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**ФЕДЕРАЛЬНОЕ ГОСУДАРСТВЕННОЕ БЮДЖЕТНОЕ ОБРАЗОВАТЕЛЬНОЕ
УЧРЕЖДЕНИЕ
ИНКЛЮЗИВНОГО ВЫСШЕГО ОБРАЗОВАНИЯ
«МОСКОВСКИЙ ГОСУДАРСТВЕННЫЙ ГУМАНИТАРНО ЭКОНОМИЧЕСКИЙ
УНИВЕРСИТЕТ»**

КАФЕДРА романо-германских языков

«Утверждаю»
Зав. кафедрой 
« 30 » августа 2021

**ФОНД ОЦЕНОЧНЫХ СРЕДСТВ
ПО ДИСЦИПЛИНЕ**

Перевод художественного текста (первый иностранный язык)
наименование

45.05.01 Перевод и переводоведение

шифр и наименование специальности

Специализация

Лингвистическое обеспечение межгосударственных отношений

Москва 2021

Составитель / составители: к.п.н., доц., заведующий кафедры романо-германских языков
Казиахмедова С.Х.

Фонд оценочных средств рассмотрен и одобрен на заседании кафедры романо-германских языков протокол № 01 от «30» августа 2021 г.

Рецензент:


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(должность, место работы)

«30» августа 2021г.

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Представитель работодателя

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«30» августа 2021 г.

Дополнения и изменения, внесенные в фонд оценочных средств, утверждены на заседании кафедры _____,

протокол № ____ от «____» _____ 20__ г.

Заведующий кафедрой _____ / Ф.И.О/

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5. Материалы для проведения текущего контроля и промежуточной аттестации

1. ПАСПОРТ ФОНДА ОЦЕНОЧНЫХ СРЕДСТВ

по дисциплине «Перевод художественного текста (первый иностранный язык)»

Оценочные средства составляются в соответствии с рабочей программой дисциплины и представляют собой совокупность контрольно-измерительных материалов (типовые задачи (задания), контрольные работы, тесты и др.), предназначенных для измерения уровня достижения обучающимися установленных результатов обучения.

Оценочные средства используются при проведении текущего контроля успеваемости и промежуточной аттестации.

Таблица 1 - Перечень компетенций, формируемых в процессе освоения дисциплины

Код компетенции	Наименование результата обучения
ПК-1	Способен проводить лингвистический анализ текста/дискурса на основе системных знаний современного этапа и истории развития изучаемых языков
ПК-8	Способен осуществлять саморедактирование текста перевода, использовать текстовые редакторы и специализированное программное обеспечение для оформления текста перевода
ПК-9	Способен осуществлять постредактирование машинного и (или) автоматизированного перевода, внесение необходимых смысловых, лексических, терминологических и стилистико-грамматических изменений

Конечными результатами освоения дисциплины являются сформированные когнитивные дескрипторы «знать», «уметь», «владеть», расписанные по отдельным компетенциям. Формирование дескрипторов происходит в течение всего семестра по этапам в рамках контактной работы, включающей различные виды занятий и самостоятельной работы, с применением различных форм и методов обучения (табл. 2).

Таблица 2 - Формирование компетенций в процессе изучения дисциплины:

Код компетенции	Уровень освоения компетенций	Индикаторы достижения компетенций	Вид учебных занятий ¹ , работы, формы и методы обучения, способствующие формированию и развитию компетенций ²	Контролируемые разделы и темы дисциплины ³	Оценочные средства, используемые для оценки уровня сформированности компетенции ⁴
ПК-1 <i>Способен проводить лингвистический анализ текста/дискурса на основе системных знаний современного этапа</i>	Знает				
	Недостаточный уровень	ПК-1.3-1. Демонстрирует недостаточные знания о принципах и методах лингвистического анализа текста/дискурса; имеет системное представление об особенностях современного этапа и истории развития изучаемых языков.	Практические занятия Самостоятельная работа Интерактивные технологии Обучение в сотрудничестве	<i>Стиль художественной литературы.</i> Стилистические особенности художественного текста. Основная схема анализа эпического произведения. Понятия о большой и малой эпике. <i>Грамматические особенности художественной речи.</i> Тропы и стилистические фигуры языка. Смысловая, эмоциональная, эстетическая и коммуникативная функция тропов.	Опрос Выполнение практических заданий.
	Базовый уровень	ПК-1.3-1. имеет представления о			

¹ Лекционные занятия, практические занятия, лабораторные занятия, самостоятельная работа...

² Необходимо указать активные и интерактивные методы обучения (например, интерактивная лекция, работа в малых группах, методы мозгового штурма и т.д.), способствующие развитию у обучающихся навыков командной работы, межличностной коммуникации, принятия решений, лидерских качеств.

³ Наименование темы (раздела) берется из рабочей программы дисциплины.

⁴ Оценочное средство должно выбираться с учетом запланированных результатов освоения дисциплины, например:

«Знать» – собеседование, коллоквиум, тест...

«Уметь», «Владеть» – индивидуальный или групповой проект, кейс-задача, деловая (ролевая)

игра, портфолио...

истории развития изучаемых языков		принципах и методах лингвистического анализа текста/дискурса; имеет системное представление об особенностях современного этапа и истории развития изучаемых языков. Знания недостаточно структурированы		Особенности адекватного перевода тропов. <i>Перевод художественного текста</i> Принципы перевода текста художественной прозы и художественной публицистики. Полноценный синтез предметно-логического, функционально-коммуникативного и эмоционально-воздействующего содержания. Отражение стиля автора. <i>Перевод авторского текста</i> Анализ содержания авторского замысла. Анализ внутритекстовых связей. Передача авторской концепции описываемых событий, ситуаций, действующих лиц. Стилистический анализ авторского текста. Передача авторских стилистических приемов. Степень допустимости использования в переводе иных приемов (например, сравнения вместо метафоры) ради достижения адекватного воздействия на читателя. Юмор в переводе. Проблема передачи игры слов. <i>Передача авторской позиции</i> Терминологический и логический анализ исходного текста. Передача оценочных характеристик в переводе без искажения.	
	Средний уровень	ПК-1.3-1. имеет представления о принципах и методах лингвистического анализа текста/дискурса; имеет представление об особенностях современного этапа и истории развития изучаемых языков. Испытывает незначительные трудности при демонстрации знаний			
	Высокий уровень	ПК-1.3-1. принципы и методы лингвистического анализа текста/дискурса; имеет системное представление об особенностях современного этапа и истории развития изучаемых языков.			
		Умеет			
	Недостаточный уровень	ПК-1.У-1. не умеет проводить лингвистический анализ текста/дискурса на основе системных знаний современного этапа и истории развития изучаемых языков.	Практические занятия Самостоятельная работа Интерактивные		Выполнение практических заданий. Контрольный перевод аутентичного

	Базовый уровень	ПК-1.У-1. На базовом уровне проводить лингвистический анализ текста/дискурса на основе системных знаний современного этапа и истории развития изучаемых языков. Умение сформировано частично, испытывает трудности при демонстрации умений	технологии Обучение в сотрудничестве		текста
	Средний уровень	ПК-1.У-1. проводить лингвистический анализ текста/дискурса на основе системных знаний современного этапа и истории развития изучаемых языков. Умение сформировано частично			
	Высокий уровень	ПК-1.У-1. проводить лингвистический анализ текста/дискурса на основе системных знаний современного этапа и истории развития изучаемых языков.			
		Владеет			
	Недостаточный уровень	ПК-1.В-1. Не владеет навыками лингвистического анализа текста/дискурса на основе системных знаний современного этапа и истории развития изучаемых языков.			
	Базовый уровень	ПК-1.В-1. навыками лингвистического анализа текста на основе знаний современного этапа и истории развития			

		изучаемых языков. Испытывает трудности при демонстрации навыков			
	Средний уровень	ПК-1.В-1. навыками лингвистического анализа текста на основе знаний современного этапа и истории развития изучаемых языков. Испытывает незначительные трудности при демонстрации навыков			
	Высокий уровень	ПК-1.В-1. навыками лингвистического анализа текста/дискурса на основе системных знаний современного этапа и истории развития изучаемых языков.			
ПК-8 Способен осуществлять саморедактирование текста перевода, использовать текстовые редакторы и специализированное программное обеспечение для оформления текста перевода	Знает				
	Недостаточный уровень	ПК-8.3-1. Демонстрирует недостаточные знания о принципах послепереводческого саморедактирования и контрольного редактирования текста перевода и принципах использования специализированных текстовых редакторов	Практические занятия Самостоятельная работа Интерактивные технологии Обучение в сотрудничестве	Особенности перевода художественной публицистики на английском языке Саморедактирование перевода комментариев, очерков, эссе. Особенности саморедактирования текстов перевода. Перевод художественной прозы малого эпического жанра Саморедактирование перевода текста перевода стихов, басен, сказок, рассказов. Особенности перевода текстов художественного дискурса Редактирование перевода текста новелл,	Устный опрос Выполнение практических заданий.
	Базовый уровень	ПК-8.3-1. имеет представления о принципах послепереводческого саморедактирования и контрольного редактирования текста перевода и принципах использования специализированных текстовых			

		редакторов Знания недостаточно структурированы		повестей, романов. Допустимость разнообразия переводческих решений и реализации переводческой стратегии. Высокая степень свободы перевода по отношению к оригиналу в соответствии с собственной, последовательной концепцией переводчика при переводе текста.	
	Средний уровень	ПК-8.3-1. имеет представления о принципах послепереводческого саморедактирования и контрольного редактирования текста перевода и принципах использования специализированных текстовых редакторов			
	Высокий уровень	ПК-8.3-1. принципы послепереводческого саморедактирования и контрольного редактирования текста перевода и принципы использования специализированных текстовых редакторов			
		Умеет			
	Недостаточный уровень	ПК-8.У-1. Не умеет осуществлять послепереводческое саморедактирование и контрольное редактирование текста перевода, в том числе с использованием текстовых редакторов и специализированного программного обеспечения.	Практические занятия Самостоятельная работа Интерактивные технологии Обучение в сотрудничестве		
	Базовый уровень	ПК-8.У-1. осуществлять послепереводческое саморедактирование и редактирование текста перевода, в			Выполнение практических заданий.

		том числе с использованием текстовых редакторов. Умение сформировано частично			Контрольный перевод аутентичного текста
	Средний уровень	ПК-8.У-1. осуществлять послепереводческое саморедактирование и контрольное редактирование текста перевода, в том числе с использованием текстовых редакторов и специализированного программного обеспечения. Умение сформировано частично			Анализ переводческих ошибок
	Высокий уровень	ПК-8.У-1. осуществлять послепереводческое саморедактирование и контрольное редактирование текста перевода, в том числе с использованием текстовых редакторов и специализированного программного обеспечения.			
		Владеет			
	Недостаточный уровень	ПК-8.В-1. Не владеет навыками послепереводческого саморедактирования и контрольного редактирования текста перевода.			
	Базовый уровень	ПК-8.В-1. навыками послепереводческого саморедактирования и			

		контрольного редактирования текста перевода. Испытывает трудности при демонстрации навыков			
	Средний уровень	ПК-8.В-1. навыками послепереводческого саморедактирования и контрольного редактирования текста перевода. Испытывает незначительные трудности при демонстрации навыков.			
	Высокий уровень	ПК-8.В-1. навыками послепереводческого саморедактирования и контрольного редактирования текста перевода.			
ПК-9		Знает			
Способен осуществлять постредактирование машинного и (или) автоматизированного перевода, внесение необходимых смысловых, лексических, терминологических и	Недостаточный уровень	ПК-9.3-1. Не знает принципы редактирования машинного/автоматизированного перевода в соответствии с требованиями норм перевода.	Практические занятия Самостоятельная работа Интерактивные технологии Обучение в сотрудничестве	<i>Особенности постредактирования перевода художественной публицистики на английском языке</i> Особенности постредактирования перевода комментариев, очерков, эссе. <i>Перевод художественной прозы малого эпического жанра</i> Постредактирование перевода текста стихов, песен, басен, сказок, рассказов. <i>Особенности перевода текстов художественного дискурса</i>	Опрос Выполнение практических заданий.
	Базовый уровень	ПК-9.3-1. Имеет представление о принципах редактирования машинного/автоматизированного перевода в соответствии с требованиями норм перевода.			
	Средний уровень	ПК-9.3-1. Имеет представление о принципах редактирования машинного/автоматизированного перевода в соответствии с требованиями норм перевода.			

стилистика-грамматическ х изменений		Знания недостаточно структурированы		Постредактирование перевода текста новелл, повестей, романов. Допустимость разнообразия переводческих решений и реализации переводческой стратегии. Высокая степень свободы перевода по отношению к оригиналу в соответствии с собственной, последовательной концепцией переводчика при переводе текста.	
	Высокий уровень	ПК-9.3-1. принципы редактирования машинного/автоматизированного перевода в соответствии с требованиями норм перевода.			
		Умеет			
	Недостаточный уровень	ПК-9.У-1. не умеет обрабатывать машинный/автоматизированный перевод для достижения необходимого качества с точки зрения требований адекватности/эквивалентности	Практические занятия Самостоятельная работа Интерактивные технологии Обучение в сотрудничестве		Выполнение практических заданий. Контрольный перевод аутентичного текста Анализ переводческих ошибок
	Базовый уровень	ПК-9.У-1. обрабатывать машинный/автоматизированный перевод. Нарушены требования адекватности/эквивалентности. Умение сформировано частично			
	Средний уровень	ПК-9.У-1. обрабатывать машинный/автоматизированный перевод для достижения необходимого качества с точки зрения требований адекватности/эквивалентности. Умение сформировано частично			
	Высокий уровень	ПК-9.У-1. обрабатывать машинный/автоматизированный перевод для достижения необходимого качества с точки зрения требований адекватности/эквивалентности			
		Владеет			

	Недостаточный уровень	ПК-9.В-1. не владеет навыками постредактирования машинного/автоматизированного перевода в соответствии с требованиями норм перевода.			Выполнение практических заданий. Контрольный перевод аутентичного текста Анализ переводческих ошибок
	Базовый уровень	ПК-9.В-1. базовыми навыками постредактирования машинного/автоматизированного перевода в соответствии с требованиями норм перевода. Испытывает трудности при демонстрации навыков			
	Средний уровень	ПК-9.В-1. навыками постредактирования машинного/автоматизированного перевода в соответствии с требованиями норм перевода. Испытывает незначительные трудности при демонстрации навыков			
	Высокий уровень	ПК-9.В-1. навыками постредактирования машинного/автоматизированного перевода в соответствии с требованиями норм перевода.			

