МИНИСТЕРСТВО ОБРАЗОВАНИЯ И НАУКИ РЕСПУБЛИКИ КАЗАХСТАН

УНИВЕРСИТЕТ ИНОСТРАННЫХ ЯЗЫКОВ И ДЕЛОВОЙ КАРЬЕРЫ

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ПРАКТИКА ХУДОЖЕСТВЕННОГО ПЕРЕВОДА

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В настоящем пособии представлены тексты из художественных произведений на английском языке разных писателей и поэтов, а также дополнительные тексты для перевода.

Пособие может быть использовано как студентами, магистрантами, так и преподавателями при подготовке к практическим занятиям по художественному переводу.

ПРЕДИСЛОВИЕ

Художественный перевод является одним из сложных видов перевода, как по коммуникативной направленности, так и по содержанию.

Во время перевода художественных произведений переводчику приходится выступать в роли писателя и поэта, соавтора произведения. Перевод художественных текстов требует от переводчика определенных знаний, умений и навыков, которыми можно овладеть в процессе изучения теоретического и практического курсов художественного перевода.

Нужно отметить, что особую трудность для перевода представляют поэтические произведения, что обусловлено лексическими, грамматическими и стилистическими особенностями самих поэтических произведений, также пословицы и поговорки, устойчивые фразеологизмы. Трудности перевода таких текстов довольно часто непереводимы.

Учебное пособие рассчитано на 135 часов аудиторных занятий и 90 часов самостоятельной работы.

Пособие состоит из текстов на английском языке для перевода и заданий к ним.

Тексты подобраны из зарубежных и русских классических художественных произведений и пособий по переводу.

Объектом художественного перевода является художественная литература. Отличительной чертой художественного произведения является образно-эмоциональное воздействие на читателя, что достигается путем использования огромного количества разнообразных языковых средств: от эпитета (красочного определения) и метафоры (переносного значения) до ритмико-синтаксического построения фразы.

Произведения художественной литературы можно разделить на авторские и фольклорные: **прозаические**: романы, повести, рассказы, **поэтические:** песни, стихи, оды, басни, написанные писателями и поэтами, и **фольклорные**: сказки, баллады, песни, басни, стихи, пословицы и поговорки.

При переводе с иностранного языка на русский переводчик сталкивается с проблемой понимания текста и в меньшей степени с проблемой оформления текста на родном языке. При переводе с родного языка на иностранный переводчик в меньшей степени сталкивается с проблемой понимания текста на родном языке и в большей степени с проблемой его перевода на иностранный, таким образом, на переводчика художественных произведений ложится большая ответственность за передачу формы и содержания переводимого текста.

Настоящее пособие снабжено тренировочными текстами, которые дают возможность овладеть навыками письменного и устного перевода художественных текстов.

В зависимости от уровня подготовки обучаемых по усмотрению преподавателя, для развития навыков художественного перевода можно использовать любые другие тексты Казахстанских и зарубежных писателей и поэтов.

Цели и задачи дисциплины

Цель изучения дисциплины «Практика художественного перевода» Общекультурное обогащение будущих специалистов по художественному переводу и формирование у обучаемых необходимой для профессиональной деятельности переводческой, лингвистической и межкультурно - коммуникативной компетенций.

Основными задачами дисциплины «Практика художественного перевода» является специфика профессиональной деятельности переводчика художественной литературы.

- ознакомление с закономерностями построения художественного текста и его основными функциями;
- ознакомление с теоретическими основами художественного перевода;
- создание системного представления о закономерностях, способах, средствах и приемов преобразования языковых единиц в процессе художественного перевода;
- развитие практических навыков художественного перевода;
- овладение обучаемыми способа преодоления лексических, грамматических и стилистических трудностей возникающих в процессе художественного перевода;
- поэтапное формирование необходимых для переводческой компетенции умений и навыков;
- развитие способности к художественному переводу в межкультурном контексте с опорой на формируемые теоретические и практические знания и умения

В результате изучения дисциплины «Практика художественного перевода»

должен знать:

- роль художественного перевода в межкультурной коммуникации;
- социокультурную обусловленность художественного перевода;
- закономерности построения художественного текста и его основные функции;
- принципы, приемы и методы художественного перевода;
- различные виды переводческой стратегии;
- уровни межъязыкового перекодирования в художественном переводе;
- грамматические, лексические и стилистические аспекты художественного перевода;
- основные модели перевода, переводческие трансформации и способы их использования при анализе художественного перевода и его результатов.

должен уметь:

- следовать закономерностям процесса художественного перевода и переводческих соответствий в художественных текстах;
- определять общую стратегию перевода с учетом его цели и типа оригинала;
- выявлять культурный и стилистический коды, реализованные в тексте оригинала и перевода;
- анализировать языковые уровни построения текста оригинала и комплексной модели перевода;
- применять лексические грамматические и стилистические приемы в комплексной модели перевода;
- выявлять и корректировать несоответствия и ошибки в художественном переводе;
- осуществлять перевод художественных текстов с учетом их жанровой специфики и коммуникативно - прагматической цели;

Тема №1.

Tasks:

1. **Translate the text;**
2. **Think over the concepts of the text and try to connect them in Russian in the form of a coherent text.**
3. **Compare your text with those of other translators.**
4. **Comment upon the difference in translation principles.**
5. **Analyze the text. Discuss the results.**

Dostoyevsky "Crime and punishment"

CH. I

On an exceptionally hot evening early in July a young man came out of the garret in which he lodged in S. Place and walked slowly, as though in hesitation, towards K. bridge.

He had successfully avoided meeting his landlady on the staircase. His garret was under the roof of a high, five-storied house and was more like a cupboard than a room. The landlady who provided him with garret, dinners, and attendance, lived on the floor below, and every time he went out he was obliged to pass her kitchen, the door of which invariably stood open. And each time he passed, the young man had a sick, frightened feeling, which made him scowl and feel ashamed. He was hopelessly in debt to his landlady, and was afraid of meeting her.

This was not because he was cowardly and abject, quite the contrary; but for some time past he had been in an overstrained irritable condition, verging on hypochondria. He had become so completely absorbed in himself, and isolated from his fellows that he dreaded meeting, not only his landlady, but anyone at all. He was crushed by poverty, but the anxieties of his position had of late ceased to weigh upon him. He had given up attending to matters of practical importance; he had lost all desire to do so. Nothing that any landlady could do had a real terror for him. But to be stopped on the stairs, to be forced to listen to her trivial, irrelevant gossip, to pestering demands for payment, threats and complaints, and to rack his brains for excuses, to prevaricate, to lie--no, rather than that, he would creep down the stairs like a cat and slip out unseen.

This evening, however, on coming out into the street, he became acutely aware of his fears.

"I want to attempt a thing _like that_ and am frightened by these trifles," he thought, with an odd smile. "Hm... yes, all is in a man's hands and he lets it all slip from cowardice, that's an axiom. It would be interesting to know what it is men are most afraid of. Taking a new step, uttering a new word is what they fear most.... But I am talking too much. It's because I chatter that I do nothing. Or perhaps it is that I chatter because I do nothing. I've learned to chatter this last month, lying for days together in my den thinking... of Jack the Giant-killer. Why am I going there now? Am I capable of _that_? Is _that_ serious? It is not serious at all. It's simply a fantasy to amuse myself; a plaything! Yes, maybe it is a plaything."

The heat in the street was terrible: and the airlessness, the bustle and the plaster, scaffolding, bricks, and dust all about him, and that special Petersburg stench, so familiar to all who are unable to get out of town in summer--all worked painfully upon the young man's already overwrought nerves. The insufferable stench from the pot-houses, which are particularly numerous in that part of the town, and the drunken men whom he met continually, although it was a working day, completed the revolting misery of the picture. An expression of the profoundest disgust gleamed for a moment in the young man's refined face. He was, by the way, exceptionally handsome, above the average in height, slim, well-built, with beautiful dark eyes and dark brown hair. Soon he sank into deep thought, or more accurately speaking into a complete blankness of mind; he walked along not observing what was about him and not caring

to observe it. From time to time, he would mutter something, from the habit of talking to himself, to which he had just confessed. At these moments he would become conscious that his ideas were sometimes in a tangle and that he was very weak; for two days he had scarcely tasted food.

He was so badly dressed that even a man accustomed to shabbiness would have been ashamed to be seen in the street in such rags. In that quarter of the town, however, scarcely any shortcoming in dress would have created surprise. Owing to the proximity of the Hay Market, the number of establishments of bad character, the preponderance of the trading and working class population crowded in these streets and alleys in the heart of Petersburg, types so various were to be seen in the streets that no figure, however queer, would have caused surprise. But there was such accumulated bitterness and contempt in the young man's heart, that, in spite of all the fastidiousness of youth, he minded his rags least of all in the street. It was a different matter when he met with acquaintances or with former fellow students, whom, indeed, he disliked meeting at any time. And yet when a drunken man who, for some unknown reason, was being taken somewhere in a huge waggon dragged by a heavy dray horse, suddenly shouted at him as he drove past: "Hey there, German hatter" bawling at the top of his voice and pointing at him--the young man stopped suddenly and clutched tremulously at his hat. It was a tall round hat from Zimmerman's, but completely worn out, rusty with age, all torn and bespattered, brimless and bent on one side in a most unseemly fashion. Not shame, however, but quite another feeling akin to terror had overtaken him.

"I knew it," he muttered in confusion, "I thought so! That's the worst of all! Why, a stupid thing like this, the most trivial detail might spoil the whole plan. Yes, my hat is too noticeable.... It looks absurd and that makes it noticeable.... With my rags I ought to wear a cap, any sort of old pancake, but not this grotesque thing. Nobody wears such a hat, it would be noticed a mile off, it would be remembered.... What a matter is that people would remember it and that would give them a clue. For this business one should be as little conspicuous as possible.... Trifles, trifles are what matter! Why, it's just such trifles that always ruin everything...."

He had not far to go; he knew indeed how many steps it was from the gate of his lodging house: exactly seven hundred and thirty. He had counted them once when he had been lost in dreams. At the time he had put no faith in those dreams and was only tantalizing himself by their hideous but daring recklessness. Now, a month later, he had begun to look upon them differently, and, in spite of the monologues in which he jeered at his own impotence and indecision, he had involuntarily come to regard this "hideous" dream as an exploit to be attempted, although he still did not realise this himself. He was positively going now for a "rehearsal" of his project, and at every step his excitement grew more and more violent.

With a sinking heart and a nervous tremor, he went up to a huge house which on one side looked on to the canal, and on the other into the street. This house was let out in tiny tenements and was inhabited by working people of all kinds--tailors, locksmiths, cooks, Germans of sorts, girls picking up a living as best they could, petty clerks, etc.

There was a continual coming and going through the two gates and in the two courtyards of the house. Three or four door-keepers were employed on the building. The young man was very glad to meet none of them, and at once slipped unnoticed through the door on the right, and up the staircase. It was a back staircase, dark and narrow, but he was familiar with it already, and knew his way, and he liked all these surroundings: in such darkness even the most inquisitive eyes were not to be dreaded.

"If I am so scared now, what would it be if it somehow came to pass that I were really going to do it?" he could not help asking himself as he reached the fourth storey. There his progress was barred by some porters who were engaged in moving furniture out of a flat. He knew that the flat had been occupied by a German clerk in the civil service, and his family. This German was moving out then, and so the fourth floor on this staircase would be untenanted except by the old woman. "That's a good thing anyway," he thought to himself, as he rang the bell of the old woman's flat. The bell gave a faint tinkle as though it were made of tin and not of copper. The little flats in such houses always have bells that ring like that. He had forgotten the

note of that bell, and now its peculiar tinkle seemed to remind him of something and to bring it clearly before him.... He started; his nerves were terribly overstrained by now. In a little while, the door was opened a tiny crack: the old woman eyed her visitor with evident distrust through the crack, and nothing could be seen but her little eyes, glittering in the darkness.

But, seeing a number of people on the landing, she grew bolder, and opened the door wide. The young man stepped into the dark entry, which was partitioned off from the tiny kitchen. The old woman stood facing him in silence and looking inquiringly at him. She was a diminutive, withered up old woman of sixty, with sharp malignant eyes and a sharp little nose. Her colorless, somewhat grizzled hair was thickly smeared with oil, and she wore no kerchief over it. Round her thin long neck, which looked like a hen's leg, was knotted some sort of flannel rag, and, in spite of the heat, there hung flapping on her shoulders, a mangy fur cape, yellow with age. The old woman coughed and groaned at every instant. The young man must have looked at her with a rather peculiar expression, for a gleam of mistrust came into her eyes again.

"Raskolnikov, a student, I came here a month ago," the young man made haste to mutter, with a half bow, remembering that he ought to be more polite.

"I remember, my good sir, I remember quite well your coming here," the
old woman said distinctly, still keeping her inquiring eyes on his face.

"And here... I am again on the same errand," Raskolnikov continued, a little disconcerted and surprised at the old woman's mistrust. "Perhaps she is always like that though, only I did not notice it the other time," he thought with an uneasy feeling.

The old woman paused, as though hesitating; then stepped on one side, and pointing to the door of the room, she said, letting her visitor pass in front of her:

"Step in, my good sir."

The little room into which the young man walked, with yellow paper on the walls, geraniums and muslin curtains in the windows, was brightly lighted up at that moment by the setting sun.

"So the sun will shine like this _then_ too!" flashed as it were by chance through Raskolnikov's mind, and with a rapid glance he scanned everything in the room, trying as far as possible to notice and remember its arrangement. But there was nothing special in the room. The furniture, all very old and of yellow wood, consisted of a sofa with a huge bent wooden back, an oval table in front of the sofa, a dressing-table with a looking-glass fixed on it between the windows, chairs along the walls and two or three half-penny prints in yellow frames, representing German damsels with birds in their hands--that was all. In the corner a light was burning before a small icon. Everything was very clean; the floor and the furniture were brightly polished; everything shone.

"Lizaveta's work," thought the young man. There was not a speck of dust to be seen in the whole flat.

"It's in the houses of spiteful old widows that one finds such cleanliness," Raskolnikov thought again, and he stole a curious glance at the cotton curtain over the door leading into another tiny room, in which stood the old woman's bed and chest of drawers and into which he had never looked before. These two rooms made up the whole flat.

"What do you want?" the old woman said severely, coming into the room and, as before, standing in front of him so as to look him straight in the face.

"I've brought something to pawn here," and he drew out of his pocket an old-fashioned flat silver watch, on the back of which was engraved a globe; the chain was of steel.

"But the time is up for your last pledge. The month was up the day before yesterday."

"I will bring you the interest for another month; wait a little."

"But that's for me to do as I please, my good sir, to wait or to sell your pledge at once."

"How much will you give me for the watch, Alyona Ivanovna?"

"You come with such trifles, my good sir, it's scarcely worth anything. I gave you two roubles last time for your ring and one could buy it quite new at a jeweler's for a rouble and a half."

"Give me four roubles for it, I shall redeem it, it was my father's. I shall be getting some money soon."
"A rouble and a half, and interest in advance, if you like!"
"A rouble and a half!" cried the young man.
"Please yourself"--and the old woman handed him back the watch. The young man took it, and was so angry that he was on the point of going away; but checked himself at once, remembering that there was nowhere else he could go, and that he had had another object also in coming.
"Hand it over," he said roughly.

The old woman fumbled in her pocket for her keys, and disappeared behind the curtain into the other room. The young man, left standing alone in the middle of the room, listened inquisitively, thinking. He could hear her unlocking the chest of drawers.
"It must be the top drawer," he reflected. "So she carries the keys in a pocket on the right. All in one bunch on a steel ring.... And there's one key there, three times as big as all the others, with deep notches; that can't be the key of the chest of drawers... then there must be some other chest or strong-box... that's worth knowing. Strong-boxes always have keys like that... but how degrading it all is."
The old woman came back.
"Here, sir: as we say ten copecks the rouble a month, so I must take fifteen copecks from a rouble and a half for the month in advance. But for the two roubles I lent you before, you owe me now twenty copecks on the same reckoning in advance. That makes thirty-five copecks altogether. So I must give you a rouble and fifteen copecks for the watch. Here it is."
"What! only a rouble and fifteen copecks now!"
"Just so."

The young man did not dispute it and took the money. He looked at the old woman, and was in no hurry to get away, as though there was still something he wanted to say or to do, but he did not himself quite know what.
"I may be bringing you something else in a day or two, Alyona Ivanovna--a valuable thing--silver--a cigarette-box, as soon as I get it back from a friend..." he broke off in confusion.
"Well, we will talk about it then, sir."
"Good-bye--are you always at home alone, your sister is not here with you?" He asked her as casually as possible as he went out into the passage.
"What business is she of yours, my good sir?"
"Oh, nothing particular, I simply asked. You are too quick.... Good-day, Alyona Ivanovna."

Raskolnikov went out in complete confusion. This confusion became more and more intense. As he went down the stairs, he even stopped short, two or three times, as though suddenly struck by some thought. When he was in the street he cried out, "Oh, God, how loathsome it all is! And can I, can I possibly.... No, it's nonsense, it's rubbish!" he added resolutely. "And how could such an atrocious thing come into my head?

What filthy things my heart is capable of. Yes, filthy above all, disgusting, loathsome, loathsome!--and for a whole month I've been...."

But no words, no exclamations, could express his agitation. The feeling of intense repulsion, which had begun to oppress and torture his heart while he was on his way to the old woman, had by now reached such a pitch and had taken such a definite form that he did not know what to do with himself to escape from his wretchedness. He walked along the pavement like a drunken man, regardless of the passers-by, and jostling against them, and only came to his senses when he was in the next street. Looking round, he noticed that he was standing close to a tavern which was entered by steps leading from the pavement to the basement. At that instant two drunken men came out at the door, and abusing and supporting one another, they mounted the steps. Without stopping to think, Raskolnikov went down the steps at once. Till that moment he had never been into a tavern, but now he felt giddy and was tormented by a burning thirst. He longed for a drink of cold beer, and attributed his sudden weakness to the want of food. He sat down at a sticky little table in a dark and dirty corner; ordered some beer, and eagerly drank

off the first glassful. At once he felt easier; and his thoughts became clear.
"All that's nonsense," he said hopefully, "and there is nothing in it all to worry about! It's simply physical derangement. Just a glass of beer, a piece of dry bread--and in one moment the brain is stronger, the mind is clearer and the will is firm! Phew, how utterly petty it all is!"

But in spite of this scornful reflection, he was by now looking cheerful as though he were suddenly set free from a terrible burden: and he gazed round in a friendly way at the people in the room. But even at that moment he had a dim foreboding that this happier frame of mind was also not normal.

There were few people at the time in the tavern. Besides the two drunken men he had met on the steps, a group consisting of about five men and a girl with a concertina had gone out at the same time. Their departure left the room quiet and rather empty. The persons still in the tavern were a man who appeared to be an artisan, drunk, but not extremely so, sitting before a pot of beer, and his companion, a huge, stout man with a grey beard, in a short full-skirted coat. He was very drunk: and had dropped asleep on the bench; every now and then, he began as though in his sleep, cracking his fingers, with his arms wide apart and the upper part of his body bounding about on the bench, while he hummed some meaningless refrain, trying to recall some such lines as these:
"His wife a year he fondly loved His wife a-a year he-fondly loved."
Or suddenly waking up again:
"Walking along the crowded row He met the one he used to know."

But no one shared his enjoyment: his silent companion looked with positive hostility and mistrust at all these manifestations. There was another man in the room who looked somewhat like a retired government clerk. He was sitting apart, now and then sipping from his pot and looking round at the company. He, too, appeared to be in some agitation.

Tasks:

1. **Translate the text;**
2. **Figure out the major concepts of the text.**
3. **Compare the choice of words in the source and target texts and see the difference in the range of meaning and stylistic value that may occur in the translation.**
4. **Point out the added and omitted components in the translation and comment on their causes and effects.**
5. **Evaluate the source and target texts in general.**

DRACULA by Bram Stoker
1897 edition

Ch. I
Jonathan Harker's Journal

3 May. Bistritz.-Left Munich at 8:35 P.M., on 1st May, arriving at Vienna early next morning; should have arrived at 6:46, but train was an hour late. Buda-Pesth seems a wonderful place, from the glimpse which I got of it from the train and the little I could walk through the streets. I feared to go very far from the station, as we had arrived late and would start as near the correct time as possible.

The impression I had was that we were leaving the West and entering the East; the most western of splendid bridges over the Danube, which is here of noble width and depth, took us among the traditions of Turkish rule.

We left in pretty good time, and came after nightfall to Klausenburgh. Here I stopped for the night at the Hotel Royale. I had for dinner, or rather supper, a chicken done up some way with red pepper, which was very good but thirsty. (Mem. get recipe for Mina.) I asked the waiter, and he said it was called "paprika hendl," and that, as it was a national dish, I should be able to get it anywhere along the Carpathians.

I found my smattering of German very useful here, indeed, I don't know how I should be able to get on without it.

Having had some time at my disposal when in London, I had visited the British Museum, and made search among the books and maps in the library regarding Transylvania; it had struck me that some foreknowledge of the country could hardly fail to have some importance in dealing with a nobleman of that country.

I find that the district he named is in the extreme east of the country, just on the borders of three states, Transylvania, Moldavia, and Bukovina, in the midst of the Carpathian mountains; one of the wildest and least known portions of Europe.

I was not able to light on any map or work giving the exact locality of the Castle Dracula, as there are no maps of this country as yet to compare with our own Ordance Survey Maps; but I found that Bistritz, the post town named by Count Dracula, is a fairly well-known place.

I shall enter here some of my notes, as they may refresh my memory when I talk over my travels with Mina. In the population of Transylvania there are four distinct nationalities: Saxons in the South, and mixed with them the Wallachs, who are the descendants of the Dacians; Magyars in the West, and Szekelys in the East and North. I am going among the latter, who claim to be descended from Attila and the Huns. This may be so, for when the Magyars conquered the country in the eleventh century they found the Huns settled in it.

I read that every known superstition in the world is gathered into the horseshoe of the Carpathians, as if it were the centre of some sort of imaginative whirlpool; if so my stay may be very interesting. (Mem., I must ask the Count all about them.)

I did not sleep well, though my bed was comfortable enough, for I had all sorts of queer dreams. There was a dog howling all night under my window, which may have had something to do with it; or it may have been the paprika, for I had to drink up all the water in my carafe, and was still thirsty. Towards morning I slept and was wakened by the continuous knocking at my door, so I guess I must have been sleeping soundly then.

I had for breakfast more paprika, and a sort of porridge of maize flour which they said was "mamaliga", and egg-plant stuffed with forcemeat, a very excellent dish, which they call "impletata". (Mem., get recipe for this also.)

I had to hurry breakfast, for the train started a little before eight, or rather it ought to have done so, for after rushing to the station at 7:30 I had to sit in the carriage for more than an hour before we began to move.

It seems to me that the further east you go the more unpunctual are the trains. What ought they to be in China?

All day long we seemed to dawdle through a country which was full of beauty of every kind. Sometimes we saw little towns or castles on the top of steep hills such as we see in old missals; sometimes we ran by rivers and streams which seemed from the wide stony margin on each side of them to be subject ot great floods. It takes a lot of water, and running strong, to sweep the outside edge of a river clear.

At every station there were groups of people, sometimes crowds, and in all sorts of attire. Some of them were just like the peasants at home or those I saw coming through France and Germany, with short jackets, and round hats, and home-made trousers; but others were very picturesque.

The women looked pretty, except when you got near them, but they were very clumsy about the waist. They had all full white sleeves of some kind or other, and most of them had big belts with a lot of strips of something fluttering from them like the dresses in a ballet, but of course there were petticoats under them.

The strangest figures we saw were the Slovaks, who were more barbarian than the rest, with their big cow-boy hats, great baggy dirty-white trousers, white linen shirts, and enormous heavy leather belts, nearly a foot wide, all studded over with brass nails.

They wore high boots, with their trousers tucked into them, and had long black hair and heavy black moustaches They are very picturesque, but do not look prepossessing. On the stage they would be set down at once as some old Oriental band of brigands. They are, however, I am told, very harmless and rather wanting in natural self-assertion.

It was on the dark side of twilight when we got to Bistritz, which is a very interesting old place. Being practically on the frontier-for the Borgo Pass leads from it into Bukovina-it has had a very stormy existence, and it certainly shows marks of it. Fifty years ago a series of great fires took place, which made terrible havoc on five separate occasions. At the very beginning of the seventeenth century it underwent a siege of three weeks and lost 13,000 people, the casualties of war proper being assisted by famine and disease.

Count Dracula had directed me to go to the Golden Krone Hotel, which I found, to my great delight, to be thoroughly old-fashioned, for of course I wanted to see all I could of the ways of the country.

I was evidently expected, for when I got near the door I faced a cheery-looking elderly woman in the usual peasant dress- white undergarment with a long double apron, front, and back, of coloured stuff fitting almost too tight for modesty. When I came close she bowed and said, "The Herr Englishman?"

"Yes," I said, "Jonathan Harker."

She smiled, and gave some message to an elderly man in white shirtsleeves, who had followed her to the door. He went, but immediately returned with a letter:

"My friend.--Welcome to the Carpathians. I am anxiously expecting you. Sleep well tonight. At three tomorrow the diligence will start for Bukovina; a place on it is kept for you. At the Borgo Pass my carriage will await you and will bring you to me. I trust that your journey from London has been a happy one, and that you will enjoy your stay in my beautiful land. Your friend, Dracula."

4 May - I found that my landlord had got a letter from the Count, directing him to secure the best place on the coach for me; but on making inquiries as to details he seemed somewhat reticent, and pretended that he could not understand my German.

This could not be true, because up to then he had understood it perfectly; at least, he answered my questions exactly as if he did.

He and his wife, the old lady who had received me, looked at each other in a frightened sort of way. He mumbled out that the money had been sent in a letter, and that was all he knew. When I asked him if he knew Count Dracula, and could tell me anything of his castle, both he and his wife crossed themselves, and, saying that they knew nothing at all, simply refused to

speak further. It was so near the time of starting that I had no time to ask anyone else, for it was all very mysterious and not by any means comforting.

Just before I was leaving, the old lady came up to my room and said in a hysterical way: "Must you go? Oh! Young Herr, must you go?" She was in such an excited state that she seemed to have lost her grip of what German she knew, and mixed it all up with some other language which I did not know at all. I was just able to follow her by asking many questions.
When I told her that I must go at once, and that I was engaged on important business, she asked again:
"Do you know what day it is?" I answered that it was the fourth of May. She shook her head as she said again:
"Oh, yes! I know that! I know that, but do you know what day it is?"
On my saying that I did not understand, she went on:
"It is the eve of St. George's Day. Do you not know that tonight, when the clock strikes midnight, all the evil things in the world will have full sway? Do you know where you are going, and what you are going to?" She was in such evident distress that I tried to comfort her, but without effect. Finally, she went down on her knees and implored me not to go; at least to wait a day or two before starting.

It was all very ridiculous but I did not feel comfortable. However, there was business to be done, and I could allow nothing to interfere with it.

I tried to raise her up, and said, as gravely as I could, that I thanked her, but my duty was imperative, and that I must go. She then rose and dried her eyes, and taking a crucifix from her neck offered it to me.

