carlo Rizzi, the son-in-law, had offered his services but had been told to take care of his own business that Don Corleone had set him up in, a lucrative bookmaking territory in the Italian section of Manhattan. Connie was staying with her mother in town so that she too could visit her father in the hospital.

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47 Clemenza said slowly, "Anybody could go wrong, look at Paulie. But with Luca, he was a man who could only go one way. The Godfather was the only thing he believed in, the only man he feared. But not only that, Sonny, he respected your father as no one else respected him and the Godfather has earned respect from everyone. No, Luca would never betray us. And I find it hard to believe that a man like Sollozzo, no matter how cunning, could surprise Luca. He was a man who suspected everyone and everything. He was always ready for the worst. I think maybe he just went off someplace for a few days. We'll be hearing from him anytime now."

48 Sonny turned to Tessio. The Brooklyn *caporegime* shrugged. "Any man can turn traitor. Luca was very touchy. Maybe the Don offended him some way. That could be. I think though that Sollozzo gave him a little surprise. That fits in with what the *Consiglieri* says. We should expect the worst."

49 Sonny said to all of them, "Sollozzo should get the word soon about Paulie Gatto. How will that affect him?"

50 Clemenza said grimly, "It will make him think. He will know the Corleone Family are not fools. He will realize that he was very lucky yesterday."

51 Sonny said sharply, "That wasn't luck. Sollozzo was planning that for weeks. They must have tailed the old man to his office every day and watched his routine."

Then they bought Paulie off and maybe Luca. They snatched Tom right on the button. They did everything they wanted to do. They were unlucky, not lucky. Those button men they hired weren't good enough and the old man moved too quick. If they had killed him, I would have had to make a deal and Sollozzo would have won. For now. I would have waited maybe and got him five, ten years from now. But don't call him lucky, Pete, that's underrating him. And we've done that too much lately."

52 One of the button men brought a bowl of spaghetti in from the kitchen and then some plates, forks and wine. They ate as they talked. Michael watched in amazement. He didn't eat and neither did Tom, but Sonny, Clemenza and Tessio dug in, mopping up sauce with crusts of bread. It was almost comical. They continued their discussion.

53 Tessio didn't think that the loss of Paulie Gatto would upset Sollozzo, in fact he thought that the Turk might have anticipated it, indeed might have welcomed it. A useless mouth off the payroll. And he would not be frightened by it; after all, would they be in such a situation?

54 Michael spoke up diffidently. "I know I'm an amateur in this, but from everything you guys have said about Sollozzo, plus the fact that all of a sudden he's out of touch with Tom, I'd guess he has an ace up his sleeve. He might be ready to pull off something real tricky that would put him back on top. If we could figure out what that would be, we'd be in the driver's seat."

55 Sonny said reluctantly, "Yeah, I thought of that and the only thing I can figure is Luca. The word is already out that he's to be brought here before he's allowed any of his old rights in the Family. The only other thing I can think of is that Sollozzo has made his deal with the Families in New York and we'll get the word tomorrow that they will be against us in a war. That we'll have to give the Turk his deal. Right, Tom?"

56 Hagen nodded. "That's what it looks like to me. And we can't move against that kind of opposition without your father. He's the only one who can stand against the Families. He has the political connections they always need and he can use them for trading. If he wants to badly enough."

57 Clemenza said, a little arrogantly for a man whose top button man had recently betrayed him, "Sollozzo will never get near this house, Boss, you don't have to worry about that."

58 Sonny looked at him thoughtfully for a moment. Then he said to Tessio, "How about the hospital, your men got it covered?"

59 For the first time during the conference Tessio seemed to be absolutely sure of his ground. "Outside and inside," he said. "Right around the clock. The cops have it covered pretty good too. Detectives at the bedroom door waiting to question the old man. That's a laugh. The Don is still getting that stuff in the tubes, no food, so we don't have to worry about the kitchen, which would be something to worry about with those Turks, they believe in poison. They can't get at the Don, not in any way."

60 Sonny tilted back in his chair. "It wouldn't be me, they have to do business with me, they need the Family machine." He grinned at Michael. "I wonder if it's you? Maybe Sollozzo figures to snatch you and hold you for a hostage to make a deal."

61 Michael thought ruefully, there goes my date with Kay. Sonny wouldn't let him out of the house. But Hagen said impatiently, "No, he could have snatched Mike anytime if he wanted insurance. But everybody knows that Mike is not in the Family business. He's a civilian and if Sollozzo snatches him, then he loses all the other New York Families. Even the Tattaglias would have to help hunt him down. No, it's simple enough. Tomorrow we'll get a representative from all the Families who'll tell us we have to do business with the Turk. That's what he's waiting for. That's his ace in the hole."

62 Michael heaved a sigh of relief. "Good," he said "I have to go into town tonight."

63 "Why?" Sonny asked sharply.

64 Michael grinned. "I figure I'll drop in to the hospital and visit the old man, see Mom and Connie. And I got some other things to do." Like the Don, Michael never told his real business and now he didn't want to tell Sonny he was seeing Kay Adams. There was no reason not to tell him, it was just habit.

65 There was a loud murmur of voices in the kitchen. Clemenza went out to see what was happening. When he come back he was holding Luca Brasi's bulletproof vest in his hands. Wrapped In the vest was a huge dead fish.

66 Clemenza said drily, "The Turk has heard about his spy Paulie Gatto."

67 Tessio said just as drily, "And now we know about Luca Brasi."

Sonny lit a cigar and took a shot of whiskey. Michael, bewildered, said, "What the hell does that fish mean?" It was Hagen the Irisher, the *Consiglieri*, who

answered him. "The fish means that Luca Brasi is sleeping on the bottom of the ocean," he said. "It's an old Sicilian message."

Chapter 9

1 When Michael Corleone went into the city that night it was with a depressed spirit. He felt that he was being enmeshed in the Family business (*запутан; mesh – петля, ячейка сети*) against his will and he resented Sonny using him even to answer the phone (*to resent [ri'zent] – возмущаться, обижаться*). He felt uncomfortable being on the inside of the Family councils (*участвуя в совещаниях; council [kaunsl]*) as if he could be absolutely trusted with such secrets as murder. And now, going to see Kay, he felt guilty about her also. He had never been completely honest (*совершенно откровенен: «честен» [ʻonist]*) with her about his family. He had told her about them but always with little jokes and colorful anecdotes that made them seem more like adventurers in a Technicolor movie (*technicolor – яркий, живой, сочный /о красках/; Technicolor – система цветного кино /а также фирменное название/*) than what they really were. And now his father had been shot down in the street and his eldest brother was making plans for murder. That was putting it plainly and simply (*это если говорить без прикрас, как есть; plain – плоский, ровный; простой, беспримесный; очевидный, ясный*) but that was never how he would tell it to Kay. He had already said his father being shot was more like an "accident" and that all the trouble was over. Hell, it looked like it was just beginning. Sonny and Tom were off-center on this guy Sollozzo (*совсем на нем помешались; off-center – периферийный; эксцентричный*), they were still underrating him (*недооценивали*), even though Sonny was smart enough to see the danger. Michael tried to think what the Turk might have up his sleeve. He was obviously a bold man (*отважный; энергичный, самоуверенный*), a clever man, a man of extraordinary force. You had to figure him to come up with a real surprise. But then Sonny and Tom and Clemenza and Tessio were all agreed that everything was under control and they all had more experience than he did. He was the "civilian" in this war, Michael thought wryly. And they'd have to give him a hell of a lot better medals than he'd gotten in World War II to make him join this one.

2 Thinking this made him feel guilty about not feeling more sympathy for his father. His own father shot full of holes and yet in a curious way Michael, better than anyone else, understood when Tom had said it was just business, not personal. That his father had paid for the power he had wielded all his life (*обладал*), the respect he had extorted

from all those around him (которое он требовал, заставлял себе выказывать; to extort [iks'to:t] – вымогать, выпытывать).

3 What Michael wanted was out, out of all this, to lead his own life. But he couldn't cut loose from the family until the crisis was over. He had to help in a civilian capacity (в качестве гражданского /не военного/ лица). With sudden clarity he realized that he was annoyed with the role assigned to him (что его раздражает предназначенная, отведенная ему роль), that of the privileged noncombatant, the excused conscientious objector («извиненного сознательного = по совести отказывающегося»; to object [ɒb'ʤekt] – возражать). That was why the word "civilian" kept popping into his skull (выскакивало в его голове: «черепе») in such an irritating way (таким раздражающим образом; to irritate ['ɪrɪteɪt] – возмущать, раздражать, сердить).

4 When he got to the hotel, Kay was waiting for him in the lobby. (A couple of Clemenza's people had driven him into town and dropped him off on a nearby corner after making sure (после того, как убедились) they were not followed.)

5 They had dinner together and some drinks. "What time are you going to visit your father?" Kay asked.

6 Michael looked at his watch. "Visiting hours end at eight-thirty. I think I'll go after everybody has left. They'll let me up. He has a private room and his own nurses so I can just sit with him for a while. I don't think he can talk yet or even know if I'm there. But I have to show respect."

7 Kay said quietly, "I feel so sorry for your father, he seemed like such a nice man at the wedding. I can't believe the things the papers are printing about him (печатают). I'm sure most of it's not true."

8 Michael said politely, "I don't think so either." He was surprised to find himself so secretive with Kay. He loved her, he trusted her, but he would never tell her anything about his father or the Family. She was an outsider.

9 "What about you?" Kay asked. "Are you going to get mixed up in this gang war the papers are talking about so gleefully (с таким ликованием; gleeful – радостный, ликующий; glee – веселье, ликование)?"

10 Michael grinned, unbuttoned his jacket and held it wide open. "Look, no guns," he said. Kay laughed.

11 It was getting late and they went up to their room. She mixed a drink for both of them and sat on his lap as they drank. Beneath her dress she was all silk until his hand touched the glowing skin of her thigh. They fell back on the bed together and made love with all their clothes on, their mouths glued together (to glue – приклеивать,

склеивать). When they were finished they lay very still, feeling the heat of their bodies burning through their garments. Kay murmured, "Is that what you soldiers call a quickie?"

12 "Yeah," Michael said.

13 "It's not bad," Kay said in a judicious voice (рассуждающим, оценивающим голосом [dGu:'di[ʒs]).

14 They dozed off (задремали) until Michael suddenly started up anxiously and looked at his watch. "Damn," he said. "It's nearly ten. I have to get down to the hospital." He went to the bathroom to wash up and comb his hair. Kay came in after him and put her arms around his waist from behind. "When are we going to get married?" she asked.

15 "Whenever you say," Michael said. "As soon as this family thing quiets down and my old man gets better. I think you'd better explain things to your parents though."

16 "What should I explain?" Kay said quietly.

17 Michael ran the comb through his hair. "Just say that you've met a brave, handsome guy of Italian descent (спуск, скат, склон; происхождение [di'sent]. Top marks at Dartmouth. Distinguished Service Cross during the war plus the Purple Heart (медаль, дающаяся за полученные в бою раны; to distinguish oneself in battle – отличиться в бою; to distinguish – отличать, различать). Honest. Hard-working. But his father is a Mafia chief who has to kill bad people, sometimes bribe high government officials (to bribe – подкупать, давать взятку) and in his line of work gets shot full of holes himself. But that has nothing to do with his honest hard-working son. Do you think you can remember all that?"

18 Kay let go his body and leaned against the door of the bathroom. "Is he really?" she said. "Does he really?" She paused. "Kill people?"

19 Michael finished combing his hair. "I don't really know," he said. "Nobody really knows. But I wouldn't be surprised."

20 Before he went out the door she asked, "When will I see you again?"

21 Michael kissed her. "I want you to go home and think things over in that little hick town of yours," he said. "I don't want you to get mixed up in this business in any way. After the Christmas holidays I'll be back at school and we'll get together up in Hanover. OK?"

22 "OK," she said. She watched him go out the door, saw him wave before he stepped into the elevator (to wave – помахать /рукой/). She had never felt so close to him, never so much in love and if someone had told her she would not see Michael again

until three years passed, she would not have been able to bear the anguish of it (ВЫНЕСТИ ЭТУ ТОСКУ, ЭТО МУЧЕНИЕ ['æŋwi]).

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1 When Michael got out of the cab in front of the French Hospital he was surprised to see that the street was completely deserted (*совершенно пуста*). When he entered the hospital he was even more surprised to find the lobby empty. Damn it, what the hell were Clemenza and Tessio doing? Sure, they never went to West Point (*американская Военная академия*) but they knew enough about tactics to have outposts (*аванпосты, сторожевое охранение, заставы*). A couple of their men should have been in the lobby at least.

2 Even the latest visitors had departed, it was almost ten-thirty at night. Michael was tense and alert now (*напряжен и возбужден*). He didn't bother to stop at the information desk (*и не подумал: «не побеспокоился»*), he already knew his father's room number up on the fourth floor. He took the self-service elevator. Oddly enough nobody stopped him until he reached the nurses' station on the fourth floor. But he strode right past her query (*не обращая внимание на ее вопрос; query ['kwɪdʒi] –*

вопрос) and on to his father's room. There was no one outside the door. Where the hell were the two detectives who were supposed (которые, как предполагалось) to be waiting around to guard and question the old man? Where the hell were Tessio and Clemenza's people? Could there be someone inside the room? But the door was open. Michael went in. There was a figure in the bed and by the December moonlight straining through the window (просачивающийся; to strain – напрягать, растягивать; процеживать) Michael could see his father's face. Even now it was impassive, the chest heaved shallowly (едва вздымалась; shallow – мелкий, неглубокий) with his uneven breath (неровным дыханием [breθ]). Tubes hung from steel gallows (со стальных дуг, подставок) beside the bed and ran into his nose. On the floor was a glass jar (банка, кувшин) receiving the poisons emptied from his stomach (из его желудка ['stʌmðk]) by other tubes. Michael stayed there for a few moments to make sure his father was all right, then backed out of the room.

3 He told the nurse, "My name is Michael Corleone, I just want to sit with my father. What happened to the detectives who were supposed to be guarding him?"

4 The nurse was a pretty young thing with a great deal of confidence in the power of her office (с большой долей уверенности в могуществе ее должности). "Oh, your father just had too many visitors, it interfered with the hospital service (это мешало: «вмешивалось, перебивало»)," she said. "The police came and made them all leave about ten minutes ago. And then just five minutes ago I had to call the detectives to the phone for an emergency alarm from their headquarters (срочная тревога из их управления; emergency ['ɪmɝ:dʒənsɪ] – непредвиденный случай, крайняя необходимость), and then they left too. But don't worry, I look in on your father often and I can hear any sound from his room. That's why we leave the doors open."

5 "Thank you," Michael said. "I'll sit with him for a little while. OK?"

6 She smiled at him. "Just for a little bit and then I'm afraid you'll have to leave. It's the rules (правила), you know."

7 Michael went back into his father's room. He took the phone from its cradle and got the hospital operator to give him the house in Long Beach, the phone in the corner office room. Sonny answered. Michael whispered, "Sonny, I'm down at the hospital, I came down late. Sonny, there's nobody here. None of Tessio's people. No detectives at the door. The old man was completely unprotected." His voice was trembling.

8 There was a long silence and then Sonny's voice came, low and impressed, "This is Sollozzo's move (ход: «движение») you were talking about."