2. ПЕРЕЧЕНЬ ОЦЕНОЧНЫХ СРЕДСТВ⁵

Таблица 3

№	Наименование оценочного средства	Характеристика оценочного средства	Представление оценочного средства в ФОС
1	Опрос	Средство контроля усвоения учебного материала темы, раздела или разделов дисциплины, организованное в виде собеседования преподавателя с обучающимися. Целью оценочного средства является получение от учащихся ответов на заранее сформулированные вопросы.	Вопросы по темам/разделам дисциплины
2	Контрольный перевод аутентичного текста	Средство контроля усвоения учебного материала темы, раздела или разделов дисциплины, организованное в виде письменного перевода аутентичного официально-делового текста.	Образец задания на контрольный перевод
3	Анализ переводческих ошибок	Выявление переводческих ошибок на базе сопоставления авторского перевода с переводом, осуществленным профессиональным переводчиком.	Примеры текстов перевода с соответствующим заданием.

⁵ Указываются оценочные средства, применяемые в ходе реализации рабочей программы данной дисциплины.

3. ОПИСАНИЕ ПОКАЗАТЕЛЕЙ И КРИТЕРИЕВ ОЦЕНИВАНИЯ КОМПЕТЕНЦИЙ

Оценивание результатов обучения по дисциплине «Перевод художественного текста (первый иностранный язык)» осуществляется в соответствии с Положением о текущем контроле успеваемости и промежуточной аттестации обучающихся.

Предусмотрены следующие виды контроля: текущий контроль (осуществление контроля всех видов аудиторной и внеаудиторной деятельности обучающегося с целью получения первичной информации о ходе усвоения отдельных элементов содержания дисциплины) и промежуточная аттестация (оценивается уровень и качество подготовки по дисциплине в целом).

Показатели и критерии оценивания компетенций, формируемых в процессе освоения данной дисциплины, описаны в табл. 4.

Таблица 4.

Код компетенции	Уровень освоения компетенции	Индикаторы достижения компетенции	Критерии оценивания результатов обучения
ПК-1 Способен проводить лингвистический анализ текста/дискурса на основе системных знаний современного этапа и истории развития изучаемых языков		Знает	
	Недостаточный уровень Оценка «незачтено», «неудовлетворительно»	ПК-1.3-1. принципы и методы лингвистического анализа текста/дискурса; иметь системное представление об особенностях современного этапа и истории развития изучаемых языков.	ПК-1.3-1. Демонстрирует недостаточные знания о принципах и методах лингвистического анализа текста/дискурса; имеет системное представление об особенностях современного этапа и истории развития изучаемых языков.
	Базовый уровень Оценка, «зачтено», «удовлетворительно»	ПК-1.3-1. принципы и методы лингвистического анализа текста/дискурса; иметь системное представление об особенностях современного этапа и истории развития изучаемых языков.	ПК-1.3-1. имеет представления о принципах и методах лингвистического анализа текста/дискурса; имеет системное представление об особенностях современного этапа и истории развития изучаемых языков. Знания недостаточно структурированы
	Средний уровень Оценка «зачтено», «хорошо»	ПК-1.3-1. принципы и методы лингвистического анализа текста/дискурса; иметь системное представление об особенностях современного этапа и истории развития изучаемых языков.	ПК-1.3-1. имеет представления о принципах и методах лингвистического анализа текста/дискурса; имеет представление об особенностях современного этапа и истории развития изучаемых языков. Испытывает незначительные трудности при демонстрации знаний
	Высокий уровень Оценка «зачтено», «отлично»	ПК-1.3-1. принципы и методы лингвистического анализа текста/дискурса; иметь системное представление об особенностях современного этапа и истории развития изучаемых языков.	ПК-1.3-1. принципы и методы лингвистического анализа текста/дискурса; иметь системное представление об особенностях современного этапа и истории развития изучаемых языков.
		Умеет	
	Недостаточный уровень Оценка «незачтено», «неудовлетворительно»	ПК-1.У-1. проводить лингвистический анализ текста/дискурса на основе системных знаний современного этапа и истории развития изучаемых языков.	ПК-1.У-1. не умеет проводить лингвистический анализ текста/дискурса на основе системных знаний современного этапа и истории развития изучаемых языков.
	Базовый уровень Оценка, «зачтено», «удовлетворительно»	ПК-1.У-1. проводить лингвистический анализ текста/дискурса на основе системных знаний современного этапа и истории развития изучаемых языков.	ПК-1.У-1. На базовом уровне проводить лингвистический анализ текста/дискурса на основе системных знаний современного этапа и истории развития изучаемых языков. Умение сформировано частично, испытывает трудности при демонстрации умений
	Средний уровень Оценка «зачтено», «хорошо»	ПК-1.У-1. проводить лингвистический анализ текста/дискурса на основе системных знаний современного этапа и истории развития изучаемых языков.	ПК-1.У-1. проводить лингвистический анализ текста/дискурса на основе системных знаний современного этапа и истории развития изучаемых языков. Умение сформировано частично
	Высокий уровень	ПК-1.У-1. проводить лингвистический	ПК-1.У-1. проводить лингвистический анализ

	Оценка «зачтено», «отлично»	анализ текста/дискурса на основе системных знаний современного этапа и истории развития изучаемых языков.	текста/дискурса на основе системных знаний современного этапа и истории развития изучаемых языков.
	Владеет		
	Недостаточный уровень Оценка «незачтено», «неудовлетворительно»	ПК-1.В-1. навыками лингвистического анализа текста/дискурса на основе системных знаний современного этапа и истории развития изучаемых языков.	ПК-1.В-1. не владеет навыками лингвистического анализа текста/дискурса на основе системных знаний современного этапа и истории развития изучаемых языков.
	Базовый уровень Оценка, «зачтено», «удовлетворительно»	ПК-1.В-1. навыками лингвистического анализа текста/дискурса на основе системных знаний современного этапа и истории развития изучаемых языков.	ПК-1.В-1. навыками лингвистического анализа текста на основе знаний современного этапа и истории развития изучаемых языков. Испытывает трудности при демонстрации навыков
	Средний уровень Оценка «зачтено», «хорошо»	ПК-1.В-1. навыками лингвистического анализа текста/дискурса на основе системных знаний современного этапа и истории развития изучаемых языков.	ПК-1.В-1. навыками лингвистического анализа текста на основе знаний современного этапа и истории развития изучаемых языков. Испытывает незначительные трудности при демонстрации навыков
	Высокий уровень Оценка «зачтено», «отлично»	ПК-1.В-1. навыками лингвистического анализа текста/дискурса на основе системных знаний современного этапа и истории развития изучаемых языков.	ПК-1.В-1. навыками лингвистического анализа текста/дискурса на основе системных знаний современного этапа и истории развития изучаемых языков.

Код компетенции	Уровень освоения компетенции	Индикаторы достижения компетенции	Критерии оценивания результатов обучения
ПК-8 Способен осуществлять саморедактирование текста перевода, использовать текстовые редакторы и специализированное программное обеспечение для оформления текста перевода	Знает		
	Недостаточный уровень Оценка «незачтено», «неудовлетворительно»	ПК-8.3-1. принципы послепереводческого саморедактирования и контрольного редактирования текста перевода и принципы использования специализированных текстовых редакторов	ПК-8.3-1. Демонстрирует недостаточные знания о принципах послепереводческого саморедактирования и контрольного редактирования текста перевода и принципах использования специализированных текстовых редакторов
	Базовый уровень Оценка, «зачтено», «удовлетворительно»	ПК-8.3-1. принципы послепереводческого саморедактирования и контрольного редактирования текста перевода и принципы использования специализированных текстовых редакторов	ПК-8.3-1. имеет представления о принципах послепереводческого саморедактирования и контрольного редактирования текста перевода и принципах использования специализированных текстовых редакторов Знания недостаточно структурированы
	Средний уровень Оценка «зачтено», «хорошо»	ПК-8.3-1. принципы послепереводческого саморедактирования и контрольного редактирования текста перевода и принципы использования специализированных текстовых редакторов	ПК-8.3-1. имеет представления о принципах послепереводческого саморедактирования и контрольного редактирования текста перевода и принципах использования специализированных текстовых редакторов
	Высокий уровень Оценка «зачтено», «отлично»	ПК-8.3-1. принципы послепереводческого саморедактирования и контрольного редактирования текста перевода и принципы использования специализированных текстовых редакторов	ПК-8.3-1. принципы послепереводческого саморедактирования и контрольного редактирования текста перевода и принципы использования специализированных текстовых редакторов
	Умеет		
	Недостаточный уровень Оценка «незачтено», «неудовлетворительно»	ПК-8.У-1. осуществлять послепереводческое саморедактирование и контрольное редактирование текста перевода, в том числе с использованием текстовых редакторов и специализированного программного	ПК-8.У-1. Не умеет осуществлять послепереводческое саморедактирование и контрольное редактирование текста перевода, в том числе с использованием текстовых редакторов и специализированного программного обеспечения.

		обеспечения.	
	Базовый уровень Оценка, «зачтено», «удовлетворительно»	ПК-8.У-1. осуществлять послепереводческое саморедактирование и контрольное редактирование текста перевода, в том числе с использованием текстовых редакторов и специализированного программного обеспечения.	ПК-8.У-1. осуществлять послепереводческое саморедактирование и редактирование текста перевода, в том числе с использованием текстовых редакторов. Умение сформировано частично
	Средний уровень Оценка «зачтено», «хорошо»	ПК-8.У-1. осуществлять послепереводческое саморедактирование и контрольное редактирование текста перевода, в том числе с использованием текстовых редакторов и специализированного программного обеспечения.	ПК-8.У-1. осуществлять послепереводческое саморедактирование и контрольное редактирование текста перевода, в том числе с использованием текстовых редакторов и специализированного программного обеспечения. Умение сформировано частично
	Высокий уровень Оценка «зачтено», «отлично»	ПК-8.У-1. осуществлять послепереводческое саморедактирование и контрольное редактирование текста перевода, в том числе с использованием текстовых редакторов и специализированного программного обеспечения.	ПК-8.У-1. осуществлять послепереводческое саморедактирование и контрольное редактирование текста перевода, в том числе с использованием текстовых редакторов и специализированного программного обеспечения.
Владеет			
	Недостаточный уровень Оценка «незачтено», «неудовлетворительно»	ПК-8.В-1. навыками послепереводческого саморедактирования и контрольного редактирования текста перевода.	ПК-8.В-1. не владеет навыками послепереводческого саморедактирования и контрольного редактирования текста перевода.
	Базовый уровень Оценка, «зачтено», «удовлетворительно»	ПК-8.В-1. навыками послепереводческого саморедактирования и контрольного редактирования текста перевода.	ПК-8.В-1. навыками послепереводческого саморедактирования и контрольного редактирования текста перевода. Испытывает трудности при демонстрации навыков
	Средний уровень Оценка «зачтено», «хорошо»	ПК-8.В-1. навыками послепереводческого саморедактирования и контрольного редактирования текста перевода.	ПК-8.В-1. навыками послепереводческого саморедактирования и контрольного редактирования текста перевода. Испытывает незначительные трудности при

			демонстрации навыков.
	Высокий уровень Оценка «зачтено», «отлично»	ПК-8.В-1. навыками послепереводческого саморедактирования и контрольного редактирования текста перевода.	ПК-8.В-1. навыками послепереводческого саморедактирования и контрольного редактирования текста перевода.

Код компетенции	Уровень освоения компетенции	Индикаторы достижения компетенции	Критерии оценивания результатов обучения
ПК-9 Способен осуществлять постредактирование машинного и (или) автоматизированного перевода, внесение необходимых смысловых, лексических, терминологических и стилистико-грамматических изменений		Знает	Знает
	Недостаточный уровень Оценка «незачтено», «неудовлетворительно»	ПК-9.3-1. принципы редактирования машинного/автоматизированного перевода в соответствии с требованиями норм перевода.	ПК-9.3-1. не знает принципы редактирования машинного/автоматизированного перевода в соответствии с требованиями норм перевода.
	Базовый уровень Оценка, «зачтено», «удовлетворительно»	ПК-9.3-1. принципы редактирования машинного/автоматизированного перевода в соответствии с требованиями норм перевода.	ПК-9.3-1. имеет представление о принципах редактирования машинного/автоматизированного перевода в соответствии с требованиями норм перевода.
	Средний уровень Оценка «зачтено», «хорошо»	ПК-9.3-1. принципы редактирования машинного/автоматизированного перевода в соответствии с требованиями норм перевода.	ПК-9.3-1. имеет представление о принципах редактирования машинного/автоматизированного перевода в соответствии с требованиями норм перевода. Знания недостаточно структурированы
	Высокий уровень Оценка «зачтено», «отлично»	ПК-9.3-1. принципы редактирования машинного/автоматизированного перевода в соответствии с требованиями норм перевода.	ПК-9.3-1. принципы редактирования машинного/автоматизированного перевода в соответствии с требованиями норм перевода.
	Умеет		
	Недостаточный уровень Оценка «незачтено», «неудовлетворительно»	ПК-9.У-1. обрабатывать машинный/автоматизированный перевод для достижения необходимого качества с точки зрения требований адекватности/эквивалентности	ПК-9.У-1. не умеет обрабатывать машинный/автоматизированный перевод для достижения необходимого качества с точки зрения требований адекватности/эквивалентности
	Базовый уровень Оценка, «зачтено», «удовлетворительно»	ПК-9.У-1. обрабатывать машинный/автоматизированный перевод для достижения необходимого качества с точки зрения требований адекватности/эквивалентности	ПК-9.У-1. обрабатывать машинный/автоматизированный перевод. Нарушены требования адекватности/эквивалентности. Умение сформировано частично
	Средний уровень Оценка «зачтено», «хорошо»	ПК-9.У-1. обрабатывать машинный/автоматизированный перевод для достижения необходимого качества с точки зрения требований адекватности/эквивалентности	ПК-9.У-1. обрабатывать машинный/автоматизированный перевод для достижения необходимого качества с точки зрения требований адекватности/эквивалентности. Умение сформировано частично
	Высокий уровень Оценка «зачтено», «отлично»	ПК-9.У-1. обрабатывать машинный/автоматизированный перевод для достижения необходимого качества с точки зрения требований адекватности/эквивалентности	ПК-9.У-1. обрабатывать машинный/автоматизированный перевод для достижения необходимого качества с точки зрения требований адекватности/эквивалентности

		точки зрения требований адекватности/эквивалентности	
	Владеет		
	Недостаточный уровень Оценка «незачтено», «неудовлетворительно»	ПК-9.В-1. навыками постредактирования машинного/автоматизированного перевода в соответствии с требованиями норм перевода.	ПК-9.В-1. не владеет навыками постредактирования машинного/автоматизированного перевода в соответствии с требованиями норм перевода.
	Базовый уровень Оценка, «зачтено», «удовлетворительно»	ПК-9.В-1. навыками постредактирования машинного/автоматизированного перевода в соответствии с требованиями норм перевода.	ПК-9.В-1. базовыми навыками постредактирования машинного/автоматизированного перевода в соответствии с требованиями норм перевода. Испытывает трудности при демонстрации навыков
	Средний уровень Оценка «зачтено», «хорошо»	ПК-9.В-1. навыками постредактирования машинного/автоматизированного перевода в соответствии с требованиями норм перевода.	ПК-9.В-1. навыками постредактирования машинного/автоматизированного перевода в соответствии с требованиями норм перевода. Испытывает незначительные трудности при демонстрации навыков
	Высокий уровень Оценка «зачтено», «отлично»	ПК-9.В-1. навыками постредактирования машинного/автоматизированного перевода в соответствии с требованиями норм перевода.	ПК-9.В-1. навыками постредактирования машинного/автоматизированного перевода в соответствии с требованиями норм перевода.