I did not know what to do, for, as an English Churchman, I have been taught to regard such things as in some measure idolatrous, and yet it seemed so ungracious to refuse an old lady meaning so well and in such a state of mind.

She saw, I suppose, the doubt in my face, for she put the rosary round my neck and said, "For your mother's sake," and went out of the room.

I am writing up this part of the diary whilst I am waiting for the coach, which is, of course, late; and the crucifix is still round my neck.

Whether it is the old lady's fear, or the many ghostly traditions of this place, or the crucifix itself, I do not know, but I am not feeling nearly as easy in my mind as usual.

If this book should ever reach Mina before I do, let it bring my goodbye.
Here comes the coach!

5 May. The Castle.-The gray of the morning has passed, and the sun is high over the distant horizon, which seems jagged, whether with trees or hills I know not, for it is so far off that big things and little are mixed.

I am not sleepy, and, as I am not to be called till I awake, naturally I write till sleep comes.

There are many odd things to put down, and, lest who reads them may fancy that I dined too well before I left Bistritz, let me put down my dinner exactly.

I dined on what they called "robber steak"--bits of bacon, onion, and beef, seasoned with red pepper, and strung on sticks, and roasted over the fire, in simple style of the London cat's meat! The wine was Golden Mediasch, which produces a queer sting on the tongue, which is, however, not disagreeable.

I had only a couple of glasses of this, and nothing else.

When I got on the coach, the driver had not taken his seat, and I saw him talking to the landlady.

They were evidently talking of me, for every now and then they looked at me, and some of the people who were sitting on the bench outside the door-came and listened, and then looked at me, most of them pityingly.

I could hear a lot of words often repeated, queer words, for there were many nationalities in the crowd, so I quietly got my polyglot dictionary from my bag and looked them out.

I must say they were not cheering to me, for amongst them were "Ordog"--Satan, "Pokol"--hell, "stregoica"--witch, "vrolok" and "vlkoslak"-both mean the same thing, one being Slovak and the other Servian for something that is either werewolf or vampire. (Mem., I must ask the Count about these superstitions.)

When we started, the crowd round the inn door, which had by this time swelled to a considerable size, all made the sign of the cross and pointed two fingers towards me.

With some difficulty, I got a fellow passenger to tell me what they meant. He would not answer at first, but on learning that I was English, he explained that it was a charm or guard against the evil eye.

This was not very pleasant for me, just starting for an unknown place to meet an unknown man. But everyone seemed so kind-hearted, and so sorrowful and so sympathetic that I could not but be touched.

I shall never forget the last glimpse which I had of the inn yard and its crowd of picturesque figures, all crossing themselves, as they stood round the wide archway, with its background of rich foliage of oleander and orange trees in green tubs clustered in the centre of the yard.

Then our driver, whose wide linen drawers covered the whole front of the box seat,--"gotza" they call them--cracked his big whip over his four small horses, which ran abreast, and we set off on our journey.

I soon lost sight and recollection of ghostly fears in the beauty of the scene as we drove along, although had I known the language, or rather languages, which my fellow-passengers were speaking, I might not have been able to throw them off so easily. Before us lay a green sloping land full of forests and woods, with here and there steep hills, crowned with clumps of trees or with farmhouses, the blank gable end to the road.

There was everywhere a bewildering mass of fruit blossom-apple, plum, pear, cherry. And as we drove by I could see the green grass under the trees spangled with the fallen petals. In and out amongst these green hills of what they call here the "Mittel Land" ran the road, losing itself as it swept round the grassy curve, or was shut out by the straggling ends of pine woods, which here and there ran down the hillsides like tongues of flame. The road was rugged,
but still we seemed to fly over it with a feverish haste.

I could not understand then what the haste meant, but the driver was evidently bent on losing no time in reaching Borgo Prund. I was told that this road is in summertime excellent, but that it had not yet been put in order after the winter snows. In this respect it is different from the general run of roads in the Carpathians, for it is an old tradition that they are not to be kept in too good order. Of old the Hospadars would not repair them, lest the Turk should think that they were preparing to bring in foreign troops, and so hasten the war which was always really at loading point.

Beyond the green swelling hills of the Mittel Land rose mighty slopes of forest up to the lofty steeps of the Carpathians themselves. Right and left of us they towered, with the afternoon sun falling full upon them and bringing out all the glorious colours of this beautiful range, deep blue and purple in the shadows of the peaks, green and brown where grass and rock mingled, and an endless perspective of jagged rock and pointed crags, till these were themselves lost in the distance, where the snowy peaks rose grandly Here and there seemed mighty rifts in the mountains, through which, as the sun began to sink, we saw now and again the white gleam
of falling water. One of my companions touched my arm as we swept round the base of a hill and opened up the lofty, snow-covered peak of a mountain, which seemed, as we wound on our serpentine way, to be right before us.

"Look! Isten szek!"-"God's seat!"--and he crossed himself reverently.

As we wound on our endless way, and the sun sank lower and lower behind us, the shadows of the evening began to creep round us. This was emphasized by the fact that the snowy mountain-top still held the sunset, and seemed to glow out with a delicate cool pink. Here and there we passed Cszeks and slovaks, all in picturesque attire, but I noticed that goitre was

painfully prevalent. By the roadside were many crosses, and as we swept by, my companions all crossed themselves. Here and there was a peasant man or woman kneeling before a shrine, who did not even turn round as we approached, but seemed in the self-surrender of devotion to have neither eyes nor ears for the outer world. There were many things new to me. For instance, hay-ricks in the trees, and here and there very beautiful masses of weeping birch, their white stems shining like silver through the delicate green of the leaves. Now and again we passed a leiter-wagon--the ordinary peasants' cart-with its long, snakelike vertebra, calculated to suit the inequalities of the road. On this were sure to be seated quite a group of homecoming peasants, the Cszeks with their white, and the Slovaks with their colored sheepskins, the latter carrying lance-fashion their long staves, with axe at end. As vening fell it began to get very cold, and the growing twilight seemed to merge into one dark mistiness the gloom of the trees, oak, beech, and pine, though in the valleys which ran deep between the spurs of the hills, as we ascended through the Pass, the dark firs stood out here and there against the background of late-lying snow. Sometimes, as the road was cut through the pine woods that seemed in the darkness to be closing down upon us, great masses of grayness which here and there bestrewed the trees, produced a peculiarly weird and solemn effect, which carried on the thoughts and grim fancies engendered earlier in the evening, when the falling sunset threw into strange relief the ghost-like clouds which amongst the Carpathians seem to wind ceaselessly through the valleys. Sometimes the hills were so steep that, despite our driver's haste, the horses could only go slowly. I wished to get down and walk up them, as we do at home, but the driver would not hear of it. No, no," he said. "You must not walk here. The dogs are too fierce." And then he added, with what he evidently meant for grim pleasantry-- for he looked round to catch the approving smile of the rest--"And you may have enough of such matters before you go to sleep." The only stop he would make was a moment's pause to light his lamps. When it grew dark there seemed to be some excitement amongst the passengers, and they kept speaking to him, one after the other, as though urging him to further speed. He lashed the horses unmercifully with his long whip, and with wild cries of encouragement urged them on to further exertions. Then through the darkness I could see a sort of patch of grey light ahead of us, as though there were a cleft in the hills. The excitement of the passengers grew greater. The crazy coach rocked on its great leather springs, and swayed like a boat tossed on a stormy sea. I had to hold on.

The road grew more level, and we appeared to fly along. Then the mountains seemed to come nearer to us on each side and to frown down upon us. We were entering on the Borgo Pass. One by one several of the passengers offered me gifts, which they pressed upon me with an earnestness which would take no denial. These were certainly of an odd and varied kind, but each was given in simple good faith, with a kindly word, and a blessing, and that same strange mixture of fear-meaning movements which I had seen outside the hotel at Bistritz- the sign of the cross and the guard against the evil eye. Then, as we flew along, the driver leaned forward, and on each side the passengers, craning over the edge of the coach, peered eagerly into the darkness. It was evident that something very exciting was either happening or expected, but though I asked each passenger, no one would give me the slightest explanation. This state of excitement kept on for some little time. And at last we saw before us the Pass opening out on the eastern side. There were dark, rolling clouds overhead, and in the air the heavy, oppressive sense of thunder. It seemed as though the mountain range had separated two atmospheres, and that now we had got into the thunderous one. I was now myself looking out for the conveyance which was to take me to the Count. Each moment I expected to see the glare of lamps through the blackness, but all was dark. The only light was the flickering rays of our own lamps, in which
the steam from our hard-driven horses rose in a white cloud. We could see now the sandy road lying white before us, but there was on it no sign of a vehicle. The passengers drew back with a sigh of gladness, which seemed to mock my own disappointment. I was already thinking what I had best do, when the driver, looking at his watch, said to the others something which I could hardly hear, it was spoken so quietly and in so low a tone, I thought it was "An hour less than the time." Then turning to me, he spoke in German worse than my own.

There is no carriage here. The Herr is not expected after all. He will now come on to Bukovina, and return tomorrow or the next day, better the next day." Whilst he was speaking the horses beganto neigh and snort and plunge wildly, so that the driver had to hold them up. Then, amongst a chorus of screams from the peasants and a universal crossing of themselves, a caleche, with four horses, drove up behind us, overtook us, and drew up beside the coach. I could see from the flash of our lamps as the rays fell on them, that the horses were coal-black and splendid animals. They were driven by a tall man, with a long brown beard and a great black hat, which seemed to hide his face from us. I could only see the gleam of a pair of very bright eyes, which seemed red in the lamplight, as he turned to us.

He said to the driver, "You are early tonight, my friend."The man ammered in reply, "The English Herr was in a hurry."To which the stranger replied, "That is why, I suppose, you wishedhim to go on to Bukovina. You cannot deceive me, my friend. I know too much, and my horses are swift." As he spoke he smiled,and the lamplight fell on a hard-looking mouth,with very red lips and sharp-looking teeth, as white as ivory.One of my companions whispered to another the line from Burger's "Lenore"."Denn die Todten reiten Schnell." ("For the dead travel fast.")

The strange driver evidently heard the words, for he looked upwith a gleaming smile. The passenger turned his face away,at the same time putting out his two fingers and crossing himself."Give me the Herr's luggage," said the driver, and with exceedingalacrity my bags were handed out and put in the caleche.Then I descended from the side of the coach, as the calechewas close alongside, the driver helping me with a handwhich caught my arm in a grip of steel. His strength musthave been prodigious.

Without a word he shook his reins, the horses turned, and we swept into the darkness of the pass. As I looked back I saw the steam from the horses of the coach by the light of the lamps, and projected against it the figures of my late companions crossing themselves. Then the driver cracked his whip and called to his horses, and off they swept on their way to Bukovina. As they sank into the darkness I felt a strange chill, and a lonely feeling come over me. But a cloak was thrown over my shoulders, and a rug across my knees, and the driver said in excellent German--"The night is chill, mein Herr, and my master the Count bade me take all care of you. There is a flask of slivovitz (the plum brandy of the country)underneath the seat, if you should require it."I did not take any, but it was a comfort to know it was there all the same. I felt a little strangely, and not a little frightened. I think had there been any alternative I should have taken it, instead of prosecuting that unknown night journey. The carriage went at a hard pace straight along, then we made a complete turn and went along another straight road. It seemed to me that we were simply going over and over the same ground again, and so I took note of some salient point, and found that this was so. I would have liked to have asked the driver what this all meant, but I really feared to do so, for I thought that, placed as I was, any protest would have had no effect in case there had been an intention to delay. By-and-by, however, as I was curious to know how time was passing, I struck a match, and by its flame looked at my watch. It was within a few minutes of midnight. This gave mea sort of shock, for I suppose the general superstation about midnight was increased by my recent experiences. I waited with a sick feeling of suspense. Then a dog began to howl somewhere in a farmhouse far down the road, a long, agonized wailing, as if from fear. The sound was taken up by another dog, and then another and another, till, borne on the wind which now sighed softly through the Pass, a wild howling began, which seemed to come from all over the country, as far as the imagination could grasp it through the gloom of the night. At the first howl the horses began to strain and rear, but the driver spoke to them soothingly, and they quieted down, but shivered and sweated as though after a runaway from sudden fright. Then, far off in the distance, from the mountains on each side of us began a louder and a sharper howling, that of wolves, which affected both the horses and myself in the same way. For I was minded to jump from the caleche and run, whilst they reared again and plunged madly, so that the driver had to use all his great strength to keep them from bolting. In a few minutes, however, my own ears got accustomed to the sound, and the horses so far became quiet

that the driver was able to descend and to stand before them. He petted and soothed them, and whispered something in their ears, as I have heard of horse-tamers doing, and with extraordinary effect, for under his caresses they became quite manageable again, though they still trembled. The driver again took his seat, and shaking his reins, started off at a great pace. This time, after going to the far side or the Pass, he suddenly turned down a narrow roadway which ran sharply to the right.

Soon we were hemmed in with trees, which in places arched right over the roadway till we passed as through a tunnel. And again great frowning rocks guarded us boldly on either side. Though we were in shelter, we could hear the rising wind, for it moaned and whistled through the rocks, and the branches of the trees crashed together as we swept along. It grew colder and colder still, and fine, powdery snow began to fall, so that soon we and all around us were covered with a white blanket. The keen wind still carried the how ling of the dogs, though this grew fainter as we went on our way. The baying of the wolves sounded nearer and nearer, as though they were closing round on us from every side. I grew dreadfully afraid, and the horses shared my fear. The driver, however, was not in the least disturbed. He kept turning his head to left and right, but I could not see anything through the darkness.

Suddenly, away on our left I saw a fain flickering blue flame. The driver saw it at the same moment. He at once checked the horses, and, jumping to the ground, disappeared into the darkness. I did not know what to do, the less as the howling of the wolves grew closer. But while I wondered, the driver suddenly appeared again, and without a word took his seat, and we resumed our journey.I think I must have fallen asleep and kept dreaming of the incident, for it seemed to be repeated endlessly, and now looking back, it is like a sort of awful nightmare. Once the flame appeared so near the road, that even in the darkness around us I could watch the driver's motions. He went rapidly to where the blue flame arose, it must have been very faint, for did not seem to illumine the place around it at all, and gathering a few stones, formed them into some device. Once there appeared a strange optical effect.

When he stood between me and the flame he did not obstruct it, for I could see its ghostly flicker all the same. This startled me, but as the effect was only momentary, I took it that my eyes deceived me straining through the darkness. Then for a time there were no blue flames, and we sped onwards through the gloom, with the howling of the wolves around us, as though they were following in a moving circle. At last there came a time when the driver went further afield than he had yet gone, and during his absence, the horses began to tremble worse than ever and to snort and scream with fright. I could not see any cause for it, for the howling of the wolves had ceased altogether. But just then the moon, sailing through the black clouds, appeared behind the jagged crest of a beetling, pine-clad rock, and by its light I saw around us a ring of wolves, with white teeth and lolling red tongues, with long, sinewy limbs and shaggy hair. They were a hundred times more terrible in the grim silence which held them than even when they howled. For myself, I felt a sort of paralysis of fear. It is only when a man feels himself face to face with such horrors that he can understand their true import.

All at once the wolves began to howl as though the moonlight had had some peculiar effect on them. The horses jumped about and reared, and looked helplessly round with eyes that rolled in a way painful to see. But the living ring of terror encompassed them on every side, and they had perforce to remain within it. I called to the coachman to come, for it seemed to me that our only chance was to try to break out through the ring and to aid his approach, I shouted and beat the side of the caleche, hoping by the noise to scare the wolves from the side, so as to give him a chance of reaching the trap. How he came there, I know not, but I heard his voice raised in a tone of imperious command, and looking towards the sound, saw him stand in the roadway. As he swept his long arms, as though brushing aside some impalpable obstacle, the wolves fell back and back further still. Just then a heavy cloud passed across the face of the moon, so that we were again in darkness.

When I could see again the driver was climbing into the caleche, and the wolves disappeared. This was all so strange and uncanny that a dreadful fear came upon me, and I was afraid to speak or move. The time seemed interminable as we swept on our way, now in almost complete darkness, for the rolling clouds obscured the moon. We kept on ascending, with occasional periods of quick descent, but in the main always ascending. Suddenly, I became conscious of the fact that the driver was in the act of pulling up the horses in the courtyard of a vast ruined castle, from whose tall black windows came no ray of light,and whose broken battlements showed a jagged line against the sky.

Tasks:

1. **Translate the text;**
2. **Think over the concepts of the text;**
3. **Comment upon the difference in translation principles;**
4. **Analyze the text;**
5. **Discuss the results;**
6. **Make a Glossary.**

Arthur Golden
Memoirs of a Geisha

Ch. I

Suppose that you and I were sitting in a quiet room overlooking a gar-1 den, chatting and sipping at our cups of green tea while we talked J about something that had happened a long while ago, and I said to you, "That afternoon when I met so-and-so . . . was the very best afternoon of my life, and also the very worst afternoon." I expect you might put down your teacup and say, "Well, now, which was it? Was it the best or the worst? Because it can't possibly have been both!" Ordinarily I'd have to laugh at myself and agree with you. But the truth is that the afternoon when I met Mr. Tanaka Ichiro really was the best and the worst of my life. He seemed so fascinating to me, even the fish smell on his hands was a kind of perfume. If I had never known him, I'm sure I would not have become a geisha. I wasn't born and raised to be a Kyoto geisha. I wasn't even born in Kyoto. I'm a fisherman's daughter from a little town called Yoroido on the Sea of Japan. In all my life I've never told more than a handful of people anything at all about Yoroido, or about the house in which I grew up, or about my mother and father, or my older sister-and certainly not about how I became a geisha, or what it was like to be one. Most people would much rather carry on with their fantasies that my mother and grandmother were geisha, and that I began my training in dance when I was weaned from the breast, and so on. As a matter of fact, one day many years ago I was pouring a cup of sake for a man who happened to mention that he had been in Yoroido only the previous week. Well, I felt as a bird must feel when it has flown across the ocean and comes upon a creature that knows its nest. I was so shocked I couldn't stop myself from saying: "Yoroido! Why, that's where I grew up!" This poor man! His face went through the most remarkable series of changes. He tried his best to smile, though it didn't come out well because he couldn't get the look of shock off his face. "Yoroido?" he said. "You can't mean it."

I long ago developed a very practiced smile, which I call my "Noh smile" because it resembles a Noh mask whose features are frozen. Its advantage is that men can interpret it however they want; you can imagine how often I've relied on it. I decided I'd better use it just then, and of course it worked. He let out all his breath and tossed down the cup of sake I'd poured for him before giving an enormous laugh I'm sure was prompted more by relief than anything else. "The very idea!" he said, with another big laugh. "You, growing up in a dump like Yoroido. That's like making tea in a bucket!" And when he'd laughed again, he said to me, "That's why you're so much fun, Sayuri-san. Sometimes you almost make me believe your little

jokes are real." I don't much like thinking of myself as a cup of tea made in a bucket, but I suppose in a way it must be true. After all, I did grow up in Yoroido, and no one would suggest it's a glamorous spot. Hardly anyone ever visits it. As for the people who live there, they never have occasion to leave. You're probably wondering how I came to leave it myself. That's where my story begins.

In our little fishing village of Yoroido, I lived in what I called a "tipsy house." It stood near a cliff where the wind off the ocean was always blowing. As a child it seemed to me as if the ocean had caught a terrible cold, because it was always wheezing and there would be spells when it let out a huge sneeze-which is to say there was a burst of wind with a tremendous spray. I decided our tiny house must have been offended by the ocean sneezing in its face from time to time, and took to leaning back because it wanted to get out of the way. Probably it would have collapsed if my father hadn't cut a timber from a wrecked fishing boat to prop up the eaves, which made the house look like a tipsy old man leaning on his crutch. Inside this tipsy house I lived something of a lopsided life. Because from my earliest years I was very much like my mother, and hardly at all like my father or older sister. My mother said it was because we were made just the same, she and I-and it was true we both had the same peculiar eyes of a sort you almost never see in Japan. Instead of being dark brown like everyone else's, my mother's eyes were a translucent gray, and mine are just the same. When I was very young, I told my mother I thought someone had poked a hole in her eyes and all the ink had drained out, which she thought very funny. The fortunetellers said her eyes were so pale because of too much water in her personality, so much that the other four elements were hardly present at a}}-and this, they explained, was why her features matched so poorly. People in the village often said she ought to have been extremely attractive, because her parents had been. Well, a peach has a lovely taste and so does a mushroom, but you can't put the two together; this was the terrible trick nature had played on her. She had her mother's pouty mouth but her father's angular jaw, which gave the impression of a delicate picture with much too heavy a frame. And her lovely gray eyes were surrounded by thick lashes that must have been striking on her father, but in her case only made her look startle.

My mother always said she'd married my father because she had too much water in her personality and he had too much wood in his. People who knew my father understood right away what she was talking about. Water flows from place to place quickly and always finds a crack to spill through. Wood, on the other hand, holds fast to the earth. In my father's case this was a good thing, for he was a fisherman, and a man with wood in his personality is at ease on the sea. In fact, my father was more at ease on the sea than anywhere else, and never left it far behind him. He smelled like the sea even after he had bathed. When he wasn't fishing, he sat on the floor in our dark front room mending a fishing net. And if a fishing net had been a sleeping creature, he wouldn't even have awakened it, at the speed he worked. He did everything this slowly. Even when he summoned a look of concentration, you could run outside and drain the bath in the time it took him to rearrange his features. His face was very heavily creased, and into each crease he had tucked some worry or other, so that it wasn't really his own face any longer, but more like a tree that had nests of birds in all the branches. He had to struggle constantly to manage it and always looked worn out from the effor When I was six or seven, I learned something about my father I'd never known. One day I asked him, "Daddy, why are you so old?" He hoisted up his eyebrows at this, so that they formed little sagging umbrellas over his eyes. And he let out a long breath, and shook his head and said, "I don't know." When I turned to my mother, she gave me a look meaning she would answer the question for me another time. The following day without saying a word, she walked me down the hill toward the village and turned at a path into a graveyard in the woods. She led me to three graves in the corner, with three white marker posts much taller than I was. They had stern-looking black characters written top to bottom on them, but I hadn't attended the school in our little village long enough to know where one ended and the next began. My mother pointed to them and said, "Natsu, wife of Sakamoto Minoru." Sakamoto Minoru was the name of my father. "Died age twenty-four, in the nineteenth year of

Meiji." Then she pointed to the next one: "Jinichiro, son of Sakamoto Minoru, died age six, in the nineteenth year of Meiji," and to the next one, which was identical except for the name, Masao, and the age, which was three. It took a while to understand that my father had been married before, a long time ago, and that his whole family had died. I went back to those graves not long afterward and found as I stood there that sadness was a very heavy thing. My body weighed twice what it had only a moment earlier, as if those graves were pulling me down toward them. With all this water and all this wood, the two of them ought to have made a good balance and produced children with the proper arrangement of elements. I'm sure it was a surprise to them that they ended up with one of each. For it wasn't just that I resembled my mother and had even inherited her unusual eyes; my sister, Satsu, was as much like my father as anyone could be. Satsu was six years older than me, and of course, being older, she could do things I couldn't do. But Satsu had a remarkable quality of'doing everything in a way that seemed like a complete accident. For example, if you asked her to pour a bowl of soup from a pot on the stove, she would get the job done, but in a way that looked like she'd spilled it into the bowl just by luck. One time she even cut herself with a fish, and I don't mean with a knife she was using to clean a fish. She was carrying a fish wrapped in paper up the hill from the village when it slid out and fell against her leg in such a way as to cut her with one of its fins.

Our parents might have had other children besides Satsu and me, particularly since my father hoped for a boy to fish with him. But when I was seven my mother grew terribly ill with what was probably bone cancer, though at the time I had no idea what was wrong. Her only escape from discomfort was to sleep, which she began to do the way a cat does-which is to say, more or less constantly. As the months passed she slept most of the time, and soon began to groan whenever she was awake. I knew something in her was changing quickly, but because of so much water in her personality, this didn't seem worrisome to me. Sometimes she grew thin in a matter of months but grew strong again just as quickly. But by the time I was nine, the bones in her face had begun to protrude, and she never gained weight again afterward. I didn't realize the water was draining out of her because of her illness. Just as seaweed is naturally soggy, you see, but turns brittle as it dries, my mother was giving up more and more of her essence. The one afternoon I was sitting on the pitted floor of our dark front room, singing to a cricket I'd found that morning, when a voice called out at the door: "Oi! Open up! It's Dr. Miura Dr. Miura came to our fishing village once a week, and had made a point of walking up the hill to check on my mother ever since her illness had begun. My father was at home that day because a terrible storm was coming. He sat in his usual spot on the floor, with his two big spiderlike hands tangled up in a fishing net. But he took a moment to point his eyes at me and raise one of his fingers. This meant he wanted me to answer the door. Dr. Miura was a very important man-or so we believed in our village. He had studied in Tokyo and reportedly knew more Chinese characters than anyone. He was far too proud to notice a creature like me. When I opened the door for him, he slipped out of his shoes and stepped right past me into the house.

"Why, Sakamoto-san," he said to my father, "I wish I had your life, out on the sea fishing all day. How glorious! And then on rough days you take a rest. I see your wife is still asleep," he went on. "What a pity. I thought I might examine her." "Oh?" said my father. "I won't be around next week, you know. Perhaps you might wake her for me?" My father took a while to untangle his hands from the net, but at last he stood. "Chiyo-chan," he said to me, "get the doctor a cup of tea." My name back then was Chiyo. I wouldn't be known by my geisha name, Sayuri, until years later. My father and the doctor went into the other room, where my mother lay sleeping. I tried to listen at the door, but I could hear only my mother groaning, and nothing of what they said. I occupied myself with making tea, and soon the doctor came back out rubbing his hands together and looking very stern. My father came to join him, and they sat together at the table in the center of the room.

"The time has come to say something to you, Sakamoto-san," Dr. Miura began. "You need to have a talk with one of the women in the village. Mrs. Sugi, perhaps. Ask her to make a nice new robe for your wife." "I haven't the money, Doctor," my father said. "We've all grown

poorer lately. I understand what you're saying. But you owe it to your wife. She shouldn't die in that tattered robe she's wearing." "So she's going to die soon?" "A few more weeks, perhaps. She's in terrible pain. Death will release her." After this, I couldn't hear their voices any longer; for in my ears I heard a sound like a bird's wings flapping in panic. Perhaps it was my heart, I don't know. But if you've ever seen a bird trapped inside the great hall of a temple, looking for some way out, well, that was how my mind was reacting. It had never occurred to me that my mother wouldn't simply go on being sick. I won't say I'd never wondered what might happen if she should die; I did wonder about it, in the same way I wondered what might happen if our house were swallowed up in an earthquake. There could hardly be life after such an event. "I thought I would die first," my father was saying. "You're an old man, Sakamoto-san. But your health is good. You might have four or five years. I'll leave you some more of those pills for your wife. You can give them to her two at a time, if you need to." They talked about the pills a bit longer, and then Dr. Miura left. My father went on sitting for a long while in silence, with his back to me. He wore no shirt but only his loose-fitting skin; the more I looked at him, the more he began to seem like just a curious collection of shapes and textures. His spine was a path of nobs. His head, with its discolored splotches, might have been a bruised fruit. His arms were sticks wrapped in old leather, dangling from two bumps. If my mother died, how could I go on living in the house with him? I didn't want to be away from him; but whether he was there or not, the house would be just as empty when my mother had left it. At last my father said my name in a whisper. I went and knelt beside him. "Something very important," he said. His face was so much heavier than usual, with his eyes rolling around almost as though he'd lost control of them. I thought he was struggling to tell me my mother would die soon, but all he said was: "Go down to the village. Bring back some incense for the altar." Our tiny Buddhist altar rested on an old crate beside the entrance to the kitchen; it was the only thing of value in our tipsy house. In front of a rough carving of Amida, the Buddha of the Western Paradise, stood tiny black mortuary tablets bearing the Buddhist names of our dead ancestors. "But, Father . . . wasn't there anything else?" I hoped he would reply, but he only made a gesture with his hand that meant for me to leave.