- 9 Michael said, "That's what I figured too. But how did he get the cops to clear everybody out and where did they go? What happened to Tessio's men? Jesus Christ, has that bastard Sollozzo got the New York Police Department in his pocket too?"
- 10 "Take it easy, kid." Sonny's voice was soothing. "We got lucky again with you going to visit the hospital so late. Stay in the old man's room. Lock the door from the inside. I'll have some men there inside of fifteen minutes, soon as I make some calls. Just sit tight and don't panic. OK, kid?"
- 11 "I won't panic," Michael said. For the first time since it had all started he felt a furious anger rising in him (яростный гнев), a cold hatred for his father's enemies (ненависть к врагам; hatred ['heitrid]).
- 12 He hung up the phone and rang the buzzer for the nurse (звонок, кнопку вызова; to buzz – жужжать). He decided to use his own judgment (решил действовать по своему разумению) and disregard Sonny's orders (не принимать во внимание приказов, указаний Сонни). When the nurse came in he said, "I don't want you to get frightened, but we have to move my father right away. To another room or another floor. Can you disconnect all these tubes (отключить) so we can wheel the bed out?"
- 13 The nurse said, "That's ridiculous (смешно [ri'dikjulʊs]). We have to get permission from the doctor (разрешение)."
- 14 Michael spoke very quickly. "You've read about my father in the papers. You've seen that there's no one here tonight to guard him. Now I've just gotten word some men will come into the hospital to kill him. Please believe me and help me." He could be extraordinarily persuasive (убедительным, убеждающим [pʊs'weɪsɪv]; to persuade [pʊs'weɪd] – убедить) when he wanted to be.
- 15 The nurse said, "We don't have to disconnect the tubes. We can wheel the stand with the bed."
- 16 "Do you have an empty room?" Michael whispered.
- 17 "At the end of the hall," the nurse said.
- 18 It was done in a matter of moments, very quickly and very efficiently. Then Michael said to the nurse, "Stay here with him until help comes. If you're outside at your station you might get hurt."
- 19 At that moment he heard his father's voice from the bed, hoarse (охрипший, сиплый [hɔ:s]) but full of strength, "Michael, is it you? What happened, what is it?"
- 20 Michael leaned over the bed. He took his father's hand in his. "It's Mike," he said. "Don't be afraid. Now listen, don't make any noise at all, especially if somebody calls out your name. Some people want to kill you, understand? But I'm here so don't be afraid."

21 Don Corleone, still not fully conscious (сознательный, сознающий ['kon|ðs]) of what had happened to him the day before, in terrible pain, yet smiled benevolently (все же улыбнулся благодушно, снисходительно: «благожелательно») on his youngest son, wanting to tell him, but it was too much effort (усилие ['efðt]), "Why should I be afraid now? Strange men have come to kill me ever since I was twelve years old."

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12 He hung up the phone and rang the buzzer for the nurse. He decided to use his own judgment and disregard Sonny's orders. When the nurse came in he said, "I don't want you to get frightened, but we have to move my father right away. To another room or another floor. Can you disconnect all these tubes so we can wheel the bed out?"

13 The nurse said, "That's ridiculous. We have to get permission from the doctor."

14 Michael spoke very quickly. "You've read about my father in the papers. You've seen that there's no one here tonight to guard him. Now I've just gotten word some men will come into the hospital to kill him. Please believe me and help me." He could be extraordinarily persuasive when he wanted to be.

- 15** The nurse said, "We don't have to disconnect the tubes. We can wheel the stand with the bed."
- 16** "Do you have an empty room?" Michael whispered.
- 17** "At the end of the hall," the nurse said.
- 18** It was done in a matter of moments, very quickly and very efficiently. Then Michael said to the nurse, "Stay here with him until help comes. If you're outside at your station you might get hurt."
- 19** At that moment he heard his father's voice from the bed, hoarse but full of strength, "Michael, is it you? What happened, what is it?"
- 20** Michael leaned over the bed. He took his father's hand in his. "It's Mike," he said. "Don't be afraid. Now listen, don't make any noise at all, especially if somebody calls out your name. Some people want to kill you, understand? But I'm here so don't be afraid."
- 21** Don Corleone, still not fully conscious of what had happened to him the day before, in terrible pain, yet smiled benevolently on his youngest son, wanting to tell him, but it was too much effort, "Why should I be afraid now? Strange men have come to kill me ever since I was twelve years old."

(Примечание для редакции: с этого момента весь комментарий идет в сносках внизу страницы.)

Chapter 10

The hospital was small and private with just one entrance. Michael looked through the window down into the street. There was a curved courtyard that had steps leading down into the street and the street was empty of cars. But whoever came into the hospital would have to come through that entrance. He knew he didn't have much time so he ran out of the room and down the four flights and through the wide doors of the ground floor entrance. Off to the side he saw the ambulance yard and there was no car there, no ambulances either.

Michael stood on the sidewalk outside the hospital and lit a cigarette. He unbuttoned his coat and stood in the light of a lamppost so that his features could be seen. A young man was walking swiftly down from Ninth Avenue, a package under his arm. The young man wore a combat jacket and had a heavy shock (копна, скирда) of black hair. His face was familiar when he came under the lamplight but Michael could not place it. But

the young man stopped in front of him and put out his hand, saying in a heavy Italian accent, "Don Michael, do you remember me? Enzo, the baker's helper to Nazorine the Paniterra; his son-in-law. Your father saved my life by getting the government to let me stay in America."

Michael shook his hand. He remembered him now. Enzo went on, "I've come to pay my respects to your father. Will they let me into the hospital so late?"

Michael smiled and shook his head. "No, but thanks anyway. I'll tell the Don you came." A car came roaring down the street and Michael was instantly alert. He said to Enzo, "Leave here quickly. There may be trouble. You don't want to get involved with the police."

He saw the look of fear on the young Italian's face. Trouble with the police might mean being deported or refusal of citizenship. But the young man stood fast. He whispered in Italian. "If there's trouble I'll stay to help. I owe it to the Godfather."

Michael was touched. He was about to tell the young man to go away again, but then he thought, why not let him stay? Two men in front of the hospital might scare off any of Sollozzo's crew sent to do a job. One man almost certainly would not. He gave Enzo a cigarette and lit it for him. They both stood under the lamppost in the cold December night. The yellow panes (пане – оконное стекло; панель) of the hospital, bisected (разделенные, разрезанные надвое) by the greens of Christmas decorations, twinkled down on them. They had almost finished their cigarettes when a long low black car turned into 30th Street from Ninth Avenue and cruised (to cruise [kru:z] – совершать круиз, курсировать; промчаться) toward them, very close to the curb. It almost stopped. Michael peered to see their faces inside, his body flinching involuntarily. The car seemed about to stop, then speeded forward. Somebody had recognized him. Michael gave Enzo another cigarette and noticed that the baker's hands were shaking. To his surprise his own hands were steady.

They stayed in the street smoking for what was no more than ten minutes when suddenly the night air was split by a police siren. A patrol car made a screaming turn from Ninth Avenue and pulled up in front of the hospital. Two more squad (группа, команда) cars followed right behind it. Suddenly the hospital entranceway was flooded with uniformed police and detectives. Michael heaved a sigh of relief. Good old Sonny must have gotten through right away. He moved forward to meet them.

Two huge, burly policemen grabbed his arms. Another frisked him. A massive police captain, gold braid on his cap, came up the steps, his men parting respectfully to leave a path. He was a vigorous man for his girth (подпруга; обхват /талии/) and despite the

white hair that peeked out of his cap. His face was beefy red. He came up to Michael and said harshly, "I thought I got all you guinea hoods locked up. Who the hell are you and what are you doing here?"

One of the cops standing beside Michael said, "He's clean, Captain."

Michael didn't answer. He was studying this police captain, coldly searching his face, the metallic blue eyes. A detective in plain clothes said, "That's Michael Corleone, the Don's son."

Michael said quietly, "What happened to the detectives who were supposed to be guarding my father? Who pulled them off that detail (наряд, расчёт, команда)?"

The police captain was choleric with rage. "You fucking hood, who the hell are you to tell me my business? I pulled them off. I don't give a shit how many dago (даго – произвище итальянца, испанца, португальца) gangsters kill each other. If it was up to me (если бы это зависело от меня), I wouldn't lift a finger to keep your old man from getting knocked off. Now get the hell out of here. Get out of this street, you punk, and stay out of this hospital when it's not visiting hours."

Michael was still studying him intently. He was not angry at what this police captain was saying. His mind was racing furiously. Was it possible that Sollozzo had been in that first car and had seen him standing in front of the hospital? Was it possible that Sollozzo had then called this captain and said, "How come the Corleones' men are still around the hospital when I paid you to lock them up?" Was it possible that all had been carefully planned as Sonny had said? Everything fitted in. Still cool, he said to the captain, "I'm not leaving this hospital until you put guards around my father's room." The captain didn't bother answering. He said to the detective standing beside him, "Phil, lock this punk up."

The detective said hesitantly, "The kid is clean, Captain. He's a war hero and he's never been mixed up in the rackets. The papers could make a stink."

The captain started to turn on the detective, his face red with fury. He roared out, "Goddamn it, I said lock him up."

Michael, still thinking clearly, not angry, said with deliberate malice (злоба ['mælis]), "How much is the Turk paying you to set my father up, Captain?"

The police captain turned to him. He said to the two burly patrolmen, "Hold him." Michael felt his arms pinned to his sides. He saw the captain's massive fist arching (arch – дуга; to arch – изгибаться дугой) toward his face. He tried to weave away (отклониться; to weave – ткать, плести; качаться, отклоняться) but the fist caught him high on the cheekbone. A grenade exploded in his skull. His mouth filled with blood

and small hard bones that he realized were his teeth. He could feel the side of his head puff up as if it were filling with air. His legs were weightless and he would have fallen if the two policemen had not held him up. But he was still conscious. The plainclothes detective had stepped in front of him to keep the captain from hitting him again and was saying, "Jesus Christ, Captain, you really hurt him."

The captain said loudly, "I didn't touch him. He attacked me and he fell. Do you understand that? He resisted arrest."

Through a red haze (легкий туман, дымка) Michael could see more cars pulling up to the curb. Men were getting out. One of them he recognized as Clemenza's lawyer, who was now speaking to the police captain, suavely (suave [swɑ:v] – учтивый, обходительный) and surely. "The Corleone Family has hired a firm of private detectives to guard Mr. Corleone. These men with me are licensed to carry firearms, Captain. If you arrest them, you'll have to appear before a judge in the morning and tell him why."

The lawyer glanced at Michael. "Do you want to prefer (выдвинуть /требование, обвинение/) charges (обвинения) against whoever did this to you?" he asked.

Michael had trouble talking. His jaws wouldn't come together but he managed to mumble. "I slipped," he said. "I slipped and fell." He saw the captain give him a triumphant glance and he tried to answer that glance with a smile. At all costs he wanted to hide the delicious icy chilliness that controlled his brain, the surge of wintry cold hatred that pervaded his body. He wanted to give no warning to anyone in this world as to how he felt at this moment. As the Don would not. Then he felt himself carried into the hospital and he lost consciousness.

When he woke up in the morning he found that his jaw had been wired together and that four of his teeth along the left side of his mouth were missing. Hagen was sitting beside his bed.

"Did they drug me up?" Michael asked.

"Yeah," Hagen said. "They had to dig some bone fragments out of your gums (десны) and they figured it would be too painful. Besides you were practically out anyway."

"Is there anything else wrong with me?" Michael asked.

"No," Hagen said. "Sonny wants you out at the Long Beach house. Think you can make it?"

"Sure," Michael said. "Is the Don all right?"

Hagen flushed. "I think we've solved the problem now. We have a firm of private detectives and we have the whole area loaded. I'll tell you more when we get in the car."

Clemenza was driving, Michael and Hagen sat in the back. Michael's head throbbed (to throb – сильно биться, пульсировать). "So what the hell really happened last night, did you guys ever find out?"

Hagen spoke quietly. "Sonny has an inside man, that Detective Phillips who tried to protect you. He gave us the scoop (лопатка, совок, черпак; сенсационная новость; здесь – информация). The police captain, McCluskey, is a guy who's been on the take (to be on the take – брать взятки) very heavy ever since he's been a patrolman. Our Family has paid him quite a bit. And he's greedy and untrustworthy (ненадежный, не заслуживающий доверия) to do business with. But Sollozzo must have paid him a big price. McCluskey had all Tessio's men around and in the hospital arrested right after visiting hours. It didn't help that some of them were carrying guns. Then McCluskey pulled the official guard detectives off the Don's door. Claimed he needed them and that some other cops were supposed to go over and take their place but they got their assignments bollixed (to bollix – испортить, изгадить /напр. работу/). Baloney (вздор, чепуха /сленг/ [bə'ldʊni]). He was paid off to set the Don up. And Phillips said he's the kind of guy who'll try it again. Sollozzo must have given him a fortune for openers and promised him the moon to come."

"Was my getting hurt in the papers?"

"No," Hagen said. "We kept that quiet. Nobody wants that known. Not the cops. Not us."

"Good," Michael said. "Did that boy Enzo get away?"

"Yeah," Hagen said. "He was smarter than you. When the cops came he disappeared. He claims he stuck with you while Sollozzo's car went by. Is that true?"

"Yeah," Michael said. "He's a good kid."

"He'll be taken care of," Hagen said. "You feeling OK?" His face was concerned. "You look lousy (паршиво, отвратительно: «вшиво»)."

"I'm OK," Michael said. "What was that police captain's name?"

"McCluskey," Hagen said. "By the way, it might make you feel better to know that the Corleone Family finally got up on the scoreboard (на табло; score – зарубка; счет очков). Bruno Tattaglia, four o'clock this morning."

Michael sat up. "How come (как так)? I thought we were supposed to sit tight."

Hagen shrugged. "After what happened at the hospital Sonny got hard. The button men are out all over New York and New Jersey. We made the list last night. I'm trying to

hold Sonny in, Mike. Maybe you can talk to him. This whole business can still be settled without a major war."

"I'll talk to him," Michael said. "Is there a conference this morning?"

"Yeah," Hagen said. "Sollozzo finally got in touch and wants to sit down with us. A negotiator is arranging the details. That means we win. Sollozzo knows he's lost and he wants to get out with his life." Hagen paused. "Maybe he thought we were soft, ready to be taken, because we didn't strike back. Now with one of the Tattaglia sons dead he knows we mean business. He really took an awful gamble bucking (to buck – становиться на дыбы, взбрыкивать /пытаясь сбросить седока/) the Don. By the way, we got the confirmation on Luca. They killed him the night before they shot your father. In Bruno's nightclub. Imagine that?"

Michael said, "No wonder they caught him off guard."

At the houses in Long Beach the entrance to the mall was blocked by a long black car parked across its mouth. Two men leaned against the hood (капюшон; капот /автомобиля/) of the car. The two houses on each side, Michael noticed, had opened windows on their upper floors. Christ, Sonny must really mean business.

Clemenza parked the car outside the mall and they walked inside it. The two guards were Clemenza's men and he gave them a frown of greeting that served as a salute. The men nodded their heads in acknowledgment. There were no smiles, no greetings. Clemenza led Hagen and Michael Corleone into the house.

The door was opened by another guard before they rang. He had obviously been watching from a window.

They went to the corner office and found Sonny and Tessio waiting for them. Sonny came to Michael, took his younger brother's head in his hands and said kiddingly, "Beautiful. Beautiful." Michael knocked his hands away, and went to the desk and poured himself some scotch, hoping it would dull the ache (притупит боль; ache [eɪk]) in his wired jaw.

The five of them sat around the room but the atmosphere was different than their earlier meetings. Sonny was gayer, more cheerful, and Michael realized what that gaiety meant. There were no longer any doubts in his older brother's mind. He was committed (принял решение, ввязался) and nothing would sway (поколебать) him. The attempt by Sollozzo the night before was the final straw (последней соломинкой = последней каплей). There could no longer be any question of a truce (перемирие).