4. Методические материалы, определяющие процедуры оценивания результатов обучения

4.1. Опрос

Устный опрос - наиболее распространенный метод контроля знаний обучающихся. При устном опросе устанавливается непосредственный контакт между преподавателем и учащимся, в процессе которого преподаватель получает широкие возможности для изучения индивидуальных возможностей усвоения учащимися учебного материала.

Устный опрос требует от преподавателя предварительной подготовки: тщательного отбора содержания, всестороннего продумывания вопросов, задач и примеров, которые будут предложены, путей активизации деятельности всех учащихся группы в процессе проверки, создания на занятии деловой и доброжелательной обстановки.

Основу устного контроля составляет монологическое высказывание учащегося или вопросно-ответная форма – беседа, в которой преподаватель ставит вопросы и ожидает ответа учащегося. Это может быть и рассказ студента по определенной теме, а также его объяснение или сообщение. С помощью опроса можно охватить проверкой одновременно всех студентов группы, интенсивно активизировать их мышление, память, внимание, ускорять речевую реакцию, обучающий эффект, а также опрос дает возможность оценивать (поставить отметки) за один и тот же отрезок времени всех или большинство учащихся группы. При фронтальном контроле все учащиеся находятся в напряжении, так как знают, что их в любую минуту могут вызвать, поэтому их внимание сосредоточено, а мысли сконцентрированы вокруг той работы, которая ведется в группе.

4.2. Письменный перевод предусматривает:

- осуществление переводческого анализа исходного текста, анализ его поверхностной и выявление глубинной смысловой структуры, выявление всей содержащейся в тексте информации, которая подлежит передаче при переводе;
- выбор общей стратегии перевода с учётом его смыслового наполнения, функционально-стилистической характеристики, жанровой принадлежности, а также с учетом цели, адресата перевода и других экстралингвистических факторов;
- аргументированное обоснование своих переводческих решений;
- оформление текста перевода в соответствии с нормой и типологией текстов на языке перевода;
- профессиональное использование словарей, справочников, банков данных и других источников дополнительной информации;
- применение своих знаний в области лингвистики перевода к оценке и критическому анализу чужих переводов, редактирование письменных переводов.

4.3. Анализ переводческих ошибок включает в себя:

- выяснение причины ошибки, чтобы студент, зная её, мог принимать правильное переводческое решение;
- дифференцированное прогнозирование и анализ ошибок в собственном переводе - студент должен знать ошибки, которые он часто допускает, понимать, почему он их допускает, и знать, как их избежать;
- последовательное применение критериев оценки, которые, в зависимости от конкретной задачи обучения, дают приоритет тем или иным аспектам.

5. Материалы для проведения текущего контроля и промежуточной аттестации

Опрос

Лекция 1.

Определение стиля художественной литературы.

Лекция 2.

Грамматические особенности художественной речи.

Лекция 3.

Тропы и стилистические фигуры языка.

Контролируемые компетенции: ПК-1, ПК-8, ПК-9

Оценка компетенций осуществляется в соответствии с Таблицей 4.

- Текущий контроль –

Переводческое задание (примеры)

Give the written translation of the extract:

Текст 1.

https://royallib.com/read/Burke_James/last_car_to_elysian_fields.html#20

Burke J. L. The Last Car to Elysian Fields (2003, Ch.1)

Long before Hispanic and black caricatures acted out self-created roles as gangsters on MTV; white street gangs in New Orleans fought with chains, steel pipes, and zip guns over urban territory that a self-respecting Bedouin wouldn't live in. During the 1950s, the territorial war was between the Cats and the Frats. Frats lived uptown, in the Garden District and along St. Charles Avenue. Cats lived in the Irish Channel, or downtown or in the projects or out by the Industrial Canal. Cats were usually Irish or Italian or a mixture of both, parochial school bust-outs who rolled drunks and homosexuals and group-stomped their adversaries, giving no quarter and asking for none in return. In a back-alley, chain-swinging rumble, their ferocity and raw physical courage could probably be compared only to that of their historical cousins in Southie, the Five Points, and Hell's Kitchen. Along Bourbon Street, after twelve on Saturday nights, the Dixieland bands would pack up their instruments and be replaced by rock 'n' roll groups that played until sunrise. The kids spilling out the front doors of Sharkey Bonnano's Dream Room, drinking paper cup beer and smoking cigarettes on the sidewalks, their motorcycle caps and leather jackets rippling with neon, made most tourists wet their pants. But Jumpin' Merchie Flannigan could not be easily categorized as a blue-collar street kid who had made good in the larger world. In fact, I always had suspicions that Jumpin' Merchie joined a gang for reasons very different from his friends in the Iberville. Unlike most of them, he was not only streetwise but good in school and naturally intelligent. Merchie's problem really wasn't Merchie. It was his parents. In New Iberia Merchie's father was thought of as a decent but weak and ineffectual

man whose rundown religious store was almost an extension of its owner's personality. Many nights a sympathetic police officer would take Mr. Flannigan out the back door of the Frederic Hotel bar and drive him to his house by the railroad tracks. Merchie's mother tried to compensate for the father's failure by constantly treating Merchie as a vulnerable child, protecting him, making him wear short pants at school until he was in the fifth grade, denying him entry into a world that to her was as unloving as her marriage. But I always felt her protectiveness was of a selfish kind, and in reality she was not only sentimental rather than loving, she could also be terribly cruel. After the family moved to New Orleans and took up life in the Iberville, Merchie became known as a mama's boy who was anybody's punching bag or hard-up pump. But at age fifteen, he threw a black kid from the Gird Town Deuces off a fire escape onto the cab of a passing produce truck, then outraced a half dozen cops across a series of rooftops, finally leaping out into space, plummeting two stories through the ceiling of a massage parlor. His newly acquired nickname cost him a broken leg and a one-bit in the Louisiana reformatory, but Jumpin' Merchie Flannigan came back to Canal Street and the Iberville Project with magic painted on him. When I called him at home he was gregarious and ingratiating, and said he wanted to see me. In fact, he said it with such sincerity that I believed him. His home, of which he was very proud, was a gray architectural monstrosity designed to look like a medieval castle, inside acres of pecan and live oak trees, all of it in an unzoned area that mixed pipe yards and welding shops with thoroughbred horse barns and red-clay tennis courts. He greeted me in the front yard, athletic, trim, wearing pleated tan slacks, half-top, slip-on boots, and a polo shirt, his long hair so blond it was almost white, a V-shaped receded area at the part the only sign of age I could see in him. The yard was covered in shadow now, the chrysanthemums denting in the wind, the sky veined with electricity. In the midst of it all Merchie seemed to glow not so much with health and prosperity as confidence that God was truly in His heaven and there was justice in the world for a kid from the Iberville. He meshed his fingers, as though making a tent, then pointed the tips at me.

"You were out at the Crudup farm in St. James Parish today," he said.

"Who told you?" I asked.

"I'm trying to clean up the place," he replied.

"Think it might take a hydrogen bomb?"

"So give me the gen on it," he said.

TEXT 2

<https://onlinereadfreenovel.com/tony-abbott/page,2,63116-sorcerer.html>

Abbott T. Sorcerer (2015, Ch 1.)

"Much worse!" added Kem. "I've seen him in action. I know. He does terrible stuff." The troll gasped at Kem. "Did your dog just say something? It sounded almost like ... words!" Kem grumbled. "Oh, let him hear me, Sparr. It's so boring talking only to you." I chuckled, then snapped my fingers with a brief whisper. When Kem spoke this time, repeating what he had first said, the troll understood every word. Beffo's eyes went wide. "Well, you're certainly both very strange. And magical! Perhaps if I offer you soup you won't put a spell on us? Besides, with this storm, there's no getting off the island until nightfall, so you might as well share our meal with

us!” I narrowed my eyes at the troll. “How do you know how long the storm will last?” He took the ladle from the monkey and stirred his giant pot so vigorously that it hissed. “I study the clouds, you know. That’s my thing. So, now, tell me. What is your name?” “Lord Sparr,” I said. “Sorcerer! Magician!” “Magician!” he yelled. “I love magic! In fact, I like to imagine I’m a great and powerful wizard who can change shape and travel around in time! But, hee-hee, I’m simply a troll!” At that moment, the doors creaked open and four more green monkeys trotted in. They chirped and chattered to one another when they saw Kem and me, then settled by the fire next to Beffo. “You know,” I said, observing the monkeys closely, “if we weren’t almost halfway across the world, I’d say your friends are monkeys from the Bangledorn Forest». A sudden wind moved over the jungle outside and, as before, it sang with the sound of chimes. What caused me to clutch the stone in my pocket then, I cannot say. But as I did, the troll’s fire leaped up around the pot, licking its sides with tongues of gold. Whether the flames suddenly affected me, or I was influencing them, or it was the bump on my head, or the strange and beautiful island itself, I do not know. But I could not take my eyes from the fire. And it seemed to me that the tighter I held that black stone, the more I began to see shapes appearing among the hearth’s dancing wisps of flame. At once, I began to remember things from when I was a boy. I was overcome with recollections of times gone by. A long-forgotten story surfaced from the depths of my memory. My eyes stung, and I closed them. “What is it?” said the troll, sipping from his ladle, then continuing to stir. “You want to travel in time, old fellow? Well, I’ll take you back. I’m beginning to remember something ... about myself...” “Oh, wonderful,” snorted Kem. “This is all he needs. An audience to listen to him talk about himself. You’ll never stop him now.” The more the flames flitted up the sides of the pot, the more I seemed to see a figure. No ... two figures. They were running....

Текст 3

<https://www.storyshares.org/book/169/read/>

Solomon S. Sabbath (2018, Ch 1.)

“Damn, rush hour traffic’s brutal,” my father complained, though the words he actually used were a bit more colorful. Forehead wrinkled, he slammed his hand on the steering wheel. For all the movement on it, the Belt Parkway to Brooklyn might as well have been a sculpture garden. Car engines revved next to us, in front of us, behind us. That September afternoon was unseasonably hot. As if the rubber had melted and fused to the pavement, tires tried fruitlessly to inch ahead. With no air-conditioning in our 1961 Buick Roadmaster, the windows were cranked down so that an ocean breeze could cool us. Except there was no breeze. The only relief from the monotony of an endless train of cars was a few billowing sails on the Atlantic Ocean beyond the wide sandbar that lined the road. “Damn!” Dad leaned on the horn. The smell of smoke from tailpipes drifted through my window. Maybe the carbon monoxide would kill me, I thought. Hoped. I wasn’t looking forward to what loomed ahead. Dinner with my grandparents. Boring. Instead of a night with my friends, I’d wind up watching television while my parents and grandparents talked about old people I didn’t know. If my prayer was answered, the traffic would annoy my father enough that he’d turn us around and head back home. «Knock off the attitude,” Dad said. I screwed up my face. How did he always know what I was thinking? One day short

of fifteen, I sulked in the back seat. My brother, four years younger, squirmed next to me, his hair Brillcreamed back, his shirttail pulled from his chinos. "Get off me!" I hissed at him. He reached for my hair. "Ouch! Make him stop." I smacked his hand. Without turning around, my mother said, "Robert, don't tease your sister." My brother stuck his tongue out then tried to hug me. There was a bump when I shoved him against the door, as far from me as he could get and still be in the car. "Stop it, Susan." My father eyed me in the rearview mirror. Fine. Now it was my fault? "Put your lip back in," my mother said. "What's the matter with you?" Robert started acting up and I got blamed—what did she think was the matter? "Can't you do something about this, Lou?" My mother leaned forward, as if that would propel us past the line of cars blocking our way. "Pull off at the next exit, and take side streets. We're going to be so late." Dad stared straight ahead. «Wouldn't be caught in this traffic if you'd have let me stay home," I muttered. "Susan!" Dad said. "What? It's Friday. All the kids are gonna be at Kathy's house. Not me. I'm gonna have dinner with Grandma and Grandpa." I saw my father's shoulders tense. "Knock of the sarcasm." Reflected in the rearview mirror, his lips were as tight as the line of cars in front of us. Mom touched his arm, then twisted to look at me over the back of her seat. "Grandma specifically asked to see you." In the silent language of mothers and daughters, her eyes added, Please stop complaining. Three weeks ago my grandmother had been rushed to Downstate Medical Center, her lungs filled with fluid. Congestive heart failure, my parents had called it. That morning the doctor had signed her release. "I can see her any time. Why'd it have to be tonight? Kathy's having a party." "Because tomorrow's your birthday," Mom said. "She's afraid she might not be here for many more." "Yeah, but..." "That's enough, Susan!" Dad's voice, sounding like that of my high school's principal, warned that his patience had worn as thin as his lips. His blue eyes were locked on the road ahead, searching for a break in the line of traffic. A clear space he could race into and get to his mother a moment sooner.