The path from our house followed the edge of the sea cliffs before turning inland toward the village. Walking it on a day like this was difficult, but I remember feeling grateful that the fierce wind drew my mind from the things troubling me. The sea was violent, with waves like stones chipped into blades, sharp enough to cut. It seemed to me the world itself was feeling just as I felt. Was life nothing more than a storm that constantly washed away what had been there only a moment before, and left behind something barren and unrecognizable? I'd never had such a thought before. To escape it, I ran down the path until the village came into view below me. Yoroido was a tiny town, just at the opening of an inlet. Usually the water was spotted with fishermen, but today I could see just a few boats coming back-looking to me, as they always did, like water bugs kicking along the surface. The storm was coming in earnest now; I could hear its roar. The fishermen on the inlet began to soften as they disappeared within the curtain of rain, and then they were gone completely. I could see the storm climbing the slope toward me. The first drops hit me like quail eggs, and in a matter of seconds I was as wet as if I'd fallen into the sea.

Yoroido had only one road, leading right to the front door of the Japan Coastal Seafood Company; it was lined with a number of houses whose front rooms were used for shops. I ran across the street toward the Okada house, where dry goods were sold; but then something happened to me-one of those trivial things with huge consequences, like losing your step and falling in front of a train. The packed dirt road was slippery in the rain, and my feet went out from under me. I fell forward onto one side of my face. I suppose I must have knocked myself into a daze, because I remember only a kind of numbness and a feeling of something in my mouth I wanted to spit out. I heard voices and felt myself turned onto my back; I was lifted and carried. I could tell they were taking me into the Japan Coastal Seafood Company, because I smelled the odor of fish wrapping itself around me. I heard a slapping sound as they slid a catch

of fish from one of the wooden tables onto the floor and laid me on its slimy surface. I knew I was wet from the rain, and bloody too, and that I was barefoot and dirty, and wearing peasant clothing. What I didn't know was that this was the moment that would change everything. For it was in this condition I found myself looking up into the face of Mr. Tanaka Ichiro.

I'd seen Mr. Tanaka in our village many times before. He lived in a much larger town nearby but came every day, for his family owned the Japan Coastal Seafood Company. He didn't wear peasant clothing like the fishermen, but rather a man's kimono, with kimono trousers that made him look to me like the illustrations you may have seen of samurai. His skin was smooth and tight as a drum; his cheekbones were shiny hillocks, like the crisp skin of a grilled fish. I'd always found him fascinating. When I was in the street throwing a beanbag with the other children and Mr. Tanaka happened to stroll out of the seafood company, I always stopped what I was doing to watch him. I lay there on that slimy table while Mr. Tanaka examined my lip, felling it down with his fingers and tipping my head this way and that. All at once he caught sight of my gray eyes, which were fixed on his face with such fascination, I couldn't pretend I hadn't been staring at him. He didn't give me a sneer, as if to say that I was an impudent girl, and he didn't look away as if it made no difference where I looked or what I thought. We stared at each other for a long moment-so long it gave me a chill even there in the muggy air of the seafood company.

"I know you," he said at last. "You're old Sakamoto's little girl."

Even as a child I could tell that Mr. Tanaka saw the world around him as it really was; he never wore the dazed look of my father. To me, he seemed to see the sap bleeding from the trunks of the pine trees, and the circle of brightness in the sky where the sun was smothered by clouds. He lived in the world that was visible, even if it didn't always please him to be there. I knew he noticed the trees, and the mud, and the children in the street, but I had no reason to believe he'd ever noticed me. Perhaps this is why when he spoke to me, tears came stinging to my eyes. Mr. Tanaka raised me into a sitting position. I thought he was going to tell me to leave, but instead he said, "Don't swallow that blood, little girl. Unless you want to make a stone in your stomach. I'd spit it onto the floor, if I were you." "A girl's blood, Mr. Tanaka?" said one of the men. "Here, where we bring the fish?" Fishermen are terribly superstitious, you see. They especially don't like women to have anything to do with fishing. One man in our village, Mr. Yamamura, found his daughter playing in his boat one morning. He beat her with a stick and then washed out the boat with sake and lye so strong it bleached streaks of coloring from the wood. Even this wasn't enough; Mr. Yamamura had the Shinto priest come and bless it. All this because his daughter had done nothing more than play where the fish are caught. And here Mr. Tanaka was suggesting I spit blood onto the floor of the room where the fish were cleaned. "If you're afraid her spit might wash away some of the fish guts," said Mr. Tanaka, "take them home with you. I've got plenty more." "It isn't the fish guts, sir." "I'd say her blood will be the cleanest thing to hit this floor since you or I were born. Go ahead," Mr. Tanaka said, this time talking to me. "Spit it out." There I sat on that slimy table, uncertain what to do. I thought it would be terrible to disobey Mr. Tanaka, but I'm not sure I would have found the courage to spit if one of the men hadn't leaned to the side and pressed a finger against one nostril to blow his nose onto the floor. After seeing this, I couldn't bear to hold anything in my mouth a moment longer, and spat out the blood just as Mr. Tanaka had told me to do. All the men walked away in disgust except Mr. Tanaka's assistant, named Sugi. Mr. Tanaka told him to go and fetch Dr. Miura. "I don't know where to find him," said Sugi, though what he really meant, I think, was that he wasn't interested in helping. I told Mr. Tanaka the doctor had been at our house a few minutes earlier. "Where is your house?" Mr. Tanaka asked me. "It's the little tipsy house up on the cliffs." "What do you mean . . . 'tipsy house'?" "It's the one that leans to the side, like it's had too much to drink." Mr. Tanaka didn't seem to know what to make of this. "Well, Sugi, walk up toward Sakamoto's tipsy house and look for Dr. Miura. You won't have trouble finding him. Just listen for the sound of his patients screaming when he pokes them." I imagined Mr. Tanaka would go back to his work after Sugi had left; but instead he stood near the table a long while

looking at me. I felt my face beginning to burn. Finally he said something I thought was very clever. "You've got an eggplant on your face, little daughter of Sakamoto." He went to a drawer and took out a small mirror to show it to me. My lip was swollen and blue, just as he'd said. "But what I really want to know," he went on, "is how you came to have such extraordinary eyes, and why you don't look more like your father?" "The eyes are my mother's," I said. "But as for my father, he's so wrinkled I've never known what he really looks like." "You'll be wrinkled yourself one day." "But some of his wrinkles are the way he's made," I said. "The back of his head is as old as the front, but it's as smooth as an egg." "That isn't a respectful thing to say about your father," Mr. Tanaka told me. "But I suppose it's true." Then he said something that made my face blush so red, I'm sure my lips looked pale. "So how did a wrinkled old man with an egg for a head father a beautiful girl like you?" In the years since, I've been called beautiful more often than I can remember. Though, of course, geisha are always called beautiful, even those who aren't. But when Mr. Tanaka said it to me, before I'd ever heard of such a thing as a geisha, I could almost believe it was true. After Dr. Miura tended to my lip, and I bought the incense my father had sent me for, I walked home in a state of such agitation, I don't think there could have been more activity inside me if I'd been an anthill. I would've had an easier time if my emotions had all pulled me in the same direction, but it wasn't so simple. I'd been blown about like a scrap of paper in the wind. Somewhere between the various thoughts about my mother-somewhere past the discomfort in my lip-there nestled a pleasant thought I tried again and again to bring into focus. It was about Mr. Tanaka. I stopped on the cliffs and gazed out to sea, where the waves even after the storm were still like sharpened stones, and the sky had taken on the brown tone of mud. I made sure no one was watching me, and then clutched the incense to my chest and said Mr. Tanaka's name into the whistling wind, over and over, until I felt satisfied I'd heard the music in every syllable. I know it sounds foolish of me-and indeed it was. But I was only a confused little girl. After we'd finished our dinner and my father had gone to the village to watch the other fishermen play Japanese chess, Satsu and I cleaned the kitchen in silence. I tried to remember how Mr. Tanaka had made me feel, but in the cold quiet of the house it had slipped away from me. Instead I felt a persistent, icy dread at the thought of my mother's illness. I found myself wondering how long it would be until she was buried out in the village graveyard along with my father's other family. What would become of me afterward? With my mother dead, Satsu would act in her place, I supposed. I watched my sister scrub the iron pot that had cooked our soup; but even though it was right before her-even though her eyes were pointed at the thing-I could tell she wasn't seeing it. She went on scrubbing it long after it was clean. Finally I said to her: "Satsu-san, I don't feel well." "Go outside and heat the bath," she told me, and brushed her unruly hair from her eyes with one of her wet hands. "I don't want a bath," I said. "Satsu, Mommy is going to die-" "This pot is cracked. Look!" "It isn't cracked," I said. "That line has always been there." But how did the water get out just then?" "You sloshed it out. I watched you." For a moment I could tell that Satsu was feeling something very strongly, which translated itself onto her face as a look of extreme puzzlement, just as so many of her feelings did. But she said nothing further to me. She only took the pot from the stove and walked toward the door to dump it out.

Tasks:

1. **Read more about author's work;**
2. **Analyse the stylistic and conceptual feathers of the source text and choose the key words in it;**
3. **Point out the special features of author's syntax and their connections with the characters and situation;**
4. **Point out the major components and type of the rhythm of the source text including vocabulary, syntax, style, and cultural background.**

Hemingway Ernest
The Killers

The door of Henry's lunchroom opened and two men came in. They sat down at the counter.

"What's yours?" George asked them.

"I don't know," one of the men said. "What do you want to eat, Al?"

"I don't know," said Al. "I don't know what I want to eat."

Outside it was getting dark. The streetlight came on outside the window. The two men at the counter read the menu. From the other end of the counter Nick Adams watched them. He had been talking to George when they came in.

"I'll have a roast pork tenderloin with apple sauce and mashed potatoes," the first man said.

"It isn't ready yet."

"What the hell do you put it on the card for?"

"That's the dinner," George explained. "You can get that at six o'clock."

George looked at the clock on the wall behind the counter.

"It's five o'clock."

"The clock says twenty minutes past five," the second man said.

"It's twenty minutes fast."

"Oh, to hell with the clock," the first man said. "What have you got to eat?"

"I can give you any kind of sandwiches," George said. "You can have ham and eggs, bacon and eggs, liver and bacon, or a steak."

"Give me chicken croquettes with green peas and cream sauce and mashed potatoes."

"That's the dinner."

"Everything we want's the dinner, eh? That's the way you work it."

"I can give you ham and eggs, bacon and eggs, liver-"

"I'll take ham and eggs," the man called Al said. He wore a derby hat and a black overcoat buttoned across the chest. His face was small and white and he had tight lips. He wore a silk muffler and gloves.

"Give me bacon and eggs," said the other man. He was about the same size as Al. Their faces were different, but they were dressed like twins. Both wore overcoats too tight for them. They sat leaning forward, their elbows on the counter.

"Got anything to drink?" Al asked.

"Silver beer, bevo, ginger-ale," George said.

"I mean you got anything to drink?"

"Just those I said."

"This is a hot town," said the other. "What do they call it?"

"Summit."

"Ever hear of it?" Al asked his friend. "No," said the friend.

"What do they do here nights?" Al asked.

"They eat the dinner," his friend said. "They all come here and eat the big dinner."

"That's right," George said.

"So you think that's right?" Al asked George.

"Sure."

"You're a pretty bright boy, aren't you?"

"Sure," said George.

"Well, you're not," said the other little man. "Is he, Al?"

"He's dumb," said Al. He turned to Nick. "What's your name?"

"Adams."

"Another bright boy," Al said. "Ain't he a bright boy, Max?"

"The town's full of bright boys," Max said.

George put the two platters, one of ham and eggs, the other of bacon and eggs, on the counter. He set down two side dishes of fried potatoes and closed the wicket into the kitchen.
"Which is yours?" he asked Al.
"Don't you remember?"
"Ham and eggs."
"Just a bright boy," Max said. He leaned forward and took the ham and eggs. Both men ate with their gloves on. George watched them eat.
"What are you looking at?" Max looked at George.
"Nothing."
"The hell you were. You were looking at me."
"Maybe the boy meant it for a joke, Max," Al said.
George laughed.
"You don't have to laugh," Max said to him. "You don't have to laugh at all, see?'
"All right," said George.
"So he thinks it's all right." Max turned to Al. "He thinks it's all right. That's a good one."
"Oh, he's a thinker," Al said. They went on eating.
"What's the bright boy's name down the counter?" Al asked Max.
"Hey, bright boy," Max said to Nick. "You go around on the other side of the counter with your boy friend."
"What's the idea?" Nick asked.
"There isn't any idea."
"You better go around, bright boy," Al said. Nick went around behind the counter.
"What's the idea?" George asked.
"None of your damned business," Al said. "Who's out in the kitchen?"
"The nigger."
"What do you mean the nigger?"
"The nigger that cooks."
"Tell him to come in."
"What's the idea?"
"Tell him to come in."
"Where do you think you are?"
"We know damn well where we are," the man called Max said. "Do we look silly?"
"You talk silly," A1 said to him. "What the hell do you argue with this kid for? Listen," he said to George, "tell the nigger to come out here."
"What are you going to do to him?"
"Nothing. Use your head, bright boy. What would we do to a nigger?"

George opened the slit that Opened back into the kitchen. "Sam," he called. "Come in here a minute." The door to the kitchen opened and the nigger came in. "What was it?" he asked. The two men at the counter took a look at him. "All right, nigger. You stand right there," Al said. Sam, the nigger, standing in his apron, looked at the two men sitting at the counter. "Yes, sir," he said. Al got down from his stool. "I'm going back to the kitchen with the nigger and bright boy," he said. "Go on back to the kitchen, nigger. You go with him, bright boy." The little man walked after Nick and Sam, the cook, back into the kitchen. The door shut after them. The man called Max sat at the counter opposite George. He didn't look at George but looked in the mirror that ran along back of the counter. Henry's had been made over from a saloon into a lunch counter.
"Well, bright boy," Max said, looking into the mirror, "why don't you say something?"
"What's it all about?"
"Hey, Al," Max called, "bright boy wants to know what it's all about."
"Why don't you tell him?" Al's voice came from the kitchen.
"What do you think it's all about?"
"I don't know."
"What do you think?"

Max looked into the mirror all the time he was talking.
"I wouldn't say."
"Hey, Al, bright boy says he wouldn't say what he thinks it's all about."
"I can hear you, all right," Al said from the kitchen. He had propped open the slit that dishes passed through in. to the kitchen with a catsup bottle. "Listen, bright boy," he said from the kitchen to George. "Stand a little further along the bar. You move a little to the left, Max." He was like a photographer arranging for a group picture.
"Talk to me, bright boy," Max said. "What do you think's going to happen?"
George did not say anything.
"I'll tell you," Max said. "We're going to kill a Swede. Do you know a big Swede named Ole Anderson?"
"Yes."
"He comes here to eat every night, don't he?"
"Sometimes he comes here."
"He comes here at six o'clock, don't he?"
"If he comes."
"We know all that, bright boy," Max said. "Talk about something else. Ever go to the movies?"
"Once in a while."
"You ought to go to the movies more. The movies are fine for a bright boy like you."
"What are you going to kill Ole Anderson for? What did he ever do to you?"
"He never had a chance to do anything to us. He never even seen us."
And he's only going to see us once," Al said from the kitchen:
"What are you going to kill him for, then?" George asked.
"We're killing him for a friend. Just to oblige a friend, bright boy."
"Shut up," said Al from the kitchen. "You talk too goddamn much."
"Well, I got to keep bright boy amused. Don't I, bright boy?"
"You talk too damn much," Al said. "The nigger and my bright boy are amused by themselves. I got them tied up like a couple of girl friends in the convent."
"I suppose you were in a convent."
"You never know."
"You were in a kosher convent. That's where you were."
George looked up at the clock.
"If anybody comes in you tell them the cook is off, and if they keep after it, you tell them you'll go back and cook yourself. Do you get that, bright boy?"
"All right," George said. "What you going to do with us afterward?"
"That'll depend," Max said. "That's one of those things you never know at the time."
George looked up at the dock. It was a quarter past six. The door from the street opened. A streetcar motorman came in. "Hello, George," he said. "Can I get supper?"
"Sam's gone out," George said. "He'll be back in about half an hour."
"I'd better go up the street," the motorman said. George looked at the dock. It was twenty minute, past six. "That was nice, bright boy," Max said. "You're a regular little gentleman."
"He knew I'd blow his head off," Al said from the kitchen.
"No," said Max. "It ain't that. Bright boy is nice. He's a nice boy. I like him."
At six fifty-five George said: "He's not coming."

Two other people had been in the lunchroom. Once George had gone out to the kitchen and made a ham-and-egg sandwich "to go" that a man wanted to take with him. Inside the kitchen he saw Al, his derby hat tipped back, sitting on a stool beside the wicket with the muzzle of a sawed-off shotgun resting on the ledge. Nick and the cook were back to back in the corner, a towel tied in each of their mouths. George had cooked the sandwich, wrapped it up in oiled paper, put it in a bag, brought it in, and the man had paid for it and gone out. "Bright boy can do everything," Max said. "He can cook and everything. You'd make some girl a nice wife, bright boy."

"Yes?" George said, "Your friend, Ole Anderson, isn't going to come."
"We'll give him ten minutes," Max said.
Max watched the mirror and the dock. The hands of the dock marked seven o'clock, and then five minutes past seven.
"Come on, Al," said Max. "We better go. He's not coming."
"Better give him five minutes," Al said from the kitchen.
In the five minutes a man came in, and George explained that the cook was sick.
"Why the hell don't you get another cook?" the man asked. "Aren't you running a lunch-counter?" He went out.
"Come on, Al," Max said.
"What about the two bright boys and the nigger?"
"They're all right."
"You think so?"
"Sure. We're through with it."
"I don't like it," said Al. "It's sloppy. You talk too much."
"Oh, what the hell," said Max. "We got to keep amused, haven't we?"
"You talk too much, all the same," Al said. He came out from the kitchen. The cut-off barrels of the shotgun made a slight bulge under the waist of his too tight-fitting overcoat. He straightened his coat with his gloved hands.
"So long, bright boy," he said to George. "You got a lot of luck."
"That's the truth," Max said. "You ought to play the races, bright boy."

The two of them went out the door. George watched them, through the window, pass under the arc-light and across the street. In their tight overcoats and derby hats they looked like a vaudeville team. George went back through the swinging door into the kitchen and untied Nick and the cook.
"I don't want any more of that," said Sam, the cook. "I don't want any more of that."
Nick stood up. He had never had a towel in his mouth before. "Say," he said. "What the hell?" He was trying to swagger it off.
"They were going to kill Ole Anderson," George said. "They were going to shoot him when he came in to eat."
"Ole Anderson?"
"Sure."
The cook felt the corners of his mouth with his thumbs.
"They all gone?" he asked.
"Yeah," said George. "They're gone now."
"I don't like it," said the cook. "I don't like any of it at all"
"Listen," George said to Nick. "You better go see Ole Anderson."
"All right."
"You better not have anything to do with it at all," Sam, the cook, said. "You better stay way out of it."
"Don't go if you don't want to," George said.
"Mixing up in this ain't going to get you anywhere," the cook said. "You stay out of it."
"I'll go see him," Nick said to George. "Where does he live?" The cook turned away.
"Little boys always know what they want to do," he said.
"He lives up at Hirsch's rooming-house," George said to Nick.
"I'll go up there."
Outside the arc-light shone through the bare branches of a tree. Nick walked up the street beside the car-tracks and turned at the next arc-light down a side-street. Three houses up the street was Hirsch's rooming-house. Nick walked up the two steps and pushed the bell. A woman came to the door.
"Is Ole Anderson here?"
"Do you want to see him?"

"Yes, if he's in."
Nick followed the woman up a flight of stairs and back to the end of a corridor. She knocked on the door.
"Who is it?"
"It's somebody to see you, Mr. Anderson," the woman said.
"It's Nick Adams."
"Come in."
Nick opened the door and went into the room. Ole Anderson was lying on the bed with all his clothes on. He had been a heavyweight prizefighter and he was too long for the bed. He lay with his head on two pillows. He did not look at Nick.
"What was it?" he asked.
"I was up at Henry's," Nick said, "and two fellows came in and tied up me and the cook, and they said they were going to kill you."
It sounded silly when he said it. Ole Anderson said nothing.
"They put us out in the kitchen," Nick went on. "They were going to shoot you when you came in to supper."
Ole Anderson looked at the wall and did not say anything.
"George thought I better come and tell you about it."
"There isn't anything I can do about it," Ole Anderson said.
"I'll tell you what they were like."
"I don't want to know what they were like," Ole Anderson said. He looked at the wall. "Thanks for coming to tell me about it."
"That's all right."
Nick looked at the big man lying on the bed.
"Don't you want me to go and see the police?"
"No," Ole Anderson said. "That wouldn't do any good."
"Isn't there something I could do?"
"No. There ain't anything to do.
"Maybe it was just a bluff."
"No. It ain't just a bluff."
Ole Anderson rolled over toward the wall.
"The only thing is," he said, talking toward the wall, "I just can't make up my mind to go out. I been here all day."
"Couldn't you get out of town?"
"No," Ole Anderson said. "I'm through with all that running around."
He looked at the wall.
"There ain't anything to do now."
"Couldn't you fix it up some way?"
"No, I got in wrong." He talked in the same flat voice. "There ain't anything to do. After a while I'll make up my mind to go out."
"I better go back and see George," Nick said.
"So long," said Ole Anderson. He did not look toward Nick. "Thanks for coming around."
Nick went out. As he shut the door he saw Ole Anderson with all his clothes on, lying on the bed looking at the wall.
"He's been in his room all day," the landlady said downstairs. "I guess he don't feel well. I said to him: 'Mr. Anderson, you ought to go out and take a walk on a nice fall day like this,' but he didn't feel like it."
"He doesn't want to go out."
"I'm sorry he don't feel well," the woman said. "He's an awfully nice man. He was in the ring, you know."
"I know it."
"You'd never know it except from the way his face is," the woman said.

They stood talking just inside the street door. "He's just as gentle."
"Well, good night, Mrs. Hirsch,' Nick said.
"I'm not Mrs. Hirsch," the woman said. "She owns the place. I just look after it for her. I'm Mrs. Bell."
"Well, good night, Mrs. Bell," Nick said.
"Good night," the woman said.
Nick walked up the dark street to the corner under the arc-light, and then along the car-tracks to Henry's eating-house. George was inside, back of the counter. "Did you see Ole?"
"Yes," said Nick. "He's in his room and he won't go out."
The cook opened the door from the kitchen when he heard Nick's voice.
"I don't even listen to it," he said and shut the door.
"Did you tell him about it?" George asked.
"Sure. I told him but he knows what it's all about."
"What's he going to do?"
"Nothing."
"They'll kill him."
"I guess they will."
"He must have got mixed up in something in Chicago."
"I guess so," said Nick.
"It's a hell of a thing!"
"It's an awful thing," Nick said.
They did not say anything. George reached down for a towel and wiped the counter.
"I wonder what he did?" Nick said.
"Double-crossed somebody. That's what they kill them for."
"I'm going to get out of this town," Nick said.
"Yes," said George. "That's a good thing to do."
"I can't stand to think about him waiting in the room and knowing he's going to get it. It's too damned awful."
"Well," said George, "you better not think about it."

Tasks:

1. **Read the text and study the characters and situation.**
2. **Analyse the language they use: choice of words, structure of sentence, emotional background provided by the author's remarks;**
3. **Point out the places most difficult for translation;**
4. **Comment upon them.**

LORD OF THE RINGS
JRR TOLKIEN

BOOK I
A Long-expected Party

When Mr. Bilbo Baggins of Bag End announced that he would shortly be celebrating his eleventy-first birthday with a party of special magnificence, there was much talk and excitement in Hobbiton. Bilbo was very rich and very peculiar, and had been the wonder of the Shire for sixty years, ever since his remarkable disappearance and unexpected return. The riches he had brought back from his travels had now become a local legend, and it was popularly believed, whatever the old folk might say, that the Hill at Bag End was full of tunnels stuffed with treasure. And if that was not enough for fame, there was also his prolonged vigour to marvel at. Time wore on, but it seemed to have little effect on Mr. Baggins. At ninety he was much the same as at fifty. At ninety-nine they began to call him well-preserved, but unchanged

would have been nearer the mark. There were some that shook their heads and thought this was too much of a good thing; it seemed unfair that anyone should possess (apparently) perpetual youth as well as (reputedly) inexhaustible wealth. 'It will have to be paid for,' they said. 'It isn't natural, and trouble will come of it!' But so far trouble had not come; and as Mr. Baggins was generous with his money, most people were willing to forgive him his oddities and his good fortune. He remained on visiting terms with his relatives (except, of course, the Sackville-Bagginses), and he had many devoted admirers among the hobbits of poor and unimportant families. But he had no close friends, until some of his younger cousins began to grow up. The eldest of these, and Bilbo's favourite, was young Frodo Baggins. When Bilbo was ninety-nine, he adopted Frodo as his heir, and brought him to live at Bag End; and the hopes of the Sackville-Bagginses were finally dashed. Bilbo and Frodo happened to have the same birthday, September 22nd. 'You had better come and live here, Frodo my lad,' said Bilbo one day; 'and then we can celebrate our birthday-parties comfortably together.' At that time Frodo was still in his tweens, as the hobbits called the irresponsible twenties between childhood and coming of age at thirty-three. Twelve more years passed. Each year the Bagginses had given very lively combined birthday-parties at Bag End; but now it was understood that something quite exceptional was being planned for that autumn. Bilbo was going to be eleventy-one, 111, a rather curious number and a very respectable age for a hobbit (the Old Took himself had only reached 130); and Frodo was going to be thirty-three, 33) an important number: the date of his 'coming of age'. Tongues began to wag in Hobbiton and Bywater; and rumour of the coming event travelled all over the Shire. The history and character of Mr. Bilbo Baggins became once again the chief topic of conversation; and the older folk suddenly found their reminiscences in welcome demand. No one had a more attentive audience than old Ham Gamgee, commonly known as the Gaffer. He held forth at The Ivy Bush, a small inn on the Bywater road; and he spoke with some authority, for he had tended the garden at Bag End for forty years, and had helped old Holman in the same job before that. Now that he was himself growing old and stiff in the joints, the job was mainly carried on by his youngest son, Sam Gamgee. Both father and son were on very friendly terms with Bilbo and Frodo. They lived on the Hill itself, in Number 3 Bagshot Row just below Bag End. 'A very nice well-spoken gentlehobbit is Mr. Bilbo, as I've always said,' the Gaffer declared. With perfect truth: for Bilbo was very polite to him, calling him 'Master Hamfast', and consulting him constantly upon the growing of vegetables - in the matter of 'roots', especially potatoes, the Gaffer was recognized as the leading authority by all in the neighbourhood (including himself). 'But what about this Frodo that lives with him?' asked Old Noakes of Bywater. 'Baggins is his name, but he's more than half a Brandybuck, they say. It beats me why any Baggins of Hobbiton should go looking for a wife away there in Buckland, where folks are so queer.' 'And no wonder they're queer,' put in Daddy Twofoot (the Gaffer's next-door neighbour), 'if they live on the wrong side of the Brandywine River, and right agin the Old Forest. That's a dark bad place, if half the tales be true.' 'You're right, Dad!' said the Gaffer. 'Not that the Brandybucks of Buck-land live in the Old Forest; but they're a queer breed, seemingly.