"We got a call from the negotiator while you were gone," Sonny said to Hagen. "The Turk wants a meeting now." Sonny laughed. "The balls on that son of a bitch," he said admiringly. "After he craps out (to crap out – проигрывать; crap – дерьмо; to crap – изгадить, испортить) last night he wants a meeting today or the next day. Meanwhile we're supposed just to lay back and take everything he dishes out (предложит; to dish – подавать еду, раскладывать по тарелкам). What fucking nerve."

Tom asked cautiously. "What did you answer?"

Sonny grinned. "I said sure, why not? Anytime he says, I'm in no hurry. I've got a hundred button men out on the street twenty-four hours a day. If Sollozzo shows one hair on his asshole he's dead. Let them take all the time they want."

Hagen said, "Was there a definite proposal?"

"Yeah," Sonny said. "He wants us to send Mike to meet him to hear his proposition. The negotiator guarantees Mike's safety. Sollozzo doesn't ask us to guarantee his safety, he knows he can't ask that. No point. So the meeting will be arranged on his side. His people will pick Mike up and take Mike to the meeting place. Mike will listen to Sollozzo and then they'll turn him loose. But the meeting place is secret. The promise is the deal will be so good we can't turn it down."

Hagen asked, "What about the Tattaglias! What will they do about Bruno?"

"That's part of the deal. The negotiator says the Tattaglia Family has agreed to go along with Sollozzo. They'll forget about Bruno Tattaglia. He pays for what they did to my father. One cancels out (to cancel – вычеркивать, аннулировать) the other." Sonny laughed again. "The nervy (смелый, волевой) bastards."

Hagen said cautiously, "We should hear what they have to say."

Sonny shook his head from side to side. "No, no, *Consiglieri*, not this time." His voice held a faint trace of Italian accent. He was consciously mocking his father just to kid around (высмеивать, подшучивать). "No more meetings. No more discussions. No more Sollozzo tricks. When the negotiator gets in touch with us again for our answer I want you to give him one message. I want Sollozzo. If not, it's all-out war. We'll go to the mattresses and we'll put all the button men out on the street. Business will just have to suffer."

"The other Families won't stand for an all-out war," Hagen said. "It puts too much heat on everybody."

Sonny shrugged. "They have a simple solution (решение /проблемы/). Give me Sollozzo. Or fight the Corleone Family." Sonny paused, then said roughly, "No more

advice on how to patch it up (*patch – клочок, лоскут; to patch up – латать, ставить заплаты*), Tom. The decision is made. Your job is to help me win. Understand?"

Hagen bowed his head. He was deep in thought for a moment. Then he said, "I spoke to your contact in the police station. He says that Captain McCluskey is definitely on Sollozzo's payroll and for big money. Not only that, but McCluskey is going to get a piece of the drug operation. McCluskey has agreed to be Sollozzo's bodyguard. The Turk doesn't poke his nose out of his hole without McCluskey. When he meets Mike for the conference, McCluskey will be sitting beside him. In civilian clothes but carrying his gun. Now what you have to understand, Sonny, is that while Sollozzo is guarded like this, he's invulnerable. Nobody has ever gunned down a New York police captain and gotten away with it. The heat in this town would be unbearable what with the newspapers, the whole police department, the churches, everything. That would be disastrous. The Families would be after you. The Corleone Family would become outcasts. Even the old man's political protection would run for cover. So take that into consideration (*прими в расчет, в размышление*)."

Sonny shrugged. "McCluskey can't stay with the Turk forever. We'll wait." Tessio and Clemenza were puffing on their cigars uneasily, not daring to speak, but sweating. It would be their skins that would go on the line if the wrong decision was made.

Michael spoke for the first time. He asked Hagen, "Can the old man be moved out of the hospital onto the mall here?"

Hagen shook his head. "That's the first thing I asked. Impossible. He's in very bad shape. He'll pull through but he needs all kinds of attention, maybe some more surgery (*операция, хирургическое вмешательство*). Impossible."

"Then you have to get Sollozzo right away," Michael said. "We can't wait. The guy is too dangerous. He'll come up with some new idea. Remember, the key is still that he gets rid of the old man. He knows that. OK, he knows that now it's very tough so he's willing to take defeat for his life. But if he's going to get killed anyway, he'll have another crack (*нанесет удар*) at the Don. And with that police captain helping him who knows what the hell might happen. We can't take that chance. We have to get Sollozzo right away."

Sonny was scratching his chin thoughtfully. "You're right, kid," he said. "You got right to the old nuts (*совершенно /сленг/*). We can't let Sollozzo get another crack at the old man."

Hagen said quietly, "What about Captain McCluskey?"

Sonny turned to Michael with an odd little smile. "Yeah, kid, what about that tough police captain?"

Michael said slowly, "OK, it's an extreme. But there are times when the most extreme measures are justified (*средства оправданы*). Let's think now that we have to kill McCluskey. The way to do it would be to have him heavily implicated so that it's not an honest police captain doing his duty but a crooked (*изогнутый, кривой; искаженный; добытый нечестным путем*) police official mixed up in the rackets who got what was coming to him, like any crook (*крючок, крюк; жулик, ренегат*). We have newspaper people on our payroll we can give that story to with enough proof so that they can back it up. That should take some of the heat off. How does that sound?" Michael looked around deferentially (*почтительно, с уважением*) to the others. Tessio and Clemenza had gloomy (*мрачный*) faces and refused to speak. Sonny said with the same odd smile, "Go on, kid, you're doing great. Out of the mouths of infants (*устаами младенца ...*), as the Don always used to say. Go ahead, Mike, tell us more."

Hagen was smiling too a little and averting his head. Michael flushed. "Well, they want me to go to a conference with Sollozzo. It will be me, Sollozzo and McCluskey all on our own. Set up the meeting for two days from now, then get our informers to find out where the meeting will be held. Insist that it has to be a public place, that I'm not going to let them take me into any apartments or houses. Let it be a restaurant or a bar at the height of the dinner hour, something like that, so that I'll feel safe. They'll feel safe too. Even Sollozzo won't figure that we'll dare to gun the captain. They'll frisk me when I meet them so I'll have to be clean then, but figure out a way you can get a weapon to me while I'm meeting them. Then I'll take both of them."

All four heads turned and stared at him. Clemenza and Tessio were gravely astonished. Hagen looked a little sad but not surprised. He started to speak and thought better of it. But Sonny, his heavy Cupid's face twitching with mirth (*веселье, чувство веселости*), suddenly broke out in loud roars (*рев; хохот*) of laughter. It was deep belly laughter, not faking (*без притворства; to fake – подделовать, фальсифицировать*). He was really breaking up. He pointed a finger at Michael, trying to speak through gasps of mirth. "You, the high-class college kid, you never wanted to get mixed up in the Family business. Now you wanta kill a police captain and the Turk just because you got your face smashed by McCluskey. You're taking it personal, it's just business and you're taking it personal. You wanta kill these two guys just because you got slapped in the face. It was all a lot of crap. All these years it was just a lot of crap."

Clemenza and Tessio, completely misunderstanding, thinking that Sonny was laughing at his young brother's bravado for making such an offer, were also smiling broadly and a little patronizingly at Michael. Only Hagen warily (осторожно) kept his face impassive. Michael looked around at all of them, then stared at Sonny, who still couldn't stop laughing. "You'll take both of them?" Sonny said. "Hey, kid, they won't give you medals, they put you in the electric chair. You know that? This is no hero business, kid, you don't shoot people from a mile away. You shoot when you see the whites of their eyes like we got taught in school, remember? You gotta stand right next to them and blow their heads off and their brains get all over your nice Ivy League («Лига Плюща» – a group of colleges and universities in the northeastern U.S., consisting of Yale, Harvard, Princeton, Columbia, Dartmouth, Cornell, the University of Pennsylvania, and Brown, having a reputation for high scholastic achievement and social prestige) suit. How about that, kid, you wanta do that just because some dumb cop slapped you around?" He was still laughing.

Michael stood up. "You'd better stop laughing," he said. The change in him was so extraordinary that the smiles vanished (исчезли) from the faces of Clemenza and Tessio.

Michael was not tall or heavily built but his presence seemed to radiate danger. In that moment he was a reincarnation of Don Corleone himself. His eyes had gone a pale tan and his face was bleached (to bleach – белить, отбеливать; обесцвечивать) of color. He seemed at any moment about to fling himself on his older and stronger brother. There was no doubt that if he had had a weapon in his hands Sonny would have been in danger. Sonny stopped laughing, and Michael said to him in a cold deadly voice, "Don't you think I can do it, you son of a bitch?"

Sonny had got over his laughing fit (приступ). "I know you can do it," he said. "I wasn't laughing at what you said. I was just laughing at how funny things turn out. I always said you were the toughest one in the Family, tougher than the Don himself. You were the only one who could stand off (держаться на расстоянии; противостоять) the old man. I remember you when you were a kid. What a temper you had then. Hell, you even used to fight me and I was a lot older than you. And Freddie had to beat the shit out of you at least once a week. And now Sollozzo has you figured for the soft touch in the Family because you let McCluskey hit you without fighting back and you wouldn't get mixed up in the Family fights. He figures he got nothing to worry about if he meets you head to head. And McCluskey too, he's got you figured for a yellow guinea." Sonny paused and then said softly, "But you're a Corleone after all, you son of a bitch. And I was the only

one who knew it. I've been sitting here waiting for the last three days, ever since the old man got shot, waiting for you to crack out of that Ivy League, war hero bullshit character you've been wearing. I've been waiting for you to become my right arm so we can kill those fucks that are trying to destroy our father and our Family. And all it took was a sock (удар) on the jaw. How do you like that?" Sonny made a comical gesture, a punch, and repeated, "How do you like that?"

The tension had relaxed in the room. Mike shook his head. "Sonny, I'm doing it because it's the only thing to do. I can't give Sollozzo another crack at the old man. I seem to be the only one who can get close enough to him. And I figured it out. I don't think you can get anybody else to knock off a police captain. Maybe you would do it, Sonny, but you have a wife and kids and you have to run the Family business until the old man is in shape. So that leaves me and Freddie. Freddie is in shock and out of action. Finally that leaves just me. It's all logic. The sock on the jaw had nothing to do with it."

Sonny came over and embraced him. "I don't give a damn what your reasons are, just so long as you're with us now. And I'll tell you another thing, you're right all the way. Tom, what's your say?"

Hagen shrugged. "The reasoning is solid. What makes it so is that I don't think the Turk is sincere (искренний [sin'sið]) about a deal. I think he'll still try to get at the Don. Anyway on his past performance (исполнение; действие, поступок) that's how we have to figure him. So we try to get Sollozzo. We get him even if we have to get the police captain. But whoever does the job is going to get an awful lot of heat. Does it have to be Mike?"

Sonny said softly, "I could do it."

Hagen shook his head impatiently. "Sollozzo wouldn't let you get within a mile of him if he had ten police captains. And besides you're the acting head of the Family. You can't be risked." Hagen paused and said to Clemenza and Tessio, "Do either one of you have a top button man, someone really special, who would take on this job? He wouldn't have to worry about money for the rest of his life."

Clemenza spoke first. "Nobody that Sollozzo wouldn't know, he'd catch on right away. He'd catch on if me or Tessio went too."

Hagen said, "What about somebody really tough who hasn't made his rep yet, a good rookie (новичок, новобранец)?"

Both *caporegimes* shook their heads. Tessio smiled to take the sting (жало) out of his words and said, "That's like bringing a guy up from the minors to pitch (бросать,

посылать мяч) the World Series (*//baseball// an annual series of games between the winning teams of the two major leagues: the first team to win four games being champions of the U.S.*)"

Sonny broke in curtly, "It has to be Mike. For a million different reasons. Most important they got him down as faggy (*гомосексуалист; /здесь/ трус*). And he can do the job, I guarantee that, and that's important because this is the only shot we'll get at that sneaky bastard Turk. So now we have to figure out the best way to back him up. Tom, Clemenza, Tessio, find out where Sollozzo will take him for the conference, I don't care how much it costs. When we find that out we can figure out how we can get a weapon into his hands. Clemenza, I want you to get him a really 'safe' gun out of your collection, the 'coldest' one you got. Impossible to trace. Try to make it short barrel (*бочонок; ствол, дуло /ружья, пистолета/*) with a lot of blasting (*to blast – взрывать/ся/*) power. It doesn't have to be accurate. He'll be right on top of them when he uses it. Mike, as soon as you've used the gun, drop it on the floor. Don't be caught with it on you. Clemenza, tape (*обматывать лентой; tape – лента*) the barrel and the trigger (*курок*) with that special stuff you got so he won't leave prints (*отпечатки*). Remember, Mike, we can square everything, witnesses, and so forth, but if they catch you with the gun on you we can't square that. We'll have transportation and protection and then we'll make you disappear for a nice long vacation until the heat wears off. You'll be gone a long time, Mike, but I don't want you saying good-bye to your girl friend or even calling her. After it's all over and you're out of the country I'll send her word that you're OK. Those are orders." Sonny smiled at his brother. "Now stick with Clemenza and get used to handling the gun he picks out for you. Maybe even practice a little. We'll take care of everything else. Everything. OK, kid?"

Again Michael Corleone felt that delicious refreshing chilliness all over his body. He said to his brother, "You didn't have to give me that crap about not talking to my girl friend about something like this. What the hell did you think I was going to do, call her up to say good-bye?"

Sonny said hastily, "OK, but you're still a rookie so I spell things out. Forget it."

Michael said with a grin, "What the hell do you mean, a rookie? I listened to the old man just as hard as you did. How do you think I got so smart?" They both laughed.

Hagen poured drinks for everyone. He looked a little glum (*мрачно, хмуро*). The statesman forced (*государственный деятель, вынужденный*) to go to war, the lawyer forced to go to law. "Well, anyway now we know what we're going to do," he said.

Chapter 11

Captain Mark McCluskey sat in his office fingering three envelopes bulging with betting slips (игральные карточки; slip – длинная узкая полоска; бланк). He was frowning and wishing he could decode the notations on the slips. It was very important that he do so. The envelopes were the betting slips that his raiding parties had picked up when they had hit one of the Corleone Family bookmakers the night before. Now the bookmaker would have to buy back the slips so that players couldn't claim winners and wipe him out.

It was very important for Captain McCluskey to decode the slips because he didn't want to get cheated when he sold the slips back to the bookmaker. If there was fifty grand worth of action, then maybe he could sell it back for five grand. But if there were a lot of heavy bets and the slips represented a hundred grand or maybe even two hundred grand, then the price should be considerably higher. McCluskey fiddled (вертел в руках; fiddle – вертеть; to fiddle – играть на скрипке) with the envelopes and then decided to let the bookie sweat a little bit and make the first offer. That might tip off (может подсказать) what the real price should be.

McCluskey looked at the station house clock on the wall of his office. It was time for him to pick up that greasy (сальный, грязный) Turk, Sollozzo, and take him to wherever he was going to meet the Corleone Family. McCluskey went over to his wall locker (запирающийся шкафчик) and started to change into his civilian clothes. When he was finished he called his wife and told her he would not be home for supper that night, that he would be out on the job. He never confided (to confide – доверять/ся; вверять /тайну/) in his wife on anything. She thought they lived the way they did on his policeman's salary (зарплата). McCluskey grunted with amusement. His mother had thought the same thing but he had learned early. His father had shown him the ropes (методы работы; горе – веревка, канат; петля).

His father had been a police sergeant, and every week father and son had walked through the precinct and McCluskey Senior had introduced his six-year-old son to the storekeepers (владельцы магазинов), saying, "And this is my little boy."