Текст 4

https://www.bookfrom.net/john-berendt/page,26,35712-midnight_in_the_garden_of_good_and_evil.html

Berendt J. Midnight in the Garden of Good and Evil (1999, Ch.18)

Minerva looked across the table at Williams. "You done, baby?"

"Yes," he said.

"Okay. Now, you know how dead time works. Dead time lasts for one hour—from half an hour before midnight to half an hour after midnight. The half hour before midnight is for doin' good. The half hour after midnight is for doin' evil." "Right," said Williams. "Seems like we need a little of both tonight," said Minerva, "so we best be on our way. Put the paper in your pocket where the dimes is, and take your bottle of water. We goin' to the flower garden."

Minerva picked up her shopping bag and headed out the back door. We followed close behind as she made her way down the lane with a slow and ponderous stride. As she approached the next house, an old man got up from a chair on the porch and went inside. A window in another house closed. A door shut somewhere. Two men standing beside an oleander bush parted when they caught sight of Minerva and withdrew into the darkness. In a few moments, we reached the end of the lane. The sliver of a new moon hung like a slender cradle over a grove of tall, dark

trees. We were at the edge of a graveyard. On the far side, a hundred yards beyond the trees, a floodlit basketball court cast a pale gray light into the graveyard. A boy was bouncing a ball and taking shots at the basketball hoop. Thunk, thunk, thunk ... proinnng. Otherwise, the graveyard was deserted.

"A lot a people does this kind of work," Minerva said. "But it look like we got the garden all to ourselves tonight."

We walked single file into the graveyard, taking a winding route and stopping finally at a grave under a large cedar tree. My first thought was that this was a new grave, because unlike the others the soil appeared to be freshly spread on top of it. Minerva knelt by the headstone. She reached into the shopping bag and gave Williams a trowel.

"Go to the other end and dig a hole four inches deep with this spade," she said. "Drop one of the dimes into it and cover it up." Williams did as she said. The earth came up with no effort at all. The grave had clearly been dug into and churned so often that the soil was as loose as sand in a sandbox.

I stood a few yards back and watched. Minerva and Williams were like two people kneeling at the opposite ends of a picnic blanket. They faced each other over the bones of Dr. Buzzard.

"Now's the time for doin' good," said Minerva. "First we gotta get that boy to ease off a little. Tell me somethin' about him."

"He tried to kill me," said Williams.

"I know that. Tell me something before that."

"Well." Williams cleared his throat. "Danny was always getting into fights. He got mad at his landlord once and threw a chair through the man's window. Then he went outside and tore up his car with a brick. Another time, he got angry at an exterminator who'd been hired to spray his apartment, so he punched him in the eye, banged his head on the pavement and then later, after the man had sworn out a police warrant against him, took a baseball bat and chased him around Madison Square, screaming that he was going to kill him. He bragged to me once that he'd fired five shots from a pistol at some guy on a motorcycle because the guy was trying to date the same barmaid Danny was seeing at the time. One bullet hit the guy in the foot. His mother had to get police protection from him. She took out a peace warrant against him, which meant if he came within fifty feet of her he'd be arrested."

Minerva wrapped her arms around herself and shivered. "It ain't doin' no good," she said. "That boy is still workin' hard against you." She thought for a moment. "Tell me somethin' good he done."

"I can't think of anything," said Williams.

"All he ever done was bad things? What made him happy?"

"His Camaro," said Williams. "He loved that Camaro. He used to zoom around in it and see how many wheels he could get off the ground at once. If he turned a corner real fast, he could usually get two wheels in the air. When he drove out to Tybee, he liked to shoot up over that bump in the road leading onto the Lazaretto Creek Bridge, because if he hit it just right he could get all four wheels off the ground at the same time. He loved doing that. He wouldn't let anybody touch that car. It was his pride and joy. He painted it with a spray can, flat black, just the way he wanted it. He'd spend hours fixing it and cleaning it and painting those racing stripes on it. And he was very good at that, painting those stripes and the little curlicues. He was very creative. That's something most people didn't understand about Danny. He was an artist. He flunked every subject in school but art. He always got an A in art. Of course, his talent wasn't

developed. He didn't have the patience. I have a couple of his paintings. They're full of fantasy and they're wild, but you can see he had talent. I used to tell him, 'Danny, do something with this. You're good at it.' But he could never apply himself to anything. He never got past the eighth grade, but he was quickwitted and bright. One time I paid him to dismantle two crystal chandeliers at Mercer House and clean them. When he was just about finished reassembling them, I noticed he'd attached all the little prisms backwards. There were hundreds of them. I explained that each of the prisms was like a diamond ring and that the flat surface had to face out and the pointed surface had to face inward, otherwise it wouldn't sparkle. I told him he'd have to take them all off and put them back on the right way. I said I'd pay him for the extra time it took. Well, he looked at that chandelier. He looked at it real long like it was a rattlesnake. Then he climbed down from the ladder and said, 'The hell with it. I'm outta here. I ain't servin' no prism sentence!' I laughed at his pun. I thought it was delightful. He turned around and stormed out of the house, but I could see the corner of his mouth was turned up in a little grin. It pleased him that I'd laughed at his joke."

Minerva smiled. "I felt him backin' off a little," she said.

"What do you mean?" asked Williams.

"I felt it just as you was sayin' those things about him. I felt that boy ease up some."

"Why do you suppose that happened?" Williams asked.

"He heard you say you loved him," Minerva said.

"What?! But that's ... he tried to kill me!"

Текст 5

<https://gutenberg.ca/ebooks/maughamws-ashenden/maughamws-ashenden-00-h.html>

W. Somerset Maugham «Ashenden or the British Agent» (1928, Ch. 1)

It was not till the beginning of September that Ashenden, a writer by profession, who had been abroad at the outbreak of the war, managed to get back to England. He chanced soon after his arrival to go to a party and was there introduced to a middle-aged Colonel whose name he did not catch. He had some talk with him. As he was about to leave this officer came up to him and asked:

"I say, I wonder if you'd mind coming to see me. I'd rather like to have a chat with you."

"Certainly," said Ashenden. "Whenever you like."

"What about to-morrow at eleven?"

"All right."

"I'll just write down my address. Have you a card on you?"

Ashenden gave him one and on this the Colonel scribbled in pencil the name of a street and the number of a house. When Ashenden walked along next morning to keep his appointment he found himself in a street of rather vulgar red-brick houses in a part of London that had once been fashionable, but was now fallen in the esteem of the house-hunter who wanted a good address. On the house at which Ashenden had been asked to call there was a board up to announce that it was for sale, the shutters were closed and there was no sign that anyone lived in it. He rang the bell and the door was opened by a non-commissioned officer so promptly that he was startled. He was not asked his business, but led immediately into a long room at the back, once evidently

a dining-room, the florid decoration of which looked oddly out of keeping with the office furniture, shabby and sparse, that was in it. It gave Ashenden the impression of a room in which the brokers had taken possession. The Colonel, who was known in the Intelligence Department, as Ashenden later discovered, by the letter R., rose when he came in and shook hands with him. He was a man somewhat above the middle height, lean, with a yellow, deeply-lined face, thin grey hair and a toothbrush moustache. The thing immediately noticeable about him was the closeness with which his blue eyes were set. He only just escaped a squint. They were hard and cruel eyes, and very wary; and they gave him a cunning, shifty look. Here was a man that you could neither like nor trust at first sight. His manner was pleasant and cordial. He asked Ashenden a good many questions and then, without further to-do, suggested that he had particular qualifications for the secret service. Ashenden was acquainted with several European languages and his profession was excellent cover; on the pretext that he was writing a book he could without attracting attention visit any neutral country. It was while they were discussing this point that R. said:

"You know you ought to get material that would be very useful to you in your work."

"I shouldn't mind that," said Ashenden.

"I'll tell you an incident that occurred only the other day and I can vouch for its truth. I thought at the time it would make a damned good story. One of the French ministers went down to Nice to recover from a cold and he had some very important documents with him that he kept in a dispatch-case. They were very important indeed. Well, a day or two after he arrived he picked up a yellow-haired lady at some restaurant or other where there was dancing, and he got very friendly with her. To cut a long story short, he took her back to his hotel—of course it was a very imprudent thing to do—and when he came to himself in the morning the lady and the dispatch-case had disappeared. They had one or two drinks up in his room and his theory is that when his back was turned the woman slipped a drug into his glass."

R. finished and looked at Ashenden with a gleam in his close-set eyes.

"Dramatic, isn't it?" he asked.

ТЕКСТ 6

<https://gutenberg.ca/ebooks/maughamws-booksandyou/maughamws-booksandyou-00-h.html>

W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM BOOKS AND YOU 1940 (Ch.1)

One isn't always as careful of what one says as one should be. When I stated in a book of mine called *The Summing Up* that young people often came to me for advice on the books they would do well to read, I did not reckon with the consequences. I received a multitude of letters from all manner of persons, asking me what the advice was that I gave. I answered them as best I could, but it is not possible to deal fully with such a matter in a private letter; and as many people seem to desire such guidance as I can offer, it has occurred to me that they might like to have a brief account of what suggestions I have to make from my own experience for pleasant and profitable reading. The first thing I want to insist on is that reading should be enjoyable. Of course, there are many books that we all have to read, either to pass examinations or to acquire information, from which it is impossible to extract enjoyment. We are reading them for instruction, and the best we can hope is that our need for it will enable us to get through them without tedium. Such books we read with resignation rather than with alacrity. But that is not the sort of reading I have in mind. The books I shall mention in due course will help you neither to

get a degree nor to earn your living, they will not teach you to sail a boat or get a stalled motor to run, but they will help you to live more fully. That, however, they cannot do unless you enjoy reading them. The "you" I address is the adult whose avocations give him a certain leisure and who would like to read the books which cannot without loss be left unread. I do not address the bookworm. He can find his own way. His curiosity leads him along many unfrequented paths and he gathers delight in the discovery of half-forgotten excellence. I wish to deal only with the masterpieces which the consensus of opinion for a long time has accepted as supreme. We are all supposed to have read them; it is a pity that so few of us have. But there are masterpieces which are acknowledged to be such by all the best critics and to which the historians of literature devote considerable space, yet which no ordinary person can now read with enjoyment. They are important to the student, but changing times and changing tastes have robbed them of their savour and it is hard to read them now without an effort of will. Let me give one instance: I have read George Eliot's *Adam Bede*, but I cannot put my hand on my heart and say that it was with pleasure. I read it from a sense of duty: I finished it with a sigh of relief.

Now of such books as this I mean to say nothing. Every man is his own best critic. Whatever the learned say about a book, however unanimous they are in their praise of it, unless it interests you it is no business of yours. Don't forget that critics often make mistakes, the history of criticism is full of the blunders the most eminent of them have made, and you who read are the final judge of the value to you of the book you are reading. This, of course, applies to the books I am going to recommend to your attention. We are none of us exactly like everyone else, only rather like, and it would be unreasonable to suppose that the books that have meant a great deal to me should be precisely those that will mean a great deal to you. But they are books that I feel the richer for having read, and I think I should not be quite the man I am if I had not read them. And so I beg of you, if any of you who read these pages are tempted to read the books I suggest and cannot get on with them, just put them down; they will be of no service to you if you do not enjoy them. No one is under an obligation to read poetry or fiction or the miscellaneous literature which is classed as *belles-lettres*. (I wish I knew the English term for this, but I don't think there is one.) He must read them for pleasure, and who can claim that what pleases one man must necessarily please another? But let no one think that pleasure is immoral. Pleasure in itself is a great good, all pleasure, but its consequences may be such that the sensible person eschews certain varieties of it. Nor need pleasure be gross and sensual. They are wise in their generation who have discovered that intellectual pleasure is the most satisfying and the most enduring. It is well to acquire the habit of reading. There are few sports in which you can engage to your own satisfaction after you have passed the prime of life; there are no games except patience, chess problems and crossword puzzles that you can play without someone to play them with you. Reading suffers from no such disadvantages; there is no occupation—except perhaps needlework, but that leaves the restless spirit at liberty—which you can more easily take up at any moment, for any period, and more easily put aside when other calls press upon you; there is no other amusement that can be obtained in these happy days of public libraries and cheap editions at so small a cost. To acquire the habit of reading is to construct for yourself a refuge from almost all the miseries of life. Almost all, I say, for I would not go so far as to pretend that to read a book will assuage the pangs of hunger or still the pain of unrequited love; but half a dozen good detective stories and a hot-water bottle will enable anyone to snap his fingers at the worst cold in the head. But who is going to acquire the habit of reading for reading's sake, if he is bidden to read books that bore him?

<https://www.gutenberg.org/cache/epub/66671/pg66671-images.html>

Belloc H. Mr. Clutterbuck's Election (1908, Ch.1)

TOWARDS the end of the late Queen Victoria's reign there resided in the suburban town of Croydon a gentleman of the name of Clutterbuck, who, upon a modest capital inherited from his father, contrived by various negotiations at his office in the City of London to gain an income of now some seven hundred, now more nearly a thousand, pounds in the year. It will be remembered that a war of unprecedented dimensions was raging, at the time of which I speak, in the sub-continent of South Africa. The President of the South African Republic, thinking the moment propitious for a conquest of our dominions, had invaded our territory after an ultimatum of incredible insolence, and, as though it were not sufficient that we should grapple foe to foe upon equal terms, the whole weight of the Orange Free State was thrown into the scale against us. The struggle against the combined armies which had united to destroy this country was long and arduous, and had we been compelled to rely upon our regular forces alone things might have gone ill. As it was, the enthusiasm of Colonial manhood and the genius of the generals prevailed. The names of Kitchener, Methuen, Baden-Powell, and Rhodes will ever remain associated with that of the Commander-in-Chief himself, Lord Roberts, who in less than three years from the decisive victory of Paardeburg imposed peace upon the enemy. Their territories were annexed in a series of thirty-seven proclamations, and form to-day the brightest jewel in the Imperial crown. These facts—which must be familiar to many of my readers—I only recall in order to show what influence they had in the surprising revolutions of fortune which enabled Mr. Clutterbuck to pass from ease to affluence, and launched him upon public life. The business which Mr. Clutterbuck had inherited from his father was a small agency chiefly concerned with the Baltic trade. This business had declined; for Mr. Clutterbuck's father had failed to follow the rapid concentration of commercial effort which is the mark of our time. But Mr. Clutterbuck had inherited, besides the business, a sum of close upon ten thousand pounds in various securities: it was upon the manipulation of this that he principally depended, and though he maintained the sign of the old agency at the office, it was the cautious buying and selling of stocks which he carefully watched, various opportunities of promotion in a small way, commissions, and occasional speculations in kind, that procured his constant though somewhat irregular income. To these sources he would sometimes add private advances or covering mortgages upon the stock of personal friends. It was a venture of the latter sort which began the transformation of his life. The last negotiations of the war were not yet wholly completed, nor had the coronation of his present Majesty taken place when, in the early summer of 1902, a neighbour of the name of Boyle called one evening at Mr. Clutterbuck's house.

