

KLASICI SRPSKO-ENGLJSKI • CLASSICS SERBIAN-ENGLISH

Put u središte Zemlje Journey to the Centre of the Earth

Žil Vern
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LIKOVİ / CHARACTERS

Oto Lidenbrock / Otto Lidenbrock



Profesor mineralogije i stručnjak za geologiju, koji voli nauku i otkrića. Ima nezgodnu narav, ali dobro srce.

Professor of mineralogy and also an expert in geology, who loves science and discoveries. He has an awkward character, but a good heart.

Aksel / Axel



Lidenbrokov sestrić i njegov pomoćnik. On nije tako neustrašiv kao njegov ujak, ali ne može da ga ostavi samog. Najveća želja mu je da se oženi svojom draganom.

Lidenbrock's nephew, and also his assistant. He is not so intrepid as his uncle, but is incapable of leaving him alone. His true desire is to marry his sweetheart.

Grauben / Graüben

Akselova verenica i kumica profesora Lidenbroka. Živi s njima u istoj kući i predivna je mlada dama koja deli profesorovu ljubav prema mineralima.



Axel's fiancée and god-daughter of Lidenbrock. She lives in the same house and is a delightful young lady who shares his fondness of minerals.

Fridrikson / Fridriksson

Islandski profesor prirodnih nauka koji živi u Reykjaviku.

Prima profesora Lidenbroka i njegovog sestrića u svoj dom. Uz to im i pronalazi vodiča koji će ih odvesti do vulkana.



Icelandic professor of natural sciences, who lives in Reykjavik. He puts Professor Lidenbrock and his nephew up. He also provides them with a guide to go to the volcano.

Hans / Hans



Islandanin koji profesoru i njegovom sestriću služi kao vodič na njihovom putovanju do vulkana. To je smiren čovek koji se ni zbog čega ne sekira i koji ume da bude odan i u isto vreme hrabar.

Icelandic man who acts as guide to the professor and his nephew on their journey to the volcano. He is a calm man who does not get upset about anything and knows to be faithful and at the same time, brave.

Arne Saknusem /

Arne Saknussem



Čuveni islandski alhemičar iz 16. veka koji je otkrio prolaz do središta Zemlje. Profesor i njegov sestrić idu njegovim stopama.

A famous 16th-century Icelandic alchemist who discovered a passage to the centre of the Earth. The Professor and his nephew follow his trail.

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Tajanstvena knjiga The Mysterious Book

U nedelju, 24. maja 1863, moj ujak profesor Lidenbrok vratio se žurno u svoju kuću u Kenihštrasen, u staroj četvrti Hamburga. Čim je ušao, uputio se u svoju radnu sobu i povikao:

„Aksele, pođi sa mnom!“

Nisam imao kad ni da se pomaknem kad je nestrpljivo zavikao:

„Još nisi ovde?“

Otrčao sam do njegove radne sobe.

Oto Lidenbrok nije bio loš čovek, ali je bio osobenjak i tvrdoglav. Predavao je mineralogiju premda se nije brinuo jesu li njegovi studenti išta naučili. Bio je sebični mudrac.

Nije baš najbolje umeo s rečima, te bi se silno razbesneo ako bi zapeo kad bi javno govorio. Svi su se tome smejali, ali su priznavali da je

On Sunday, 24th May 1863, my uncle, Professor Lidenbrock, returned hurriedly to his house on the Königstrasse in the old district of Hamburg. No sooner had he come in than he went into his study, crying:

“Axel, follow me!”

I had had no time to move before he shouted impatiently:

“But aren’t you here yet?”

And I ran to his study.

Otto Lidenbrock was not a bad man, but he was eccentric and obstinate. He gave classes in mineralogy, although he did not worry whether his students learned anything. He was a selfish sage.

He was not good with words, and would get furious when he broke down when speaking in public. Everyone laughed at this, but they recognised that

izuzetan stručnjak za geologiju i mineralogiju, a naučnici su se konsultovali sa njim.

Imao je pedeset godina, bio je visok i mršav i veoma snažnog zdravlja. Oči su mu iza naočara bile krupne, a nos dugačak. Njegova naprasitost i nestrpljivost ponekad su bile nesnosne, ali me je u dubini duše voleo. Ja, siročče, bio sam mu sestrić i pomoćnik. U njegovoj kući živele su još i mlada Grauben, njegova kumica, i sluškinja Marta.

Smesta sam ga poslušao i otišao u njegovu radnu sobu, koja je bila pravi muzej s mnoštvom

he was a true expert in geology and mineralogy, and scientists would consult him.

He was tall and thin, fifty years old, and enjoyed robust health. His eyes were big behind his spectacles, and his nose was long. His bad temper and impatience were at times unbearable, but deep down he loved me. I, an orphan, was his nephew and assistant. In his house lived his young god-daughter Graüben and the servant, Martha.

I had obeyed straight away and gone into his study, which was a veritable museum full of



uzoraka minerala, svim obeleženim. Moj ujak je sedeo u naslonjači i držao neku knjigu.

„Gle ovo blago! To je hronika norveških vladara Islanda koju je u dvanaestom veku napisao čuveni Snori Sturluson. To je originalni rukopis na islandskom!“

„Može li se lako čitati?“ upitao sam ravnodušno, ali on je više očekivao od mene.

„Neznalice jedna! To je runski rukopis, a rune su pismo koje se koristilo u zlatno doba Islanda.“

Tad na pod slete prljav komad pergamenta koji je ispao iz knjige.

mineral samples, all labelled. My uncle was in his armchair holding a book.

“Look at this treasure! It is the chronicle of the Norwegian princes of Iceland, written in the twelfth century by the famous Snorri Sturluson. It is the original manuscript in Icelandic!”

“Is it easy to follow?“, I said indifferently, but he expected more of me.

“Ignorant boy! It is a runic manuscript, and the runes are the letters which they used in the olden days in Iceland.”

Then there fell on the floor a grimy scrap of parchment which had fallen out of the book.