The storekeepers would shake his hand and compliment him extravagantly and ring open their cash registers to give the little boy a gift of five or ten dollars. At the end of the day, little Mark McCluskey would have all the pockets of his suit stuffed with paper money, would feel so proud that his father's friends liked him well enough to give him a

present every month they saw him. Of course his father put the money in the bank for him, for his college education, and little Mark got at most a fifty-cent piece for himself.

Then when Mark got home and his policemen uncles asked him what he wanted to be when he grew up and he would lisp childishly, "A policeman," they would all laugh uproariously. And of course later on, though his father wanted him to go to college first, he went right from high school to studying for the police force.

He had been a good cop, a brave cop. The tough young punks terrorizing street corners fled when he approached and finally vanished from his beat altogether. He was a very tough cop and a very fair one. He never took his son around to the storekeepers to collect his money presents for ignoring garbage violations (**нарушения по выбросу мусора** [ˈgɑːbɪdʒ]) and parking violations; he took the money directly into his own hand, direct because he felt he earned it. He never ducked into a movie house or goofed (**to goof – лодырничать, слоняться без дела**) off into restaurants when he was on foot patrol as some of the other cops did, especially on winter nights. He always made his rounds. He gave his stores a lot of protection, a lot of service. When winos (**алкаши**) and drunks filtered up from the Bowery to panhandle on his beat (**попрошайничать на патрулируемом им участке; panhandle – ручка кастрюли**) he got rid of them so roughly that they never came back. The tradespeople in his precinct appreciated (**to appreciate** [ə ˈpriːʃieɪt] – **ценить**) it. And they showed their appreciation.

He also obeyed the system. The bookies in his precinct knew he would never make trouble to get an extra payoff for himself, that he was content for his share of the station house bag (**своей долей из общего котла; station house – полицейский участок; bag – сумка; кошелек**). His name was on the list with the others and he never tried to make extras. He was a fair cop who took only clean graft (**работа, профессия; взятка**) and his rise in the police department was steady if not spectacular (**эффeктный**).

During this time he was raising a large family of four sons, none of whom became policemen. They all went to Fordham University and since by that time Mark McCluskey was rising from sergeant to lieutenant and finally to captain, they lacked for nothing. It was at this time that McCluskey got the reputation for being a hard bargainer (**to bargain** [ˈbɑːɡɪn] – **торговаться, заключать сделку**). The bookmakers in his district paid more protection money than the bookmakers in any other part of the city, but maybe that was because of the expense of putting four boys through college.

McCluskey himself felt there was nothing wrong with clean graft. Why the hell should his kids go to CCNY or a cheap Southern college just because the Police Department

didn't pay its people enough money to live on and take care of their families properly with? He protected all these people with his life and his record showed his citations (вызовы в суд; упоминания в списках об отличившихся) for gun duels with stickup (грабеж) men on his beat, strong-arm protection guys, would-be (претендующий, с претензией на то, чтобы быть кем-то) pimps (сутенеры). He had hammered them into the ground. He had kept his little corner of the city safe for ordinary people and he sure as hell was entitled (имеющий право, уполномоченный) to more than his lousy one C note (стодолларовая купюра) a week. But he wasn't indignant (возмущен) about his low pay, he understood that everybody had to take care of themselves.

Bruno Tattaglia was an old friend of his. Bruno had gone to Fordham with one of his sons and then Bruno had opened his nightclub and whenever the McCluskey family spent an infrequent (нечастый) night on the town, they could enjoy the cabaret with liquor and dinner – on the house. On New Year's Eve they received engraved invitations to be guests of the management and always received one of the best tables. Bruno always made sure they were introduced to the celebrities (знаменитости) who performed in his club, some of them famous singers and Hollywood stars. Of course sometimes he asked a little favor, like getting an employee with a record cleared for a cabaret work license, usually a pretty girl with a police dossier as a hustler or roller (вор-карманник). McCluskey would be glad to oblige (сделать одолжение, угодить [əb'laɪdʒ]).

McCluskey made it a policy never to show that he understood what other people were up to. When Sollozzo had approached him with the proposition to leave old man Corleone uncovered in the hospital, McCluskey didn't ask why. He asked price. When Sollozzo said ten grand, McCluskey knew why. He did not hesitate. Corleone was one of the biggest Mafia men in the country with more political connections than Capone had ever had. Whoever knocked him off would be doing the country a big favor. McCluskey took the money in advance (заранее, задатком; advance [əd'vɑ:ns] – движение вперед; аванс) and did the job. When he received a call from Sollozzo that there were still two of Corleone's men in front of the hospital he had flown into a rage. He had locked up all of Tessio's men, he had pulled the detective guards off the door of Corleone's hospital room. And now, being a man of principle, he would have to give back the ten grand, money he had already earmarked (earmark – клеймо /на ухе/, тавро; to earmark – клеймить; откладывать деньги /на что-либо/) to insure the education of his grandchildren. It was in that rage that he had gone to the hospital and struck Michael Corleone.

But it had all worked out for the best. He had met with Sollozzo in the Tattaglia nightclub and they had made an even better deal. Again McCluskey didn't ask questions, since he knew all the answers. He just made sure of his price. It never occurred to him that he himself could be in any danger. That anyone would consider even for a moment killing a New York City police captain was too fantastic. The toughest hood in the Mafia had to stand still (по стойке смирно) if the lowliest patrolman decided to slap him around. There was absolutely no percentage in killing cops. Because then all of a sudden a lot of hoods were killed resisting arrest or escaping the scene of a crime, and who the hell was going to do anything about that?

McCluskey sighed and got ready to leave the station house. Problems, always problems. His wife's sister in Ireland had just died after many years of fighting cancer and that cancer had cost him a pretty penny. Now the funeral would cost him more. His own uncles and aunts in the old country needed a little help now and then to keep their potato farms and he sent the money to do the trick. He didn't begrudge (жадничать, жалеть, скупиться) it. And when he and his wife visited the old country they were treated like a king and queen. Maybe they would go again this summer now that the war was over and with all this extra money coming in. McCluskey told his patrolman clerk where he would be if he was needed. He did not feel it necessary to take any precautions. He could always claim Sollozzo was an informer he was meeting. Outside the station house he walked a few blocks and then caught a cab to the house where he would meet with Sollozzo.

It was Tom Hagen who had to make all the arrangements for Michael's leaving the country, his false passport, his seaman's card, his berth (койка) on an Italian freighter (грузовой корабль ['freitð]) that would dock in a Sicilian port. Emissaries were sent that very day by plane to Sicily to prepare a hiding place with the Mafia chief in the hill country.

Sonny arranged for a car and an absolutely trustworthy driver to be waiting for Michael when he stepped out of the restaurant where the meeting would be held with Sollozzo. The driver would be Tessio himself, who had volunteered for the job. It would be a beat-up-looking (побитый, обшарпанный) car but with a fine motor. It would have phony license plates and the car itself would be untraceable. It had been saved for a special job requiring the best.

Michael spent the day with Clemenza, practicing with the small gun that would be gotten to him. It was a .22 filled with soft-nosed bullets that made pinpricks

(булавочные уколы) going in and left insulting gaping holes when they exited from the human body. He found that it was accurate up to five of his steps away from a target (цель). After that the bullets might go anywhere. The trigger was tight (тугой) but Clemenza worked on this with some tools (инструменты) so that it pulled easier. They decided to leave it noisy. They didn't want an innocent bystander misunderstanding the situation and interfering out of ignorant courage. The report of the gun would keep them away from Michael.

Clemenza kept instructing him during the training session. "Drop the gun as soon as you've finished using it. Just let your hand drop to your side and the gun slip out. Nobody will notice. Everybody will think you're still armed. They'll be staring at your face. Walk out of the place very quickly but don't run. Don't look anybody directly in the eye but don't look away from them either. Remember, they'll be scared of you, believe me, they'll be scared of you. Nobody will interfere. As soon as you're outside Tessio will be in the car waiting for you. Get in and leave the rest to him. Don't be worried about accidents. You'd be surprised how well these affairs go. Now put this hat on and let's see how you look." He clapped a gray fedora (мягкая фетровая шляпа [fi'dʲurʲ]) on Michael's head. Michael, who never wore a hat, grimaced. Clemenza reassured him. "It helps against identification, just in case. Mostly it gives witnesses an excuse to change their identification when we make them see the light. Remember, Mike, don't worry about prints. The butt (рукоятка) and trigger are fixed with special tape. Don't touch any other part of the gun, remember that."

Michael said, "Has Sonny found out where Sollozzo is taking me?"

Clemenza shrugged. "Not yet. Sollozzo is being very careful. But don't worry about him harming you. The negotiator stays in our hands until you come back safe. If anything happens to you, the negotiator pays."

"Why the hell should he stick his neck out?" Michael asked.

"He gets a big fee (вознаграждение, гонорар)," Clemenza said. "A small fortune. Also he is an important man in the Families. He knows Sollozzo can't let anything happen to him. Your life is not worth the negotiator's life to Sollozzo. Very simple. You'll be safe all right. We're the ones who catch hell afterwards."

"How bad will it be?" Michael asked.

"Very bad," Clemenza said. "It means an all-out war with the Tattaglia Family against the Corleone Family. Most of the others will line up with the Tattaglias. The Sanitation Department will be sweeping up a lot of dead bodies this winter." He shrugged. "These things have to happen once every ten years or so. It gets rid of the bad blood. And then

if we let them push us around on the little things they wanta take over everything. You gotta stop them at the beginning. Like they shoulda stopped Hitler at Munich, they should never let him get away with that, they were just asking for big trouble when they let him get away with that."

Michael had heard his father say this same thing before, only in 1939 before the war actually started. If the Families had been running the State Department there would never have been World War II, he thought with a grin.

They drove back to the mall and to the Don's house, where Sonny still made his headquarters. Michael wondered how long Sonny could stay cooped up (соор – курятник; to соор – сажать в курятник, в клетку) in the safe territory of the mall. Eventually he would have to venture (отважиться) out. They found Sonny taking a nap on the couch. On the coffee table was the remains of his late lunch, scraps of steak and bread crumbs and a half-empty bottle of whiskey.

His father's usually neat office was taking on the look of a badly kept furnished room. Michael shook his brother awake and said, "Why don't you stop living like a bum (лодырь; /здесь/ бродяга) and get this place cleaned up?"

Sonny yawned. "What the hell are you, inspecting the barracks? Mike, we haven't got the word yet where they plan to take you, those bastards Sollozzo and McCluskey. If we don't find that out, how the hell are we going to get the gun to you?"

"Can't I carry it on me?" Michael asked. "Maybe they won't frisk me and even if they do maybe they'll miss it if we're smart enough. And even if they find it – so what. They'll just take it off me and no harm done."

Sonny shook his head. "Nah," he said. "We have to make this a sure hit on that bastard Sollozzo. Remember, get him first if you possibly can. McCluskey is slower and dumber. You should have plenty of time to take him. Did Clemenza tell you to be sure to drop the gun?"

"A million times," Michael said.

Sonny got up from the sofa and stretched. "How does your jaw feel, kid?"

"Lousy," Michael said. The left side of his face ached except those parts that felt numb because of the drugged wire holding it together. He took the bottle of whiskey from the table and swigged (swig – большой глоток /спиртного/; to swig – пить большими глотками) directly from it. The pain eased.

Sonny said, "Easy, Mike, now is no time to get slowed up by booze (спиртное, бухло)."

Michael said, "Oh, Christ, Sonny, stop playing the big brother. I've been in combat against tougher guys than Sollozzo and under worse conditions. Where the hell are his mortars (МИНОМЕТЫ)? Has he got air cover? Heavy artillery? Land mines? He's just a wise son of a bitch with a big-wheel (ВАЖНЫЙ, ВЛИЯТЕЛЬНЫЙ /ЧЕЛОВЕК/) cop sidekick (ЗАКАДЫЧНЫЙ ДРУГ /СЛЕНГ/). Once anybody makes up their mind to kill them there's no other problem. That's the hard part, making up your mind. They'll never know what hit them."

Tom Hagen came into the room. He greeted them with a nod and went directly to the falsely listed telephone. He called a few times and then shook his head at Sonny. "Not a whisper," he said. "Sollozzo is keeping it to himself as long as he can."

The phone rang. Sonny answered it and he held up a hand as if to signal for quiet though no one had spoken. He jotted some notes down on a pad, then said, "OK, he'll be there," and hung up the phone.

Sonny was laughing. "That son of a bitch Sollozzo, he really is something. Here's the deal. At eight tonight he and Captain McCluskey pick up Mike in front of Jack Dempsey's bar on Broadway. They go someplace to talk, and get this. Mike and Sollozzo talk in Italian so that the Irish cop don't know what the hell they are talking about. He even tells me, don't worry, he knows McCluskey doesn't know one word in Italian unless it's 'soldi' (ДЕНЬГИ) and he's checked you out, Mike, and knows you can understand Sicilian dialect."

Michael said dryly, "I'm pretty rusty (РЖАВЫЙ; ЗАПУЩЕННЫЙ) but we won't talk long."

Tom Hagen said, "We don't let Mike go until we have the negotiator. Is that arranged?"

Clemenza nodded. "The negotiator is at my house playing pinochle (ВИД КАРТОЧНОЙ ИГРЫ) with three of my men. They wait for a call from me before they let him go."

Sonny sank back in the leather armchair. "Now how the hell do we find out the meeting place? Tom, we've got informers with the Tattaglia Family, how come they haven't given us the word?"

Hagen shrugged. "Sollozzo is really damn smart. He's playing this close to the vest, so close that he's not using any men as a cover. He figures the captain will be enough and that security is more important than guns. He's right too. We'll have to put a tail on Mike and hope for the best."

Sonny shook his head. "Nah, anybody can lose a tail when they really want to. That's the first thing they'll check out."

By this time it was five in the afternoon. Sonny, with a worried look on his face, said, "Maybe we should just let Mike blast whoever is in the car when it tries to pick him up."

Hagen shook his head. "What if Sollozzo is not in the car? We've tipped our hand for nothing. Damn it, we have to find out where Sollozzo is taking him."

Clemenza put in, "Maybe we should start trying to figure why he's making it such a big secret."

Michael said impatiently, "Because it's the percentage. Why should he let us know anything if he can prevent it? Besides, he smells danger. He must be leery (подозрительный, осторожный, осмотрительный) as hell even with that police captain for his shadow."

Hagen snapped his fingers. "That detective, that guy Phillips. Why don't you give him a ring, Sonny? Maybe he can find out where the hell the captain can be reached. It's worth a try. McCluskey won't give a damn who knows where he's going."

Sonny picked up the phone and dialed a number. He spoke softly into the phone, then hung up. "He'll call us back," Sonny said.

They waited for nearly another thirty minutes and then the phone rang. It was Phillips. Sonny jotted something down on his pad and then hung up. His face was taut (тыго натянутый, подтянутый [to:t]). "I think we've got it," he said. "Captain McCluskey always has to leave word on where he can be reached. From eight to ten tonight he'll be at the Luna Azure up in the Bronx. Anybody know it?"

Tessio spoke confidently. "I do. It's perfect for us. A small family place with big booths (booth [bu:ð] – киоск, будка, кабина) where people can talk in private. Good food. Everybody minds their own business. Perfect." He leaned over Sonny's desk and arranged stubbed-out (stub – пень; обломок; окурок; to stub out – погасить /окурок/) cigarettes into map figures. "This is the entrance. Mike, when you finish just walk out and turn left, then turn the corner. I'll spot you and put on my headlights and catch you on the fly. If you have any trouble, yell and I'll try to come in and get you out. Clemenza, you gotta work fast. Send somebody up there to plant (сажать /растение/; размещать) the gun. They got an old-fashioned toilet with a space between the water container and the wall. Have your man tape the gun behind there. Mike, after they frisk you in the car and find you're clean, they won't be too worried about you. In the restaurant, wait a bit before you excuse yourself. No, better still, ask permission to go. Act a little in trouble first, very natural. They can't figure anything. But when you come out again, don't waste any time. Don't sit down again at the table, start blasting. And don't take chances. In the head, two shots apiece, and out as fast as your legs can travel."