Mr. Boyle, a man of Mr. Clutterbuck's own age, close upon fifty, and himself a bachelor, had long enjoyed the acquaintance both of Mr. Clutterbuck and of his wife. Some years ago, indeed, when Mr. Boyle resided at the Elms, the acquaintance had almost ripened into friendship, but Mr. Boyle's ill-health, not unconnected with financial worries, and later his change of residence to John Bright Gardens had somewhat estranged the two households. It was therefore with a certain solemnity that Mr. Boyle was received into the neat sitting-room where the Clutterbucks were accustomed to pass the time between tea and the hour of their retirement. They were shocked to see how aged Mr. Boyle appeared: he formed, as he sat there opposite

them, the most complete contrast with the man whose counsel and support he had come to seek. For Mr. Clutterbuck was somewhat stout in figure, of a roundish face with a thick and short moustache making a crescent upon it. He was bald as to the top of his head, and brushed across it a large thin fan of his still dark hair. His forehead was high, since he was bald; his complexion healthy. But Mr. Boyle, clean-shaven, with deep-set, restless grey eyes, and a forehead ornamented with corners, seemed almost foreign; so hard were the lines of his face and so abundant his curly and crisp grey hair. His gestures also were nervous. He clasped and unclasped his hands, and as he delivered—at long intervals—his first common-place remarks, his eyes darted from one object to another, but never met his host's: he was very ill. His evident hesitation instructed Mrs. Clutterbuck that he had come upon some important matter; she therefore gathered up the yellow satin centre, upon the embroidery of which she had been engaged, and delicately left the room. When she had noiselessly shut the door behind her, Mr. Boyle, looking earnestly at the fire, said abruptly: "What I have come about to-night, Mr. Clutterbuck, is a business proposition." Having said this, he extended the fore and middle fingers of his right hand in the gesture of an episcopal benediction, and tapped them twice upon the palm of his left; which done, he repeated his phrase: "A business proposition"; cleared his throat and said no more.

ТЕКСТ 8.

Berendt J. *Midnight in the Garden of Good and Evil* (1999, Ch.25)

Mrs. Strong's own daughter, Dutton, was an angel-faced beauty with long red hair and not the slightest inclination to be a princess or a ballerina, both of which Mrs. Strong had set her heart on. Dutton obediently started ballet lessons at the age of four, and soon she was dancing with her mother's ballet company. Dutton's debutante party was the only one ever held at the Telfair museum; Vera Strong hired Peter Duchin and his orchestra and commissioned a twelve-foot ice sculpture of the Eiffel Tower to highlight the "April in Paris" theme of the party. It was not until Dutton went away to school that a streak of independence began to assert itself. She skipped classes, stopped dancing, and finally dropped out of school. She came back home to Savannah, where she spent a year aimlessly hanging around the house and doing battle with her mother. "I never wanted to be a ballerina!" Dutton would bellow. "You're the one who wanted to be a ballerina!" But Mrs. Strong would have none of it. "That's nonsense! You loved dancing, or you never would have been so good at it!" After one especially energetic quarrel, Dutton stormed out of the house and moved into an apartment with an older woman who had been her mother's poodle breeder. Dutton cut her long hair short, took to wearing jeans instead of skirts, put on weight, and stopped wearing lipstick. Then one afternoon she came to see her mother to announce that she had at long last decided on a career. She would go to the police academy and become a Savannah cop. Vera Strong took the news with uncharacteristic calm. "If that's what you really want," she said, "I pray it turns out to be everything you're hoping for." Mrs. Strong attended her daughter's graduation at the police academy with a pasted-on smile. She wore the same smile at Christmas dinner when her daughter, the former ballerina-debutante, arrived wearing a navy-blue polyester pants suit with a .38 revolver on one hip and a Mace can and handcuffs on the other. Refusing to admit defeat, Vera Strong decided to view her daughter's choice of profession as a selfless gesture of civic-mindedness rather than a betrayal of the family

heritage. In the spring, she called the Oglethorpe Club to reserve a table for Easter dinner, making a point of telling the club manager that Dutton would be going on duty immediately afterward and would therefore be in uniform. Sensing a crisis of protocol, the manager demurred and said he would have to confer with the board. Ten minutes later he called back with profound apologies: The no-trousers rule for women had never been lifted before and the board dared not do it now. Mrs. Strong forthwith denounced the manager, the board, and the Oglethorpe Club as only she could do. She then slammed down the telephone and booked a table at the more amenable but less exclusive Chatham Club. The Savannah Morning News proved to be more tractable than the Oglethorpe Club. Stung by Mrs. Strong's vituperative letter, the paper reinstated its society gossip column. Understandably, the column never made reference to the red-headed ballerina and her astonishing leap from Coppélia to cop, or to the continuing anguish that it caused her mother.

Текст 9.

THREE MEN IN A BOAT, J.K. Jerome (extract)

We got out at Sonning, and went for a walk round the village. It is the most fairy-like little nook on the whole river. It is more like a stage village than one built of bricks and mortar. Every house is smothered in roses, and now, in early June, they were bursting forth in clouds of dainty splendour. If you stop at Sonning, put up at the "Bull," behind the church. It is a veritable picture of an old country inn, with green, square courtyard in front, where, on seats beneath the trees, the old men group of an evening to drink their ale and gossip over village politics; with low, quaint rooms and latticed windows, and awkward stairs and winding passages.

We roamed about sweet Sonning for an hour or so, and then, it being too late to push on past Reading, we decided to go back to one of the Shiplake islands, and put up there for the night. It was still early when we got settled, and George said that, as we had plenty of time, it would be a splendid opportunity to try a good, slap-up supper. He said he would show us what could be done up the river in the way of cooking, and suggested that, with the vegetables and the remains of the cold beef and general odds and ends, we should make an Irish stew.

It seemed a fascinating idea. George gathered wood and made a fire, and Harris and I started to peel the potatoes. I should never have thought that peeling potatoes was such an undertaking. The job turned out to be the biggest thing of its kind that I had ever been in. We began cheerfully, one might almost say skittishly, but our light-heartedness was gone by the time the first potato was finished. The more we peeled, the more peel there seemed to be left on; by the time we had got all the peel off and all the eyes out, there was no potato left - at least none worth speaking of. George came and had a look at it - it was about the size of a pea-nut. He said: - Oh, that won't do! You're wasting them. You must scrape them.

TO SIR, WITH LOVE by E.R.Braithwaite (extract)

Each Friday morning the whole school spent the pre-recess pe-riod in writing their Weekly Review. This was one of the old Man's pet schemes: and one about which he would brook no interference. Each child would review the events of his school week in his own words, in his own way; he was free to comment, to criticise, to agree or disagree, with any person, subject or method, as long as it was in some way associated with the school. No one and nothing was sacred, from the Headmaster down, and the child, moreover, was safe from any form of reprisal.

"Look at it this way," Mr. Florian said. "It is of advantage to both pupils and teacher. If a child wants to write about something which matters to him, he will take some pains to set it down as carefully and with as much detail as possible; that must in some way improve his written English in terms of spelling, construction and style. Week by week we are able, through his review, to follow and observe his progress in such things. As for the teachers, we soon get a pretty good idea what the children think of us and whether or not we are getting close to them... You will discover that these children are reasonably fair, even when they comment on us. If we are careless about our clothing, manners or person they will soon notice it, and it would be pointless to be angry with them for pointing such things out. Finally, from the reviews, the sensible teacher will observe the trend of individual and collective interests and plan his work accordingly."

On the first Friday of my association with the class I was anxious to discover what sort of figure I cut in front of them, and what kind of comment they would make about me. I read through some of the reviews at lunch-time, and must admit to a mixture of relief and disappointment at discovering that, apart from mentioning that they had a new "blackie" teacher, very little attention was given to me ... It occurred to me that they probably imagined I would be as transient as my many predecessors, and therefore saw no point in wasting either time or effort in writing about me. But if I had made so little impression on them, it must be my own fault, I decided. It was up to me to find some way to get through to them.

Thereafter I tried very hard to be a successful teacher with my class, but somehow, as day followed day in painful procession, I realized that I was not making the grade. I bought and read books on the psychology of teaching in an effort to discover some way of providing the children with the sort of intellectual challenge to which they would respond, but the suggested methods somehow did not meet my particular need, and just did not work. It was as if I were trying to reach the children through a thick pane of glass, so remote and uninterested they seemed.

Текст 11.

THE ORPHANED SWIMMING POOL by John Updike (extract)

Marriages, like chemical unions, release upon dissolution packets of the energy locked up in their bonding. There is the piano no one wants, the cocker spaniel no one can take care of. Shelves of books suddenly stand revealed as burdensomely dated and unlikely to be reread; indeed, it is difficult to remember who read them in the first place. And what of those old skis in the attic? Or the doll house waiting to be repaired in the basement? The piano goes out of tune, the dog goes mad. The summer that the Turners got their divorce, their swimming pool had neither a master nor a mistress, though the sun beat down day after day, and a state of drought was declared in Connecticut.

It was a young pool, only two years old, of the fragile type fashioned by laying a plastic liner within a carefully carved hole in the ground. The Turners' side yard looked infernal while it was being done; one bulldozer sank into the mud and had to be pulled free by another. But by midsummer the new grass was sprouting, the encircling flagstones were in place, the blue plastic tinted the water a heavenly blue, and it had to be admitted that the Turners had scored again. They were always a little in advance of their friends. He was a tall, hairy-backed man with long arms, and a nose flattened by football, and a sullen look of too much blood; she was a fine-boned blonde with dry blue eyes and lips usually held parted and crinkled as if about to ask a worrisome, or whimsical, question. They never seemed happier, nor their marriage healthier, than those two summers. They grew brown and supple and smooth with swimming. Ted would begin his day with a swim, before dressing to catch the train, and Linda would hold court all day amid crowds of wet matrons and children, and Ted would return from work to find a poolside cocktail party in progress, and the couple would end their day at midnight, when their friends had finally left, by swimming nude, before bed. What ecstasy! In darkness the water felt mild as milk and buoyant as helium, and the swimmers became giants, gliding from side to side in a single languorous stroke.

Текст 12.

THE LOTTERY by Shirley Jackson (extract)

The morning of June 27th was clear and sunny, with the fresh warmth of a full-summer day; the flowers were blossoming profusely and the grass was richly green. The people of the village began to gather in the square, between the post office and the bank, around ten o'clock; in some towns there were so many people that the lottery took two days and had to be started on June 2th. but in this village, where there were only about three hundred people, the whole lottery took less than two hours, so it could begin at ten o'clock in the morning and still be through in time to allow the villagers to get home for noon dinner.

The children assembled first, of course. School was recently over for the summer, and the feeling of liberty sat uneasily on most of them; they tended to gather together quietly for a while before they broke into boisterous play. and their talk was still of the classroom and the teacher, of books and reprimands. Bobby Martin had already stuffed his pockets full of stones, and the other boys soon followed his example, selecting the smoothest and roundest stones; Bobby and

Harry Jones and Dickie Delacroix-- the villagers pronounced this name "Dellacroy"--eventually made a great pile of stones in one corner of the square and guarded it against the raids of the other boys. The girls stood aside, talking among themselves, looking over their shoulders at the boys. and the very small children rolled in the dust or clung to the hands of their older brothers or sisters.

Soon the men began to gather. surveying their own children, speaking of planting and rain, tractors and taxes. They stood together, away from the pile of stones in the corner, and their jokes were quiet and they smiled rather than laughed. The women, wearing faded house dresses and sweaters, came shortly after their menfolk. They greeted one another and exchanged bits of gossip as they went to join their husbands. Soon the women, standing by their husbands, began to call to their children, and the children came reluctantly, having to be called four or five times. Bobby Martin ducked under his mother's grasping hand and ran, laughing, back to the pile of stones. His father spoke up sharply, and Bobby came quickly and took his place between his father and his oldest brother.

The lottery was conducted--as were the square dances, the teen club, the Halloween program--by Mr. Summers. who had time and energy to devote to civic activities. He was a round-faced, jovial man and he ran the coal business, and people were sorry for him. because he had no children and his wife was a scold. When he arrived in the square, carrying the black wooden box, there was a murmur of conversation among the villagers, and he waved and called. "Little late today, folks." The postmaster, Mr. Graves, followed him, carrying a three- legged stool, and the stool was put in the center of the square and Mr. Summers set the black box down on it. The villagers kept their distance, leaving a space between themselves and the stool. and when Mr. Summers said, "Some of you fellows want to give me a hand?" there was a hesitation before two men. Mr. Martin and his oldest son, Baxter. came forward to hold the box steady on the stool while Mr. Summers stirred up the papers inside it.

Текст 13.