They fool about with boats on that big river - and that isn't natural. Small wonder that trouble came of it, I say. But be that as it may, Mr. Frodo is as nice a young hobbit as you could wish to meet. Very much like Mr. Bilbo, and in more than looks. After all his father was a Baggins. A decent respectable hobbit was Mr. Drogo Baggins; there was never much to tell of him, till he was drownded.' 'Drownded?' said several voices. They had heard this and other darker rumours before, of course; but hobbits have a passion for family history, and they were ready to hear it again. 'Well, so they say,' said the Gaffer. 'You see: Mr. Drogo, he married poor Miss Primula Brandybuck. She was our Mr. Bilbo's first cousin on the mother's side (her mother being the youngest of the Old Took's daughters); and Mr. Drogo was his second cousin. So Mr. Frodo is his first and second cousin, once removed either way, as the saying is, if you follow me. And Mr. Drogo was staying at Brandy Hall with his father-in-law, old Master Gorbadoc, as he often did after his marriage (him being partial to his vittles, and old Gorbadoc keeping a mighty generous table); and he went out boating on the Brandywine River; and he and his wife were

drownded, and poor Mr. Frodo only a child and all. ' 'I've heard they went on the water after dinner in the moonlight,' said Old Noakes; 'and it was Drogo's weight as sunk the boat.' 'And I heard she pushed him in, and he pulled her in after him,' said Sandyman, the Hobbiton miller. 'You shouldn't listen to all you hear, Sandyman,' said the Gaffer, who did not much like the miller.

'There isn't no call to go talking of pushing and pulling. Boats are quite tricky enough for those that sit still without looking further for the cause of trouble. Anyway: there was this Mr. Frodo left an orphan and stranded, as you might say, among those queer Bucklanders, being brought up
anyhow in Brandy Hall. A regular warren, by all accounts. Old Master Gorbadoc never had fewer than a couple of hundred relations in the place. Mr. Bilbo never did a kinder deed than when he brought the lad back to live among decent folk. 'But I reckon it was a nasty shock for those Sackville-Bagginses. They thought they were going to get Bag End, that time when he went off and was thought to be dead. And then he comes back and orders them off; and he goes on living and living, and never looking a day older, bless him! And suddenly he produces an heir, and has all the papers made out proper. The Sackville-Bagginses won't never see the inside of Bag End now, or it is to be hoped not.' 'There's a tidy bit of money tucked away up there, I hear tell,' said a stranger, a visitor on business from Michel Delving in the Westfarthing. 'All the top of your hill is full of tunnels packed with chests of gold and silver, and jools, by what I've heard. ' 'Then you've heard more than I can speak to,' answered the Gaffer. I know nothing about jools. Mr. Bilbo is free with his money, and there seems no lack of it; but I know of no tunnel-making. I saw Mr. Bilbo when he came back, a matter of sixty years ago, when I was a lad. I'd not long come prentice to old Holman (him being my dad's cousin), but he had me up at Bag End helping him to keep folks from trampling and trapessing all over the garden while the sale was on. And in the middle of it all Mr. Bilbo comes up the Hill with a pony and some mighty big bags and a couple of chests. I don't doubt they were mostly full of treasure he had picked up in foreign parts, where there be mountains of gold, they say; but there wasn't enough to fill tunnels.

But my lad Sam will know more about that. He's in and out of Bag End. Crazy about stories of the old days he is, and he listens to all Mr. Bilbo's tales. Mr. Bilbo has learned him his letters - meaning no harm, mark you, and I hope no harm will come of it. 'Elves and Dragons' I says to him. 'Cabbages and potatoes are better for me and you. Don't go getting mixed up in the business of your betters, or you'll land in trouble too big for you,' I says to him. And I might say it to others,' he added with a look at the stranger and the miller. But the Gaffer did not convince his audience. The legend of Bilbo's wealth was now too firmly fixed in the minds of the younger generation of hobbits. 'Ah, but he has likely enough been adding to what he brought at first,' argued the miller, voicing common opinion. 'He's often away from home. And look at the outlandish folk that visit him: dwarves coming at night, and that old wandering conjuror, Gandalf, and all. You can say what you like, Gaffer, but Bag End's a queer place, and its folk are queerer.'

'And you can say what you like, about what you know no more of than you do of boating, Mr. Sandyman,' retorted the Gaffer, disliking the miller even more than usual. If that's being queer, then we could do with a bit more queerness in these parts. There's some not far away that wouldn't offer a pint of beer to a friend, if they lived in a hole with golden walls. But they do things proper at Bag End. Our Sam says that everyone's going to be invited to the party, and there's going to be presents, mark you, presents for all - this very month as is.' That very month was September, and as fine as you could ask. A day or two later a rumour (probably started by the knowledgeable Sam) was spread about that there were going to be fireworks - fireworks, what is more, such as had not been seen in the Shire for nigh on a century, not indeed since the Old Took died. Days passed and The Day drew nearer. An odd-looking waggon laden with odd-looking packages rolled into Hobbiton one evening and toiled up the Hill to Bag End. The startled hobbits peered out of lamplit doors to gape at it. It was driven by outlandish folk, singing strange songs: dwarves with long beards and deep hoods. A few of them remained at Bag End.

At the end of the second week in September a cart came in through Bywater from the direction of the Brandywine Bridge in broad daylight. An old man was driving it all alone. He wore a tall pointed blue hat, a long grey cloak, and a silver scarf. He had a long white beard and bushy eyebrows that stuck out beyond the brim of his hat. Small hobbit-children ran after the cart all through Hobbiton and right up the hill. It had a cargo of fireworks, as they rightly guessed. At Bilbo's front door the old man began to unload: there were great bundles of fireworks of all sorts and shapes, each labelled with a large red G and the elf-rune, . That was Gandalf's mark, of course, and the old man was Gandalf the Wizard, whose fame in the Shire was due mainly to his skill with fires, smokes, and lights. His real business was far more difficult and dangerous, but the Shire-folk knew nothing about it. To them he was just one of the 'attractions' at the Party. Hence the excitement of the hobbit-children. 'G for Grand!' they shouted, and the old man smiled. They knew him by sight, though he only appeared in Hobbiton occasionally and never stopped long; but neither they nor any but the oldest of their elders had seen one of his firework displays - they now belonged to the legendary past. When the old man, helped by Bilbo and some dwarves, had finished unloading. Bilbo gave a few pennies away; but not a single squib or cracker was forthcoming, to the disappointment of the onlookers. 'Run away now!' said Gandalf.

'You will get plenty when the time comes.' Then he disappeared inside with Bilbo, and the door was shut. The young hobbits stared at the door in vain for a while, and then made off, feeling that the day of the party would never come. Inside Bag End, Bilbo and Gandalf were sitting at the open window of a small room looking out west on to the garden. The late afternoon was bright and peaceful. The flowers glowed red and golden: snap-dragons and sun-flowers, and nasturtiums trailing all over the turf walls and peeping in at the round windows. 'How bright your garden looks!' said Gandalf. 'Yes,' said Bilbo. I am very fond indeed of it, and of all the dear old Shire; but I think I need a holiday.' 'You mean to go on with your plan then?' 'I do. I made up my mind months ago, and I haven't changed it.' 'Very well. It is no good saying any more. Stick to your plan - your whole plan, mind - and I hope it will turn out for the best, for you, and for all of us.' 'I hope so. Anyway I mean to enjoy myself on Thursday, and have my little joke.' 'Who will laugh, I wonder?' said Gandalf, shaking his head. 'We shall see,' said Bilbo. The next day more carts rolled up the Hill, and still more carts. There might have been some grumbling about 'dealing locally', but that very week orders began to pour out of Bag End for every kind of provision, commodity, or luxury that could be obtained in Hobbiton or Bywater or anywhere in the neighbourhood. People became enthusiastic; and they began to tick off the days on the calendar; and they watched eagerly for the postman, hoping for invitations. Before long the invitations began pouring out, and the Hobbiton post-office was blocked, and the Bywater post-office was snowed under, and voluntary assistant postmen were called for. There was a constant stream of them going up the Hill, carrying hundreds of polite variations on Thank you, I shall certainly come. A notice appeared on the gate at Bag End: NO ADMITTANCE EXCEPT ON PARTY BUSINESS. Even those who had, or pretended to have Party Business were seldom allowed inside. Bilbo was busy: writing invitations, ticking off answers, packing up presents, and making some private preparations of his own. From the time of Gandalf's arrival he remained hidden from view. One morning the hobbits woke to find the large field, south of Bilbo's front door, covered with ropes and poles for tents and pavilions. A special entrance was cut into the bank leading to the road, and wide steps and a large white gate were built there. The three hobbit-families of Bagshot Row, adjoining the field, were intensely interested and generally envied. Old Gaffer Gamgee stopped even pretending to work in his garden. The tents began to go up. There was a specially large pavilion, so big that the tree that grew in the field was right inside it, and stood proudly near one end, at the head of the chief table. Lanterns were hung on all its branches. More promising still (to the hobbits' mind): an enormous open-air kitchen was erected in the north corner of the field. A draught of cooks, from every inn and eating-house for miles around, arrived to supplement the dwarves and other odd folk that were quartered at Bag End. Excitement rose to its height. Then the weather clouded over. That was on Wednesday the eve of the Party. Anxiety was intense. Then Thursday, September the 22nd, actually dawned.

The sun got up, the clouds vanished, flags were unfurled and the fun began. Bilbo Baggins called it a party, but it was really a variety of entertainments rolled into one. Practically everybody living near was invited. A very few were overlooked by accident, but as they turned up all the same, that did not matter. Many people from other parts of the Shire were also asked; and there were even a few from outside the borders. Bilbo met the guests (and additions) at the new white gate in person. He gave away presents to all and sundry - the latter were those who went out ain by a back way and came in again by the gate. Hobbits give presents to other people on their own birthdays. Not very expensive ones, as a rule, and not so lavishly as on this occasion; but it was not a bad system.

Actually in Hobbiton and Bywater every day in the year it was somebody's birthday, so that every hobbit in those parts had a fair chance of at least one present at least once a week. But they never got tired of them. On this occasion the presents were unusually good. The hobbit-children were so excited that for a while they almost forgot about eating. There were toys the like of which they had never seen before, all beautiful and some obviously magical. Many of them had indeed been ordered a year before, and had come all the way from the Mountain and from Dale, and were of real dwarf-make. When every guest had been welcomed and was finally inside the gate, there were songs, dances, music, games, and, of course, food and drink. There were three official meals: lunch, tea, and dinner (or supper). But lunch and tea were marked chiefly by the fact that at those times all the guests were sitting down and eating together. At other times there were merely lots of people eating and drinking - continuously from elevenses until six-thirty, when the fireworks started. The fireworks were by Gandalf: they were not only brought by him, but designed and made by him; and the special effects, set pieces, and flights of rockets were let off by him. But there was also a generous distribution of squibs, crackers, back rappers, sparklers, torches, dwarf-candles, elf-fountains, goblin-barkers and thunder-claps. They were all superb. The art of Gandalf improved with age. There were rockets like a flight of scintillating birds singing with sweet voices. There were green trees with trunks of dark smoke: their leaves opened like a whole spring unfolding in a moment, and their shining branches dropped glowing flowers down upon the astonished hobbits, disappearing with a sweet scent just before they touched their upturned faces. There were fountains of butterflies that flew glittering into the trees; there were pillars of coloured fires that rose and turned into eagles, or sailing ships, or a phalanx of flying swans; there was a red thunderstorm and a shower of yellow rain; there was a forest of silver spears that sprang suddenly into the air with a yell like an embattled army, and came down again into the Water with a hiss like a hundred not snakes. And there was also one last surprise, in honour of Bilbo, and it startled the hobbits exceedingly, as Gandalf intended. The lights went out. A great smoke went up. It shaped itself like a mountain seen in the distance, and began to glow at the summit. It spouted green and scarlet flames. Out flew a red-golden dragon - not life-size, but terribly life-like: fire came from his jaws, his eyes glared down; there was a roar, and he whizzed three times over the heads of the crowd. They all ducked, and many fell flat on their faces. The dragon passed like an express train, turned a somersault, and burst over Bywater with a deafening explosion. 'That is the signal for supper!' said Bilbo. The pain and alarm vanished at once, and the prostrate hobbits leaped to their feet. There was a splendid supper for everyone; for everyone, that is, except those invited to the special family dinner-party. This was held in the great pavilion with the tree. The invitations were limited to twelve dozen (a number also called by the hobbits one Gross, though the word was not considered proper to use of people); and the guests were selected from all the families to which Bilbo and Frodo were related, with the addition of a few special unrelated friends (such as Gandalf). Many young hobbits were included, and present by parental permission; for hobbits were easy-going with their children in the matter of sitting up late, especially when there was a chance of getting them a free meal. Bringing up young hobbits took a lot of provender. There were many Bagginses and Boffins, and also many Tooks and Brandybucks; there were various Grubbs (relations of Bilbo Baggins' grandmother), and various Chubbs (connexions of his Took grandfather); and a selection of Burrowses, Bolgers, Bracegirdles, Brockhouses, Goodbodies,

Hornblowers and Proudfoots. Some of these were only very distantly connected with Bilbo, and some of them had hardly ever been in Hobbiton before, as they lived in remote corners of the Shire. The Sackville-Bagginses were not forgotten. Otho and his wife Lobelia were present. They disliked Bilbo and detested Frodo, but so magnificent was the invitation card, written in golden ink, that they had felt it was impossible to refuse. Besides, their cousin, Bilbo, had been specializing in food for many years and his table had a high reputation. All the one hundred and forty-four guests expected a pleasant feast; though they rather dreaded the after-dinner speech of their host (an inevitable item). He was liable to drag in bits of what he called poetry; and sometimes, after a glass or two, would allude to the absurd adventures of his mysterious journey.

The guests were not disappointed: they had a very pleasant feast, in fact an engrossing entertainment: rich, abundant, varied, and prolonged. The purchase of provisions fell almost to nothing throughout the district in the ensuing weeks; but as Bilbo's catering had depleted the stocks of most stores, cellars and warehouses for miles around, that did not matter much. After the feast (more or less) came the Speech. Most of the company were, however, now in a tolerant mood, at that delightful stage which they called 'filling up the corners'. They were sipping their favourite drinks, and nibbling at their favourite dainties, and their fears were forgotten. They were prepared to listen to anything, and to cheer at every full stop. My dear People, began Bilbo, rising in his place. 'Hear! Hear! Hear!' they shouted, and kept on repeating it in chorus, seeming reluctant to follow their own advice. Bilbo left his place and went and stood on a chair under the illuminated tree. The light of the lanterns fell on his beaming face; the golden buttons shone on his embroidered silk waistcoat. They could all see him standing, waving one hand in the air, the other was in his trouser-pocket. My dear Bagginses and Boffins, he began again; and my dear Tooks and Brandybucks, and Grubbs, and Chubbs, and Burrowses, and Hornblowers, and Bolgers, Bracegirdles, Goodbodies, Brockhouses and Proudfoots. 'ProudFEET!' shouted an elderly hobbit from the back of the pavilion. His name, of course, was Proudfoot, and well merited; his feet were large, exceptionally furry, and both were on the table. Proudfoots, repeated Bilbo. Also my good Sackville-Bagginses that I welcome back at last to Bag End. Today is my one hundred and eleventh birthday: I am eleventy-one today! 'Hurray! Hurray! Many Happy Returns!' they shouted, and they hammered joyously on the tables. Bilbo was doing splendidly. This was the sort of stuff they liked: short and obvious. / hope you are all enjoying yourselves as much as I am. Deafening cheers. Cries of Yes (and No). Noises of trumpets and horns, pipes and flutes, and other musical instruments. There were, as has been said, many young hobbits present. Hundreds of musical crackers had been pulled. Most of them bore the mark DALE on them; which did not convey much to most of the hobbits, but they all agreed they were marvellous crackers. They contained instruments, small, but of perfect make and enchanting tones. Indeed, in one corner some of the young Tooks and Brandybucks, supposing Uncle Bilbo to have finished (since he had plainly said all that was necessary), now got up an impromptu orchestra, and began a merry dance-tune. Master Everard Took and Miss Melilot Brandybuck got on a table and with bells in their hands began to dance the Springle-ring: a pretty dance, but rather vigorous. But Bilbo had not finished. Seizing a horn from a youngster near by, he blew three loud hoots. The noise subsided. / shall not keep you long, he cried. Cheers from all the assembly. / have called you all together for a Purpose. Something in the way that he said this made an impression. There was almost silence, and one or two of the Tooks pricked up their ears. Indeed, for Three Purposes! First of all, to tell you that I am immensely fond of you all, and that eleventy-one years is too short a time to live among such excellent and admirable hobbits. Tremendous outburst of approval. / don't know half of you half as well as I should like; and I like less than half of you half as well as you deserve. This was unexpected and rather difficult. There was some scattered clapping, but most of them were trying to work it out and see if it came to a compliment. Secondly, to celebrate my birthday. Cheers again. / should say: OUR birthday. For it is, of course, also the birthday of my heir and nephew, Frodo. He comes of age and into his inheritance today. Some perfunctory clapping by the elders; and some loud shouts of 'Frodo! Frodo! Jolly old Frodo,' from the juniors. The Sackville-Bagginses scowled, and wondered what

was meant by 'coming into his inheritance'. Together we score one hundred and forty-four. Your numbers were chosen to fit this remarkable total: One Gross, if I may use the expression. No cheers. This was ridiculous. Many of his guests, and especially the Sackville-Bagginses, were insulted, feeling sure they had only been asked to fill up the required number, like goods in a package. 'One Gross, indeed! Vulgar expression.' It is also, if I may be allowed to refer to ancient history, the anniversary of my arrival by barrel at Esgaroth on the Long Lake; though the fact that it was my birthday slipped my memory on that occasion. I was only fifty-one then, and birthdays did not seem so important. The banquet was very splendid, however, though I had a bad cold at the time, I remember, and could only say 'thag you very buch'. I now repeat it more correctly: Thank you very much for coming to my little party. Obstinate silence. They all feared that a song or some poetry was now imminent; and they were getting bored. Why couldn't he stop talking and let them drink his health? But Bilbo did not sing or recite. He paused for a moment.

Thirdly and finally, he said, I wish to make an ANNOUNCEMENT. He spoke this last word so loudly and suddenly that everyone sat up who still could. I regret to announce that - though, as I said, eleventy-one years is far too short a time to spend among you - this is the END. I am going. I am leaving NOW. GOOD-BYE!

He stepped down and vanished. There was a blinding flash of light, and the guests all blinked. When they opened their eyes Bilbo was nowhere to be seen.

One hundred and forty-four flabbergasted hobbits sat back speechless. Old Odo Proudfoot removed his feet from the table and stamped. Then there was a dead silence, until suddenly, after several deep breaths, every Baggins, Boffin, Took, Brandybuck, Grubb, Chubb, Burrows, Bolger, Bracegirdle, Brockhouse, Goodbody, Hornblower, and Proudfoot began to talk at once.

It was generally agreed that the joke was in very bad taste, and more food and drink were needed to cure the guests of shock and annoyance. 'He's mad. I always said so,' was probably the most popular comment. Even the Tooks (with a few exceptions) thought Bilbo's behaviour was absurd. For the moment most of them took it for granted that his disappearance was nothing more than a ridiculous prank.

But old Rory Brandybuck was not so sure. Neither age nor an enormous dinner had clouded his wits, and he said to his daughter-in-law, Esmeralda: 'There's something fishy in this, my dear! I believe that mad Baggins is off again. Silly old fool. But why worry? He hasn't taken the vittles with him.' He called loudly to Frodo to send the wine round again.

Frodo was the only one present who had said nothing. For some time he had sat silent beside Bilbo's empty chair, and ignored all remarks and questions. He had enjoyed the joke, of course, even though he had been in the know. He had difficulty in keeping from laughter at the indignant surprise of the guests. But at the same time he felt deeply troubled: he realized suddenly that he loved the old hobbit dearly. Most of the guests went on eating and drinking and discussing Bilbo Baggins' oddities, past and present; but the Sackville-Bagginses had already departed in wrath. Frodo did not want to have any more to do with the party. He gave orders for more wine to be served; then he got up and drained his own glass silently to the health of Bilbo, and slipped out of the pavilion.

As for Bilbo Baggins, even while he was making his speech, he had been fingering the golden ring in his pocket: his magic ring that he had kept secret for so many years. As he stepped down he slipped it on his finger, and he was never seen by any hobbit in Hobbiton again.

He walked briskly back to his hole, and stood for a moment listening with a smile to the din in the pavilion and to the sounds of merrymaking in other parts of the field. Then he went in. He took off his party clothes, folded up and wrapped in tissue-paper his embroidered silk waistcoat, and put it away. Then he put on quickly some old untidy garments, and fastened round his waist a worn leather belt. On it he hung a short sword in a battered black-leather scabbard. From a locked drawer, smelling of moth-balls, he took out an old cloak and hood. They had been locked up as if they were very precious, but they were so patched and weatherstained that their

original colour could hardly be guessed: it might have been dark green. They were rather too large for him. He then went into his study, and from a large strong-box took out a bundle wrapped in old cloths, and a leather-bound manuscript; and also a large bulky envelope. The book and bundle he stuffed into the top of a heavy bag that was standing there, already nearly full. Into the envelope he slipped his golden ring, and its fine chain, and then sealed it, and addressed it to Frodo. At first he put it on the mantelpiece, but suddenly he removed it and stuck it in his pocket. At that moment the door opened and Gandalf came quickly in.

'Hullo!' said Bilbo. 'I wondered if you would turn up.'

'I am glad to find you visible,' replied the wizard, sitting down in a chair, 'I wanted to catch you and have a few final words. I suppose you feel that everything has gone off splendidly and according to plan?'

'Yes, I do,' said Bilbo. "Though that flash was surprising: it quite startled me, let alone the others. A little addition of your own, I suppose?'

It was. You have wisely kept that ring secret all these years, and it seemed to me necessary to give your guests something else that would seem to explain your sudden vanishment.'

'And would spoil my joke. You are an interfering old busybody,' laughed Bilbo, 'but I expect you know best, as usual.' 'I do - when I know anything. But I don't feel too sure about this whole affair.

It has now come to the final point. You have had your joke, and alarmed or offended most of your relations, and given the whole Shire something to talk about for nine days, or ninety-nine more likely. Are you going any further?'

'Yes, I am. I feel I need a holiday, a very long holiday, as I have told you before. Probably a permanent holiday: I don't expect I shall return. In fact, I don't mean to, and I have made all arrangements.

'I am old, Gandalf. I don't look it, but I am beginning to feel it in my heart of hearts. Well-preserved indeed!' he snorted. 'Why, I feel all thin, sort of stretched, if you know what I mean: like butter that has been scraped over too much bread. That can't be right. I need a change, or something.'

Gandalf looked curiously and closely at him. 'No, it does not seem right,' he said thoughtfully. 'No, after all I believe your plan is probably the best.'

'Well, I've made up my mind, anyway. I want to see mountains again, Gandalf, mountains, and then find somewhere where I can rest. In peace and quiet, without a lot of relatives prying around, and a string of confounded visitors hanging on the bell. I might find somewhere where I can finish my book. I have thought of a nice ending for it: and he lived happily ever after to the end of his days. '

Gandalf laughed. I hope he will. But nobody will read the book, however it ends.'

'Oh, they may, in years to come. Frodo has read some already, as far as it has gone. You'll keep an eye on Frodo, won't you?'

'Yes, I will - two eyes, as often as I can spare them.'

'He would come with me, of course, if I asked him. In fact he offered to once, just before the party. But he does not really want to, yet. I want to see the wild country again before I die, and the Mountains; but he is still in love with the Shire, with woods and fields and little rivers. He ought to be comfortable here. I am leaving everything to him, of course, except a few oddments. I hope he will be happy, when he gets used to being on his own. It's time he was his own master now.'

'Everything?' said Gandalf. 'The ring as well? You agreed to that, you remember.'

'Well, er, yes, I suppose so,' stammered Bilbo.

'Where is it?'

'In an envelope, if you must know,' said Bilbo impatiently. 'There on the mantelpiece. Well, no! Here it is in my pocket!' He hesitated. 'Isn't that odd now?' he said softly to himself. 'Yet after all, why not? Why shouldn't it stay there?'

Gandalf looked again very hard at Bilbo, and there was a gleam in his eyes. 'I think, Bilbo,' he said quietly, 'I should leave it behind. Don't you want to?'

'Well yes - and no. Now it comes to it, I don't like parting with it at all, I may say. And I don't really see why I should. Why do you want me to?' he asked, and a curious change came over his voice. It was sharp with suspicion and annoyance. 'You are always badgering me about my ring; but you have never bothered me about the other things that I got on my journey.'

'No, but I had to badger you,' said Gandalf. 'I wanted the truth. It was important. Magic rings are - well, magical; and they are rare and curious. I was professionally interested in your ring, you may say; and I still am. I should like to know where it is, if you go wandering again. Also I think you have had it quite long enough. You won't need it any more. Bilbo, unless I am quite mistaken.'

Bilbo flushed, and there was an angry light in his eyes. His kindly face grew hard. 'Why not?' he cried. 'And what business is it of yours, anyway, to know what I do with my own things? It is my own. I found it. It came to me.' 'Yes, yes,' said Gandalf. 'But there is no need to get angry.'

'If I am it is your fault,' said Bilbo. 'It is mine, I tell you. My own. My precious. Yes, my precious.'

The wizard's face remained grave and attentive, and only a flicker in his deep eyes showed that he was startled and indeed alarmed. 'It has been called that before,' he said, 'but not by you.'

'But I say it now. And why not? Even if Gollum said the same once. It's not his now, but mine. And I shall keep it, I say.'

Gandalf stood up. He spoke sternly. 'You will be a fool if you do. Bilbo,' he said. 'You make that clearer with every word you say. It has got far too much hold on you. Let it go! And then you can go yourself, and be free.'

'I'll do as I choose and go as I please,' said Bilbo obstinately.

'Now, now, my dear hobbit! ' said Gandalf. 'All your long life we have been friends, and you owe me something. Come! Do as you promised: give it up! '

'Well, if you want my ring yourself, say so!' cried Bilbo. 'But you won't get it. I won't give my precious away, I tell you.' His hand strayed to the hilt of his small sword.

Gandalf's eyes flashed. It will be my turn to get angry soon,' he said. If you say that again, I shall. Then you will see Gandalf the Grey uncloaked.' He took a step towards the hobbit, and he seemed to grow tall and menacing; his shadow filled the little room.