Sonny had been listening judiciously. "I want somebody very good, very safe, to plant that gun," he told Clemenza. "I don't want my brother coming out of that toilet with just his dick (половой член /сленг/) in his hand."

Clemenza said emphatically (с пафосом, с эмфазой, решительно, категорически [ɪm'fætikəli]), "The gun will be there."

"OK," Sonny said. "Everybody get rolling."

Tessio and Clemenza left. Tom Hagen said, "Sonny, should I drive Mike down to New York?"

"No," Sonny said. "I want you here. When Mike finishes, then our work begins and I'll need you. Have you got those newspaper guys lined up?"

Hagen nodded. "I'll be feeding them info as soon as things break."

Sonny got up and came to stand in front of Michael. He shook his hand. "OK, kid," he said, "you're on. I'll square it with Mom your not seeing her before you left. And I'll get a message to your girl friend when I think the time is right. OK?"

"OK," Mike said. "How long do you think before I can come back?"

"At least a year," Sonny said.

Tom Hagen put in, "The Don might be able to work faster than that, Mike, but don't count on it. The time element hinges (hinge – петля /дверная;/ to hinge – крепиться; зависеть от чего-либо) on a lot of factors. How well we can plant stories with the newsmen. How much the Police Department wants to cover up. How violently the other Families react. There's going to be a hell of a lot of heat and trouble. That's the only thing we can be sure of."

Michael shook Hagen's hand. "Do your best," he said. "I don't want to do another three-year stretch away from home."

Hagen said gently, "It's not too late to back out, Mike, we can get somebody else, we can go back over our alternatives. Maybe it's not necessary to get rid of Sollozzo."

Michael laughed. "We can talk ourselves into any view-point," he said. "But we figured it right the first time. I've been riding the gravy train (gravy train – легкая нажива, выгодное предприятие; gravy – подливка; легкая нажива, незаконные доходы /сленг/) all my life, it's about time I paid my dues (пора платить по счету, за проезд)."

"You shouldn't let that broken jaw influence you," Hagen said. "McCluskey is a stupid man and it was business, not personal."

For the second time he saw Michael Corleone's face freeze into a mask that resembled uncannily (жутко, зловеще) the Don's. "Tom, don't let anybody kid you. It's all personal, every bit of business. Every piece of shit every man has to eat every day of

his life is personal. They call it business. OK. But it's personal as hell. You know where I learned that from? The Don. My old man. The Godfather. If a bolt (молния) of lightning hit a friend of his the old man would take it personal. He took my going into the Marines personal. That's what makes him great. The Great Don. He takes everything personal. Like God. He knows every feather that falls from the tail of a sparrow (воробей) or however the hell it goes. Right? And you know something? Accidents don't happen to people who take accidents as a personal insult. So I came late, OK, but I'm coming all the way. Damn right, I take that broken jaw personal; damn right, I take Sollozzo trying to kill my father personal." He laughed. "Tell the old man I learned it all from him and that I'm glad I had this chance to pay him back for all he did for me. He was a good father." He paused and then he said thoughtfully to Hagen, "You know, I can never remember him hitting me. Or Sonny. Or Freddie. And of course Connie, he wouldn't even yell at her. And tell me the truth, Tom, how many men do you figure the Don killed or had killed."

Tom Hagen turned away. "I'll tell you one thing you didn't learn from him: talking the way you're talking now. There are things that have to be done and you do them and you never talk about them. You don't try to justify them. They can't be justified. You just do them. Then you forget it."

Michael Corleone frowned. He said quietly, "As the *Consiglieri*, you agree that it's dangerous to the Don and our Family to let Sollozzo live?"

"Yes," Hagen said.

"OK," Michael said. "Then I have to kill him."

Michael Corleone stood in front of Jack Dempsey's restaurant on Broadway and waited for his pickup. He looked at his watch. It said five minutes to eight. Sollozzo was going to be punctual. Michael had made sure he was there in plenty of time. He had been waiting fifteen minutes.

All during the ride from Long Beach into the city he had been trying to forget what he had said to Hagen. For if he believed what he said, then his life was set on an irrevocable (неотменяемый, бесповоротный [i'revɔkəbl]) course. And yet, could it be otherwise after tonight? He might be dead after tonight if he didn't stop all this crap, Michael thought grimly. He had to keep his mind on the business at hand. Sollozzo was no dummy (дурик) and McCluskey was a very tough egg. He felt the ache in his wired jaw and welcomed the pain, it would keep him alert.

Broadway wasn't that crowded on this cold winter night, even though it was near theater time. Michael flinched as a long black car pulled up to the curb and the driver, leaning over, opened the front door and said, "Get in, Mike." He didn't know the driver, a young punk with slick black hair and an open shirt, but he got in. In the back seat were Captain McCluskey and Sollozzo.

Sollozzo reached a hand over the back of the seat and Michael shook it. The hand was firm, warm and dry. Sollozzo said, "I'm glad you came, Mike. I hope we can straighten everything out. All this is terrible, it's not the way I wanted things to happen at all. It should never have happened."

Michael Corleone said quietly, "I hope we can settle things tonight, I don't want my father bothered any more."

"He won't be," Sollozzo said sincerely. "I swear to you by my children he won't be. Just keep an open mind when we talk. I hope you're not a hothead like your brother Sonny. It's impossible to talk business with him."

Captain McCluskey grunted. "He's a good kid, he's all right." He leaned over to give Michael an affectionate pat (похлопывание) on the shoulder. "I'm sorry about the other night, Mike. I'm getting too old for my job, too grouchy (ворчливый, здесь: легко срываюсь). I guess I'll have to retire pretty soon. Can't stand the aggravation (ухудшение состояния; здесь: досада, раздражение), all day I get aggravation. You know how it is." Then with a doleful (скорбный, страдальческий) sigh, he gave Michael a thorough frisk for a weapon.

Michael saw a slight smile on the driver's lips. The car was going west with no apparent attempt to elude any trailers (избежать фургонов, прицепов [i'lu:d]). It went up on to the West Side Highway, speeding in and out of traffic. Anyone following would have had to do the same. Then to Michael's dismay (испуг, смятение [dis'mei]) it took the exit for the George Washington Bridge, they were going over to New Jersey. Whoever had given Sonny the info on where the meeting was to be held had given him the wrong dope.

The car threaded (машина пробралась, проскользнула; thread [θred] – нить) through the bridge approaches (подступы, подходы) and then was on it, leaving the blazing (to blaze – сверкать, сиять, блистать) city behind. Michael kept his face impassive. Were they going to dump (выгрузить, вывалить; избавиться, бросить) him into the swamps or was it just a last-minute change in meeting place by the wily Sollozzo? But when they were nearly all the way across, the driver gave the wheel a violent twist. The heavy automobile jumped into the air when it hit the divider and

bounced over into the lanes going back to New York City. Both McCluskey and Sollozzo were looking back to see if anyone had tried doing the same thing. The driver was really hitting it back to New York and then they were off the bridge and going toward the East Bronx. They went through the side streets with no cars behind them. By this time it was nearly nine o'clock. They had made sure there was no one on their tail. Sollozzo lit up a cigarette after offering his pack to McCluskey and Michael, both of whom refused. Sollozzo said to the driver, "Nice work. I'll remember it."

Ten minutes later the car pulled up in front of a restaurant in a small Italian neighborhood. There was no one on the streets and because of the lateness of the hour only a few people were still at dinner. Michael had been worried that the driver would come in with them, but he stayed outside with his car. The negotiator had not mentioned a driver, nobody had. Technically Sollozzo had broken the agreement by bringing him along. But Michael decided not to mention it, knowing they would think he would be afraid to mention it, afraid of ruining the chances for the success of the parley (разговор, переговоры [pɔ:li]).

The three of them sat at the only round table, Sollozzo refusing a booth. There were only two other people in the restaurant. Michael wondered whether they were Sollozzo plants ('подсадные утки'; to plant – сажать /растение/). But it didn't matter. Before they could interfere it would be all over.

McCluskey asked with real interest, "Is the Italian food good here?"

Sollozzo reassured him. "Try the veal (телятина), it's the finest in New York." The solitary waiter had brought a bottle of wine to the table and uncorked it (вынул пробку: cork). He poured three glasses full. Surprisingly McCluskey did not drink. "I must be the only Irishman who don't take the booze (алкоголь, выпивка /сленг/)," he said. "I seen too many good people get in trouble because of the booze."

Sollozzo said placatingly (to placate – умиротворять, унимать, успокаивать) to the captain, "I am going to talk Italian to Mike, not because I don't trust you but because I can't explain myself properly in English and I want to convince Mike that I mean well, that it's to everybody's advantage for us to come to an agreement (соглашение) tonight. Don't be insulted by this, it's not that I don't trust you."

Captain McCluskey gave them both an ironic grin.

"Sure, you two go right ahead," he said. "I'll concentrate on my veal and spaghetti."

Sollozzo began speaking to Michael in rapid (быстрый, беглый) Sicilian. He said, "You must understand that what happened between me and your father was strictly a business matter. I have a great respect for Don Corleone and would beg for the

opportunity to enter his service. But you must understand that your father is an old-fashioned man. He stands in the way of progress. The business I am in is the coming thing, the wave of the future, there are untold millions of dollars for everyone to make. But your father stands in the way because of certain unrealistic scruples (сомнения, угрызения совести). By doing this he imposes his will on men like myself. Yes, yes, I know, he says to me, 'Go ahead, it's your business,' but we both know that is unrealistic. We must tread on each other's corns (будем наступать друг другу на мозоль; corn – зерно; мозоль). What he is really telling me is that I cannot operate my business. I am a man who respects himself and cannot let another man impose his will on me so what had to happen did happen. Let me say that I had the support, the silent support of all the New York Families. And the Tattaglia Family became my partners. If this quarrel (ссора, раздор ['kwɔrdl]) continues, then the Corleone Family will stand alone against everyone. Perhaps if your father were well, it could be done. But the eldest son is not the man the Godfather is, no disrespect intended (без обиды будет сказано: «никакое неуважение не входит в намерение»). And the Irish *Consigliori*, Hagen, is not the man Genco Abbandando was, God rest his soul (упокой его душу). So I propose a peace, a truce (перемирие). Let us cease all hostilities (прекратить враждебные действия) until your father is well again and can take part in these bargainings. The Tattaglia Family agrees, upon my persuasions and my indemnities (indemnity – гарантия от убытков; возмещение), to forgo (отказаться, воздержаться) justice for their son Bruno. We will have peace. Meanwhile, I have to make a living and will do a little trading in my business. I do not ask your cooperation but I ask you, the Corleone Family, not to interfere. These are my proposals. I assume (предполагаю) you have the authority to agree, to make a deal."

Michael said in Sicilian, "Tell me more about how you propose to start your business, exactly what part my Family has to play in it and what profit we can take from this business."

"You want the whole proposition in detail then?" Sollozzo asked.

Michael said gravely, "Most important of all I must have sure guarantees that no more attempts will be made on my father's life."

Sollozzo raised his hand expressively. "What guarantees can I give you? I'm the hunted one. I've missed my chance. You think too highly of me, my friend. I am not that clever."

Michael was sure now that the conference was only to gain a few days' time. That Sollozzo would make another attempt to kill the Don. What was beautiful was that the

Turk was underrating him as a punk kid. Michael felt that strange delicious chill filling his body. He made his face look distressed. Sollozzo asked sharply, "What is it?"

Michael said with an embarrassed air, "The wine went right to my bladder (**мочевой пузырь**). I've been holding it in. Is it all right if I go to the bathroom?"

Sollozzo was searching his face intently with his dark eyes. He reached over and roughly thrust his hand in Michael's crotch, under it and around, searching for a weapon. Michael looked offended. McCluskey said curtly, "I frisked him. I've frisked thousands of young punks. He's clean."

Sollozzo didn't like it. For no reason at all he didn't like it. He glanced at the man sitting at a table opposite them and raised his eyebrows toward the door of the bathroom. The man gave a slight nod that he had checked it, that there was nobody inside. Sollozzo said reluctantly (**неохотно**), "Don't take too long." He had marvelous antenna, he was nervous.

Michael got up and went into the bathroom. The urinal had a pink bar of soap in it secured by a wire net. He went into the booth. He really had to go, his bowels (**кишечник**) were loose (**свободный, непривязанный; несдерживаемый**). He did it very quickly, then reached behind the enamel (**эмалированный [i'нæтəl]**) water cabinet until his hand touched the small, blunt-nosed (**blunt – тупой**) gun fastened with tape. He ripped the gun loose, remembering that Clemenza had said not to worry about leaving prints on the tape. He shoved the gun into his waistband (**пояс**) and buttoned his jacket over it. He washed his hands and wet his hair. He wiped his prints off the faucet (**вентиль, втулка; водопроводный кран [fo:sɪt]**) with his handkerchief. Then he left the toilet.

Sollozzo was sitting directly facing the door of the toilet, his dark eyes blazing with alertness. Michael gave a smile. "Now I can talk," he said with a sigh of relief.

Captain McCluskey was eating the plate of veal and spaghetti that had arrived. The man on the far wall had been stiff with attention, now he too relaxed visibly.

Michael sat down again. He remembered Clemenza had told him not to do this, to come out of the toilet and blaze away. But either out of some warning instinct or sheer funk (**или просто от испуга, со страха; funk – сильный запах, зловоние**) he had not done so. He had felt that if he had made one swift move he would have been cut down. Now he felt safe and he must have been scared because he was glad he was no longer standing on his legs. They had gone weak with trembling.

Sollozzo was leaning toward him. Michael, his belly covered by the table, unbuttoned his jacket and listened intently. He could not understand a word the man was saying. It

was literally gibberish (невнятная речь, тарабарщина [ˈgɪbðrɪ]) to him. His mind was so filled with pounding (to pound – бить/ся/, колотить/ся/) blood that no word registered. Underneath the table his right hand moved to the gun tucked into his waistband and he drew it free. At that moment the waiter came to take their order and Sollozzo turned his head to speak to the waiter. Michael thrust the table away from him with his left hand and his right hand shoved the gun almost against Sollozzo's head. The man's coordination was so acute ([ðˈkju:t] остроконечный, острый; сильный, резкий) that he had already begun to fling himself away at Michael's motion. But Michael, younger, his reflexes sharper, pulled the trigger. The bullet caught Sollozzo squarely between his eye and his ear and when it exited on the other side blasted out a huge gout (брызги, поток) of blood and skull fragments onto the petrified (остолбневший; to petrify [ˈpetrifaɪ] – превращать/ся/ в камень, окаменевать) waiter's jacket. Instinctively Michael knew that one bullet was enough. Sollozzo had turned his head in that last moment and he had seen the light of life die in the man's eyes as clearly as a candle goes out.

Only one second had gone by as Michael pivoted to bring the gun to bear on McCluskey. The police captain was staring at Sollozzo with phlegmatic surprise, as if this had nothing to do with him. He did not seem to be aware of his own danger. His veal-covered fork was suspended («подвешенная» = застывшая в воздухе) in his hand and his eyes were just turning on Michael. And the expression on his face, in his eyes, held such confident outrage (такое самоуверенное возмущение), as if now he expected Michael to surrender or to run away, that Michael smiled at him as he pulled the trigger. This shot was bad, not mortal (смертельный). It caught McCluskey in his thick bull-like throat and he started to choke loudly as if he had swallowed too large a bite of the veal. Then the air seemed to fill with a fine mist of sprayed blood as he coughed it out of his shattered lungs (легкие). Very coolly, very deliberately, Michael fired the next shot through the top of his white-haired skull.