TIME by H.E.Bates (extract)

Sitting on an iron seat fixed about the body of a great chestnut tree breaking into pink-flushed blossom, two old men gazed dumbly at the sunlit emptiness of a town square. The morning sun burned in a sky of marvellous blue serenity, making the drooping leaves of the tree most brilliant and the pale blossoms expand to fullest beauty. The eyes of the old men were also blue, but the brilliance of the summer sky made a mockery of the dim and somnolent light in them. Their thin white hair and drooping skin, their faltering lips and rusted clothes, the huddling bones of their bodies had come to winter. Their hands tottered, their lips were wet and dribbling, and they stared with a kind of earnest vacancy, seeing the world as a stillness of amber mist. They were perpetually silent, for the deafness of one made speech a ghastly effort of shouting and misinterpretation. With their worn sticks between their knees and their worn hands knotted over their sticks they sat as though time had ceased to exist for them. Nevertheless every movement across the square was an event. Their eyes missed nothing that came within sight. It was as if the passing of every vehicle held for them the possibility of catastrophe; the appearance of a strange face was a revolution; the apparitions of young ladies in

light summer dresses gliding on legs of shellpink silk had on them something of the effect of goddesses on the minds of young heroes. There were, sometimes, subtle changes of light in their eyes.

Across the square, they observed an approaching figure. They watched it with a new intensity, exchanging also, for the first time, a glance with one another. For the first time also they spoke. "Who is it?" said one.

"Duke, ain't it?"

"Looks like Duke," the other said. "But I can't see that far."

Leaning forward on their sticks, they watched the approach of this figure with intent expectancy. He, too, was old. Beside him, indeed, it was as if they were adolescent. He was patriarchal. He resembled a Biblical prophet, bearded and white and immemorial. He was timeless.

But though he looked like a patriarch he came across the square with the haste of a man in a walking race. He moved with a nimbleness and airiness that were miraculous. Seeing the old men on the seat he waved his stick with an amazing gaiety at them. It was like the brandishing of a youthful sword. Ten yards away he bellowed their names lustily in greeting.

Текст 14.

ANOTHER CASE OF INGRATITUDE by John Reed (extract)

Walking late down Fifth Avenue, I saw him ahead of me, on the dim stretch of sidewalk between two arc-lights. It was biting cold. Head sunk between hunched-up shoulders, hands in his pockets, he shuffled along, never lifting his feet from the ground. Even as I watched him, he turned, as if in a daze, and leaned against the wall of a building, where he made an angle out of the wind. At first I thought it was shelter he sought, but as I drew nearer I discerned the unnatural stiffness of his legs, the way his cheek pressed against the cold stone, and the glimmer of light that played on his sunken, closed eyes. The man was asleep!

Asleep—the bitter wind searching his flimsy clothes and the holes in his shapeless shoes; upright against the hard wall, with his legs rigid as an epileptic's. There was something bestial in such gluttony of sleep.

I shook him by the shoulder. He slowly opened an eye, cringing as though he were often disturbed by rougher hands than mine, and gazed at me with hardly a trace of intelligence.

"What's the matter—sick?" I asked.

Faintly and dully he mumbles something, and at the same time stepped out as if to move away. I asked him what he said, bending close to hear.

"No sleep for two nights," came the thick voice. "Nothing to eat for three days." He stood there obediently under the touch of my hand, swaying a little, staring vacantly at me with eyes that hung listlessly between opening and shutting.

"Well, come on," I said, "we'll go get something to eat and I'll fix you up with a bed." Docilely he followed me, stumbling along like a man in a dream, falling forward and then

balancing himself with a step. From time to time his thick lips gave utterance to husky, irrelevant words and phrases. "Got to sleep waking around," he said again and again. "They keep moving me on."

I took his arm and guided him into the white door of an all-night lunchroom. I sat him at a table, where he dropped into a dead sleep. I set before him roast beef, and mashed potatoes, and two ham sandwiches, and a cup of coffee, and bread and butter, and a big piece of pie. And then I woke him up. He looked up at me with a dawning meaning in his expression. The look of humble gratitude, love, devotion, was almost canine in its intensity. It sent a thrill of Christian brotherhood all through my veins. I sat back and watched him eat.

At first he went at it awkwardly, as if he had lost the habit. Mechanically he employed little tricks of table manners--perhaps his mother had taught them to him. He fumblingly changed knife and fork from right hand to left, and then put down his knife and took a dainty piece of bread in his left hand; removed the spoon from his coffee cup before he drank, and spread butter thinly and painstakingly on his bread. His motions were so somnambulistic that that I had a strange feeling of looking on a previous incarnation of the man.

ТЕКСТ 15.

LOVE by Jesse Stuart (extract)

Yesterday when the bright sun blazed down on the wilted corn my father and I walked around the edge of the new ground to plan a fence. The cows kept coming through the chestnut oaks on the cliff and running over the young corn. They bit off the tips of the corn and trampled down the stubble.

My father walked in the cornbalk. Bob, our Collie, walked in front of my father. We heard a ground squirrel whistle down over the bluff among the dead treetops at the clearing's edge. "Whoop, take him, Bob," said my father. He lifted up a young stalk of corn, with wilted dried roots, where the ground squirrel had dug it up for the sweet grain of corn left on its tender roots. This has been a dry spring and the corn has kept well in the earth where the grain has sprouted. The ground squirrels love this corn. They dig up rows of it and eat the sweet grains. The young corn stalks are killed and we have to replant the corn. I can see my father keep sicking Bob after the ground squirrel. He jumped over the corn rows. He started to run toward the ground squirrel. I, too, started running toward the clearing's edge where Bob was jumping and barking. The dust flew in tiny swirls behind our feet. There was a cloud of dust behind us. "It's a big bull blacksnake," said my father. "Kill him, Bob! Kill him, Bob!"

Bob was jumping and snapping at the snake so as to make it strike and throw itself off guard. Bob had killed twenty-eight copperheads this spring. He knows how to kill a snake. He doesn't rush to do it. He takes his time and does the job well. "Let's don't kill the snake," I said. "A blacksnake is a harmless snake. It kills poison snakes. It kills the copperhead. It catches more mice from the fields than a cat." I could see the snake didn't want to fight the dog. The snake wanted to get away. Bob wouldn't let it. I wondered why it was crawling toward a heap of black loamy earth at the bench of the

hill. I wondered why it had come from the chestnut oak sprouts and the matted greenbriars on the cliff. I looked as the snake lifted its pretty head in response to one of Bob's jumps. "It's not a bull blacksnake," I said. "It's a she-snake. Look at the white on her throat." "A snake is an enemy to me," my father snapped. "I hate a snake. Kill it, Bob. Go in there and get that snake and quit playing with it!"

Bob obeyed my father. I hated to see him take this snake by the throat. She was so beautifully poised in the sunlight. Bob grabbed the white patch on her throat. He cracked her long body like an ox whip in the wind. He cracked it against the wind only. The blood spurted from her fine-curved throat. Something hit against my legs like pellets. Bob threw the snake down. I looked to see what had struck my legs. It was snake eggs. Bob had slung them from her body. She was going to the sand heap to lay her eggs, where the sun is the setting-hen that warms them and hatches them.

Bob grabbed her body there on the earth where the red blood was running down on the gray-piled loam. Her body was still writhing in pain. She acted like a greenweed held over a new-ground fire. Bob slung her viciously many times. He cracked her limp body against the wind. She was now limber as a shoestring in the wind. Bob threw her riddled body back on the sand. She quivered like a leaf in the lazy wind, then her riddled body lay perfectly still. The blood colored the loamy earth around the snake.

ТЕКСТ 16.

THE PLEASURES OF SOLITUDE by John Cheever (extract)

One evening when Ellen Goodrich had just returned from the office to her room in Chelsea, she heard a light knock on her door. She knew no one in the city intimately; there was no one she could expect. She opened the door and found two small boys standing in the hallway. She supposed they were ten or eleven. Their clothing was thin and they were shaking with cold. "Florence Valle live here?" one of them asked. "I don't know anyone by that name," Ellen said. "Perhaps if you ask the landlady - she lives on the first floor." "We're looking for Florence Valle. She's his cousin," the second boy said, pointing to his friend. "he used to live here." "I'm very sorry," Ellen said, "but I don't know her." "Maybe she's moved," he said. "We walked all the way over here..." Ellen very seldom felt that she could afford pity and sympathy for other people, but the boys looked frightened and cold, and her desire to help them was stronger than her reserve. She noticed them staring beyond her to a dish of candy in the room. When she invited them to have a piece, they refused with a shy and elaborate politeness that made her want to take them in her arms. She suggested that they each take a piece of candy home and went into the room for the dish. They followed her. "You got a nice place here, Miss." "Yuh, you got a nice place here."

Their faces were thin and solemn and their voices were hoarse. "Haven't you any overcoats, you boys?" she asked. "Are you going around in the cold dressed like that?" "We ain't got any overcoats, Miss." "I should think you'd take cold, walking around like that." "We ain't got any overcoats."

They told her their names and ages when she asked for them, and said that they lived on the lower East Side. She had walked through the slums herself and she could imagine the squalor and neglect in which they must live. While she was talking with them she realized that it was the first time in more than a year that she had allowed anyone other than the landlady to come into her room. Having the boys there pleased her and she kept asking them questions until she caught the tone of her own excited voice. She stopped abruptly. "I guess you had better go now," she said. "I have some things to do." They thanked her for the candy and backed out of the room. Altogether, the encounter left her feeling generous and happy.

Ellen was not a generous person. She lived in a Chelsea rooming house in order to bank as much of her salary as possible toward purchasing an annuity. It had always been difficult for her to find friends. During the ten years she had lived in New York she had suffered a great deal from loneliness, but this suffering was forgotten now because of the care with which she arranged her solitude. She could be unmerciful with herself and others. Her mother had once written asking if she would help her younger brother with a loan. "I think it will be better," Ellen replied, "if Harold experiences a little hardship. It is only in knowing hardship that he can understand the value of money. I don't pretend to be poor, but the little I have in the bank was put at a great sacrifice and I have no intention of lending it to Harold when we all know that he could have done as well himself if he tried. I think he owes it to you to do more than I have done, for, after all, you and Father spent more on his education than you spent on mine." She was twenty-eight at the time.

Текст 17.

THE ROMANCE OF A BUSY BROKER by O. Henry (extract)

Pitcher, confidential clerk in the office of Harvey Maxwell, broker, allowed a look of mild interest and surprise to visit his usually expressionless countenance when his employer briskly entered at half past nine in company with his young lady stenographer. With a snappy "Good-morning, Pitcher," Maxwell dashed at his desk as though he were intending to leap over it, and then plunged into the great heap of letters and telegrams waiting there for him.

The young lady had been Maxwell's stenographer for a year. She was beautiful in a way that was decidedly unstenographic. She forewent the pomp of the alluring pompadour. She wore no chains, bracelets or lockets. She had not the air of being about to accept an invitation to luncheon. Her dress was grey and plain, but it fitted her figure with fidelity and discretion. In her neat black turban hat was the gold-green wing of a macaw. On this morning she was softly and shyly radiant. Her eyes were dreamily bright, her cheeks genuine peachblow, her expression a happy one, tinged with reminiscence.

Pitcher, still mildly curious, noticed a difference in her ways this morning. Instead of going straight into the adjoining room, where her desk was, she lingered, slightly irresolute, in the outer

office. Once she moved over by Maxwell's desk, near enough for him to be aware of her presence.

The machine sitting at that desk was no longer a man; it was a busy New York broker, moved by buzzing wheels and uncoiling springs.

"Well--what is it? Anything?" asked Maxwell sharply. His opened mail lay like a bank of stage snow on his crowded desk. His keen grey eye, impersonal and brusque, flashed upon her half impatiently.

"Nothing," answered the stenographer, moving away with a little smile.

"Mr. Pitcher," she said to the confidential clerk, did Mr. Maxwell say anything yesterday about engaging another stenographer?"

"He did," answered Pitcher. "He told me to get another one. I notified the agency yesterday afternoon to send over a few samples this morning. It's 9.45 o'clock, and not a single picture hat or piece of pineapple chewing gum has showed up yet."

"I will do the work as usual, then," said the young lady, "until some one comes to fill the place." And she went to her desk at once and hung the black turban hat with the gold-green macaw wing in its accustomed place.

Контролируемые компетенции: ПК-1, ПК-8, ПК-9

- Промежуточная аттестация –

- Give the written translation of the extract:

Текст 1. A LONG WALK HOME by Jason Bocarro

I grew up in the south of Spain in a little community called Estepona. I was 16 when one morning, my father told me I could drive him into a remote village called Mijas, about 18 miles away, on the condition that I take the car in to be serviced at a nearby garage. Having just learned to drive and hardly ever having the opportunity to use the car, I readily accepted. I drove Dad into Mijas and promised to pick him up at 4 p.m., then drove to a nearby garage and dropped off the car. Because I had a few hours to spare, I decided to catch a couple of movies at a theater near the garage. However, I became so immersed in the films that I completely lost track of time. When the last movie had finished, I looked down at my watch. It was six o'clock. I was two hours late! I knew Dad would be angry if he found out I'd been watching movies. He'd never let me drive again. I decided to tell him that the car needed some repairs and that they had taken longer than had been expected. I drove up to the place where we had planned to meet and saw Dad waiting patiently on the corner. I apologized for being late and told him that I'd come as quickly as I could, but the car had needed some major repairs. I'll never forget the look he gave me. "I'm disappointed that you feel you have to lie to me, Jason." "What do you mean? I'm telling the truth."

Dad looked at me again. "When you did not show up, I called the garage to ask if there were any problems, and they told me that you had not yet picked up the car. So you see, I know there were no problems with the car." A rush of guilt ran through me as I feebly confessed to my trip to the movie theater and the real reason for my tardiness. Dad listened intently as a sadness passed through him.

"I'm angry, not with you but with myself. You see, I realize that I have failed as a father if after all these years you feel that you have to lie to me. I have failed because I have brought up a son who cannot even tell the truth to his own father. I'm going to walk home now and contemplate where I have gone wrong all these years."

"But Dad, it's 18 miles to home. It's dark. You can't walk home."

My protests, fry apologies and the rest of my utterances were useless. I had let my father down, and I was about to learn one of the most painful lessons of my life. Dad began walking along the dusty roads. I quickly jumped in the car and followed behind, hoping he would relent. I pleaded all the way, telling him how sorry I was, but he simply ignored me, continuing on silently, thoughtfully and painfully. For 18 miles I drove behind him, averaging about five miles per hour. Seeing my father in so much physical and emotional pain was the most distressing and painful experience that I have ever faced. However, it was also the most successful lesson. I have never lied to him since.