Bilbo backed away to the wall, breathing hard, his hand clutching at his pocket. They stood for a while facing one another, and the air of the room tingled. Gandalf's eyes remained bent on the hobbit. Slowly his hands relaxed, and he began to tremble.

'I don't know what has come over you, Gandalf,' he said. 'You have never been like this before. What is it all about? It is mine isn't it? I found it, and Gollum would have killed me, if I hadn't kept it. I'm not a thief, whatever he said.'

'I have never called you one,' Gandalf answered. 'And I am not one either. I am not trying to rob you, but to help you. I wish you would trust me, as you used.'

He turned away, and the shadow passed. He seemed to dwindle again to an old grey man, bent and troubled.

Bilbo drew his hand over his eyes. I am sorry,' he said. 'But I felt so queer. And yet it would be a relief in a way not to be bothered with it any more. It has been so growing on my mind lately. Sometimes I have felt it was like an eye looking at me. And I am always wanting to put it on and disappear, don't you know; or wondering if it is safe, and pulling it out to make sure. I tried locking it up, but I found I couldn't rest without it in my pocket. I don't know why. And I don't seem able to make up my mind.'

'Then trust mine,' said Gandalf. 'It is quite made up. Go away and leave it behind. Stop possessing it. Give it to Frodo, and I will look after him.'

Bilbo stood for a moment tense and undecided. Presently he sighed. 'All right,'

he said with an effort. I will.' Then he shrugged his shoulders, and smiled rather ruefully. 'After all that's what this party business was all about, really: to give away lots of birthday presents, and somehow make it easier to give it away at the same time. It hasn't made it any easier in the end, but it would be a pity to waste all my preparations. It would quite spoil the joke.'
'Indeed it would take away the only point I ever saw in the affair,' said Gandalf.
'Very well,' said Bilbo, 'it goes to Frodo with all the rest.' He drew a deep breath. 'And now I really must be starting, or somebody else will catch me. I have said good-bye, and I couldn't bear to do it all over again.' He picked up his bag and moved to the door.
'You have still got the ring in your pocket,' said the wizard. 'Well, so I have!' cried Bilbo. 'And my will and all the other documents too. You had better take it and deliver it for me. That will be safest.'
'No, don't give the ring to me,' said Gandalf. 'Put it on the mantelpiece. It will be safe enough there, till Frodo comes. I shall wait for him.'

Bilbo took out the envelope, but just as he was about to set it by the clock, his hand jerked back, and the packet fell on the floor. Before he could pick it up, the wizard stooped and seized it and set it in its place. A spasm of anger passed swiftly over the hobbit's face again. Suddenly it gave way to a look of relief and a laugh. 'Well, that's that,' he said. 'Now I'm off!'
They went out into the hall. Bilbo chose his favourite stick from the stand; then he whistled. Three dwarves came out of different rooms where they had been busy.
'Is everything ready?' asked Bilbo. 'Everything packed and labelled?'
'Everything,' they answered.
'Well, let's start then!' He stepped out of the front-door.

It was a fine night, and the black sky was dotted with stars. He looked up, sniffing the air. 'What fun! What fun to be off again, off on the Road with dwarves! This is what I have really been longing for, for years! Good-bye! ‘he said, looking at his old home and bowing to the door. 'Good-bye, Gandalf!'
'Good-bye, for the present, Bilbo. Take care of yourself! You are old enough, and perhaps wise enough.'
'Take care! I don't care. Don't you worry about me! I am as happy now as I have ever been, and that is saying a great deal. But the time has come. I am being swept off my feet at last,' he added, and then in a low voice, as if to himself, he sang softly in the dark: The Road goes ever on and on Down from the door where it began. Now far ahead the Road has gone, And I must follow, if I can, Pursuing it with eager feet, Until it joins some larger way Where many paths and errands meet. And whither then? I cannot say. He paused, silent for a moment. Then without another word he turned away from the lights and voices in the fields and tents, and followed by his three companions went round into his garden, and trotted down the long sloping path.

He jumped over a low place in the hedge at the bottom, and took to the meadows, passing into the night like a rustle of wind in the grass.
Gandalf remained for a while staring after him into the darkness. 'Goodbye, my dear Bilbo - until our next meeting!' he said softly and went back indoors. Frodo came in soon afterwards, and found him sitting in the dark, deep in thought. 'Has he gone?' he asked.
'Yes,' answered Gandalf, 'he has gone at last.'
' I wish - I mean, I hoped until this evening that it was only a joke,' said Frodo. 'But I knew in my heart that he really meant to go. He always used to joke about serious things. I wish I had come back sooner, just to see him off.' I think really he preferred slipping off quietly in the end,' said Gandalf.
'Don't be too troubled. He'll be all right - now. He left a packet for you. There it is!' Frodo took the envelope from the mantelpiece, and glanced at it, but did not open it. 'You'll find his will and all the other documents in there, I think,' said the wizard. 'You are the master of Bag End now. And also, I fancy, you'll find a golden ring.'
'The ring!' exclaimed Frodo. 'Has he left me that? I wonder why. Still, it may be useful.'

'It may, and it may not,' said Gandalf. 'I should not make use of it, if I were you. But keep it secret, and keep it safe! Now I am going to bed.'

As master of Bag End Frodo felt it his painful duty to say good-bye to the guests. Rumours of strange events had by now spread all over the field, but Frodo would only say no doubt everything will be cleared up in the morning. About midnight carriages came for the important folk. One by one they rolled away, filled with full but very unsatisfied hobbits. Gardeners came by arrangement, and removed in wheel-barrows those that had inadvertently remained behind.

Night slowly passed. The sun rose. The hobbits rose rather later. Morning went on. People came and began (by orders) to clear away the pavilions and the tables and the chairs, and the spoons and knives and bottles and plates, and the lanterns, and the flowering shrubs in boxes, and the crumbs and cracker-paper, the forgotten bags and gloves and handkerchiefs, and the uneaten food (a very small item). Then a number of other people came (without orders): Bagginses, and Boffins, and Bolgers, and Tooks, and other guests that lived or were staying near. By mid-day, when even the best-fed were out and about again, there was a large crowd at Bag End, uninvited but not unexpected.

Frodo was waiting on the step, smiling, but looking rather tired and worried. He welcomed all the callers, but he had not much more to say than before. His reply to all inquiries was simply this: 'Mr. Bilbo Baggins has gone away; as far as I know, for good.' Some of the visitors he invited to come inside, as Bilbo had left 'messages' for them.

Inside in the hall there was piled a large assortment of packages and parcels and small articles of furniture. On every item there was a label tied. There were several labels of this sort: For ADELARD TOOK, for his VERY OWN, from Bilbo, on an umbrella. Adelard had carried off many unlabelled ones. For DORA BAGGINS in memory of a LONG correspondence, with love from Bilbo, on a large waste-paper basket. Dora was Drogo's sister and the eldest surviving Female relative of Bilbo and Frodo; she was ninety-nine, and had written reams of good advice for more than half a century.

For MILO BURROWS, hoping it will be useful, from B.B., on a gold pen and ink-bottle. Milo never answered letters.

For ANGELICA'S use, from Uncle Bilbo, on a round convex mirror. She was a young Baggins, and too obviously considered her face shapely.

For the collection of HUGO BRACEGIRDLE, from a contributor, on an (empty) book-case. Hugo was a great borrower of books, and worse than usual at returning them.

For LOBELIA SACKVILLE-BAGGINS, as a PRESENT, on a case of silver spoons. Bilbo believed that she had acquired a good many of his spoons, while he was away on his former journey. Lobelia knew that quite well. When she arrived later in the day, she took the point at once, but she also took the spoons.

This is only a small selection of the assembled presents. Bilbo's residence had got rather cluttered up with things in the course of his long life. It was a tendency of hobbit-holes to get cluttered up: for which the custom of giving so many birthday-presents was largely responsible. Not, of course, that the birthday-presents were always new, there were one or two old mathoms of forgotten uses that had circulated all around the district; but Bilbo had usually given new presents, and kept those that he received. The old hole was now being cleared a little.

Every one of the various parting gifts had labels, written out personally by Bilbo, and several had some point, or some joke. But, of course, most of the things were given where they would be wanted and welcome. The poorer hobbits, and especially those of Bagshot Row, did very well. Old Gaffer Gamgee got two sacks of potatoes, a new spade, a woollen waistcoat, and a bottle of ointment for creaking joints. Old Rory Brandybuck, in return for much hospitality, got a dozen bottles of Old Winyards: a strong red wine from the Southfarthing, and now quite mature, as it had been laid down by Bilbo's father. Rory quite forgave Bilbo, and voted him a capital fellow after the first bottle.

There was plenty of everything left for Frodo. And, of course, all the chief treasures, as well as the books, pictures, and more than enough furniture, were left in his possession. There was, however, no sign nor mention of money or jewellery: not a penny-piece or a glass bead was given away.

Frodo had a very trying time that afternoon. A false rumour that the whole household was being distributed free spread like wildfire; and before long the place was packed with people who had no business there, but could not be kept out. Labels got torn off and mixed, and quarrels broke out. Some people tried to do swaps and deals in the hall; and others tried to make off with minor items not addressed to them, or with anything that seemed unwanted or unwatched. The road to the gate was blocked with barrows and handcarts.

In the middle of the commotion the Sackville-Bagginses arrived. Frodo had retired for a while and left his friend Merry Brandybuck to keep an eye on things. When Otho loudly demanded to see Frodo, Merry bowed politely.

'He is indisposed,' he said. 'He is resting.'

'Hiding, you mean,' said Lobelia. 'Anyway we want to see him and we mean to see him. Just go and tell him so!'

Merry left them a long while in the hall, and they had time to discover their parting gift of spoons. It did not improve their tempers. Eventually they were shown into the study. Frodo was sitting at a table with a lot of papers in front of him. He looked indisposed - to see Sackville-Bagginses at any rate; and he stood up, fidgeting with something in his pocket. But he spoke quite politely.

The Sackville-Bagginses were rather offensive. They began by offering him bad bargain-prices (as between friends) for various valuable and unlabelled things.

When Frodo replied that only the things specially directed by Bilbo were being given away, they said the whole affair was very fishy.

'Only one thing is clear to me,' said Otho, 'and that is that you are doing exceedingly well out of it. I insist on seeing the will.'

Otho would have been Bilbo's heir, but for the adoption of Frodo. He read the will carefully and snorted. It was, unfortunately, very clear and correct (according to the legal customs of hobbits, which demand among other things seven signatures of witnesses in red ink).

'Foiled again!' he said to his wife. 'And after waiting sixty years. Spoons?

Fiddlesticks!' He snapped his fingers under Frodo's nose and slumped off. But Lobelia was not so easily got rid of. A little later Frodo came out of the study to see how things were going on and found her still about the place, investigating nooks and comers and tapping the floors. He escorted her firmly off the premises, after he had relieved her of several small (but rather valuable) articles that had somehow fallen inside her umbrella. Her face looked as if she was in the throes of thinking out a really crushing parting remark; but all she found to say, turning round on the step, was: 'You'll live to regret it, young fellow! Why didn't you go too? You don't belong here; you're no Baggins - you - you're a Brandybuck!'

'Did you hear that, Merry? That was an insult, if you like,' said Frodo as he shut the door on her.

'It was a compliment,' said Merry Brandybuck, 'and so, of course, not true.'

Then they went round the hole, and evicted three young hobbits (two Boffins and a Bolger) who were knocking holes in the walls of one of the cellars. Frodo also had a tussle with young Sancho Proudfoot (old Odo Proudfoot's grandson), who had begun an excavation in the larger pantry, where he thought there was an echo.

The legend of Bilbo's gold excited both curiosity and hope; for legendary gold (mysteriously obtained, if not positively ill-gotten), is, as every one knows, any one's for the finding - unless the search is interrupted.

When he had overcome Sancho and pushed him out, Frodo collapsed on a chair in the hall. It's time to close the shop, Merry,' he said. 'Lock the door, and don't open it to anyone today, not even if they bring a battering ram.' Then he went to revive himself with a belated cup of tea.

He had hardly sat down, when there came a soft knock at the front-door. 'Lobelia again most likely,' he thought. 'She must have thought of something really nasty, and have come back again to say it. It can wait.'

He went on with his tea. The knock was repeated, much louder, but he took no notice. Suddenly the wizard's head appeared at the window.

'If you don't let me in, Frodo, I shall blow your door right down your hole and out through the hill,' he said.

'My dear Gandalf! Half a minute!' cried Frodo, running out of the room to the door. 'Come in! Come in! I thought it was Lobelia.'

'Then I forgive you. But I saw her some time ago, driving a pony-trap towards Bywater with a face that would have curdled new milk.' 'She had already nearly curdled me. Honestly, I nearly tried on Bilbo's ring. I longed to disappear.'

'Don't do that!' said Gandalf, sitting down. 'Do be careful of that ring, Frodo!

In fact, it is partly about that that I have come to say a last word.'

'Well, what about it?'

'What do you know already?'

'Only what Bilbo told me. I have heard his story: how he found it, and how he used it: on his journey, I mean.'

'Which story, I wonder,' said Gandalf.

'Oh, not what he told the dwarves and put in his book,' said Frodo. 'He told me the true story soon after I came to live here. He said you had pestered him till he told you, so I had better know too. "No secrets between us, Frodo," he said; "but they are not to go any further. It's mine anyway."'

'That's interesting,' said Gandalf. 'Well, what did you think of it all?' 'If you mean, inventing all that about a "present", well, I thought the true story much more likely, and I couldn't see the point of altering it at all. It was very unlike Bilbo to do so, anyway; and I thought it rather odd.'

'So did I. But odd things may happen to people that have such treasures – if they use them. Let it be a warning to you to be very careful with it. It may have other powers than just making you vanish when you wish to.' 'I don't understand,' said Frodo.

'Neither do I,' answered the wizard. 'I have merely begun to wonder about the ring, especially since last night. No need to worry. But if you take my advice you will use it very seldom, or not at all. At least I beg you not to use it in any way that will cause talk or rouse suspicion. I say again: keep it safe, and keep it secret!'

'You are very mysterious! What are you afraid of?'

'I am not certain, so I will say no more. I may be able to tell you something when I come back. I am going off at once: so this is good-bye for the present.' He got up.

'At once!' cried Frodo. 'Why, I thought you were staying on for at least a week. I was looking forward to your help.'

'I did mean to - but I have had to change my mind. I may be away for a good while; but I'll come and see you again, as soon as I can. Expect me when you see me! I shall slip in quietly. I shan't often be visiting the Shire openly again. I find that I have become rather unpopular. They say I am a nuisance and a disturber of the peace. Some people are actually accusing me of spiriting Bilbo away, or worse. If you want to know, there is supposed to be a plot between you and me to get hold of his wealth.'

'Some people!' exclaimed Frodo. 'You mean Otho and Lobelia. How abominable! I would give them Bag End and everything else, if I could get Bilbo back and go off tramping in the country with him. I love the Shire. But I begin to wish, somehow, that I had gone too. I wonder if I shall ever see him again.'

'So do I,' said Gandalf. 'And I wonder many other things. Good-bye now! Take care of yourself! Look out for me, especially at unlikely times! Good-bye!'

Frodo saw him to the door. He gave a final wave of his hand, and walked off at a surprising pace; but Frodo thought the old wizard looked unusually bent, almost as if he was carrying a great weight. The evening was closing in, and his cloaked figure quickly vanished into the twilight. Frodo did not see him again for a long time.

Task:

1. **Read the text and study the characters and situation;**
2. **Translate the text;**
3. **Comment upon the difference in translation principles;**
4. **Analyze the text;**
5. **Discuss the results.**

THE VOICE OF THE CITY
Further Stories of the Four Million
By O. HENRY
1919

I. THE VOICE OF THE CITY

Twenty-five years ago the school children used to chant their lessons. The manner of their delivery was a singsong recitative between the utterance of an Episcopal minister and the drone of a tired sawmill. I mean no disrespect. We must have lumber and sawdust.

I remember one beautiful and instructive little lyric that emanated from the physiology class. The most striking line of it was this:

"The shin-bone is the long-est bone in the hu-man bod-y."

What an inestimable boon it would have been if all the corporeal and spiritual facts pertaining to man had thus been tunefully and logically inculcated in our youthful minds! But what we gained in anatomy, music and philosophy was meagre.

The other day I became confused. I needed a ray of light. I turned back to those school days for aid. But in all the nasal harmonies we whined forth from those hard benches I could not recall one that treated of the voice of agglomerated mankind.

In other words, of the composite vocal message of massed humanity. In other words, of the Voice of a Big City.

Now, the individual voice is not lacking. We can understand the song of the poet, the ripple of the brook, the meaning of the man who wants $5 until next Monday, the inscriptions on the tombs of the Pharaohs, the language of flowers, the "step lively" of the conductor, and the prelude of the milk cans at 4 A. M. Certain large-eared ones even assert that they are wise to the vibrations of the tympanum produced by concussion of the air emanating from Mr. H. James. But who can comprehend the meaning of the voice of the city?

I went out for to see.

First, I asked Aurelia. She wore white Swiss and a hat with flowers on it, and ribbons and ends of things fluttered here and there.

"Tell me," I said, stammeringly, for I have no voice of my own, "what does this big--er--enormous--er--whopping city say? It must have a voice of some kind. Does it ever speak to you? How do you interpret its meaning? It is a tremendous mass, but it must have a key."

"Like a Saratoga trunk?" asked Aurelia.

"No," said I. "Please do not refer to the lid. I have a fancy that every city has a voice. Each one has something to say to the one who can hear it. What does the big one say to you?"

"All cities," said Aurelia, judicially, "say the same thing. When they get through saying it there is an echo from Philadelphia. So, they are unanimous."

"Here are 4,000,000 people," said I, scholastically, "compressed upon an island, which is mostly lamb surrounded by Wall Street water. The conjunction of so many units into so small a space must result in an identity-or, or rather a homogeneity that finds its oral expression through a common channel. It is, as you might say, a consensus of translation, concentrating in a crystallized, general idea which reveals itself in what may be termed the Voice of the City. Can you tell me what it is?"

Aurelia smiled wonderfully. She sat on the high stoop. A spray of insolent ivy bobbed against her right ear. A ray of impudent moonlight flickered upon her nose. But I was adamant, nickel-plated.

"I must go and find out," I said, "what is the Voice of this City. Other cities have voices. It is an assignment. I must have it. New York," I continued, in a rising tone, "had better not hand me a cigar and say: 'Old man, I can't talk for publication.' No other city acts in that way. Chicago says, unhesitatingly, 'I will;' I Philadelphia says, 'I should;' New Orleans says, 'I used to;' Louisville says, 'Don't care if I do;' St. Louis says, 'Excuse me;' Pittsburg says, 'Smoke up.' Now, New York-" Aurelia smiled.

"Very well," said I, "I must go elsewhere and find out."

I went into a palace, tile-floored, cherub-ceilinged and square with the cop. I put my foot on the brass rail and said to Billy Magnus, the best bartender in the diocese:

"Billy, you've lived in New York a long time--what kind of a song-and-dance does this old town give you? What I mean is, doesn't the gab of it seem to kind of bunch up and slide over the bar to you in a sort of amalgamated tip that hits off the burg in a kind of an epigram with a dash of bitters and a slice of--"

"Excuse me a minute," said Billy, "somebody's punching the button at the side door."

He went away; came back with an empty tin bucket; again vanished with it full; returned and said to me:

"That was Mame. She rings twice. She likes a glass of beer for supper. Her and the kid. If you ever saw that little skeesicks of mine brace up in his high chair and take his beer and-- But, say, what was yours? I get kind of excited when I hear them two rings--was it the baseball score or gin fizz you asked for?"

"Ginger ale," I answered.

I walked up to Broadway. I saw a cop on the corner. The cops take kids up, women across, and men in. I went up to him.

"If I'm not exceeding the spiel limit," I said, "let me ask you. You see New York during its vocative hours. It is the function of you and your brother cops to preserve the acoustics of the city. There must be a civic voice that is intelligible to you. At night during your lonely rounds you must have heard it. What is the epitome of its turmoil and shouting? What does the city say to you?"

"Friend," said the policeman, spinning his club, "it don't say nothing. I get my orders from the man higher up. Say, I guess you're all right. Stand here for a few minutes and keep an eye open for the roundsman."

The cop melted into the darkness of the side street. In ten minutes he had returned.

"Married last Tuesday," he said, half gruffly. "You know how they are. She comes to that corner at nine every night for a--comes to say 'hello!' I generally manage to be there. Say, what was it you asked me a bit ago--what's doing in the city? Oh, there's a roof-garden or two just opened, twelve blocks up."

I crossed a crow's-foot of street-car tracks, and skirted the edge of an umbrageous park. An artificial Diana, gilded, heroic, poised, wind-ruled, on the tower, shimmered in the clear light of her namesake in the sky. Along came my poet, hurrying, hatted, haired, emitting dactyls, spondees and dactylis. I seized him.

"Bill," said I (in the magazine he is Cleon), "give me a lift. I am on an assignment to find out the Voice of the city. You see, it's a special order. Ordinarily a symposium comprising the views of Henry Clews, John L. Sullivan, Edwin Markham, May Irwin and Charles Schwab would be

about all. But this is a different matter. We want a broad, poetic, mystic vocalization of the city's soul and meaning. You are the very chap to give me a hint. Some years ago a man got at the Niagara Falls and gave us its pitch. The note was about two feet below the lowest G on the piano. Now, you can't put New York into a note unless it's better indorsed than that. But give me an idea of what it would say if it should speak. It is bound to be a mighty and far-reaching utterance. To arrive at it we must take the tremendous crash of the chords of the day's traffic, the laughter and music of the night, the solemn tones of Dr. Parkhurst, the rag-time, the weeping, the stealthy hum of cab-wheels, the shout of the press agent, the tinkle of fountains on the roof gardens, the hullabaloo of the strawberry vender and the covers of _Everybody's Magazine_,
the whispers of the lovers in the parks--all these sounds must go into your Voice--not combined, but mixed, and of the mixture an essence made; and of the essence an extract--an audible extract, of which one drop shall form the thing we seek."

"Do you remember," asked the poet, with a chuckle, "that California girl we met at Stiver's studio last week? Well, I'm on my way to see her. She repeated that poem of mine, 'The Tribute of Spring,' word for word. She's the smartest proposition in this town just at present. Say, how does this confounded tie look? I spoiled four before I got one to set right."

"And the Voice that I asked you about?" I inquired.

"Oh, she doesn't sing," said Cleon. "But you ought to hear her recite my 'Angel of the Inshore Wind.'"

I passed on. I cornered a newsboy and he flashed at me prophetic pink papers that outstripped the news by two revolutions of the clock's longest hand.

"Son," I said, while I pretended to chase coins in my penny pocket, "doesn't it sometimes seem to you as if the city ought to be able to talk? All these ups and downs and funny business and queer things happening every day--what would it say, do you think, if it could speak?"

"Quit yer kiddin'," said the boy. "Wot paper yer want? I got no time to waste. It's Mag's birthday, and I want thirty cents to git her a present."

Here was no interpreter of the city's mouthpiece. I bought a paper, and consigned its undeclared treaties, its premeditated murders and unfought battles to an ash can.

Again I repaired to the park and sat in the moon shade. I thought and thought, and wondered why none could tell me what I asked for.

And then, as swift as light from a fixed star, the answer came to me. I arose and hurried--hurried as so many reasoners must, back around my circle. I knew the answer and I hugged it in my breast as I flew, fearing lest some one would stop me and demand my secret.

Aurelia was still on the stoop. The moon was higher and the ivy shadows were deeper. I sat at her side and we watched a little cloud tilt at the drifting moon and go asunder quite pale and discomfited.

And then, wonder of wonders and delight of delights! our hands somehow touched, and our fingers closed together and did not part.

After half an hour Aurelia said, with that smile of hers:

"Do you know, you haven't spoken a word since you came back!"

"That," said I, nodding wisely, "is the Voice of the City."

II. THE COMPLETE LIFE OF JOHN HOPKINS

There is a saying that no man has tasted the full flavour of life until he has known poverty, love and war. The justness of this reflection commends it to the lover of condensed philosophy. The three conditions embrace about all there is in life worth knowing. A surface thinker might deem that wealth should be added to the list. Not so. When a poor man finds a long-hidden quarter-dollar that has slipped through a rip into his vest lining, he sounds the pleasure of life with a deeper plummet than any millionaire can hope to cast.

It seems that the wise executive power that rules life has thought best to drill man in these three conditions; and none may escape all three. In rural places the terms do not mean so much. Poverty is less pinching; love is temperate; war shrinks to contests about boundary lines and the

neighbors' hens. It is in the cities that our epigram gains in truth and vigor; and it has remained for one John Hopkins to crowd the experience into a rather small space of time.

The Hopkins flat was like a thousand others. There was a rubber plant in one window; a flea-bitten terrier sat in the other, wondering when he was to have his day. John Hopkins was like a thousand others. He worked at $20 per week in a nine-story, red-brick building at either Insurance, Buckle's Hoisting Engines, Chiropody, Loans, Pulleys, Boas Renovated, Waltz Guaranteed in Five Lessons, or Artificial Limbs. It is not for us to wring Mr. Hopkins's avocation from these outward signs that be.

Mrs. Hopkins was like a thousand others. The auriferous tooth, the sedentary disposition, the Sunday afternoon wanderlust, the draught upon the delicatessen store for home-made comforts, the furor for department store marked-down sales, the feeling of superiority to the lady in the third-floor front who wore genuine ostrich tips and had two names over her bell, the mucilaginous hours during which she remained glued to the window sill, the vigilant avoidance of the instalment man, the tireless patronage of the acoustics of the dumb-waiter shaft-all the attributes of the Gotham flat-dweller were hers.

One moment yet of sententiousness and the story moves.

In the Big City large and sudden things happen. You round a corner and thrust the rib of your umbrella into the eye of your old friend from Kootenai Falls. You stroll out to pluck a Sweet William in the park--and lo! bandits attack you--you are ambulanced to the hospital-you marry your nurse; are divorced--get squeezed while short on U. P. S. and D. O. W. N. S.-stand in the bread line-marry an heiress, take out your laundry and pay your club dues-seemingly all in the wink of an eye. You travel the streets, and a finger beckons to you, a handkerchief is dropped for you, a brick is dropped upon you, the elevator cable or your bank breaks, a table d'hote or your wife disagrees with you, and Fate tosses you about like cork crumbs in wine opened by an un-feed waiter. The City is a sprightly youngster, and you are red paint upon its toy, and you get licked off.

John Hopkins sat, after a compressed dinner, in his glove-fitting straight-front flat. He sat upon a hornblende couch and gazed, with satiated eyes, at Art Brought Home to the People in the shape of "The Storm" tacked against the wall. Mrs. Hopkins discoursed droningly of the dinner smells from the flat across the hall. The flea-bitten terrier gave Hopkins a look of disgust, and showed a man-hating tooth.

Here was neither poverty, love, nor war; but upon such barren stems may be grafted those essentials of a complete life.

John Hopkins sought to inject a few raisins of conversation into the tasteless dough of existence. "Putting a new elevator in at the office," he said, discarding the nominative noun, "and the boss has turned out his whiskers."