The air seemed to be full of pink mist (розовая дымка). Michael swung toward the man sitting against the wall. This man had not made a move. He seemed paralyzed. Now he carefully showed his hands on top of the table and looked away. The waiter was staggering back toward the kitchen, an expression of horror on his face, staring at Michael in disbelief. Sollozzo was still in his chair, the side of his body propped up (to prop – подпирать) by the table. McCluskey, his heavy body pulling downward, had fallen off his chair onto the floor. Michael let the gun slip out of his hand so that it bounced off (отскочил от; bounce – бумс! бух!) his body and made no noise. He saw

that neither the man against the wall nor the waiter had noticed him dropping the gun. He strode the few steps toward the door and opened it. Sollozzo's car was parked at the curb still, but there was no sign of the driver. Michael turned left and around the corner. Headlights flashed on and a battered sedan pulled up to him, the door swinging open. He jumped in and the car roared away. He saw that it was Tessio at the wheel, his trim features hard as marble.

"Did you do the job on Sollozzo?" Tessio asked.

For that moment Michael was struck by the idiom Tessio had used. It was always used in a sexual sense, to do the job on a woman meant seducing (to seduce [sɪ'dju:s] – соблазнить) her. It was curious that Tessio used it now. "Both of them," Michael said.

"Sure?" Tessio asked.

"I saw their brains," Michael said.

There was a change of clothes for Michael in the car. Twenty minutes later he was on an Italian freighter slated (to slate – намечать, планировать) for Sicily. Two hours later the freighter put out to sea and from his cabin Michael could see the lights of New York City burning like the fires of hell. He felt an enormous sense of relief. He was out of it now. The feeling was familiar and he remembered being taken off the beach of an island his Marine division had invaded (to invade – захватывать, вторгаться, оккупировать). The battle had been still going on but he had received a slight wound and was being ferried back (ferry – паром) to a hospital ship. He had felt the same overpowering relief then that he felt now. All hell would break loose (разразится) but he wouldn't be there.

On the day after the murder of Sollozzo and Captain McCluskey, the police captains and lieutenants in every station house in New York City sent out the word: there would be no more gambling, no more prostitution, no more deals of any kind until the murderer of Captain McCluskey was caught. Massive raids began all over the city. All unlawful business activities came to a standstill (полностью остановились; standstill – остановка, пауза).

Later that day an emissary from the Families asked the Corleone Family if they were prepared to give up the murderer. They were told that the affair did not concern them. That night a bomb exploded in the Corleone Family mall in Long Beach, thrown from a car that pulled up to the chain, then roared away. That night also two button men of the Corleone Family were killed as they peaceably ate their dinner in a small Italian restaurant in Greenwich Village. The Five Families War of 1946 had begun.

Приложение

Эрнест Хэмингуэй

Киллеры

Метод чтения Ильи Франка

Ernest Hemingway

The Killers

The door of Henry's lunch-room opened (дверь закусочной Генри отворилась) and two men came in (и двое мужчин вошли /внутри/). They sat down at the counter (они сели у стойки).

"What's yours (что для вас, что будете брать: «что ваше»)?" George asked them (спросил их).

"I don't know (я не знаю)," one of the men said (сказал один из мужчин). "What do you want to eat (что ты хочешь съесть), Al?"

"I don't know," said Al. "I don't know what I want to eat."

Outside it was getting dark (на улице: «снаружи» темнело: «становилось темно»).

The street-light came on outside the window (уличный фонарь зажегся за окном; *light – свет; to come on – появиться /на сцене/, возникнуть*). The two men at the counter read the menu (читали меню). From the other end of the counter (с другого конца стойки) Nick Adams watched them (глядел на них). He had been talking to George (он разговаривал с Джорджем) when they came in (когда они вошли).

The door of Henry's lunch-room opened and two men came in. They sat down at the counter.

"What's yours?" George asked them.

"I don't know," one of the men said. "What do you want to eat, Al?"

"I don't know," said Al. "I don't know what I want to eat."

Outside it was getting dark. The street-light came on outside the window. The two men at the counter read the menu. From the other end of the counter Nick Adams watched them. He had been talking to George when they came in.

counter [kauntə] menu [ˈmenju:]

“I’ll have a roast pork tenderloin (я возьму жареное свиное филе: *tenderloin* – филе, *вырезка*: *tender* – нежный, мягкий + *loin* – поясница; *филейная часть*) with apple sauce (с яблочным соусом) and mashed potatoes (и картофельным пюре; *to mash* – раздавливать, разминать),” the first man said (сказал первый мужчина).

“It isn’t ready yet (оно еще не готово).”

“What the hell (какого черта: «ада») do you put it on the card for (ты помещаешь, ставишь это в меню)?”

“That’s the dinner (это обед),” George explained (объяснил). “You can get that at six o’clock (ты можешь получить это в шесть часов).”

George looked at the clock on the wall behind the counter (посмотрел на часы на стене за стойкой).

“It’s five o’clock (/сейчас/ пять часов).”

“The clock says twenty minutes past five (часы показывают: «говорят» двадцать минут после пяти = двадцать минут шестого),” the second man said (сказал второй мужчина).

“It’s twenty minutes fast (они спешат на двадцать минут; *fast* – быстрый).”

“Oh, to hell with the clock,” the first man said. “What have you got to eat (что у тебя есть поесть)?”

“I can give you any kind of sandwiches (могу дать вам разные сэндвичи: «любой вид сэндвича»),” George said. “You can have ham and eggs (свинину и яйца = сэндвич с ветчиной и яичницей), bacon (бэкон, копченую свиную грудинку) and eggs, liver (печенку) and bacon, or a steak (или бифштекс).”

“I’ll have a roast pork tenderloin with apple sauce and mashed potatoes,” the first man said.

“It isn’t ready yet.”

“What the hell do you put it on the card for?”

“That’s the dinner,” George explained. “You can get that at six o’clock.”

George looked at the clock on the wall behind the counter.

“It’s five o’clock.”

“The clock says twenty minutes past five,” the second man said.

“It’s twenty minutes fast.”

“Oh, to hell with the clock,” the first man said. “What have you got to eat?”

“I can give you any kind of sandwiches,” George said. “You can have ham and eggs, bacon and eggs, liver and bacon, or a steak.”

sauce [so:s] potato [pə'teitəu] liver [livə]

“Give me chicken croquettes (дай мне куриные крокеты) with green peas (с зеленым горошком) and cream sauce (под белым: «сливочным» соусом) and mashed potatoes.”

“That’s the dinner.”

“Everything we want’s the dinner (все, что мы хотим – обед), eh? That’s the way you work it (так: «таким путем» ты это делаешь: «срабатываешь, устраиваешь» = ну и порядки).”

“I can give you ham and eggs, bacon and eggs, liver – ”

“I’ll take ham and eggs (я возьму яичницу с ветчиной),” the man called Al said. He wore a derby hat (на нем был: «он носил» котелок) and a black overcoat (и черное пальто) buttoned across the chest (застегнутое наглухо: «через грудь»; *button - пуговица*). His face was small and white (его лицо было маленьким и белым) and he had tight lips (и у него были сжатые губы; *tight – плотный, тугой*). He wore a silk muffler (шелковое кашне; *to muffle – закутывать, укутывать; глушить /звук/*) and gloves (и перчатки).

“Give me bacon and eggs,” said the other man (сказал другой мужчина). He was about the same size as Al (он был примерно того же роста: «размера», что и Эл). Their faces were different (лица были различны), but they were dressed like twins (но они были одеты, как близнецы). Both wore overcoats too tight for them (слишком узкие для них). They sat leaning forward (наклонившись вперед), their elbows on the counter (их локти на стойке).

“Give me chicken croquettes with green peas and cream sauce and mashed potatoes.”

“That’s the dinner.”

“Everything we want’s the dinner, eh? That’s the way you work it.”

“I can give you ham and eggs, bacon and eggs, liver – ”

“I’ll take ham and eggs,” the man called Al said. He wore a derby hat and a black overcoat buttoned across the chest. His face was small and white and he had tight lips. He wore a silk muffler and gloves.

“Give me bacon and eggs,” said the other man. He was about the same size as Al. Their faces were different, but they were dressed like twins. Both wore overcoats too tight for them. They sat leaning forward, their elbows on the counter.

croquettes [kro`ket] button [bʌtn] glove [glʌv]

“Got anything to drink (есть что-нибудь выпить)?” Al asked.

“Silver beer («серебряное пиво» – сорт пива), bevo (морс, напиток /итальянское слово/), ginger-ale (имбирное пиво),” George said.

“I mean (я имею в виду) you got anything to *drink*?”

“Just those I said (только то, что я сказал).”

“This is a hot town (веселый городок, ну и городок: «это жаркий городок»),” said the other. “What do they call it (как он там называется: «как они его называют»)?”

“Summit (поселок к юго-западу от Чикаго).”

“Ever hear of it (когда-нибудь слышал о нем)?” Al asked his friend (спросил своего друга).

“No,” said the friend.

“What do you do here nights (что вы здесь делаете по вечерам)?” Al asked.

“They eat the dinner,” his friend said. “They all come here and eat the big dinner (они все приходят сюда и едят большой обед).”

“That’s right (это так, верно),” George said.

“So you think that’s right (так ты думаешь, считаешь, что это правильно)?” Al asked George.

“Sure (конечно).”

“You’re a pretty bright boy (очень умный: «светлый» парень; *pretty* – красивый, симпатичный; довольно, весьма), aren’t you (не правда ли: «не есть ли ты»)?”

“Sure,” said George.

“Well, you’re not (ну, так вот, ты вообще не умный парень),” said the other little man (другой маленький человек). “Is he (умный ли он), Al?”

“He’s dumb (тупой: «немой»),” said Al. He turned to Nick (повернулся к Нику). “What’s your name (как тебя зовут: «каково твое имя»)?”

“Adams.”

“Another bright boy (другой = еще один умник),” Al said. “Ain’t he a bright boy, Max (/ну/ не умник ли он; *ain’t = isn’t; aren’t*)?”

“The town’s full of bright boys (город полон умников),” Max said.

“Got anything to drink?” Al asked.

“Silver beer, bevo, ginger-ale,” George said.

“I mean you got anything to *drink*?”

“Just those I said.”

“This is a hot town,” said the other. “What do they call it?”

“Summit.”

“Ever hear of it?” Al asked his friend.

“No,” said the friend.

“What do you do here nights?” Al asked.

“They eat the dinner,” his friend said. “They all come here and eat the big dinner.”

“That’s right,” George said.

“So you think that’s right?” Al asked George.

“Sure.”

“You’re a pretty bright boy, aren’t you?”

“Sure,” said George.

“Well, you’re not,” said the other little man. “Is he, Al?”

“He’s dumb,” said Al. He turned to Nick. “What’s your name?”

“Adams.”

“Another bright boy,” Al said. “Ain’t he a bright boy, Max?”

“The town’s full of bright boys,” Max said.

dumb [dʌm] pretty [prɪtɪ]

George put the two platters (поставил две тарелки), one of ham and eggs, the other of bacon and eggs, on the counter. He set down two side-dishes of fried potatoes (поставил две порции жареного картофеля; *siede-dish – боковое = сопровождающее блюдо – блюдо с гарниром*) and closed the wicket into the kitchen (и закрыл окошечко в кухню; *wicket – калитка; задвижное окошко*).

“Which is yours?” he asked Al.

“Don’t you remember (ты не помнишь)?”

“Ham and eggs.”

“Just a bright boy (просто умница, ну разве не умник),” Max said. He leaned forward and took the ham and eggs (и взял ветчину с яичницей). Both men ate with their gloves on (оба ели с надетыми перчатками). George watched them eat (смотрел, наблюдал, как они едят).

“What are *you* looking at (на что ты /так/ смотришь)?” Max looked at George.

“Nothing (ни на что: «/на/ ничто»).”

“The hell you were (как же, рассказывай, черта-с-два ты не смотришь). You were looking at me (на меня).”

“Maybe the boy meant it for a joke (может быть, парень пошутил: «имел в виду это, высказал это мнение для шутки = как шутку»), Max,” Al said.

George laughed (засмеялся).

“*You* don’t have to laugh (ничего смеяться: «тебе не надо смеяться»),” Max said to him. “*You* don’t have to laugh at all (вовсе), see (понял: «видишь»)?”

“All right,” said George.

“So he thinks it’s all right (итак, он полагает, что это в порядке, правильно).” Max turned to Al. He thinks it’s all right. That’s a good one (хорош он).”

“Oh, he’s a thinker (мыслитель),” Al said. They went on eating (продолжали есть).

George put the two platters, one of ham and eggs, the other of bacon and eggs, on the counter. He set down two side-dishes of fried potatoes and closed the wicket into the kitchen.

“Which is yours?” he asked Al.

“Don’t you remember?”

“Ham and eggs.”

“Just a bright boy,” Max said. He leaned forward and took the ham and eggs. Both men ate with their gloves on. George watched them eat.

“What are *you* looking at?” Max looked at George.

“Nothing.”

“The hell you were. You were looking at me.”

“Maybe the boy meant it for a joke, Max,” Al said.

George laughed.

“*You* don’t have to laugh,” Max said to him. “*You* don’t have to laugh at all, see?”

“All right,” said George.

“So he thinks it’s all right.” Max turned to Al. He thinks it’s all right. That’s a good one.”

“Oh, he’s a thinker,” Al said. They went on eating.

meant [ment] laugh [lɑ:f]

“What’s the bright boy’s name down the counter (как зовут того умника, что с другой стороны стойки)?” Al asked Max.

“Hey, bright boy,” Max said to Nick. “You go around on the other side of the counter (зайди за стойку: «иди вокруг на другую сторону стойки») with your boy friend (с твоим дружкой = туда, где твой дружок).”

“What’s the idea (а в чем дело, зачем это: «что за идея, в чем идея»)?” Nick asked.

“There isn’t any idea (тут нет никакой идеи = просто так, да ни в чем).”

“You better go around (лучше зайди), bright boy,” Al said. Nick went around behind the counter (за стойку).

“What’s the idea?” George asked.

“None of your damn business (не твое чертово: «проклятое» дело; none – ничто, ни один, никакой),” Al said. “Who’s out in the kitchen (кто там: «снаружи» на кухне)?”

“The nigger (негр).”

“What do you mean the nigger?”

“The nigger that cooks (который готовит, стряпает).”

“Tell him to come in (скажи ему, чтобы зашел).”

“What’s the idea?”

“Tell him to come in.”

“Where do you think you are (где, вы думаете, вы находитесь)?”

“We know damn well where we are (мы знаем чертовски хорошо, где мы находимся),” the man called Max said (сказал человек, которого звали Макс). “Do we look silly (мы выглядим дурачками, глупо)?”

“You talk silly (ты разговариваешь глупо),” Al said to him. “What the hell do you argue with this kid for (какого черта ты споришь с этим ребенком)? Listen (послушай),” he said to George, “tell the nigger to come out here.”

“What are you going to do to him (что вы собираетесь с ним: «ему» сделать)?”

“Nothing. Use your head (пошевели мозгами: «используй свою голову»), bright boy. What would we do to a nigger (что бы мы сделали негру)?”

George opened the slit (открыл окошечко; *slit* – *длинный разрез*, щель; *to slit* – *разрезать в длину*) that opened back into the kitchen (которое открывалось назад = вовнутрь в кухню). “Sam,” he called. “Come in here a minute (зайди-ка сюда на минутку).”