Текст 2. J.R.R. Tolkien "The Hobbit"

Suddenly Bilbo understood. Forgetting all danger he stood on the ledge and hailed the dwarves, shouting and waving. Those that were nearest came tumbling over the rocks and as fast as they could along the ledge to him, wondering what on earth was the matter; the others shouted to be hauled up the ropes [...]

Quickly Bilbo explained. They all fell silent: the hobbit standing by the grey stone, and the dwarves with wagging beards watching impatiently. The sun sank lower and lower, and their hopes fell. It sank into a belt of reddened cloud and disappeared. The dwarves groaned, but still Bilbo stood almost without moving. The little moon was dipping to the horizon. Evening was coming on. Then suddenly when their hope was lowest a red ray of the sun escaped like a finger through a rent in the cloud. A gleam of light came straight through the opening into the bay and fell on the smooth rock-face. The old thrush, who had been watching from a high perch with beady eyes and head cocked on one side, gave a sudden trill. There was a loud crack. A flake of rock split from the wall and fell. A hole appeared suddenly about three feet from the ground.

Quickly, trembling lest the chance should fade, the dwarves rushed to the rock and pushed – in vain.

"The key! The key!" cried Bilbo. "Where is Thorin?"

Thorin hurried up.

"The key!" shouted Bilbo. "The key that went with the map! Try it now while there is still time!"

Then Thorin stepped up and drew the key on its chain from round his neck. He put it to the hole. It fitted and it turned! Snap! The gleam went out, the sun sank, the moon was gone, and evening sprang into the sky.

Now they all pushed together, and slowly a part of the rock-wall gave way. Long straight cracks appeared and widened. A door five feet high and three broad was outlined, and slowly without a sound swung inwards. It seemed as if darkness flowed out like a vapour from the hole in the mountain-side, and deep darkness in which nothing could be seen lay before their eyes, a yawning mouth leading in and down.

Текст 3. Pelham G. Wodehouse: "Do Thrillers Need Heroines?"

Whoever first got the idea that anyone wants a beastly girl messing about and getting in the way when the automatics are popping I am at a loss to imagine. Nobody has a greater respect than myself for girls in their proper place. Apart from anything else, woman seems to me to lose her queenly dignity when she is being shoved into cupboards with a bag over her head. And something of that sort will be happening to the heroine of a thriller. For, though beautiful, with large grey eyes and hair the colour of ripe corn, the heroine of the thriller is almost never a very intelligent girl. Indeed, it would scarcely be overstating it to say that her mentality is that of a cockroach – and not an ordinary cockroach, but one which has been dropped on its head as a baby. She may have escaped death a dozen times. She may know perfectly well that the notorious Blackbird Gang is after her to secure the papers. The police may have warned her on no account to stir outside her house. But when a messenger calls at half-past two in the morning with an unsigned note saying "Come at once", she just snatches at her hat and goes. The messenger is a one-eyed Chinaman with a pock-marked face and an evil grin, so she trusts him immediately and, having accompanied him to the closed car with steel shutters over the windows, bowls off in it to ruined cottage in the swamp. And when the hero, at great risk and inconvenience to himself, comes to rescue her, she will have nothing to do with him because she has been told by a mulatto with half a nose that it was he who murdered her brother Jim.

This girl must go. We readers demand it. We know that the publishers want a female in the story so that they can put her on the jacket with her hands clasped and a wild look of agony in her eyes, but nevertheless we stick to it that she must go. Better a jacket with only a masked man pushing a paper-knife into a millionaire in his library than this continued poisoning of fiction with imbeciles like Myrtle or Gladys or Elaine or whatever her name may be.

Текст 4. W. Irving: "Rip Van Winkle"

The following are the traveling notes from a memorandum-book of Mr. Knickerbocker:

"The Kaatsberg, or Catskill Mountains, have always been a region full of fable. The Indians considered them the abode of spirits, who influenced the weather, spreading sunshine or clouds over the landscape, and sending good or bad hunting seasons. They were ruled by an old squaw spirit, said to be their mother. She dwelt on the highest peak of the Catskills, and had charge of the doors of day and night, to open and shut them at the proper hour. She hung up the new

moons in the skies, and cut up the old ones into stars. In times of drought she would spin light summer clouds out of cobwebs and morning dew, and send them off from the crest of the mountain, flake after flake, to float in the air, until, dissolved by the heat of the sun, they would fall in gentle showers. If displeased, she would brew up clouds black as ink, sitting in the midst of them like a bottle-bellied spider in the midst of its web; and when these clouds broke, woe betide the valleys!

In old times there was a kind of Manitou or Spirit, who kept about the wildest recesses of the Catskill Mountains and took a mischievous pleasure in wreaking all kinds of evils upon the red men. The favorite abode of this Manitou is a great rock or cliff on the loneliest part of the mountains. Near the foot of it there is a small lake. This place was held in great awe by the Indians, insomuch that the boldest hunter who had lost his way penetrated to the Garden Rock, where he beheld a number of gourds. One of these he seized and made off with, but in the hurry of his retreat he let it fall among the rocks, when a great stream gushed forth, which washed him away and swept him down precipices, where he was dashed to pieces, and the stream made its way to the Hudson, and continues to flow to the present day, being the identical stream known by the name of the Kaaters-kill."

Текст 5. Ayn Rand: "We the Living"

It was St. Petersburg; the war made it Petrograd; the revolution made it Leningrad. It is a city of stone, and those living in it think not of stone brought upon a green earth and piled block on block to raise a city, but of one huge rock carved into streets, bridges, houses, and earth brought in handfuls, scattered, ground into the stone to remind them of that which lies beyond the city. Its trees are rare strangers, sickly foreigners in a climate of granite, forlorn and superfluous. Its parks are reluctant concessions. In spring a rare dandelion sticks a bright yellow head through the stones of its embankments, and men smile at it incredulously as at an impudent child. Its spring does not rise from the soil; its first violets, and very red tulips, and very blue hyacinths come in the hands of men, on street corners. Petrograd was not born; it was created. The will of a man raised it where men did not choose to settle.

In 1924, a man named Lenin died and the city was ordered to be called Leningrad. The revolution also brought posters to the city's walls, and red banners to its houses, and sunflower-seed shells to its cobblestones. It cut a proletarian poem into the pedestal of the statue of Alexander III, and put a red rag on a stick into the hands of Catherine II in a small garden off Nevsky. It called Nevsky "Prospect of October 25th", and Sadovaya, a cross street – "Street of July 3rd", in honor of dates it wanted remembered. In the early summer of 1925 the State Textile Trust put out new cotton prints. And women smiled in the streets, women wearing dresses made of new materials for the first time in many years. But there were only half-a-dozen patterns of prints in the city. Women in black and white checks passed women in black and white checks; women in red-dotted white met women in green-dotted white; women with spirals of blue on a grey dress met women with the same spirals of brown on a tan dress. They passed by like inmates of a huge orphanage, frowning, sullen, uncomfortable, losing all joy in their new garments.

Анализ переводческих ошибок

Задание:

1. Выполните перевод отрывка аутентичного художественного текста и сравните с предложенным вариантом перевода

2. Выделите свои переводческие ошибки, поясните их природу

Text 1. Three Men in a Boat by J.K. Jerome
There were four of us - George, and William Samuel Harris, and myself, and Montmorency. We were sitting in my room, smoking, and talking about how bad we were - bad from a medical point of view I mean, of course.

We were all feeling seedy, and we were getting quite nervous about it. Harris said he felt such extraordinary fits of giddiness come over him at times, that he hardly knew what he was doing; and then George said that HE had fits of giddiness too, and hardly knew what HE was doing. With me, it was my liver that was out of order.

I knew it was my liver that was out of order, because I had just been reading a patent liver-pill circular, in which were detailed the various symptoms by which a man could tell when his liver was out of order. I had them all.

It is a most extraordinary thing, but I never read a patent medicine advertisement without being impelled to the conclusion that I am suffering from the particular disease therein dealt with in its most virulent form. The diagnosis seems in every case to correspond exactly with all the sensations that I have ever felt.

I remember going to the British Museum one day to read up the treatment for some slight ailment of which I had a touch - hay fever, I fancy it was. I got down the book, and read all I came to read; and then, in an unthinking moment, I idly turned the leaves, and began to indolently study diseases, generally. I forget which was the first distemper I plunged into - some fearful, devastating scourge, I know - and, before I had glanced half down the list of

Нас было четверо: Джордж, Уильям Сэмюэль Гаррис, я и Монморанси. Мы сидели в моей комнате, курили и разговаривали о том, как плох каждый из нас, - плох, я, конечно, имею в виду, в медицинском смысле.

Все мы чувствовали себя неважно, и это нас очень тревожило. Гаррис сказал, что у него бывают страшные приступы головокружения, во время которых он просто ничего не соображает; и тогда Джордж сказал, что у него тоже бывают приступы головокружения и он тоже ничего не соображает. Что касается меня, то у меня была не в порядке печень.

Я знал, что у меня не в порядке именно печень, потому что на днях прочел рекламу патентованных пилюль от болезни печени, где перечислялись признаки, по которым человек может определить, что у него не в порядке печень. Все они были у меня налицо.

Странное дело: стоит мне прочесть объявление о каком-нибудь патентованном средстве, как я прихожу к выводу, что страдаю той самой болезнью, о которой идет речь, причем в наипаснейшей форме. Во всех случаях описываемые симптомы точно совпадают с моими ощущениями.

Как-то раз я зашел в библиотеку Британского музея, чтобы навести справку о средстве против пустячной болезни, которую я где-то подцепил, - кажется, сенной лихорадки. Я взял справочник и нашел там все, что мне было нужно; а потом, от нечего делать, начал перелистывать книгу, просматривать то, что там сказано о разных других болезнях. Я уже позабыл, в какой недуг я погрузился раньше всего, - знаю только, что это

Chapter 1

In my younger and more vulnerable years my father gave me some advice that I've been turning over in my mind ever since.

"Whenever you feel like criticizing any one," he told me, "just remember that all the people in this world haven't had the advantages that you've had."

He didn't say any more, but we've always been unusually communicative in a reserved way, and I understood that he meant a great deal more than that. In consequence, I'm inclined to reserve all judgments, a habit that has opened up many curious natures to me and also made me the victim of not a few veteran bores. The abnormal mind is quick to detect and attach itself to this quality when it appears in a normal person, and so it came about that in college I was unjustly accused of being a politician, because I was privy to the secret griefs of wild, unknown men. Most of the confidences were unsought—frequently I have feigned sleep, preoccupation, or a hostile levity when I realized by some unmistakable sign that an intimate revelation was quivering on the horizon; for the intimate revelations of young men, or at least the terms in which they express them, are usually plagiaristic and marred by obvious suppressions. Reserving judgments is a matter of infinite hope. I am still a little afraid of missing something if I forget that, as my father snobbishly suggested, and I snobbishly repeat, a sense of the fundamental decencies is parcelled out unequally at birth.

And, after boasting this way of my tolerance, I come to the admission that it has a limit. Conduct may be founded on the hard rock or the wet marshes, but after a certain point I don't care what it's founded on. When I came back from the East last autumn I felt that I wanted the world to be in

ГЛАВА I

В юношеские годы, когда человек особенно восприимчив, я как-то получил от отца совет, надолго запавший мне в память.

— Если тебе вдруг захочется осудить кого то, — сказал он, — вспомни, что не все люди на свете обладают теми преимуществами, которыми обладал ты.

К этому он ничего не добавил, но мы с ним всегда прекрасно понимали друг друга без лишних слов, и мне было ясно, что думал он гораздо больше, чем сказал. Вот откуда взялась у меня привычка к сдержанности в суждениях — привычка, которая часто служила мне ключом к самым сложным натурам и еще чаще делала меня жертвой матерых надоед. Нездоровый ум всегда сразу чувствует эту сдержанность, если она проявляется в обыкновенном, нормальном человеке, и спешит за нее уцепиться; еще в колледже меня незаслуженно обвиняли в политиканстве, потому что самые нелюдимые и замкнутые студенты поверяли мне свои тайные горе ста. Я вовсе не искал подобного доверия — сколько раз, заметив некоторые симптомы, предвещающие очередное интимное признание, я принимался сонно зевать, спешил уткнуться в книгу или напускал на себя задорно-легкомысленный тон; ведь интимные признания молодых людей, по крайней мере та словесная форма, в которую они облечены, представляют собой, как правило, плагиат и к тому же страдают явными недомолвками. Сдержанность в суждениях — залог неиссякаемой надежды. Я до сих пор опасаясь упустить что-то, если позабуду, что (как не без снобизм? говорил мой отец и не без снобизма повторяю за ним я) чутье к основным нравственным ценностям отпущено природой не всем в одинаковой мере.

А теперь, похвалившись своей терпимостью, я должен сознаться, что эта терпимость имеет пределы. Поведение человека может иметь под собой разную почву — твердый гранит или вязкую трясину; но в какой-то момент мне становится наплевать, какая там под ним почва. Когда я

uniform and at a sort of moral attention forever; I wanted no more riotous excursions with privileged glimpses into the human heart. Only Gatsby, the man who gives his name to this book, was exempt from my reaction—Gatsby, who represented everything for which I have an unaffected scorn. If personality is an unbroken series of successful gestures, then there was something gorgeous about him, some heightened sensitivity to the promises of life, as if he were related to one of those intricate machines that register earthquakes ten thousand miles away. This responsiveness had nothing to do with that flabby impressionability which is dignified under the name of the "creative temperament."—it was an extraordinary gift for hope, a romantic readiness such as I have never found in any other person and which it is not likely I shall ever find again. No—Gatsby turned out all right at the end; it is what preyed on Gatsby, what foul dust floated in the wake of his dreams that temporarily closed out my interest in the abortive sorrows and short-winded elations of men.

My family have been prominent, well-to-do people in this Middle Western city for three generations. The Carraways are something of a clan, and we have a tradition that we're descended from the Dukes of Buccleuch, but the actual founder of my line was my grandfather's brother, who came here in fifty-one, sent a substitute to the Civil War, and started the wholesale hardware business that my father carries on to-day.