"You don't mean it!" commented Mrs. Hopkins.

"Mr. Whipples," continued John, "wore his new spring suit down to-day. I liked it fine It's a gray with--" He stopped, suddenly stricken by a need that made itself known to him. "I believe I'll walk down to the corner and get a five-cent cigar," he concluded.

John Hopkins took his hat and picked his way down the musty halls and stairs of the flat-house.

The evening air was mild, and the streets shrill with the careless cries of children playing games controlled by mysterious rhythms and phrases. Their elders held the doorways and steps with leisurely pipe and gossip. Paradoxically, the fire-escapes supported lovers in couples who made no attempt to fly the mounting conflagration they were there to fan.

The corner cigar store aimed at by John Hopkins was kept by a man named Freshmayer, who looked upon the earth as a sterile promontory.

Hopkins, unknown in the store, entered and called genially for his "bunch of spinach, car-fare grade." This imputation deepened the pessimism of Freshmayer; but he set out a brand that came perilously near to filling the order. Hopkins bit off the roots of his purchase, and lighted up at the swinging gas jet. Feeling in his pockets to make payment, he found not a penny there.

"Say, my friend," he explained, frankly, "I've come out without any change. Hand you that nickel first time I pass."

Joy surged in Freshmayer's heart. Here was corroboration of his belief that the world was rotten and man a peripatetic evil. Without a word he rounded the end of his counter and made earnest onslaught upon his customer. Hopkins was no man to serve as a punching-bag for a pessimistic tobacconist. He quickly bestowed upon Freshmayer a colorado-maduro eye in return for the ardent kick that he received from that dealer in goods for cash only.

The impetus of the enemy's attack forced the Hopkins line back to the sidewalk. There the conflict raged; the pacific wooden Indian, with his carven smile, was overturned, and those of the street who delighted in carnage pressed round to view the zealous joust.

But then came the inevitable cop and imminent inconvenience for both the attacker and attacked. John Hopkins was a peaceful citizen, who worked at rebuses of nights in a flat, but he was not without the fundamental spirit of resistance that comes with the battle-rage. He knocked the policeman into a grocer's sidewalk display of goods and gave Freshmayer a punch that caused him temporarily to regret that he had not made it a rule to extend a five-cent line of credit to certain customers. Then Hopkins took spiritedly to his heels down the sidewalk, closely followed by the cigar-dealer and the policeman, whose uniform testified to the reason in the grocer's sign that read: "Eggs cheaper than anywhere else in the city."

As Hopkins ran he became aware of a big, low, red, racing automobile that kept abreast of him in the street. This auto steered in to the side of the sidewalk, and the man guiding it motioned to Hopkins to jump into it. He did so without slackening his speed, and fell into the turkey-red upholstered seat beside the chauffeur. The big machine, with a diminuendo cough, flew away like an albatross down the avenue into which the street emptied.

The driver of the auto sped his machine without a word. He was masked beyond guess in the goggles and diabolic garb of the chauffeur.

"Much obliged, old man," called Hopkins, gratefully. "I guess you've got sporting blood in you, all right, and don't admire the sight of two men trying to soak one. Little more and I'd have been pinched."

The chauffeur made no sign that he had heard. Hopkins shrugged a shoulder and chewed at his cigar, to which his teeth had clung grimly throughout the melee.

Ten minutes and the auto turned into the open carriage entrance of a noble mansion of brown stone, and stood still. The chauffeur leaped out, and said:

"Come quick. The lady, she will explain. It is the great honor you will have, monsieur. Ah, that milady could call upon Armand to do this thing! But, no, I am only one chauffeur."

With vehement gestures the chauffeur conducted Hopkins into the house. He was ushered into a small but luxurious reception chamber. A lady, young, and possessing the beauty of visions, rose from a chair.

In her eyes smoldered a becoming anger. Her high-arched, threadlike brows were ruffled into a delicious frown.

"Milady," said the chauffeur, bowing low, "I have the honor to relate to you that I went to the house of Monsieur Long and found him to be not at home. As I came back I see this gentleman in combat against-how you say-greatest odds. He is fighting with five-ten-thirty men-gendarmes, aussi. Yes, milady, he what you call 'swat' one-three-eight policeman’s. If that Monsieur Long is out I say to myself this gentleman he will serve milady so well, and I bring him here."

"Very well, Armand," said the lady, "you may go." She turned to Hopkins.

"I sent my chauffeur," she said, "to bring my cousin, Walter Long.

There is a man in this house who has treated me with insult and

abuse. I have complained to my aunt, and she laughs at me. Armand says you are brave. In these prosaic days men who are both brave and chivalrous are few. May I count upon your assistance?"

John Hopkins thrust the remains of his cigar into his coat pocket. He looked upon this winning creature and felt his first thrill of romance. It was a knightly love, and contained no

disloyalty to the flat with the flea-bitten terrier and the lady of his choice. He had married her after a picnic of the Lady Label Stickers' Union, Lodge No. 2, on a dare and a bet of new hats and chowder all around with his friend, Billy McManus. This angel who was begging him to come to her rescue was something too heavenly for chowder, and as for hats-golden, jewelled crowns for her!

"Say," said John Hopkins, "just show me the guy that you've got the grouch at. I've neglected my talents as a scrapper heretofore, but this is my busy night."

"He is in there," said the lady, pointing to a closed door. "Come. Are you sure that you do not falter or fear?"

"Me?" said John Hopkins. "Just give me one of those roses in the bunch you are wearing, will you?"

The lady gave him a red, red rose. John Hopkins kissed it, stuffed it into his vest pocket, opened the door and walked into the room. It was a handsome library, softly but brightly lighted. A young man was there, reading.

"Books on etiquette is what you want to study," said John Hopkins, abruptly. "Get up here, and I'll give you some lessors. Be rude to a lady, will you?"

The young man looked mildly surprised. Then he arose languidly, dextrously caught the arms of John Hopkins and conducted him irresistibly to the front door of the house.

"Beware, Ralph Branscombe," cried the lady, who had followed, "what you do to the gallant man who has tried to protect me."

The young man shoved John Hopkins gently out the door and then closed it.

"Bess," he said calmly, "I wish you would quit reading historical novels. How in the world did that fellow get in here?"

"Armand brought him," said the young lady. "I think you are awfully mean not to let me have that St. Bernard. I sent Armand for Walter. I was so angry with you."

"Be sensible, Bess," said the young man, taking her arm. "That dog isn't safe. He has bitten two or three people around the kennels. Come now, let's go tell auntie we are in good humor again."

Arm in arm, they moved away.

John Hopkins walked to his flat. The janitor's five-year-old daughter was playing on the steps. Hopkins gave her a nice, red rose and walked upstairs.

Mrs. Hopkins was philandering with curl-papers.

"Get your cigar?" she asked, disinterestedly.

"Sure," said Hopkins, "and I knocked around a while outside. It's a nice night."

He sat upon the hornblende sofa, took out the stump of his cigar, lighted it, and gazed at the graceful figures in "The Storm" on the opposite wall.

"I was telling you," said he, "about Mr. Whipple's suit. It's a gray, with an invisible check, and it looks fine."

III. A LICKPENNY LOVER

There, were 3,000 girls in the Biggest Store. Masie was one of them. She was eighteen and a saleslady in the gents' gloves. Here she became versed in two varieties of human beings-the kind of gents who buy their gloves in department stores and the kind of women who buy gloves for unfortunate gents. Besides this wide knowledge of the human species, Masie had acquired other information. She had listened to the promulgated wisdom of the 2,999 other girls and had stored it in a brain that was as secretive and wary as that of a Maltese cat.

Perhaps nature, foreseeing that she would lack wise counsellors, had mingled the saving ingredient of shrewdness along with her beauty, as she has endowed the silver fox of the priceless fur above the other animals with cunning.

For Masie was beautiful. She was a deep-tinted blonde, with the calm poise of a lady who cooks butter cakes in a window. She stood behind her counter in the Biggest Store; and as you closed your hand over the tape-line for your glove measure you thought of Hebe; and as you looked again you wondered how she had come by Minerva's eyes.

When the floorwalker was not looking Masie chewed tutti frutti; when he was looking she gazed up as if at the clouds and smiled wistfully.

That is the shopgirl smile, and I enjoin you to shun it unless you are well fortified with callosity of the heart, caramels and a congeniality for the capers of Cupid. This smile belonged to Masie's recreation hours and not to the store; but the floorwalker must have his own. He is the Shylock of the stores. When he comes nosing around the bridge of his nose is a toll-bridge. It is goo-goo eyes or "git" when he looks toward a pretty girl. Of course not all floorwalkers are thus. Only a few days ago the papers printed news of one over eighty years of age.

One day Irving Carter, painter, millionaire, traveller, poet, automobilist, happened to enter the Biggest Store. It is due to him to add that his visit was not voluntary. Filial duty took him by the collar and dragged him inside, while his mother philandered among the bronze and terra-cotta statuettes.

Carter strolled across to the glove counter in order to shoot a few minutes on the wing. His need for gloves was genuine; he had forgotten to bring a pair with him. But his action hardly calls for apology, because he had never heard of glove-counter flirtations.

As he neared the vicinity of his fate he hesitated, suddenly conscious of this unknown phase of Cupid's less worthy profession.

Three or four cheap fellows, sonorously garbed, were leaning over the counters, wrestling with the mediatorial hand-coverings, while giggling girls played vivacious seconds to their lead upon the strident string of coquetry. Carter would have retreated, but he had gone too far. Masie confronted him behind her counter with a questioning look in eyes as coldly, beautifully, warmly blue as the glint of summer sunshine on an iceberg drifting in Southern seas.

And then Irving Carter, painter, millionaire, etc., felt a warm flush rise to his aristocratically pale face. But not from diffidence. The blush was intellectual in origin. He knew in a moment that he stood in the ranks of the ready-made youths who wooed the giggling girls at other counters. Himself leaned against the oaken trysting place of a cockney Cupid with a desire in his heart for the favor of a glove salesgirl. He was no more than Bill and Jack and Mickey. And then he felt a sudden tolerance for them, and an elating, courageous contempt for the conventions upon which he had fed, and an unhesitating determination to have this perfect creature for his own.

When the gloves were paid for and wrapped Carter lingered for a moment. The dimples at the corners of Masie's damask mouth deepened. All gentlemen who bought gloves lingered in just that way. She curved an arm, showing like Psyche's through her shirt-waist sleeve, and rested an elbow upon the show-case edge.

Carter had never before encountered a situation of which he had not been perfect master. But now he stood far more awkward than Bill or Jack or Mickey. He had no chance of meeting this beautiful girl socially. His mind struggled to recall the nature and habits of shopgirls as he had read or heard of them. Somehow he had received the idea that they sometimes did not insist too strictly upon the regular channels of introduction. His heart beat loudly at the thought of proposing an unconventional meeting with this lovely and virginal being. But the tumult in his heart gave him courage.

After a few friendly and well-received remarks on general subjects, he laid his card by her hand on the counter.

"Will you please pardon me," he said, "if I seem too bold; but I earnestly hope you will allow me the pleasure of seeing you again. There is my name; I assure you that it is with the greatest respect that I ask the favor of becoming one of your fr-acquaintances. May I not hope for the privilege?"

Masie knew men-especially men who buy gloves. Without hesitation she looked him frankly and smilingly in the eyes, and said:

"Sure. I guess you're all right. I don't usually go out with strange gentlemen, though. It ain't quite ladylike. When should you want to see me again?"

"As soon as I may," said Carter. "If you would allow me to call at your home, I"

Masie laughed musically. "Oh, gee, no!" she said, emphatically. "If you could see our flat once! There's five of us in three rooms. I'd just like to see ma's face if I was to bring a gentleman friend
there!"
"Anywhere, then," said the enamored Carter, "that will be convenient to you."
"Say," suggested Masie, with a bright-idea look in her peach-blow face; "I guess Thursday night will about suit me. Suppose you come to the corner of Eighth Avenue and Forty-eighth Street at 7:30. I live right near the corner. But I've got to be back home by eleven. Ma never lets me stay out after eleven."

Carter promised gratefully to keep the tryst, and then hastened to his mother, who was looking about for him to ratify her purchase of a bronze Diana.

A salesgirl, with small eyes and an obtuse nose, strolled near Masie, with a friendly leer.
"Did you make a hit with his nobs, Mase?" she asked, familiarly.
"The gentleman asked permission to call," answered Masie, with the grand air, as she slipped Carter's card into the bosom of her waist.
"Permission to call!" echoed small eyes, with a snigger. "Did he say anything about dinner in the Waldorf and a spin in his auto afterward?"
"Oh, cheese it!" said Masie, wearily. "You've been used to swell things, I don't think. You've had a swelled head ever since that hose-cart driver took you out to a chop suey joint. No, he never mentioned the Waldorf; but there's a Fifth Avenue address on his card, and if he buys the supper you can bet your life there won't be no pigtail on the waiter what takes the order."

As Carter glided away from the Biggest Store with his mother in his electric runabout, he bit his lip with a dull pain at his heart.

He knew that love had come to him for the first time in all the twenty-nine years of his life. And that the object of it should make so readily an appointment with him at a street corner, though it was a step toward his desires, tortured him with misgivings.

Carter did not know the shop girl. He did not know that her home is often either a scarcely habitable tiny room or a domicile filled to overflowing with kith and kin. The street-corner is her parlor, the park is her drawing-room; the avenue is her garden walk; yet for the most part she is as inviolate mistress of herself in them as is my lady inside her tapes tried chamber.

One evening at dusk, two weeks after their first meeting, Carter and Masie strolled arm-in-arm into a little, dimly-lit park. They found a bench, tree-shadowed and secluded, and sat there.

For the first time his arm stole gently around her. Her golden-bronze head slid restfully against his shoulder.
"Gee!" sighed Masie, thankfully. "Why didn't you ever think of that before?"
"Masie," said Carter, earnestly, "you surely know that I love you. I ask you sincerely to marry me. You know me well enough by this time to have no doubts of me. I want you, and I must have you. I care nothing for the difference in our stations."
"What is the difference?" asked Masie, curiously.
"Well, there isn't any," said Carter, quickly, "except in the minds of foolish people. It is in my power to give you a life of luxury. My social position is beyond dispute, and my means are ample."
"They all say that," remarked Masie. "It's the kid they all give you. I suppose you really work in a delicatessen or follow the races. I ain't as green as I look."
"I can furnish you all the proofs you want," said Carter, gently. "And I want you, Masie. I loved you the first day I saw you."
"They all do," said Masie, with an amused laugh, "to hear 'em talk. If I could meet a man that got stuck on me the third time he'd seen me I think I'd get mashed on him."
"Please don't say such things," pleaded Carter. "Listen to me, dear.

Ever since I first looked into your eyes you have been the only woman in the world for me."

"Oh, ain't you the kidder!" smiled Masie. "How many other girls did you ever tell that?"

But Carter persisted. And at length he reached the flimsy, fluttering little soul of the shopgirl that existed somewhere deep down in her lovely bosom. His words penetrated the heart whose very lightness was its safest armor. She looked up at him with eyes that saw. And a warm glow visited her cool cheeks. Tremblingly, awfully, her moth wings closed, and she seemed about to settle upon the flower of love. Some faint glimmer of life and its possibilities on the other side of her glove counter dawned upon her. Carter felt the change and crowded the opportunity.

"Marry me, Masie," he whispered softly, "and we will go away from this ugly city to beautiful ones. We will forget work and business, and life will be one long holiday. I know where I should take you-I have been there often. Just think of a shore where summer is eternal, where the waves are always rippling on the lovely beach and the people are happy and free as children. We will sail to those shores and remain there as long as you please. In one of those far-away cities there are grand and lovely palaces and towers full of beautiful pictures and statues. The streets of the city are water, and one travels about in"

"I know," said Masie, sitting up suddenly. "Gondolas."

"Yes," smiled Carter.

"I thought so," said Masie.

"And then," continued Carter, "we will travel on and see whatever we wish in the world. After the European cities we will visit India and the ancient cities there, and ride on elephants and see the wonderful temples of the Hindoos and Brahmins and the Japanese gardens and the camel trains and chariot races in Persia, and all the queer sights of foreign countries. Don't you think you would like it, Masie?"

Masie rose to her feet.

"I think we had better be going home," she said, coolly. "It's getting late."

Carter humored her. He had come to know her varying, thistle-down moods, and that it was useless to combat them. But he felt a certain happy triumph. He had held for a moment, though but by a silken thread, the soul of his wild Psyche, and hope was stronger within him. Once she had folded her wings and her cool hand had closed about his own.

At the Biggest Store the next day Masie's chum, Lulu, waylaid her in an angle of the counter.

"How are you and your swell friend making it? she asked.

"Oh, him?" said Masie, patting her side curls. "He ain't in it any more. Say, Lu, what do you think that fellow wanted me to do?"

"Go on the stage?" guessed Lulu, breathlessly.

"Nit; he's too cheap a guy for that. He wanted me to marry him and go down to Coney Island for a wedding tour!"

Tasks:

1. **Translate the text;**
2. **Analyse the situation and think about the relationship between the heroes.**
3. **How is it reflected in their speech?**
4. **Comment upon the difference in translation principles.**
5. **Discuss the results.**
6. **Make a glossary.**

New Moon
By Stephenie Meyer

Part 1.

I was ninety-nine point nine percent sure I was dreaming. The reasons I was so certain were that, first, I was standing in a bright shaft of sunlight-the kind of blinding clear sun that never shone on my drizzly new hometown in Forks, Washington-and second, I
was looking at my Grandma Marie. Gran had been dead for six years now, so that was solid evidence toward the dream theory.

Gran hadn't changed much; her face looked just the same as I remembered it. The skin was soft and withered, bent into a thousand tiny creases that clung gently to the bone underneath. Like a dried apricot, but with a puff of thick white hair standing out in a cloud around it.

Our mouths-hers a wizened picker-spread into the same surprised half-smile at just the same time. Apparently, she hadn't been expecting to see me, either.

I was about to ask her a question; I had so many-What was she doing here in my cream? What had she been up to in the past six years? Was Pop okay, and had they found each other, wherever they were?-but she opened her mouth when I did, so I stopped to let her go first. She paused, too, and then we Goth smiled at the little awkwardness.
"Bella!"

It wasn't Gran who called my name, and we both turned to see the addition to our small reunion. I didn't have to look to know who it was; this was a voice I would know anywhere-know, and respond to, whether I was awake or asleep… or even dead, I'd bet. The voice I'd walk through fire for-or, less dramatically, slosh every day through the cold and endless rain for.
Edward.

Even though I was always thrilled to see him-conscious or otherwise-and even though I was *almost* positive that I was dreaming, I panicked as Edward walked toward us through the glaring sunlight. I panicked because Gran didn't know that I was in love with a vampire-nobody knew that-so how was I supposed to explain the fact that the brilliant sunbeams were shattering off his skin into a thousand rainbow shards like he was made of crystal or diamond?
*Well, Gran, yon might have noticed that my boyfriend glitters. It's just something he does in the sun. Don't worry about it…*What was he *doing*? The whole reason he lived in Forks, the rainiest place in the world, was so that he could be outside in the daytime without exposing his family's secret. Yet here he was, strolling gracefully toward me-with the most beautiful smile on his angel's face-as if I were the only one here.

In that second, I wished that I was not the one exception to his mysterious talent; I usually felt grateful that I was the only person whose thoughts he couldn't hear just as clearly as if they were spoken aloud.

But now I wished he could hear me, too, so that he could hear the warning I was screaming in my head. I shot a panicked glance back at Gran, and saw that it was too late. She was just turning to stare back at me, her eyes as alarmed as mine.

Edward-still smiling so beautifully that my heart felt like it was going to swell up and burst through my chest-put his arm around my shoulder and turned to face my grandmother.
Gran's expression surprised me. Instead of looking horrified, she was staring at me sheepishly, as if waiting for a scolding. And she was standing in such a strange position-one arm held awkwardly away from her body, stretched out and then curled around the air. Like she had her arm around someone I couldn't see, someone invisible…

Only then, as I looked at the bigger picture, did I notice the huge gilt frame that enclosed my grandmother's form. Uncomprehending, I raised the hand that wasn't wrapped around Edward's waist and reached out to touch her. She mimicked the movement exactly, mirrored it. But where our fingers should have met, there was nothing but cold glass…
With a dizzying jolt, my dream abruptly became a nightmare. There was no Gran.

That was *me*. Me in a mirror. Me-ancient, creased, and withered. Edward stood beside me, casting no reflection, excruciatingly lovely and forever seventeen. He pressed his icy, perfect lips against my wasted cheek.

"Happy birthday," he whispered.

I woke with a start-my eyelids popping open wide-and gasped. Dull gray light, the familiar light of an overcast morning, took the place of the blinding sun in my dream.

Just a dream, I told myself. *It was only a dream*. I took a deep breath, and then jumped again when my alarm went off. The little calendar in the corner of the clock's display informed me that today was September thirteenth.

Only a dream, but prophetic enough in one way, at least. Today was my birthday. I was officially eighteen years old.

I'd been dreading this day for months.

All through the perfect summer-the happiest summer I had ever had, the happiest summer *anyone anywhere* had ever had, and the rainiest summer in the history of the Olympic Peninsula-this bleak date had lurked in ambush, waiting to spring.

And now that it had hit, it was even worse than I'd feared it would be. I could feel it-I was older. Every day I got older, but this was different, worse, quantifiable. I was eighteen.

And Edward never would be.

When I went to brush my teeth, I was almost surprised that the face in the mirror hadn't changed. I stared at myself, looking for some sign of impending wrinkles in my ivory skin. The only creases were the ones on my forehead, though, and I knew that if I could manage to relax, they would disappear. I couldn't. My eyebrows stayed lodged in a worried line over my anxious brown eyes.

It was just a dream, I reminded myself again. Just a dream… but also my worst nightmare. I skipped breakfast, in a hurry to get out of the house as quickly as possible. I wasn't entirely able to avoid my dad, and so I had to spend a few minutes acting cheerful. I honestly tried to be excited about the gifts I'd asked him not to *get* me, but every time I had to smile, it felt like I might start crying. I struggled to get a grip on myself as I drove to school. The vision of Gran-I would *not* think of it as me-was hard to get out of my head. I couldn't feel anything but despair until I pulled into the familiar parking lot behind Forks High School and spotted Edward leaning motionlessly against his polished silver Volvo, like a marble tribute to some forgotten pagan god of beauty. The dream had not done him justice. And he was waiting there for *me*, just the same as every other day. Despair momentarily vanished; wonder took its place. Even after half a year with him, I still couldn't believe that I deserved this degree of good fortune.

His sister Alice was standing by his side, waiting for me, too. Of course Edward and Alice weren't really related (in Forks the story was that all the Cullen siblings were adopted by Dr. Carlisle Culler and his wife, Esme, both plainly too young to have teenage children), but their skin was precisely the same pale shade, their eyes had the same strange golden tint, with the same deep, bruise-like shadows beneath them. Her face, like his, was also startlingly beautiful. To someone in the know-someone like me-these similarities marked them for what they were.

The sight of Alice waiting there-her tawny eyes brilliant with excitement, and a small silver-wrapped square in her hands-made me frown. I'd told Alice I didn't want anything, *anything*, not gifts or even attention, for my birthday. Obviously, my wishes were being ignored.

I slammed the door of my '53 Chevy truck-a shower of rust specks fluttered down to the wet blacktop-and walked slowly toward where they waited. Alice skipped forward to meet me, her pixie face glowing under her spiky black hair.

"Happy birthday, Bella!"

"Shh!" I hissed, glancing around the lot to make sure no one had heard her. The last thing I wanted was some kind of celebration of the black event.

She ignored me. "Do you want to open your present now or later?" she asked eagerly as we made our way to where Edward still waited.

"No presents," I protested in a mumble.

She finally seemed to process my mood. "Okay… later, then. Did you like the scrapbook your mom sent you? And the camera from Charlie?"

I sighed. Of course she would know what my birthday presents were. Edward wasn't the only membe of his family with unusual skills. Alice would have "seen" what my parents were planning as soon as they'd decided that themselves.

"Yeah. They're great."

"*I* think it's a nice idea. You're only a senior once. Might as well document the experience."

"How many times have *you* been a senior?"

"That's different."

We reached Edward then, and he held out his hand for mine. I took it eagerly, forgetting, for a moment, my glum mood. His skin was, as always, smooth, hard, and very cold. He gave my fingers a gentle squeeze. I looked into his liquid topa2 eyes, and my heart gave a not-quite-so-gentle squeeze of its own.

Hearing the stutter in my heartbeats, he smiled again.

He lifted his free hand and traced one cool fingertip around the outside of my lips as he spoke. "So, as discussed, I am not allowed to wish you a happy birthday, is that correct?"

"Yes. That is correct." I could never quite mimic the flow of his perfect, formal articulation. It was something that could only be picked up in an earlier century.

"Just checking." He ran his hand through his tousled bronze hair. "You *might* have changed your mind.

Most people seem to enjoy things like birthdays and gifts."

Alice laughed, and the sound was all silver, a wind chime. "Of course you'll enjoy it. Everyone is supposed to be nice to you today and give you your way, Bella. What's the worst that could happen?" She meant it as a rhetorical question.

"Getting older," I answered anyway, and my voice was not as steady as I wanted it to be.

Beside me, Edward's smile tightened into a hard line.

"Eighteen isn't very old," Alice said. "Don't women usually wait till they're twenty-nine to get upset over birthdays?"

"It's older than Edward," I mumbled.

He sighed.

"Technically," she said, keeping her tone light. "Just by one little year, though."

And I supposed… if I could be *sure* of the future I wanted, sure that I would get to spend forever with Edward, and Alice and the rest of the Cullens (preferably not as a wrinkled little old lady)… then a year or two one direction or the other wouldn't matter to me so much. But Edward was dead set against any future that changed me. Any future that made me like him-that made me immortal, too. An impasse, he called it.

I couldn't really see Edward's point, to be honest. What was so great about mortality? Being a vampire didn't look like such a terrible thing-not the way the Cullens did it, anyway.

"What time will you be at the house?" Alice continued, changing the subject. From her expression, she was up to exactly the kind of thing I'd been hoping to avoid.

"I didn't know I had plans to be there."

"Oh, be fair, Bella!" she complained. "You aren't going to ruin all our fun like that, are you?"

"I thought my birthday was about what *I* want."

"I'll get her from Charlie's right after school," Edward told her, ignoring me altogether.

"I have to work," I protested.

"You don't, actually," Alice told me smugly. "I already spoke to Mrs. Newton about it. She's trading your

shifts. She said to tell you 'Happy Birthday.'"

"I-I still can't come over," I stammered, scrambling for an excuse. "I, well, I haven't watched *Romeo*

and Juliet yet for English."

Alice snorted. "You have *Romeo and Juliet* memorized."

"But Mr. Berty said we needed to see it performed to fully appreciate it-that's how Shakespeare intended it to be presented."
Edward rolled his eyes.
"You've already seen the movie," Alice accused.
"But not the nineteen-sixties version. Mr. Berty said it was the best."
Finally, Alice lost the smug smile and glared at me. "This can be easy, or this can be hard, Bella, but one way or the other-" Edward interrupted her threat. "Relax, Alice. If Bella wants to watch a movie, then she can. It's her birthday."
"So there," I added.
"I'll bring her over around seven," he continued. "That will give you more time to set up."
Alice's laughter chimed again. "Sounds good. See you tonight, Bella! It'll be fun, you'll see." She grinned-the wide smile exposed all her perfect, glistening teeth-then pecked me on the cheek and danced off toward her first class before I could respond.
"Edward, please-" I started to beg, but he pressed one cool finger to my lips.
"Let's discuss it later. We're going to be late for class."