“What’s the bright boy’s name down the counter?” Al asked Max.

“Hey, bright boy,” Max said to Nick. “You go around on the other side of the counter with your boy friend.”

“What’s the idea?” Nick asked.

“There isn’t any idea.”

“You better go around, bright boy,” Al said. Nick went around behind the counter.

“What’s the idea?” George asked.

“None of your damn business,” Al said. “Who’s out in the kitchen?”

“The nigger.”

“What do you mean the nigger?”

“The nigger that cooks.”

“Tell him to come in.”

“What’s the idea?”

“Tell him to come in.”

“Where do you think you are?”

“We know damn well where we are,” the man called Max said. “Do we look silly?”

“You talk silly,” Al said to him. “What the hell do you argue with this kid for?

Listen,” he said to George, “tell the nigger to come out here.”

“What are you going to do to him?”

“Nothing. Use your head, bright boy. What would we do to a nigger?”

George opened the slit that opened back into the kitchen. “Sam,” he called.

“Come in here a minute.”

idea [aɪˈdiə] argue [ˈɑːɡjuː] minute [ˈmɪnɪt]

The door to the kitchen opened and the nigger came in. “What was it (в чем дело: «что это было»)?” he asked. The two men at the counter took a look at him (оглядели его: «взяли взгляд»).

“All right (все в порядке), nigger. You stand right there (стань тут),” Al said.

Sam, the nigger, standing in his apron (стоя в своем фартуке), looked at the two men sitting at the counter. “Yes, sir,” he said. Al got down from his stool (слез со своего стула, табурета).

“I’m going back to the kitchen (я пойду назад = туда на кухню) with the nigger and bright boy,” he said. “Go on back to the kitchen, nigger. You go with him, Bright boy.” The little man walked after Nick and Sam (прошел вслед за Ником и Сэмом), the cook (поваром), back into the kitchen. The door shut after them (дверь за ними закрылась). The man called Max sat at the counter opposite George (напротив Джорджа). He didn’t look at George (он не смотрел на Джорджа) but looked in the mirror (а смотрел в зеркало) that ran along back of the counter (которое тянулось: «бежало» вдоль за стойкой). Henry’s had been made over (заведение Генри было переделано) from a saloon into a lunch-counter (из салуна, бара в закусочную).

The door to the kitchen opened and the nigger came in. “What was it?” he asked. The two men at the counter took a look at him.

“All right, nigger. You stand right there,” Al said.

Sam, the nigger, standing in his apron, looked at the two men sitting at the counter. “Yes, sir,” he said. Al got down from his stool.

“I’m going back to the kitchen with the nigger and bright boy,” he said. “Go on back to the kitchen, nigger. You go with him, Bright boy.” The little man walked after Nick and Sam, the cook, back into the kitchen. The door shut after them. The man called Max sat at the counter opposite George. He didn’t look at George but looked in the mirror that ran along back of the counter. Henry’s had been made over from a saloon into a lunch-counter.

apron [ˈeɪprən] opposite [ˈɒpəzɪt]

“Well, bright boy,” Max said, looking into the mirror, “why don’t you say something (почему ты не скажешь что-нибудь)?”

“What’s it all about (что все это значит: «о чем все это»)?”

“Hey, Al,” Max called, “bright boy wants to know (хочет знать) what’s all about.”

“Why don’t you tell him (что же ты ему не скажешь)?” Al’s voice came from the kitchen (отозвался голос Эла из кухни).

“What do you think it’s all about?”

“I don’t know.”

“What do you think?”

Max looked into the mirror all the time he was talking (все время, пока говорил).

“I wouldn’t say (я бы не сказал, не скажу, пожалуй, не знаю).”

“Hey, Al, bright boy says he wouldn’t what he thinks it’s all about.”

“I can hear you, all right (я могу слышать тебя, в порядке, хорошо = не кричи, я и так слышу),” Al said from the kitchen. He had propped open the slit (он подпер, чтобы оставалось открытым, окошечко, отверстие: «щель») that dishes passed through into the kitchen (через которое передавались блюда на кухню) with a catsup bottle (бутылкой кетчупа). “Listen, bright boy,” he said from the kitchen to George. “Stand a little further (стань немного дальше) along the bar (вдоль бара). You move a little to the left (подвинься немного налево), Max.” He was like a photographer arranging for a group picture (он был точно фотограф, расставляющий /людей/ для групповой фотографии).

“Well, bright boy,” Max said, looking into the mirror, “why don’t you say something?”

“What’s it all about?”

“Hey, Al,” Max called, “bright boy wants to know what’s all about.”

“Why don’t you tell him?” Al’s voice came from the kitchen.

“What do you think it’s all about?”

“I don’t know.”

“What do you think?”

Max looked into the mirror all the time he was talking.

“I wouldn’t say.”

“Hey, Al, bright boy says he wouldn’t what he thinks it’s all about.”

“I can hear you, all right,” Al said from the kitchen. He had propped open the slit that dishes passed through into the kitchen with a catsup bottle. “Listen, bright boy,” he said from the kitchen to George. “Stand a little further along the bar. You move a little to the left, Max.” He was like a photographer arranging for a group picture.

move [mu:v] arrange [ə'reɪndʒ] picture [pɪktʃə]

“Talk to me (поговори со мной, побеседуем), bright boy,” Max said. “What do you think’s going to happen (что, как ты думаешь, сейчас произойдет)?”

George did not say anything (не сказал ничего).

“I’ll tell you (я скажу тебе),” Max said. “We’re going to kill a Swede (мы сейчас убьем шведа, мы собираемся убить шведа). Do you know a big Swede named Ole Andreson (ты знаешь большого = здорового, длинного шведа по имени Оле Андресон)?”

“Yes.”

“He comes here to eat every night, don’t he (он приходит сюда поесть каждый вечер, не так ли)?”

“Sometimes he comes here (иногда он сюда приходит).”

“He comes here at six o’clock, don’t he?”

“If he comes (если приходит).”

“We know all that (мы все это знаем), bright boy,” Max said.

“Talk about something else (поговорим о чем-нибудь другом). Ever go to the movies (когда-нибудь ходишь в кино)?”

“Once in a while (изредка: «иногда в промежуток времени»).”

“You ought to go to the movies more (ты должен бы ходить в кино больше = чаще). The movies are fine (прекрасно, отлично) for a bright boy like you.”

“What are you going to kill Ole Andreson for (за что, для чего вы хотите убить Оле Андресона)? What did he ever do to you (что он вам такого: «когда-либо» сделал)?”

“He never had a chance to do anything to us (у него никогда не было возможности сделать что-нибудь нам). He never even seen us (он даже никогда не видел нас).”

“And he’s only going to see us once (и он увидит нас только однажды),” Al said from the kitchen.

“What are you going to kill him for, then (тогда)?” George asked.

“We’re killing him for a friend (для друга). Just to oblige a friend (просто, всего лишь, чтобы услужить, сделать приятное другу), bright boy.”

“Shut up (заткнись),” said Al from the kitchen. You talk too goddam much (ты говоришь слишком чертовски много).”

“Well, I got to keep bright boy amused (ну, мне же надо, я же должен развлекать умника: «сохранять, держать его развлекаемым»). Don’t I, bright boy?”

“You talk too damn much,” Al said. “The nigger and my bright boy are amused by themselves (сами развлекаются). I got them tied up (я их связал) like a couple of girl friends in the convent (как парочку подружек в монастыре, в монастырской школе).”

“I suppose you were in a convent (значит, ты был в монастыре: «я предполагаю, ты был в монастыре»)?”

“You never know (может, и был: «никогда не знаешь»).”

“You were in a kosher convent (ты был в кошерном монастыре /т.е. в хедере, в школе при синагоге/). That’s where you were (вот где ты был).”

“Talk to me, bright boy,” Max said. “What do you think’s going to happen?”

George did not say anything.

“I’ll tell you,” Max said. “We’re going to kill a Swede. Do you know a big Swede named Ole Andreson?”

“Yes.”

“He comes here to eat every night, don’t he?”

“Sometimes he comes here.”

“He comes here at six o’clock, don’t he?”

“If he comes.”

“We know all that, bright boy,” Max said.

“Talk about something else. Ever go to the movies?”

“Once in a while.”

“You ought to go to the movies more. The movies are fine for a bright boy like you.”

“What are you going to kill Ole Andreson for? What did he ever do to you?”

“He never had a chance to do anything to us. He never even seen us.”

“And he’s only going to see us once,” Al said from the kitchen.

“What are you going to kill him for, then?” George asked.

“We’re killing him for a friend. Just to oblige a friend, bright boy.”

“Shut up,” said Al from the kitchen. You talk too goddam much.”

“Well, I got to keep bright boy amused. Don’t I, bright boy?”

“You talk too damn much,” Al said. “The nigger and my bright boy are amused by themselves. I got them tied up like a couple of girl friends in the convent.”

“I suppose you were in a convent?”

“You never know.”

“You were in a kosher convent. That’s where you were.”

Swede [swi:d] oblige [əˈblaɪdʒ] convent [ˈkɒnvənt]

George looked up at the clock.

"If anybody comes in you tell them the cook is off (если кто-нибудь придет, ты им скажешь, что повар ушел: «свободен /от работы/, на перерыве»; *off* – указывает на удаление или прекращение чего-либо), and if they keep after it (а если они будут настаивать), you tell them you'll go back (что ты пойдешь на кухню: «в заднюю комнату») and cook yourself (и приготовишь сам). Do you get that (ты понял: «получил» это), bright boy?"

"All right," George said. "What you going to do with us afterward (что вы сделаете с нами после)?"

"That's depend (это зависит = смотря по обстоятельствам)," Max said. "That's one of those things you never know at the time (это одна из вещей, которые никогда не знаешь в данное время = заранее)."

George looked up the clock. It was a quarter past six (четверть после шести = четверть седьмого). The door from the street opened (дверь с улицы открылась). A street-car motorman came in (вошел трамвайный вожатый).

"Hello, George," he said. "Can I get supper (поужинать можно: «могу я получить ужин»)"

"Sam's gone out (вышел)," George said. "He'll be back in about half an hour (он вернется примерно через полчаса)."

"I'd better go up the street (я, пожалуй, лучше пойду вверх по улице = пойду еще куда-нибудь)," the motorman said. George looked at the clock. It was twenty minutes past six.

"That was nice (это было славно /проделано/), bright boy," Max said. "You're a regular little gentleman (настоящий маленький джентельмен)."

"He knew I'd blow his head off (он знал, что я ему голову снесу = прострелю; *to blow* – дуть)," Al said from the kitchen.

"No," said Max. "It ain't that (не поэтому, не в этом дело). Bright boy is nice. He's a nice boy. I like him (он мне нравится)."

George looked up at the clock.

"If anybody comes in you tell them the cook is off, and if they keep after it, you tell them you'll go back and cook yourself. Do you get that, bright boy?"

"All right," George said. "What you going to do with us afterward?"

"That's depend," Max said. "That's one of those things you never know at the time."

George looked up the clock. It was a quarter past six. The door from the street opened. A street-car motorman came in.

“Hello, George,” he said. “Can I get supper?”

“Sam’s gone out,” George said. “He’ll be back in about half an hour.”

“I’d better go up the street,” the motorman said. George looked at the clock. It was twenty minutes past six.

“That was nice, bright boy,” Max said. “You’re a regular little gentleman.”

“He knew I’d blow his head off,” Al said from the kitchen.

“No,” said Max. “It ain’t that. Bright boy is nice. He’s a nice boy. I like him.”

depend [di`pend] regular [ˈregjulə]

At six-fifty-five (в шесть /часов/ пятьдесят пять) George said: “He’s not coming (он не придет).”

Two other people had been in the lunch-room (двое других людей побывали в закусочной). Once (один раз) George had gone out to the kitchen and made a ham-and-egg sandwich “to go” (на вынос) that a man wanted to take with him (который человек хотел взять с собой). Inside the kitchen he saw Al (внутри кухни он увидел Эла), his derby hat tipped back (его котелок /был/ сдвинут назад; *to tip* – наклонять/ся; запрокидываться), sitting on a stool beside the wicket (сидящим на табурете возле окошечка) with the muzzle (с дулом; *muzzle* – морда; дуло) of of a sawed-off shotgun (отпиленного ружья = обреза) resting (лежащим, покоящимся) on the ledge (на планке, краю /окошечка/). Nick and the cook were back in the corner (в углу), a towel tied in each of their mouths (полотенце, завязанное = заткнутое в каждом из их ртов = во рту у каждого). George had cooked the sandwich, wrapped it up in oiled paper (завернул его в пергаментную бумагу; *oil* – растительное или минеральное масло; *oiled* – пропитанный маслом, промасленный), put it in a bag (положил его в пакет), brought it in (вынес из кухни, занес в комнату), and the man had paid for it (заплатил за него) and gone out.

“Bright boy can do everything (все умеет: «может делать все»),” Max said. “He can cook and everything. You’d make some girl a nice wife (ты бы сделал какую-нибудь девушку славной женой = повезло твоей будущей жене), bright boy.”

“Yes?” George said. “Your friend (ваш друг), Ole Anderson, isn’t going to come (не придет).”

“We’ll give him ten minutes (мы дадим ему десять минут),” Max said.

Max watched the mirror and the clock. The hands of the clock marked seven o'clock (стрелки часов показали семь), and then five minutes past seven (а затем пять минут после семи = пять минут восьмого).

At six-fifty-five George said: “He’s not coming.”

Two other people had been in the lunch-room. Once George had gone out to the kitchen and made a ham-and-egg sandwich “to go” that a man wanted to take with him. Inside the kitchen he saw Al, his derby hat tipped back, sitting on a stool beside the wicket with the muzzle of of a sawed-off shotgun resting on the ledge. Nick and the cook were back in the corner, a towel tied in each of their mouths. George had cooked the sandwich, wrapped it up in oiled paper, put it in a bag, brought it in, and the man had paid for it and gone out.

“Bright boy can do everything,” Max said. “He can cook and everything. You’d make some girl a nice wife, bright boy.”

“Yes?” George said. “Your friend, Ole Andreson, isn’t going to come.”

“We’ll give him ten minutes,” Max said.

Max watched the mirror and the clock. The hands of the clock marked seven o’clock, and then five minutes past seven.

“Come on (да ладно, давай), Al,” said Max. “We better go. He’s not coming.”

“Better give him five minutes,” Al said from the kitchen.

In the five minutes a man came in, and George explained that the cook was sick (объяснил, что повар болен).

“Why don’t you get another cook (почему же вы не возьмете другого повара)?” the man asked.

“Aren’t you running a lunch-counter (разве вы не держите закусную)?” He went out.

“Come on, Al,” Max said.

“What about (а что насчет, а как с) the two bright boys and the nigger?”

“The’re all right (пусть их: «они в порядке, нормально»).

“You think so (ты так полагаешь)?”

“Sure. We’re through with it (здесь уже все /закончено/: «мы /уже/ сквозь, через это»).

“I don’t like it (мне это не нравится),” said Al. It’s sloppy (нечистая работа; *slop* – жидкая грязь; *sloppy* – покрытый лужами; неряшливый, небрежный). You talk too much (ты слишком много болтаешь).”

“Oh, what the hell,” said Max. “We got to keep amused, haven’t we?”

“You talk too much, all the same (все равно),” Al said. He came out from the kitchen. The cut-off barrels of the shotgun (обрезанные стволы ружья) made a slight bulge (делали легкую выпуклость) under the waist of his too tight-fitting overcoat (под талией = на боку его слишком узкого пальто). He straightened his coat (он одернул свое пальто) with his gloved hands.