I never saw this great-uncle, but I'm supposed to look like him—with special reference to the rather hard-boiled painting that hangs in father's office I graduated from New Haven in 1915, just a quarter of a century after my father, and a little later I participated in that delayed Teutonic migration known as the Great War. I enjoyed the counter-raid so thoroughly that I came back restless. Instead of being the warm centre of the world, the Middle West now seemed like the

прошлой осенью вернулся из Нью-Йорка, мне хотелось, чтобы весь мир был морально затянут в мундир и держался по стойке "смирно". Я больше не стремился к увлекательным вылазкам с привилегией заглядывать в человеческие души. Только для Гэтсби, человека, чьим именем названа эта книга, я делал исключение, — Гэтсби, казалось, воплощавшего собой все, что я искренне презирал и презираю. Если мерить личность ее умением себя проявлять, то в этом человеке было поистине нечто великолепное, какая-то повышенная чувствительность ко всем посулам жизни, словно он был частью одного из тех сложных приборов, которые регистрируют подземные толчки где-то за десятки тысяч миль. Эта способность к мгновенному отклику не имела ничего общего с дряблой впечатлительностью, пышно именуемой "артистическим темпераментом", — это был редкостный дар надежды, романтический запал, какого я ни в ком больше не встречал и, наверно, не встречу. Нет, Гэтсби себя оправдал под конец; не он, а то, что над ним тяготело, та ядовитая пыль, что вздымалась вокруг его мечты, — вот что заставило меня на время утратить всякий интерес к людским скоротечным печалям и радостям впопыхах.

Я принадлежу к почтенному зажиточному семейству, вот уже в третьем поколении играющему видную роль в жизни нашего среднезападного городка. Каррауэи — это целый клан, и, по семейному преданию, он ведет свою родословную от герцогов Бэклу, но родоначальником нашей ветви нужно считать брата моего дедушки, того, что приехал сюда в 1851 году, послал за себя наемника в Федеральную армию и открыл собственное дело по оптовой торговле скобяным товаром, которое ныне возглавляет мой отец.

Я никогда не видал этого своего предка, но считается, что я на него похож, чему будто бы служит доказательством довольно мрачный портрет, висящий у отца в конторе. Я окончил Йельский университет в 1915 году, ровно через четверть века после моего отца, а немного спустя я принял участие в Великой мировой войне — название, которое принято давать запоздалой миграции тевтонских племен. Контрнаступление настолько меня увлекло, что, вернувшись домой, я

ragged edge of the universe—so I decided to go East and learn the bond business. Everybody I knew was in the bond business, so I supposed it could support one more single man. All my aunts and uncles talked it over as if they were choosing a prep school for me, and finally said, "Why—ye—es," with very grave, hesitant faces. Father agreed to finance me for a year, and after various delays I came East, permanently, I thought, in the spring of twenty-two.

The practical thing was to find rooms in the city, but it was a warm season, and I had just left a country of wide lawns and friendly trees, so when a young man at the office suggested that we take a house together in a commuting town, it sounded like a great idea. He found the house, a weather-beaten cardboard bungalow at eighty a month, but at the last minute the firm ordered him to Washington, and I went out to the country alone. I had a dog—at least I had him for a few days until he ran away—and an old Dodge and a Finnish woman, who made my bed and cooked breakfast and muttered Finnish wisdom to herself over the electric stove.

It was lonely for a day or so until one morning some man, more recently arrived than I, stopped me on the road.

"How do you get to West Egg village?" he asked helplessly.

I told him. And as I walked on I was lonely no longer. I was a guide, a pathfinder, an original settler. He had casually conferred on me the freedom of the neighborhood.

And so with the sunshine and the great bursts of leaves growing on the trees, just as things grow in fast movies, I had that familiar conviction that life

никак не мог найти себе покоя. Средний Запад казался мне теперь не кипучим центром мироздания, а скорее обтрепанным подолом вселенной; и в конце концов я решил уехать на Восток и заняться изучением кредитного дела. Все мои знакомые служили по кредитной части; так неужели там не найдется места еще для одного человека? Был созван весь семейный синклит, словно речь шла о выборе для меня подходящего учебного заведения; тетушки и дядюшки долго совещались, озабоченно хмурия лбы, и наконец нерешительно выговорили: "Ну что-о ж..." Отец согласился в течение одного года оказывать мне финансовую поддержку, и вот, после долгих проволочек, весной 1922 года я приехал в Нью-Йорк, как мне в ту пору думалось — навсегда.

Благоразумней было бы найти квартиру в самом Нью-Йорке, но дело шло к лету, а я еще не успел отвыкнуть от широких зеленых газонов и ласковой тени деревьев, и потому, когда один молодой сослуживец предложил поселиться вместе с ним где-нибудь в пригороде, мне эта идея очень понравилась. Он подыскал и дом — крытую толем хибарку за восемьдесят долларов в месяц, но в последнюю минуту фирма откомандировала его в Вашингтон, и мне пришлось устраиваться самому. Я завел собаку, — правда, она сбежала через несколько дней, — купил старенький "додж" и нанял пожилую финку, которая по утрам убирала мою постель и готовила завтрак на электрической плите, бормоча себе под нос какие-то финские премудрости. Поначалу я чувствовал себя одиноким, но на третье или четвертое утро меня остановил близ вокзала какой-то человек, видимо только что сошедший с поезда.

— Не скажете ли, как попасть в Уэст-Эгг? — растерянно спросил он.

Я объяснил. И когда я зашагал дальше, чувства одиночества как не бывало. Я был старожилом, первопоселенцем, указывателем дорог. Эта встреча освободила меня от невольной скованности пришельца.

Солнце с каждым днем пригревало сильнее, почки распускались прямо на глазах, как в кино при замедленной съемке, и во мне уже крепла знакомая, приходившая каждое лето уверенность,

was beginning over again with the summer.

There was so much to read, for one thing, and so much fine health to be pulled down out of the young breath-giving air. I bought a dozen volumes on banking and credit and investment securities, and they stood on my shelf in red and gold like new money from the mint, promising to unfold the shining secrets that only Midas and Morgan and Maecenas knew. And I had the high intention of reading many other books besides. I was rather literary in college—one year I wrote a series of very solemn and obvious editorials for the "Yale News."—and now I was going to bring back all such things into my life and become again that most limited of all specialists, the "well-rounded man." This isn't just an epigram—life is much more successfully looked at from a single window, after all.

It was a matter of chance that I should have rented a house in one of the strangest communities in North America. It was on that slender riotous island which extends itself due east of New York—and where there are, among other natural curiosities, two unusual formations of land. Twenty miles from the city a pair of enormous eggs, identical in contour and separated only by a courtesy bay, jut out into the most domesticated body of salt water in the Western hemisphere, the great wet barnyard of Long Island Sound. they are not perfect ovals—like the egg in the Columbus story, they are both crushed flat at the contact end—but their physical resemblance must be a source of perpetual confusion to the gulls that fly overhead. to the wingless a more arresting phenomenon is their dissimilarity in every particular except shape and size.

I lived at West Egg, the—well, the less fashionable of the two, though this is a most superficial tag to express the bizarre and not a little sinister contrast between them. my house was at the very tip of the egg, only fifty yards

что жизнь начинается сызнова.

Так много можно было прочесть книг, так много впитать животворных сил из напоенного свежестью воздуха. Я накопил учебников по экономике капиталовложений, по банковскому и кредитному делу, и, выстроившись на книжной полке, отливая червонным золотом, точно монеты новой чеканки, они сулили раскрыть передо мной сверкающие тайны, известные лишь Мидасу, Моргану и Меценату. Но я не намерен был ограничить себя чтением только этих книг. В колледже у меня обнаружились литературные склонности — я как-то написал серию весьма глубокомысленных и убедительных передовиц для "Йельского вестника", — и теперь я намерен был снова взяться за перо и снова стать самым узким из всех узких специалистов — так называемым человеком широкого кругозора. Это не парадокс парадокса ради; ведь, в конце концов, жизнь видишь лучше всего, когда наблюдаешь ее из единственного окна.

Случаю угодно было сделать меня обитателем одного из самых своеобразных местечек Северной Америки. На длинном, прихотливой формы острове, протянувшемся к востоку от Нью-Йорка, есть среди прочих капризов природы два необычных почвенных образования. Милях в двадцати от города, на задворках пролива Лонг-Айленд, самого обжитого куска водного пространства во всем Западном полушарии, вдаются в воду два совершенно одинаковых мыса, разделенных лишь неширокой бухточкой. Каждый из них представляет собой почти правильный овал — только, подобно Колумбову яйцу, сплюснутый у основания; при этом они настолько повторяют друг друга очертаниями и размерами, что, вероятно, чайки, летая над ними, не перестают удивляться этому необыкновенному сходству. Что до бескрылых живых существ, то они могут наблюдать феномен еще более удивительный — полное различие во всем, кроме очертаний и размеров.

Я поселился в Уэст-Эгге, менее, — ну, скажем так: менее фешенебельном из двух поселков, хотя этот словесный ярлык далеко не выражает причудливого и даже несколько зловещего контраста, о котором идет речь. Мой домик стоял у

from the Sound, and squeezed between two huge places that rented for twelve or fifteen thousand a season. the one on my right was a colossal affair by any standard—it was a factual imitation of some Hotel de Ville in Normandy, with a tower on one side, spanking new under a thin beard of raw ivy, and a marble swimming pool, and more than forty acres of lawn and garden. it was Gatsby's mansion. Or, rather, as I didn't know Mr. Gatsby, it was a mansion inhabited by a gentleman of that name. My own house was an eyesore, but it was a small eyesore, and it had been overlooked, so I had a view of the water, a partial view of my neighbor's lawn, and the consoling proximity of millionaires—all for eighty dollars a month.

самой оконечности мыса, в полусотне ярдов от берега, затиснутый между двумя роскошными виллами, из тех, за которые платят по двенадцать — пятнадцать тысяч в сезон. Особенно великолепна была вилла справа — точная копия какого-нибудь Hotel de Ville в Нормандии, с угловой башней, где новенькая кладка просвечивала сквозь редкую еще завесу плюща, с мраморным бассейном для плавания и садом в сорок с лишним акров земли. Я знал, что это усадьба Гэтсби. Точней, что она принадлежит кому-то по фамилии Гэтсби, так как больше я о нем ничего не знал. Мой домик был тут бельмом на глазу, но бельмом аким крошечным, что его и не замечал никто, и потому я имел возможность, помимо вида на море, наслаждаться еще видом на кусочек чужого сада и приятным сознанием непосредственного соседства миллионеров — все за восемьдесят долларов в месяц.

Across the courtesy bay the white palaces of fashionable East Egg glittered along the water, and the history of the summer really begins on the evening I drove over there to have dinner with the Tom Buchanans. Daisy was my second cousin once removed, and I'd known Tom in college. And just after the war I spent two days with them in Chicago.

На другой стороне бухты сверкали над водой белые дворцы фешенебельного Ист-Эгга, и, в сущности говоря, история этого лета начинается с того вечера, когда я сел в свой "додж" и поехал на ту сторону, к Бьюкененам в гости. Дэйзи Бьюкенен приходилась мне троюродной сестрой, а Тома я знал еще по университету. И как-то, вскоре после войны, я два дня прогостил у них в Чикаго.

Вопросы к зачету:

1. Письменный перевод аутентичного текста, относящегося к одному из изученных жанров (размер: 1 печатная страница формата А4). Устный предпереводческий анализ текста, объяснить употребление всех переводческих преобразований (предназначено для сильных студентов).
2. Устный анализ параллельных текстов по основным переводческим параметрам. Выявление слабых и сильных сторон перевода (для слабых студентов). Контролируемые компетенции: ПК-1, ПК-8, ПК-9.

Образец текста для перевода.

W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM BOOKS AND YOU (Ch.1)

One isn't always as careful of what one says as one should be. When I stated in a book of mine called The Summing Up that young people often came to me for advice on the books they would do well to read, I did not reckon with the consequences. I received a multitude of letters from all manner of persons, asking me what the advice was that I gave. I answered them as best I

could, but it is not possible to deal fully with such a matter in a private letter; and as many people seem to desire such guidance as I can offer, it has occurred to me that they might like to have a brief account of what suggestions I have to make from my own experience for pleasant and profitable reading. The first thing I want to insist on is that reading should be enjoyable. Of course, there are many books that we all have to read, either to pass examinations or to acquire information, from which it is impossible to extract enjoyment. We are reading them for instruction, and the best we can hope is that our need for it will enable us to get through them without tedium. Such books we read with resignation rather than with alacrity. But that is not the sort of reading I have in mind. The books I shall mention in due course will help you neither to get a degree nor to earn your living, they will not teach you to sail a boat or get a stalled motor to run, but they will help you to live more fully. That, however, they cannot do unless you enjoy reading them. The "you" I address is the adult whose avocations give him a certain leisure and who would like to read the books which cannot without loss be left unread. I do not address the bookworm. He can find his own way. His curiosity leads him along many unfrequented paths and he gathers delight in the discovery of half-forgotten excellence. I wish to deal only with the masterpieces which the consensus of opinion for a long time has accepted as supreme. We are all supposed to have read them; it is a pity that so few of us have. But there are masterpieces which are acknowledged to be such by all the best critics and to which the historians of literature devote considerable space, yet which no ordinary person can now read with enjoyment. They are important to the student, but changing times and changing tastes have robbed them of their savour and it is hard to read them now without an effort of will. Let me give one instance: I have read George Eliot's Adam Bede, but I cannot put my hand on my heart and say that it was with pleasure. I read it from a sense of duty: I finished it with a sigh of relief. Now of such books as this I mean to say nothing. Every man is his own best critic. Whatever the learned say about a book, however unanimous they are in their praise of it, unless it interests you it is no business of yours. Don't forget that critics often make mistakes, the history of criticism is full of the blunders the most eminent of them have made, and you who read are the final judge of the value to you of the book you are reading. This, of course, applies to the books I am going to recommend to your attention. We are none of us exactly like everyone else, only rather like, and it would be unreasonable to suppose that the books that have meant a great deal to me should be precisely those that will mean a great deal to you. But they are books that I feel the richer for having read, and I think I should not be quite the man I am if I had not read them. And so I beg of you, if any of you who read these pages are tempted to read the books I suggest and cannot get on with them, just put them down; they will be of no service to you if you do not enjoy them.

Контролируемые компетенции: ПК-1, ПК-8, ПК-9

Оценка компетенций осуществляется в соответствии с таблицей 4.