No one bothered to stare at us as we took our usual seats in the back of the classroom (we had almost every class together now-it was amazing the favors Edward could get the female administrators to do for him). Edward and I had been together too long now to be an object of gossip anymore. Even Mike Newton didn't bother to give me the glum stare that used to make me feel a little guilty. He smiled now instead, and I was glad he seemed to have accepted that we could only be friends. Mike had changed over the summer-his face had lost some of the roundness, making his cheekbones more prominent, and he was wearing his pale blond hair a new way; instead of bristly, it was longer and gelled into a carefully casual disarray. It was easy to see where his inspiration came from-but Edward's look wasn't something that could be achieved through imitation. As the day progressed, I considered ways to get out of whatever was going down at the Cullen house tonight. It would be bad enough to have to celebrate when I was in the mood to mourn. But, worse than that, this was sure to involve attention and gifts.

Attention is never a good thing, as any other accident-prone klutz would agree. No one wants a spotlight when they're likely to fall on their face. And I'd very pointedly asked-well, ordered really-that no one give me any presents this year. It looked like Charlie and Renee weren't the only ones who had decided to overlook that. I'd never had much money, and that had never bothered me. Renee had raised me on a kindergarten teacher's salary. Charlie wasn't getting rich at his job, either-he was the police chief here in the tiny town of Forks. My only personal income came from the three days a week I worked at the local sporting goods store. In a town this small, I was lucky to have a job. Every penny I made went into my microscopic college fund. (College was Plan B. I was still hoping for Plan A, but Edward was just so stubborn about leaving me human…) Edward had a *lot* of money-I didn't even want to think about how much. Money meant next to nothing to Edward or the rest of the Cullens. It was just something that accumulated when you had unlimited time on your hands and a sister who had an uncanny ability to predict trends in the stock market. Edward didn't seem to understand why I objected to him spending money on me-why it made me uncomfortable if he took me to an expensive restaurant in Seattle, why he wasn't allowed to buy me a car that could reach speeds over fifty-five miles an hour, or why I wouldn't let him pay my college tuition (he was ridiculously enthusiastic about Plan B). Edward thought I was being unnecessarily difficult. But how could I let him give me things when I had nothing to reciprocate with? He, for some unfathomable reason, wanted to be with me. Anything he gave me on top of that just threw us more out of balance. As the day went on, neither Edward nor Alice brought my birthday up again, and I began to relax a little. We sat at our usual table for lunch. A strange kind of truce existed at that table. The three of us-Edward, Alice, and I-sat on the extreme southern end of the table. Now that the "older" and somewhat scarier (in Emmett's case, certainly) Cullen siblings had graduated, Alice and Edward did not seem quite so intimidating, and we did not sit here

alone. My other friends, Mike and Jessica (who were in the awkward post-breakup friendship phase),

Angela and Ben (whose relationship had survived the summer), Eric, Conner, Tyler, and Lauren (though that last one didn't really count in the friend category) all sat at the same table, on the other side of an invisible line. That line dissolved on sunny days when Edward and Alice always skipped school, and then the conversation would swell out effortlessly to include me. Edward and Alice didn't find this minor ostracism odd or hurtful the way I would have. They barely noticed it. People always felt strangely ill at ease with the Cullens, almost afraid for some reason they couldn't explain to themselves. I was a rare exception to that rule. Sometimes it bothered Edward how very comfortable I was with being close to him. He thought he was hazardous to my health-an opinion I rejected vehemently whenever he voiced it. The afternoon passed quickly. School ended, and Edward walked me to my truck as he usually did. But this time, he held the passenger door open for me. Alice must have been taking his car home so that he could keep me from making a run for it. I folded my arms and made no move to *get* out of the rain.

"It's my birthday, don't I get to drive?"

"I'm pretending it's not your birthday, just as you wished."

"If it's not my birthday, then I don't have to go to your house tonight…"

"All right." He shut the passenger door and walked past me to open the driver's side. "Happy birthday."

"Shh," I shushed him halfheartedly. I climbed in the opened door, wishing he'd taken the other offer. Edward played with the radio while I drove, shaking his head in disapproval.

"Your radio has horrible reception."

I frowned. I didn't like it when he picked on my truck. The truck was great-it had personality.

"You want a nice stereo? Drive your own car." I was so nervous about Alice's plans, on top of my already gloomy mood, that the words came out sharper than I'd meant them. I was hardly ever bad-tempered with Edward, and my tone made him press his lips together to keep from smiling. When I parked in front of Charlie's house, he reached over to take my face in his hands. He handled me very carefully, pressing just the tips of his fingers softly against my temples, my cheekbones, my jawline. Like I was especially breakable. Which was exactly the case-compared with him, at least.

"You should be in a good mood, today of all days," he whispered. His sweet breath fanned across my face.

"And if I don't want to be in a good mood?" I asked, my breathing uneven.

His golden eyes smoldered. "Too bad." My head was already spinning by the time he leaned closer and pressed his icy lips against mine. As he intended, no doubt, I forgot all about my worries, and concentrated on remembering how to inhale and exhale. His mouth lingered on mine, cold and smooth and gentle, until I wrapped my arms around his neck and threw myself into the kiss with a little too much enthusiasm. I could feel his lips curve upward as he let go of my face and reached back to unlock my grip on him. Edward had drawn many careful lines for our physical relationship, with the intent being to keep me alive. Though I respected the need for maintaining a safe distance between my skin and his razor-sharp, venom-coated teeth, I tended to forget about trivial things like that when he was kissing me.

"Be good, please," he breathed against my cheek. He pressed his lips gently to mine one more time and then pulled away, folding my arms across my stomach. My pulse was thudding in my ears. I put one hand over my heart. It drummed hyperactively under my palm.

"Do you think I'll ever get better at this?" I wondered, mostly to myself. "That my heart might someday stop trying to jump out of my chest whenever you touch me?"

"I really hope not," he said, a bit smug. I rolled my eyes. "Let's go watch the Capulets and Montagues hack each other up, all right?"

"Your wish, my command." Edward sprawled across the couch while I started the movie, fast-forwarding through the opening credits. When I perched on the edge of the sofa in front of him,

he wrapped his arms around my waist and pulled me against his chest. It wasn't exactly as comfortable as a sofa cushion would be, what with his chest being hard and cold-and perfect-as an ice sculpture, but it was definitely preferable. He pulled the old afghan off the back of the couch and draped it over me so I wouldn't freeze beside his body.

"You know, I've never had much patience with Romeo," he commented as the movie started.

"What's wrong with Romeo?" I asked, a little offended. Romeo was one of my favorite fictional characters. Until I'd met Edward, I'd sort of had a thing for him.

"Well, first of all, he's in love with this Rosaline-don't you think it makes him seem a little fickle? And then, a few minutes after their wedding, he kills Juliet's cousin. That's not very brilliant. Mistake after mistake. Could he have destroyed his own happiness any more thoroughly?" I sighed. "Do you want me to watch this alone?"

"No, I'll mostly be watching you, anyway." His fingers traced patterns across the skin of my arm, raising goose bumps. "Will you cry?"

"Probably," I admitted, "if I'm paying attention."

"I won't distract you then." But I felt his lips on my hair, and it was very distracting.

The movie eventually captured my interest, thanks in large part to Edward whispering Romeo's lines in my ear-his irresistible, velvet voice made the actor's voice sound weak and coarse by comparison. And I did cry, to his amusement, when Juliet woke and found her new husband dead.

"I'll admit, I do sort of envy him here," Edward said, drying the tears with a lock of my hair. "She's very pretty."

He made a disgusted sound. "I don't envy him the *girl*-just the ease of the suicide," he clarified in a teasing tone. "You humans have it so easy! All you have to do is throw down one tiny vial of plant extracts…"

"What?" I gasped.

"It's something I had to think about once, and I knew from Carlisle's experience that it wouldn't be simple. I'm not even sure how many ways Carlisle tried to kill himself in the beginning… after he realized what he'd become…" His voice, which had grown serious, turned light again. "And he's clearly still in excellent health."

I twisted around so that I could read his face. "What are you talking about?" I demanded. "What do you mean, this something you had to think about once?"

"Last spring, when you were… nearly killed…" He paused to take a deep breath, snuggling to return to his teasing tone. "Of course I was trying to focus on finding you alive, but part of my mind was making contingency plans. Like I said, it's not as easy for me as it is for a human."

For one second, the memory of my last trip to Phoenix washed through my head and made me feel dizzy. I could see it all so clearly-the blinding sun, the heat waves coming off the concrete as I ran with desperate haste to find the sadistic vampire who wanted to torture me to death. James, waiting in the mirrored room with my mother as his hostage-or so I'd thought. I hadn't known it was all a ruse. Just as James hadn't known that Edward was racing to save me; Edward made it in time, but it had been a close one. Unthinkingly, my fingers traced the crescent-shaped scar on my hand that was always just a few degrees cooler than the rest of my skin.

I shook my head-as if I could shake away the bad memories-and tried to grasp what Edward meant. My stomach plunged uncomfortably. "Contingency plans?" I repeated.

"Well, I wasn't going to live without you." He rolled his eyes as if that fact were childishly obvious. "But I wasn't sure how to *do* it-I knew Emmett and Jasper would never help… so I was thinking maybe I would go to Italy and do something to provoke the Volturi."

I didn't want to believe he was serious, but his golden eyes were brooding, focused on something far away in the distance as he contemplated ways to end his own life. Abruptly, I was furious.

"What is a *Volturi*?" I demanded.

"The Volturi are a family," he explained, his eyes still remote. "A very old, very powerful family of our kind. They are the closest thing our world has to a royal family, I suppose. Carlisle lived

with them briefly in his early years, in Italy, before he settled in America-do you remember the story?"
"Of course I remember."

I would never forget the first time I'd gone to his home, the huge white mansion buried deep in the forest beside the river, or the room where Carlisle-Edward's father in so many real ways-kept a wall of paintings that illustrated his personal history. The most vivid, most wildly colorful canvas there, the largest, was from Carlisle's time in Italy. Of course I remembered the calm quartet of men, each with the exquisite face of a seraph, painted into the highest balcony overlooking the swirling mayhem of color. Though the painting was centuries old, Carlisle-the blond angel-remained unchanged. And I remembered the three others, Carlisle's early acquaintances. Edward had never used the name *Volturi* for the beautiful trio, two black-haired, one snow white. He'd called them Aro, Caius, and Marcus, nighttime patrons of the arts…
"Anyway, you don't irritate the Volturi," Edward went on, interrupting ray reverie. "Not unless you want to die-or whatever it is we do." His voice was so calm, it made him sound almost bored by the prospect. My anger turned to horror. I took his marble face between my hands and held it very tightly.
"You must never, never, never think of anything like that again!" I said. "No matter what might ever happen to me, you are *not allowed* to hurt yourself!"
"I'll never put you in danger again, so it's a moot point."
"*Put* me in danger! I thought we'd established that all the bad luck is my fault?" I was getting angrier.
"How dare you even think like that?" The idea of Edward ceasing to exist, even if I were dead, was impossibly painful.
"What would you do, if the situation were reversed?" he asked.
"That's not the same thing." He didn't seem to understand the difference. He chuckled.
"What if something did happen to you?" I blanched at the thought. "Would you want me to go *off* myself?" A trace of pain touched his perfect features.
"I guess I see your point… a little," he admitted. "But what would I do without you?"
"Whatever you were doing before I came along and complicated your existence." He sighed. "You make that sound so easy."
"It should be. I'm not really that interesting."
He was about to argue, but then he let it go. "Moot point," he reminded me. Abruptly, he pulled himself up into a more formal posture, shifting me to the side so that we were no longer touching.
"Charlie?" I guessed.

Edward smiled. After a moment, I heard the sound of the police cruiser pulling into the driveway. I reached out and took his hand firmly. My dad could deal with that much.
Charlie came in with a pizza box in his hands.
"Hey, kids." He grinned at me. "I thought you'd like a break from cooking and washing dishes for your
birthday. Hungry?" "Sure. Thanks, Dad."

Charlie didn't comment on Edward's apparent lack of appetite. He was used to Edward passing on dinner.
"Do you mind if I borrow Bella for the evening?" Edward asked when Charlie and I were done.
I looked at Charlie hopefully. Maybe he had some concept of birthdays as stay-at-home, family affairs-this was my first birthday with him, the first birthday since my mom, Renee, had remarried and gone to live in Florida, so I didn't know what he would expect.
"That's fine-the Mariners are playing the Sox tonight," Charlie explained, and my hope disappeared.
"So I won't be any kind of company… Here." He scooped up the camera he'd gotten me on Renee's suggestion (because I would need pictures to fill up my scrap-book), and threw it to me.

He ought to know better than that-I'd always been coordinationally challenged. The camera glanced off the tip of my finger, and tumbled toward the floor. Edward snagged it before it could crash onto the linoleum.
"Nice save," Charlie noted. "If they're doing something fun at the Cullens' tonight, Bella, you should take some pictures. You know how your mother gets-she'll be wanting to see the pictures faster than you can take them."
"Good idea, Charlie," Edward said, handing me the camera.
I turned the camera on Edward, and snapped the first picture. "It works."
"That's good. Hey, say hi to Alice for me. She hasn't been over in a while." Charlie's mouth pulled down at one corner.
"It's been three days, Dad," I reminded him. Charlie was crazy about Alice. He'd become attached last spring when she'd helped me through my awkward convalescence; Charlie would be fore'ter grateful to her for saving him from the horror of an almost-adult daughter who needed help showering. "I'll tell her."
"Okay. You kids have fun tonight." It was clearly a dismissal. Charlie was already edging toward the living room and the TV.

Edward smiled, triumphant, and took my hand to pull me from the kitchen.
When we got to the truck, he opened the passenger door for me again, and this time I didn't argue. I still had a hard time finding the obscure turnoff to his house in the dark.

Edward drove north through Forks, visibly chafing at the speed limit enforced by my prehistoric Chevy.

The engine groaned even louder than usual as he pushed it over fifty.
"Take it easy," I warned him.
"You know what you would love? A nice little Audi coupe. Very quiet, lots of power…"
"There's nothing wrong with my truck. And speaking of expensive nonessentials, if you know what's good for you, you didn't spend any money on birthday presents."
"Not a dime," he said virtuously.
"Good."
"Can you do me a favor?"
"That depends on what it is."
He sighed, his lovely face serious. "Bella, the last real birthday any of us had was Emmett in 1935. Cut us a little slack, and don't be too difficult tonight. They're all very excited."
It always startled me a little when he brought up things like that. "Fine, I'll behave."
"I probably should warn you…"
"Please do."
"When I say they're all excited… I do mean *all* of them."
"Everyone?" I choked. "I thought Emmett and Rosalie were in Africa." The rest of Forks was under the impression that the older Cullens had gone off to college this year, to Dartmouth, but I knew better.
"Emmett wanted to be here."
"But… Rosalie?"
"I know, Bella. Don't worry, she'll be on her best behavior."

I didn't answer. Like I could just *not* worry, that easy. Unlike Alice, Edward's other "adopted" sister, the golden blond and exquisite Rosalie, didn't like me much. Actually, the feeling was a little bit stronger than just dislike. As far as Rosalie was concerned, I was an unwelcome intruder into her family's secret life.

I felt horribly guilty about the present situation, guessing that Rosalie and Emmett's prolonged absence was my fault, even as I furtively enjoyed not having to see her Emmett, Edward's playful bear of a brother, I *did* miss. He was in many ways just like the big brother I'd always wanted… only much, much more terrifying.

Edward decided to change the subject. "So, if you won't let me get you the Audi, isn't there anything that you'd like for your birthday?"

The words came out in a whisper. "You know what I want."
A deep frown carved creases into his marble forehead. He obviously wished he'd stuck to the subject of Rosalie. It felt like we'd had this argument a lot today.
"Not tonight, Bella. Please."
"Well, maybe Alice will give me what I want."
Edward growled-a deep, menacing sound. "This isn't going to be your last birthday, Bella," he vowed.
"That's not fair!"
I thought I heard his teeth clench together. We were pulling up to the house now. Bright light shined from every window on the first two floors. A long line of glowing Japanese lanterns hung from the porch eaves, reflecting a soft radiance on the huge cedars that surrounded the house. Big bowls of flowers-pink roses-lined the wide stairs up to the front doors. I moaned.
Edward took a few deep breaths to calm himself. "This is a party," he reminded me. "Try to be a good sport."
"Sure," I muttered.
He came around to get my door, and offered me his hand.
"I have a question."
He waited warily.
"If I develop this film," I said, toying with the camera in my hands, "will you show up in the picture?"

Edward started laughing. He helped me out of the car, pulled me up the stairs, and was still laughing as he opened the door for me. They were all waiting in the huge white living room; when I walked through the door, they greeted me with a loud chorus of "Happy birthday, Bella!" while I blushed and looked down. Alice, I assumed, had covered every flat surface with pink candles and dozens of crystal bowls filled with hundreds of roses.

There was a table with a white cloth draped over it next to Edward's grand piano, holding a pink birthday cake, more roses, a stack of glass plates, and a small pile of silver-wrapped presents. It was a hundred times worse than I'd imagined. Edward, sensing my distress, wrapped an encouraging arm around my waist and kissed the top of my head.

Edward's parents, Carlisle and Esme-impossibly youthful and lovely as ever-were the closest to the door. Esme hugged me carefully, her soft, caramel-colored hair brushing against my cheek as she kissed my forehead, and then Carlisle put his arm around *my* shoulders.
"Sorry about this, Bella," he stage-whispered. "We couldn't rein Alice in."
Rosalie and Emmett stood behind them. Rosalie didn't smile, but at least she didn't glare. Emmett's face was stretched into a huge grin. It had been months since I'd seen them; I'd forgotten how gloriously beautiful Rosalie was-it almost hurt to look at her. And had Emmett always been so… *big*?
"You haven't changed at all," Emmett said with mock disappointment. "I expected a perceptible difference, but here you are, red-faced just like always."
"Thanks a lot, Emmett," I said, blushing deeper.
He laughed, "I have to step out for a second"-he paused to wink conspicuously at Alice-"Don't do anything funny while I'm gone."
"I'll try."

Alice let go of Jasper's hand and skipped forward, all her teeth sparkling in the bright light. Jasper smiled, too, but kept his distance. He leaned, long and blond, against the post at the foot of the stairs. During the days we'd had to spend cooped up together in Phoenix, I'd thought he'd gotten over his aversion to me. But he'd gone back to exactly how he'd acted before-avoiding me as much as possible-the moment he was free from that temporary obligation to protect me. I knew it wasn't personal, just a precaution, and I tried not to be overly sensitive about it. Jasper had more trouble sticking to the Cullens' diet than the rest of them; the scent of human blood was much harder for him to resist than the others-he hadn't been trying as long.

"Time to open presents," Alice declared. She put her cool hand under my elbow and towed me to the table with the cake and the shiny packages.

I put on my best martyr face. "Alice, I know I told you I didn't want anything-"

"But I didn't listen," she interrupted, smug. "Open it." She took the camera from my hands and replaced it with a big, square silver box.

The box was so light that it felt empty. The tag on top said that it was from Emmett, Rosalie, and Jasper. Selfconsciously, I tore the paper off and then stared at the box it concealed. It was something electrical, with lots of numbers in the name. I opened the box, hoping for further illumination. But the box *was* empty.

"Um… thanks."

Rosalie actually cracked a smile. Jasper laughed. "It's a stereo for your truck," he explained. "Emmett's installing it right now so that you can't return it."

Alice was always one step ahead of me. "Thanks, Jasper, Rosalie," I told them, grinning as I remembered Edward's complaints about my radio this afternoon-all a setup, apparently. "Thanks, Emmett!" I called more loudly. I heard his booming laugh from my truck, and I couldn't help laughing, too.

"Open mine and Edward's next," Alice said, so excited her voice was a high-pitched trill. She held a small, flat square in her hand. I turned to give Edward a basilisk glare. "You promised."

Before he could answer, Emmett bounded through the door. "Just in time!" he crowed. He pushed in behind Jasper, who had also drifted closer than usual to get a good look.

"I didn't spend a dime," Edward assured me. He brushed a strand of hair from my face, leaving my skin tingling from his touch. I inhaled deeply and turned to Alice.

"Give it to me," I sighed. Emmett chuckled with delight. I took the little package, rolling my eyes at Edward while I stuck my finger under the edge of the paper and jerked it under the tape.

"Shoot," I muttered when the paper sliced my finger; I pulled it out to examine the damage. A single drop of blood oozed from the tiny cut. It all happened very quickly then.

"No!" Edward roared.

He threw himself at me, flinging me back across the table. It fell, as I did, scattering the cake and the presents, the flowers and the plates. I landed in the mess of shattered crystal.

Jasper slammed into Edward, and the sound was like the crash of boulders in a rock slide. There was another noise, a grisly snarling that seemed to be coming from deep in Jasper's chest. Jasper tried to shove past Edward, snapping his teeth just inches from Edward's face. Emmett grabbed Jasper from behind in the next second, locking him into his massive steel grip, but Jasper struggled on, his wild, empty eyes focused only on me.

Beyond the shock, there was also pain. I'd tumbled down to the floor by the piano, with my arms thrown out instinctively to catch my fall, into the jagged shards of glass. Only now did I feel the searing, stinging pain that ran from my wrist to the crease inside my elbow.

Dazed and disoriented, I looked up from the bright red blood pulsing out of my arm-into the fevered eyes of the six suddenly ravenous vampires.

Tasks:

1. **Read more about author's work.**
2. **Analyse the stylistic and conceptual feathers of the source text and choose the key words in it.**
3. **Point out the special features of author's syntax and their connections with the characters and situation.**
4. **Point out the major components and type of the rhythm of the source text including vocabulary, syntax, style, and cultural background.**

THE IRON HEEL
by Jack London 1907
CH.I My Eagle.

THE SOFT SUMMER WIND stirs the redwoods, and Wild-Water ripples sweet cadences over its mossy stones. There are butterflies in the sunshine, and from everywhere arises the drowsy hum of bees. It is so quiet and peaceful, and I sit here, and ponder, and am restless. It is the quiet that makes me restless. It seems unreal. All the world is quiet, but it is the quiet before the storm. I strain my ears, and all my senses, for some betrayal of that impending storm. Oh, that it may not be premature! That it may not be premature!*

- The Second Revolt was largely the work of Ernest Everhard, though he cooperated, of course, with the European leaders. The capture and secret execution of Everhard was the great event of the spring of 1932 A.D. Yet so thoroughly had he prepared for the revolt, that his fellow-conspirators were able, with little confusion or delay, to carry out his plans. It was after Everhard's execution that his wife went to Wake Robin Lodge, a small bungalow in the Sonoma Hills of California.

- Small wonder that I am restless. I think, and think, and I cannot cease from thinking. I have been in the thick of life so long that I oppressed by the peace and quiet, and I cannot forbear from dwelling upon that mad maelstrom of death and destruction so soon to burst forth. In my ears are the cries of the stricken; and I can see, as I have seen in the past,* all the marring and mangling of the sweet, beautiful flesh, and the souls torn with violence from proud bodies and hurled to God. Thus do we poor humans attain our ends, striving through carnage and destruction to bring lasting peace and happiness upon the earth.

- Without doubt she here refers to the Chicago Commune.

- And then I am lonely. When I do not think of what is to come, I think of what has been and is no more- my Eagle, beating with tireless wings the void, soaring toward what was ever his sun, the flaming ideal of human freedom. I cannot sit idly by and wait the great event that is his making, though he is not here to see. He devoted all the years of his manhood to it, and for it he gave his life. It is his handiwork. He made it.

- With all respect to Avis Everhard, it must be pointed out that Everhard was but one of many able leaders who planned the Second Revolt. And we to-day, looking back across the centuries, can safely say that even had he lived, the Second Revolt would not have been less calamitous in its outcome than it was.

- And so it is, in this anxious time of waiting, that I shall write of my husband. There is much light that I alone of all persons living can throw upon his character, and so noble a character cannot be blazoned forth too brightly. His was a great soul, and, when my love grows unselfish, my chiefest regret is that he is not here to witness to-morrow's dawn. We cannot fail. He has built too stoutly and too surely for that. Woe to the Iron Heel! Soon shall it be thrust back from off prostrate humanity. When the word goes forth, the labor hosts of the entire world shall rise.

There has been nothing like it in the history of the world. The solidarity of labor is assured, and for the first time will there be an international revolution wide as the world is wide.

- The Second Revolt was truly international. It was a colossal plan- too colossal to be wrought by the genius of one man alone. Labor, in all the oligarchies of the world, was prepared to rise at the signal. Germany, Italy, France, and all Australasia were labor countries- socialist states. They were ready to lend aid to the revolution. Gallantly they did; and it was for this reason, when the Second Revolt was crushed, that they, too, were crushed by the united oligarchies of the world, their socialist governments being replaced by oligarchical governments.

- You see, I am full of what is impending. I have lived it day and night utterly and for so long that it is ever present in my mind.

For that matter, I cannot think of my husband without thinking of it. He was the soul of it, and how can I possibly separate the two in thought?

As I have said, there is much light that I alone can throw upon his character. It is well known that he toiled hard for liberty and suffered sore. How hard he toiled and how greatly he suffered, I well know; for I have been with him during these twenty anxious years and I know his patience, his untiring effort, his infinite devotion to the Cause for which, only two months gone, he laid down his life.

I shall try to write simply and to tell here how Ernest Everhard entered my life- how I first met him, how he grew until I became a part of him, and the tremendous changes he wrought in my life. In this way may you look at him through my eyes and learn him as I learned him- in all save the things too secret and sweet for me to tell.

It was in February, 1912, that I first met him, when, as a guest of my father's* at dinner, he came to our house in Berkeley. I cannot say that my very first impression of him was favorable. He was one of many at dinner, and in the drawing-room where we gathered and waited for all to arrive, he made a rather incongruous appearance. It was 'preacher's night,' as my father privately called it, and Ernest was certainly out of place in the midst of the churchmen.

- John Cunningham, Avis Everhard's father, was a professor at the State University at Berkeley, California. His chosen field was physics, and in addition he did much original research and was greatly distinguished as a scientist. His chief contribution to science was his studies of the electron and his monumental work on the 'Identification of Matter and Energy,' wherein he established, beyond cavil and for all time, that the ultimate unit of matter and the ultimate unit of force were identical. This idea had been earlier advanced, but not demonstrated, by Sir Oliver Lodge and other students in the new field of radio-activity.

In the first place, his clothes did not fit him. He wore a ready-made suit of dark cloth that was ill adjusted to his body. In fact, no ready-made suit of clothes ever could fit his body. And on this night, as always, the cloth bulged with his muscles, while the coat between the shoulders, what of the heavy shoulder-development, was a maze of wrinkles. His neck was the neck of a prize-fighter, thick and strong. So this was the social philosopher and ex-horseshoer my father had discovered, was my thought. And he certainly looked it with those bulging muscles and that bull-throat. Immediately I classified him- a sort of prodigy, I thought, a Blind Tom of the working class.