“So long (прощай, пока), bright boy,” he said to George. “You got a lot of luck (везет тебе: «имеешь много удачи, большую удачу»).

“That’s the truth (это правда),” Max said. You ought to play the races (тебе надо бы играть на скачках), bright boy.”

The two of them went out the door. George watched them, through the window, pass under the arc-light (как они прошли под /дуговым/ фонарем; *arc* – /электрическая/ дуга) and cross the street (и пересекли улицу). In their tight overcoats and derby hats they looked like a vaudeville team (на водевильную команду, на эстрадную пару). George went back through the swinging-door (через вращающуюся, двустворчатую, открывающуюся в обе стороны дверь) into the kitchen and untied (развязал) Nick and the cook.

“Come on, Al,” said Max. “We better go. He’s not coming.”

“Better give him five minutes,” Al said from the kitchen.

In the five minutes a man came in, and George explained that the cook was sick.

“Why don’t you get another cook?” the man asked.

“Aren’t you running a lunch-counter?” He went out.

“Come on, Al,” Max said.

“What about the two bright boys and the nigger?”

“The’re all right.”

“You think so?”

“Sure. We’re through with it.”

“I don’t like it,” said Al. It’s sloppy. You talk too much.”

“Oh, what the hell,” said Max. “We got to keep amused, haven’t we?”

“You talk too much, all the same,” Al said. He came out from the kitchen. The cut-off barrels of the shotgun made a slight bulge under the waist of his too tight-fitting overcoat. He straightened his coat with his gloved hands.

“So long, bright boy,” he said to George. “You got a lot of luck.”

“That’s the truth,” Max said. You ought to play the races, bright boy.”

The two of them went out the door. George watched them, through the window, pass under the arc-light and cross the street. In their tight overcoats and derby hats they looked like a vaudeville team. George went back through the swinging-door into the kitchen and untied Nick and the cook.

vaudeville [ˈvɔːdəvɪl]

“I don’t want any more of that (я не хочу больше ничего подобного = с меня довольно),” said Sam, the cook. “I don’t want any more of that.”

Nick stood up (встал). He had never had a towel in his mouth before (он никогда раньше не имел полотенца во рту).

“Say (послушай: «скажи»),” he said. “What the hell?” He was trying to swagger it off (он пытался отмахнуться от этого /от происшедшего/, сделать вид, что ему все нипочем; *to swagger* – расхаживать с важным видом; чваниться; хвастать).

“They were going to kill Ole Andreson,” George said. “They were going to shoot him (они собирались застрелить его) when he came in to eat.”

“Ole Andreson?”

“Sure.”

The cook felt the corners of his mouth with his thumbs (потрогал углы своего рта большими пальцами; *to feel* – чувствовать; ощупывать).

“They all gone?” he asked.

“Yeah,” said George. “They’re gone now (они теперь все ушли).”

“I don’t like it,” said the cook. “I don’t like any of it at all.”

“Listen,” George said to Nick. “You better go see Ole Andreson.”

“All right.”

“You better not have anything to do with it at all (лучше не связывайся: «не имей никакого дела с этим всем»),” Sam, the cook, said. “You better stay way out of it (лучше держись подальше от этого: «оставайся прочь, вне этого»).”

“Don’t go if you don’t want to (не ходи, если не хочешь),” George said.

“Mixing up in this (вмешиваясь в это, вмешательство в это) ain’t going to get you anywhere (никуда тебя не приведет = ни к чему хорошему не приведет),” the cook said. “You stay out of it.”

“I’ll go see him,” Nick said to George. “Where does he live (где он живет)?”

The cook turned away (отвернулся).

“Little boys always know what they want to do (маленькие мальчики всегда знают, что они хотят делать),” he said.

“He lives up (вверх по улице) at Hirsch’s rooming-house (в меблированных комнатах Хирш),” George said to Nick.

“I’ll go up there.”

“I don’t want any more of that,” said Sam, the cook. “I don’t want any more of that.”

Nick stood up. He had never had a towel in his mouth before.

“Say,” he said. “What the hell?” He was trying to swagger it off.

“They were going to kill Ole Andreson,” George said. “They were going to shoot him when he came in to eat.”

“Ole Andreson?”

“Sure.”

The cook felt the corners of his mouth with his thumbs.

“They all gone?” he asked.

“Yeah,” said George. “They’re gone now.”

“I don’t like it,” said the cook. “I don’t like any of it at all.”

“Listen,” George said to Nick. “You better go see Ole Andreson.”

“All right.”

“You better not have anything to do with it at all,” Sam, the cook, said. “You better stay way out of it.”

“Don’t go if you don’t want to,” George said.

“Mixing up in this ain’t going to get you anywhere,” the cook said. “You stay out of it.”

“I’ll go see him,” Nick said to George. “Where does he live?”

The cook turned away.

“Little boys always know what they want to do,” he said.

“He lives up at Hirsch’s rooming-house,” George said to Nick.

“I’ll go up there.”

thumb [θʌm]

Outside the arc-light shone through the bare branches of a tree (на улице дуговой фонарь светил сквозь голые ветки дерева). Nick walked up the street beside the car-tracks (возле трамвайных путей) and turned at the next arc-light down a side-street (и свернул у следующего фонаря в боковую улицу, в переулок). Three houses up the street (через три дома) was Hirsch's rooming-house. Nick walked up the two steps (поднялся на две ступеньки) and pushed the bell (и надавил кнопку звонка). A woman came to the door.

"Is Ole Andreson here?"

"Do you want to see him?"

"Yes, if he's in (если он дома)."

Nick followed the woman up a flight of stairs (последовал за женщиной вверх по пролету лестницы) and back to the end of a corridor. She knocked on the door (она постучала в дверь).

"Who is it (кто там: «кто это»)?"

"It's somebody to see you (тут вас спрашивают: «кто-то к вам»), Mr. Andreson," the woman said.

"It's Nick Adams."

"Come in."

Nick opened the door and went into the room. Ole Andreson was lying on the bed (лежал на кровати) with all his clothes on (одетый: «с одеждой на нем»). He had been a heavyweight prize-fighter (боксером-тяжеловесом; *heavy* – *тяжелый*; *weight* – *вес*; *prize* – *награда, премия*; *to fight* – *драться, биться*) and he was too long for the bed (слишком длинный для кровати). He lay with his head on two pillows (с головой на двух подушках). He did not look at Nick.

Outside the arc-light shone through the bare branches of a tree. Nick walked up the street beside the car-tracks and turned at the next arc-light down a side-street. Three houses up the street was Hirsch's rooming-house. Nick walked up the two steps and pushed the bell. A woman came to the door.

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“Who is it?”

“It’s somebody to see you, Mr. Andreson,” the woman said.

“It’s Nick Adams.”

“Come in.”

Nick opened the door and went into the room. Ole Andreson was lying on the bed with all his clothes on. He had been a heavyweight prize-fighter and he was too long for the bed. He lay with his head on two pillows. He did not look at Nick.

heavy [hevi] weight [weit]

“What was it (в чем дело: «что это было»)?” he asked.

“I was up at Henry’s,” Nick said, “and two fellows came in (пришли два парня, типа) and tied me and the cook, and they said they were going to kill you.”

It sounded silly when he said it (прозвучало, звучало глупо, когда он это сказал). Ole Andreson said nothing.

“George thought I better come and tell you about it (Джордж подумал, что мне лучше придти и сказать вам об этом).”

“There isn’t anything I can do about it (я ничего не могу поделать с этим),” Ole Andreson said.

“I’ll tell you what they were like (как они выглядели: «на что они были похожи»).”

“I don’t want to know (я не хочу знать) what they were like,” Ole Andreson said. He looked at the wall (на стену). “Thanks for coming to tell me about it (спасибо, что пришел рассказать мне об этом).”

“That’s all right (не стоит /благодарности/: «это в порядке»).”

Nick looked at the big man lying on the bed.

“Don’t you want me to go and see the police (не хотите, чтобы я сходил и заявил в полицию)?”

“No,” Ole Andreson said. “That wouldn’t do any good (это бесполезно: «это не сделало бы ничего хорошего»).”

“Isn’t there something I could do (есть тут что-нибудь, что бы я мог сделать = могу я чем-нибудь помочь)?”

“No. There ain’t anything to do.”

“Maybe it was just a bluff (может быть, это был просто обман, блеф).”

“No. It ain’t just a bluff.”

Ole Andreson rolled over (перевернулся: «перекатился») toward the wall (к стене), “I just can’t make up my mind (я просто не могу решиться, собраться с духом) to go out (выйти). I been in here all day (я был здесь внутри целый день).”

“Couldn’t you get out of town (не могли бы вы уехать из города)?”

“No,” Ole Andreson said. “I’m through with all that running around (я покончил со всей этой беготней: «беганьем вокруг, повсюду»).”

He looked at the wall.

“There ain’t anything to do now.”

“Couldn’t you fix it up some way (не могли бы вы это уладить как-нибудь; *to fix* – укрепить; починить)?”

“No. I got in wrong (я сделал ошибку, влип = теперь уже поздно; *wrong* – неверный, неправильный).” He talked in the same flat voice (он говорил тем же плоским = унылым голосом). “There ain’t anything to do. After a while (через некоторое время) I’ll make up my mind to go out.”

“I better go back and see George,” Nick said.

“So long,” said Ole Andreson. He did not look toward Nick. “Thanks for coming around (спасибо, что зашел).”

“What was it?” he asked.

“I was up at Henry’s,” Nick said, “and two fellows came in and tied me and the cook, and they said they were going to kill you.”

It sounded silly when he said it. Ole Andreson said nothing.

“George thought I better come and tell you about it.”

“There isn’t anything I can do about it,” Ole Andreson said.

“I’ll tell you what they were like.”

“I don’t want to know what they were like,” Ole Andreson said. He looked at the wall. “Thanks for coming to tell me about it.”

“That’s all right.”

Nick looked at the big man lying on the bed.

“Don’t you want me to go and see the police?”

“No,” Ole Andreson said. “That wouldn’t do any good.”

“Isn’t there something I could do?”

“No. There ain’t anything to do.”

“Maybe it was just a bluff.”

“No. It ain’t just a bluff.”

Ole Andreson rolled over toward the wall, “I just can’t make up my mind to go out. I been in here all day.”

“Couldn’t you get out of town?”

“No,” Ole Andreson said. “I’m through with all that running around.”

He looked at the wall.

“There ain’t anything to do now.”

“Couldn’t you fix it up some way?”

“No. I got in wrong.” He talked in the same flat voice. “There ain’t anything to do. After a while I’ll make up my mind to go out.”

“I better go back and see George,” Nick said.

“So long,” said Ole Andreson. He did not look toward Nick. “Thanks for coming around.”

police [pəˈli:s]

Nick went out. As he shut the door he saw Ole Andreson with all his clothes on, lying on the bed looking at the wall.

“He’s been in his room all day,” the landlady said downstairs (сказала хозяйка комнат внизу /лестницы/). “I guess he don’t feel well (я думаю, уж не заболел ли: «он не чувствует себя хорошо»; *to guess* – *угадывать; предполагать*). I said to him: ‘Mr. Andreson, you ought to go out and take a walk (вам надо бы выйти и прогуляться: «взять = сделать прогулку») on a nice fall day like this (в такой прекрасный осенний день),’ but he didn’t feel like it (ему не захотелось).”

“He doesn’t want to go out (он не хочет выходить из дому).”

“I’m sorry he don’t feel well (мне жаль, что он чувствует себя неважно),” the woman said. “He’s an awfully nice man (ужасно славный человек). He was in the ring (он был на ринге = был боксером), you know.”

“I know it.”

“You’d never know it (никогда бы не догадаться: вы бы никогда этого не узнали) except from the way his face is (за исключением, кроме как по тому, каково его лицо),” the woman said. They stood talking just inside the street door (они стояли, разговаривая, прямо в двери на улицу). “He’s just as gentle (настолько он мягкий, кроткий).”

“Well, good-night (прощайте, доброго вечера, ночи), Mrs. Hirsch,” Nick said.

“I’m not Mrs. Hirsch,” the woman said. “She owns the place (она владеет этим местом). I just look after it for her (я просто присматриваю за ним для нее). I’m Mrs. Bell.”

“Well, good-night, Mrs. Bell,” Nick said.

“Good-night,” the woman said.

Nick went out. As he shut the door he saw Ole Andreson with all his clothes on, lying on the bed looking at the wall.

“He’s been in his room all day,” the landlady said downstairs. “I guess he don’t feel well. I said to him: ‘Mr. Andreson, you ought to go out and take a walk on a nice fall day like this,’ but he didn’t feel like it.”

“He doesn’t want to go out.”

“I’m sorry he don’t feel well,” the woman said. “He’s an awfully nice man. He was in the ring, you know.”

“I know it.”

“You’d never know it except from the way his face is,” the woman said. They stood talking just inside the street door. “He’s just as gentle.”

“Well, good-night, Mrs. Hirsch,” Nick said.

“I’m not Mrs. Hirsch,” the woman said. “She owns the place. I just look after it for her. I’m Mrs. Bell.”

“Well, good-night, Mrs. Bell,” Nick said.

“Good-night,” the woman said.

guess [ges]

Nick walked up the dark street to the corner under the arc-light (прошел по темной улице до угла под фонарем), and then along the car-tracks to Henry’s eating house. George was inside, back of the counter.

“Did you see Ole?”

“Yes,” said Nick. “He’s in his room and he won’t go out.”

The cook opened the door from the kitchen when he heard Nick’s voice.

“I don’t even listen to it (я даже не слушаю это),” he said and shut the door.

“Did you tell him about it?” George asked.

“Sure. I told him but he knows what it’s all about.”

“What’s he going to do?”

“Nothing.”

“They’ll kill him.”

“I guess they will.”

“He must have not mixed up in something in Chicago (ему не надо было впутываться во что-то там в Чикаго).”

“I guess so (полагаю, что так),” said Nick.

“It’s a hell of a thing (скверное: «адское» дело; *hell* – ад).”

“It’s an awful thing,” Nick said.

They did not say anything. George reached down for a towel (достал полотенце: «потянулся вниз за полотенцем») and wiped the counter (и вытер стойку).

“I wonder what he did (интересно, что же он такое сделал)?” Nick said.

“Double-crossed somebody (перехитрил, обошел кого-то, перебежал кому-то дорогу). That’s what they kill them for (вот за что они их убивают = именно за это обычно убивают).”

“I’m going to get out of this town (я уеду, хотел бы, собираюсь уехать из этого города),” Nick said.

“Yes,” said George. “That’s a good thing to do (это хорошо бы: «это хорошая штука = хорошо бы так сделать»).”

“I can’t stand (я не могу вынести, терпеть) to think about him waiting in the room (когда подумаю, как он ждет в комнате) and knowing he’s going to get it (и знает, что получит это = что с ним кончено). It’s too damned awful (это ужасно: «это слишком чертовски: «проклято» ужасно»).”

“Well,” said George, “you better not think about it (а ты лучше не думай об этом).”

Nick walked up the dark street to the corner under the arc-light, and then along the car-tracks to Henry’s eating house. George was inside, back of the counter.

“Did you see Ole?”

“Yes,” said Nick. “He’s in his room and he won’t go out.”

The cook opened the door from the kitchen when he heard Nick’s voice.

“I don’t even listen to it,” he said and shut the door.

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“Sure. I told him but he knows what it’s all about.”

“What’s he going to do?”

“Nothing.”

“They’ll kill him.”

“I guess they will.”

“He must have not mixed up in something in Chicago.”

“I guess so,” said Nick.

“It’s a hell of a thing.”

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“Well,” said George, “you better not think about it.”