- In that day it was the custom of men to compete for purses of money. They fought with their hands. When one was beaten into insensibility or killed, the survivor took the money.

This obscure reference applies to a blind negro musician who took the world by storm in the latter half of the nineteenth century of the Christian Era.

- And then, when he shook hands with me! His handshake was firm and strong, but he looked at me boldly with his black eyes- too boldly, I thought. You see, I was a creature of environment, and at that time had strong class instincts. Such boldness on the part of a man of my own class would have been almost unforgivable. I know that I could not avoid dropping my eyes, and I was quite relieved when I passed him on and turned to greet Bishop Morehouse- a favorite of mine, a sweet and serious man of middle age, Christ-like in appearance and goodness, and a scholar as well.

But this boldness that I took to be presumption was a vital clew to the nature of Ernest Everhard. He was simple, direct, and afraid of nothing, and he refused to waste time on conventional mannerisms. ‘You pleased me,' he explained long afterward; 'and why should I not fill my eyes with that which pleases me?' I have said that he was afraid of nothing. He was a natural aristocrat- and this in spite of the fact that he was in the camp of the non-aristocrats. He was a superman, a blond beast such as Nietzsche* has described, and in addition he was aflame with democracy.

- Friederich Nietzsche, the mad philosopher of the nineteenth century of the Christian Era, who caught wild glimpses of truth, but who, before he was done, reasoned himself around the great circle of human thought and off into madness.

- In the interest of meeting the other guests, and what of my unfavorable impression, I forgot all about the working-class philosopher, though once or twice at table I noticed him- especially the twinkle in his eye as he listened to the talk first of one minister and then of another. He has humor, I thought, and I almost forgave him his clothes. But the time went by, and the dinner went by, and he never opened his mouth to speak, while the ministers talked interminably about the working class and its relation to the church, and what the church had done and was doing for it. I noticed that my father was annoyed because Ernest did not talk. Once father took advantage of a lull and asked him to say something; but Ernest shrugged his shoulders and with an 'I have nothing to say' went on eating salted almonds.

But father was not to be denied. After a while he said:

'We have with us a member of the working class. I am sure that he can present things from a new point of view that will be interesting and refreshing. I refer to Mr. Everhard.'

The others betrayed a well-mannered interest, and urged Ernest for a statement of his views. Their attitude toward him was so broadly tolerant and kindly that it was really patronizing. And I saw that Ernest noted it and was amused. He looked slowly about him, and I saw the glint of laughter in his eyes. 'I am not versed in the courtesies of ecclesiastical controversy,' he began, and then hesitated with modesty and indecision.

'Go on,' they urged, and Dr. Hammerfield said: 'We do not mind the truth that is in any man. If it is sincere,' he amended. 'Then you separate sincerity from truth?' Ernest laughed quickly.

Dr. Hammerfield gasped, and managed to answer, 'The best of us may be mistaken, young man, the best of us.'

Ernest's manner changed on the instant. He became another man. 'All right, then,' he answered; 'and let me begin by saying that you are all mistaken. You know nothing, and worse than nothing, about the working class. Your sociology is as vicious and worthless as is your method of thinking.'

It was not so much what he said as how he said it. I roused at the first sound of his voice. It was as bold as his eyes. It was a clarion-call that thrilled me. And the whole table was aroused, shaken alive from monotony and drowsiness.

'What is so dreadfully vicious and worthless in our method of thinking, young man?' Dr. Hammerfield demanded, and already there was something unpleasant in his voice and manner of utterance.

'You are metaphysicians. You can prove anything by metaphysics; and having done so, every metaphysician can prove every other metaphysician wrong- to his own satisfaction. You are anarchists in the realm of thought. And you are mad cosmos-makers. Each of you dwells in a cosmos of his own making, created out of his own fancies and desires. You do not know the real world in which you live, and your thinking has no place in the real world except in so far as it is phenomena of mental aberration.

'Do you know what I was reminded of as I sat at table and listened to you talk and talk? You reminded me for all the world of the scholastics of the middle Ages who gravely and learnedly debated the absorbing question of how many angels could dance on the point of a needle. Why, my dear sirs, you are as remote from the intellectual life of the twentieth century as an Indian medicine-man making incantation in the primeval forest ten thousand years ago.'

As Ernest talked he seemed in a fine passion; his face glowed, his eyes snapped and flashed, and his chin and jaw were eloquent with aggressiveness. But it was only a way he had. It always aroused people. His smashing, sledge-hammer manner of attack invariably made them forget themselves. And they were forgetting themselves now. Bishop Morehouse was leaning forward and listening intently. Exasperation and anger were flushing the face of Dr. Hammerfield. And others were exasperated, too, and some were smiling in an amused and superior way. As for myself, I found it most enjoyable. I glanced at father, and I was afraid he was going to giggle at the effect of this human bombshell he had been guilty of launching amongst us.

'Your terms are rather vague,' Dr. Hammerfield interrupted. 'Just precisely what do you mean when you call us metaphysicians?'

'I call you metaphysicians because you reason metaphysically,' Ernest went on. 'Your method of reasoning is the opposite to that of science. There is no validity to your conclusions. You can prove everything and nothing, and no two of you can agree upon anything. Each of you goes into his own consciousness to explain himself and the universe. As well may you lift yourselves by your own bootstraps as to explain consciousness by consciousness.'

'I do not understand,' Bishop Morehouse said. 'It seems to me that all things of the mind are metaphysical. That most exact and convincing of all sciences, mathematics, is sheerly metaphysical. Each and every thought-process of the scientific reasoner is metaphysical. Surely you will agree with me?'

'As you say, you do not understand,' Ernest replied. 'The metaphysician reasons deductively out of his own subjectivity. The scientist reasons inductively from the facts of experience. The metaphysician reasons from theory to facts, the scientist reasons from facts to theory. The metaphysician explains the universe by himself, the scientist explains himself by the universe.'

'Thank God we are not scientists,' Dr. Hammerfield murmured complacently.

'What are you then?' Ernest demanded.

'Philosophers.'

'There you go,' Ernest laughed. 'You have left the real and solid earth and are up in the air with a word for a flying machine. Pray come down to earth and tell me precisely what you do mean by philosophy.'

'Philosophy is-' (Dr. Hammerfield paused and cleared his throat) something that cannot be defined comprehensively except to such minds and temperaments as are philosophical. The narrow scientist with his nose in a test-tube cannot understand philosophy.' Ernest ignored the thrust. It was always his way to turn the point back upon an opponent, and he did it now, with a beaming brotherliness of face and utterance.

'Then you will undoubtedly understand the definition I shall now make of philosophy. But before I make it, I shall challenge you to point out error in it or to remain a silent metaphysician. Philosophy is merely the widest science of all. Its reasoning method is the same as that of any particular science and of all particular sciences. And by that same method of reasoning, the inductive method, philosophy fuses all particular sciences into one great science. As Spencer says, the data of any particular science are partially unified knowledge. Philosophy unifies the knowledge that is contributed by all the sciences. Philosophy is the science of science, the master science, if you please. How do you like my definition?'

'Very creditable, very creditable,' Dr. Hammerfield muttered lamely. But Ernest was merciless.

'Remember,' he warned, 'my definition is fatal to metaphysics. If you do not now point out a flaw in my definition, you are disqualified later on from advancing metaphysical arguments. You must go through life seeking that flaw and remaining metaphysically silent until you have found it.' Ernest waited. The silence was painful. Dr. Hammerfield was pained. He was also puzzled. Ernest's sledge-hammer attack disconcerted him. He was not used to the simple and direct method of controversy. He looked appealingly around the table, but no one answered for him. I caught father grinning into his napkin.

'There is another way of disqualifying the metaphysicians,' Ernest said, when he had rendered Dr. Hammerfield's discomfiture complete. 'Judge them by their works. What have they done for mankind beyond the spinning of airy fancies and the mistaking of their own shadows for gods? They have added to the gayety of mankind, I grant; but what tangible good have they wrought for mankind? They philosophized, if you will pardon my misuse of the word, about the heart as the seat of the emotions, while the scientists were formulating the circulation of the blood. They declaimed about famine and pestilence as being scourges of God, while the scientists were building granaries and draining cities. They builded gods in their own shapes

and out of their own desires, while the scientists were building roads and bridges. They were describing the earth as the centre of the universe, while the scientists were discovering America and probing space for the stars and the laws of the stars. In short, the metaphysicians have done nothing, absolutely nothing, for mankind. Step by step, before the advance of science, they have been driven back. As fast as the ascertained facts of science have overthrown their subjective explanations of things, they have made new subjective explanations of things, including explanations of the latest ascertained facts. And this, I doubt not, they will go on doing to the end of time. A gentleman, a metaphysician is a medicine man. The difference between you and the Eskimo who makes a fur-clad blubber-eating god is merely a difference of sever thousand years of ascertained facts. That is all.'

'Yet the thought of Aristotle ruled Europe for twelve centuries,' Dr. Ballingford announced pompously. 'And Aristotle was a metaphysician.'

Dr. Ballingford glanced around the table and was rewarded by nods and smiles of approval.

'Your illustration is most unfortunate,' Ernest replied. 'You refer to a very dark period in human history. In fact, we call that period the Dark Ages. A period wherein science was raped by the metaphysicians, wherein physics became a search for the Philosopher's Stone, wherein chemistry became alchemy and astronomy became astrology. Sorry the domination of Aristotle's thought!'

Dr. Ballingford looked pained, then he brightened up and said: 'Granted this horrible picture you have drawn, yet you must confess that metaphysics was inherently potent in so far as it drew humanity out of this dark period and on into the illumination of the succeeding centuries.'

'Metaphysics had nothing to do with it,' Ernest retorted.

'What?' Dr. Hammerfield cried. 'It was not the thinking and the speculation that led to the voyages of discovery?'

'Ah, my dear sir,' Ernest smiled, 'I thought you were disqualified. You have not yet picked out the flaw in my definition of philosophy. You are now on an unsubstantial basis. But it is the way of the metaphysicians, and I forgive you. No, I repeat, metaphysics had nothing to do with it. Bread and butter, silks and jewels, dollars and cents, and, incidentally, the closing up of the overland trade-routes to India, were the things that caused the voyages of discovery. With the fall of Constantinople, in 1453, the Turks blocked the way of the caravans to India. The traders of Europe had to find another route. Here was the original cause for the voyages of discovery. Columbus sailed to find a new route to the Indies. It is so stated in all the history books. Incidentally, new facts were learned about the nature, size, and form of the earth, and the Ptolemaic system went glimmering.'

Dr. Hammer field snorted.

'You do not agree with me?' Ernest queried. 'Then wherein am I wrong?'

'I can only reaffirm my position,' Dr. Hammer field retorted tartly. 'It is too long a story to enter into now.'

'No story is too long for the scientist,' Ernest said sweetly. 'That is why the scientist gets to places. That is why he got to America.' I shall not describe the whole evening, though it is a joy to me to recall every moment, every detail, of those first hours of my coming to know Ernest Ever hard

Battle royal raged, and the ministers grew red-faced and excited, especially at the moments when Ernest called them romantic philosophers, shadow-projectors, and similar things. And always he checked them back to facts. 'The fact, man, and the irrefragable fact!' he would proclaim triumphantly, when he had brought one of them a cropper. He bristled with facts. He tripped them up with facts, ambuscaded them with facts, and bombarded them with broadsides of facts.

'You seem to worship at the shrine of fact,' Dr. Hammer field taunted him.

'There is no God but Fact, and Mr. Ever hard is its prophet,' Dr. Wallingford paraphrased.

Ernest smilingly acquiesced.

'I'm like the man from Texas,' he said. And, on being solicited, he explained. 'You see, the man from Missouri always says, 'You've got to show me.' But the man from Texas says, 'You've got to put it in my hand.' From which it is apparent that he is no metaphysician.'

Another time, when Ernest had just said that the metaphysical philosophers could never stand the test of truth, Dr. Hammer field suddenly demanded:

'What is the test of truth, young man? Will you kindly explain what has so long puzzled wiser heads than yours?'

'Certainly,' Ernest answered. His cocksureness irritated them.

'The wise heads have puzzled so sorely over truth because they went up into the air after it. Had they remained on the solid earth, they would have found it easily enough- ay, they would have found that they themselves were precisely testing truth with every practical act and thought of their lives.'

'The test, the test,' Dr. Hammer field repeated impatiently. 'Never mind the preamble. Give us that which we have sought so long- the test of truth. Give it us, and we will be as gods.'

There was an impolite and sneering skepticism in his words and manner that secretly pleased most of them at the table, though it seemed to bother Bishop Morehouse.

'Dr. Jordan* has stated it very clearly,' Ernest said. 'His test of truth is: "Will it work? Will you trust your life to it?"'

- A noted educator of the late nineteenth and early twentieth century's of the Christian era. He was president of the Stanford University, a private benefaction of the times.

- 'Posh!' Dr. Hammer field sneered. 'You have not taken Bishop Berkeley into account. He has never been answered.'

- An idealistic monist who long puzzled the philosophers of that time with his denial of the existence of matter, but whose clever argument was finally demolished when the new empiric facts of science were philosophically generalized.

- 'The noblest metaphysician of them all,' Ernest laughed. 'But your example is unfortunate. As Berkeley himself attested, his metaphysics didn't work.'

Dr. Hammer field was angry, righteously angry. It was as though he had caught Ernest in a theft or a lie.

'Young man,' he trumpeted, 'that statement is on a par with all you have uttered to-night. It is a base and unwarranted assumption.' 'I am quite crushed,' Ernest murmured meekly. 'Only I don't know what hit me. You'll have to put it in my hand, Doctor.'

'I will, I will,' Dr. Hammer field spluttered. 'How do you know? You do not know that Bishop Berkeley attested that his metaphysics did not work. You have no proof. Young man, they have always worked.'

'I take it as proof that Berkeley's metaphysics did not work, because-' Ernest paused calmly for a moment. 'Because Berkeley made an invariable practice of going through doors instead of walls. Because he trusted his life to solid bread and butter and roast beef.

Because he shaved himself with a razor that worked when it removed the hair from his face.'

'But those are actual things!' Dr. Hammerfield cried. 'Metaphysics is of the mind.'

'And they work- in the mind?' Ernest queried softly. The other nodded.

'And even a multitude of angels can dance on the point of a needle- in the mind,' Ernest went on reflectively. 'And a blubber-eating, fur-clad god can exist and work- in the mind; and there are no proofs to the contrary- in the mind. I suppose, Doctor, you live in the mind?'

'My mind to me a kingdom is,' was the answer.

'That's another way of saying that you live up in the air. But you come back to earth at meal-time, I am sure, or when an earthquake happens along. Or, tell me, Doctor, do you have no apprehension in an earthquake that that incorporeal body of yours will be hit by an immaterial brick?'

Instantly, and quite unconsciously, Dr. Hammerfield's hand shot up to his head, where a scar disappeared under the hair. It happened that Ernest had blundered on an apposite illustration. Dr. Hammerfield had been nearly killed in the Great Earthquake* by a falling chimney. Everybody broke out into roars of laughter.

- The Great Earthquake of 1906 A.D. that destroyed San Francisco.

- 'Well?' Ernest asked, when the merriment had subsided. 'Proofs to the contrary?'

And in the silence he asked again, 'Well?' Then he added, 'Still well, but not so well, that argument of yours.'

But Dr. Hammerfield was temporarily crushed, and the battle raged on in new directions. On point after point, Ernest challenged the ministers. When they affirmed that they knew the working class, he told them fundamental truths about the working class that they did not know, and challenged them for disproofs. He gave them facts, always facts, checked their excursions into the air, and brought them back to the solid earth and its facts.

How the scene comes back to me! I can hear him now, with that war-note in his voice, flaying them with his facts, each fact a lash that stung and stung again. And he was merciless. He took no quarter, and gave none. I can never forget the flaying he gave them at the end:

- This figure arises from the customs of the times. When, among men fighting to the death in their wild-animal way, a beaten man threw down his weapons, it was at the option of the victor to slay him or spare him.

- 'You have repeatedly confessed to-night, by direct avowal or ignorant statement, that you do not know the working class. But you are not to be blamed for this. How can you know anything about the working class? You do not live in the same locality with the working class. You herd with the capitalist class in another locality. And why not? It is the capitalist class that pays you, that feeds you, that puts the very clothes on your backs that you are wearing to-night. And in return you preach to your employers the brands of metaphysics that are especially acceptable to them; and the especially acceptable brands are acceptable because they do not menace the established order of society.'

Here there was a stir of dissent around the table.

'Oh, I am not challenging your sincerity,' Ernest continued. 'You are sincere. You preach what you believe. There lies your strength and your value- to the capitalist class. But should you change your belief to something that menaces the established order, your preaching would be unacceptable to your employers, and you would be discharged. Every little while some one or another of you is so discharged. Am I not right?'

- During this period there were many ministers cast out of the church for preaching unacceptable doctrine. Especially were they cast out when their preaching became tainted with socialism.

- This time there was no dissent. They sat dumbly acquiescent, with the exception of Dr. Hammerfield, who said:

'It is when their thinking is wrong that they are asked to resign.'

'Which is another way of saying when their thinking is unacceptable,' Ernest answered, and then went on. 'So I say to you, go ahead and preach and earn your pay, but for goodness' sake leave the working class alone. You belong in the enemy's camp. You have nothing in common with the working class. Your hands are soft with the work others have performed for you. Your stomachs are round with the plenitude of eating.' (Here Dr. Ballingford winced, and every eye glanced at his prodigious girth. It was said he had not seen his own feet in years.) 'And your minds are filled with doctrines that are buttresses of the established order. You are as much mercenaries (sincere mercenaries, I grant) as were the men of the Swiss Guard.

Be true to your salt and your hire; guard, with your preaching, the interests of your employers; but do not come down to the working class and serve as false leaders. You cannot honestly be in the two camps at once. The working class has done without you. Believe me, the

working class will continue to do without you. And, furthermore, the working class can do better without you than with you.'

- The hired foreign palace guards of Louis XVI, a king of France that was beheaded by his people.

Tasks:

1. **Read and translate the text and study the characters and situation;**
2. **Analyse the language they use: choice of words, structure of sentence, emotional background provided by the author's remarks;**
3. **Point out the places most difficult for translation;**
4. **Comment upon them;**
5. **Make a glossary.**

THE PICTURE OF DORIAN GRAY
by Oscar Wilde
1891

Ch. I

The studio was filled with the rich odour of roses, and when the light summer wind stirred amidst the trees of the garden there came through the open door the heavy scent of the lilac, or the more delicate perfume of the pink-flowering thorn.

From the corner of the divan of Persian saddle-bags on which he was lying, smoking, as was his custom, innumerable cigarettes, Lord Henry Wotton could just catch the gleam of the honey-sweet and honey-coloured blossoms of a laburnum, whose tremulous branches seemed hardly able to bear the burden of a beauty so flamelike as theirs; and now and then the fantastic shadows of birds in flight flitted across the long tussore-silk curtains that were stretched in front of the huge window, producing a kind of momentary Japanese effect, and making him think of those pallid jade-faced painters of Tokio who, through the medium of an art that is necessarily immobile, seek to convey the sense of swiftness and motion. The sullen murmur of the bees shouldering their way through the long unmown grass, or circling with monotonous insistence round the dusty gilt horns of the straggling woodbine, seemed to make the stillness more oppressive. The dim roar of London was like the burdon note of a distant organ.

In the centre of the room, clamped to an upright easel, stood the full-length portrait of a young man of extraordinary personal beauty, and in front of it, some little distance away, was sitting the artist himself, Basil Hallward, whose sudden disappearance some years ago caused, at the time, such public excitement, and gave rise to so many strange conjectures.

As the painter looked at the gracious and comely form he had so skilfully mirrored in his art, a smile of pleasure passed across his face, and seemed about to linger there. But he suddenly started up, and, closing his eyes, placed his fingers upon the lids, as though he sought to imprison within his brain some curious dream from which he feared he might awake.

"It is your best work, Basil, the best thing you have ever done," said Lord Henry, languidly. "You must certainly send it next year to the Grosvenor. The Academy is too large and too vulgar. Whenever I have gone there, there have either been so many people that I have not been able to see the pictures, which was dreadful, or so many pictures that I have not been able to see the people, which was worse. The Grosvenor is really the only place."

"I don't think I shall send it anywhere," he answered, tossing his head back in that odd way tha used to make his friends laugh at him at Oxford. "No; I won't send it anywhere." Lord Henry elevated his eyebrows, and looked at him in amazement through the thin blue wreaths of smoke that curled up in such fanciful whorls from his heavy opium-tainted cigarette.

"Not send it anywhere? My dear fellow, why? Have you any reason? What odd chaps you painters are! You do anything in the world to gain a reputation. As soon as you have one, you seem to want to throw it away. It is silly of you, for there is only one thing in the world worse than being talked about, and that is not being talked about. A portrait like this would set you far above all the young men in England, and make the old men quite jealous, if old men are ever capable of any emotion."

"I know you will laugh at me," he replied, "but I really can't exhibit it. I have put too much of myself into it."

Lord Henry stretched himself out on the divan and laughed.

"Yes, I knew you would; but it is quite true, all the same."

"Too much of yourself in it! Upon my word, Basil, I didn't know you were so vain; and I really can't see any resemblance between you, with your rugged strong face and your coal-black hair, and this young Adonis, who looks as if he was made out of ivory and rose-leaves. Why, my dear Basil, he is a Narcissus, and you- well, of course you have an intellectual expression, and all that. But beauty, real beauty, ends where an intellectual expression begins. Intellect is in itself a mode of exaggeration, and destroys the harmony of any face. The moment one sits down to think, one becomes all nose, or all forehead, or something horrid. Look at the successful men in any of the learned professions. How perfectly hideous they are! Except, of course, in the church. But then in the church they don't think. A bishop keeps on saying at the age of eighty what he was told to say when he was a boy of eighteen, and as a natural consequence he always looks absolutely delightful. Your mysterious young friend, whose name you have never told me, but whose picture really fascinates me, never thinks. I feel quite sure of that. He is some brainless, beautiful creature, who should always be here in winter when we have no flowers to look at, and always here in summer when we want something to chill our intelligence. Don't flatter yourself, Basil, you are not in the least like him."

"You don't understand me, Harry," answered the artist. "Of course I am not like him. I know that perfectly well. Indeed, I should be sorry to look like him. You shrug your shoulders? I am telling you the truth. There is a fatality about all physical and intellectual distinction, the sort of fatality that seems to dog through history faltering steps of kings. It is better not to be different from one's fellows. The ugly and the stupid have the best of it in this world. They can sit at their ease and gape at the play. If they know nothing of victory, they are at least spared the knowledge of defeat. They live as we all should live, undisturbed, indifferent, and without disquiet. They neither bring ruin upon others, nor ever receive it, from alien hands. Your rank and wealth, Harry; my brains, such as they are- my art, whatever it may be worth; Dorian
Gray's good looks- we shall all suffer for what the gods have given us suffer terribly."

"Dorian Gray? Is that his name?" asked Lord Henry, walking across the studio towards Basil Hallward.

"Yes, that is his name. I didn't intend to tell it to you."

"But why not?"

"Oh, I can't explain. When I like people immensely I never tell their names to any one. It is like surrendering a part of them. I have grown to love secrecy. It seems to be the one thing that can make modern life mysterious or marvellous to us. The commonest thing is delightful if one only hides it. When I leave town now I never tell my people where I am going. If I did, I would lose all my pleasure. It is a silly habit, I dare say, but somehow it seems to bring a great deal of romance into one's life. I suppose you think me awfully foolish about it?"

Not at all," answered Lord Henry, "not at all, my dear Basil. You seem to forget that I am married, and the one charm of marriage is that it makes a life of deception absolutely necessary for both parties. I never know where my wife is, and my wife never knows what I am doing. When we meet- we do meet occasionally, when we dine out together, or go down to the Duke's- we tell each other the most absurd stories with the most serious faces. My wife is very good at it- much better, in fact, than I am. She never gets confused over her dates, and I always do. But

when she does find me out, she makes no row at all. I sometimes wish she would; but she merely laughs at me."

"I hate the way you talk about your married life, Harry," said Basil Hallward, strolling towards the door that led into the garden. "I believe that you are really a very good husband, but that you are thoroughly ashamed of your own virtues. You are an extraordinary fellow. You never say a moral thing, and you never do a wrong thing. Your cynicism is simply a pose."

"Being natural is simply a pose, and the most irritating pose I know," cried Lord Henry, laughing; and the two young men went out into the garden together, and ensconced themselves on a long bamboo seat that stood in the shade of a tall laurel bush. The sunlight slipped over the polished leaves. In the grass, white daisies were tremulous. After a pause, Lord Henry pulled out his watch. "I am afraid I must be going, Basil," he murmured, "and before I go, I insist on your answering a question I put to you some time ago."

"What is that?" said the painter, keeping his eyes fixed on the ground.

"You know quite well."

"I do not, Harry."

"Well, I will tell you what it is. I want you to explain to me why you won't exhibit Dorian Gray's picture. I want the real reason."

"I told you the real reason."

"No, you did not. You said it was because there was too much of yourself in it. Now, that is childish."

"Harry," said Basil Hallward, looking him straight in the face, "every portrait that is painted with feeling is a portrait of the artist, not of the sitter. The sitter is merely the accident, the occasion. It is not he who is revealed by the painter; it is rather the painter who, on the coloured canvas, reveals himself. The reason I will not exhibit this picture is that I am afraid that I have shown in it the secret of my own soul."

Lord Henry laughed. "And what is that?" he asked.

"I will tell you," said Hallward; but an expression of perplexity came over his face.

"I am all expectation, Basil," continued his companion, glancing at him.

"Oh, there is really very little to tell, Harry," answered the painter; "and I am afraid you will hardly understand it. Perhaps you will hardly believe it."

Lord Henry smiled, and, leaning down, plucked a pink-petalled daisy from the grass, and examined it. "I am quite sure I shall understand it," he replied, gazing intently at the little golden white-feathered disk, "and as for believing things, I can believe anything, provided that it is quite incredible."

The wind shook some blossoms from the trees, and the heavy lilac-blooms, with their clustering stars, moved to and fro in the languid air. A grasshopper began to chirrup by the wall, and like a blue thread a long thin dragon-fly floated past on its brown gauze wings. Lord Henry felt as if he could hear Basil Hallward's heart beating, and wondered what was coming.

"The story is simply this," said the painter after some time. "Two months ago I went to a crush at Lady Brandon's. You know we poor artists have to show ourselves in society from time to time, just to remind the public that we are not savages. With an evening coat and a white tie, as you told me once, anybody, even a stock-broker, can gain a reputation for being civilized. Well, after I had been in the room about ten minutes, talking to huge overdressed dowagers and tedious Academicians, I suddenly became conscious that some one was looking at me. I turned halfway round, and saw Dorian Gray for the first time. When our eyes met, I felt that I was growing pale. A curious sensation of terror came over me. I knew that I had come face to face with some one whose mere personality was so fascinating that, if I allowed it to do so, it would absorb my whole nature, my whole soul, my very art itself. I did not want any external influence in my life. You know yourself, Harry, how independent I am by nature. I have always been my own master; had at least always been so, till I met Dorian Gray. Then-but I don't know how to explain it to you. Something seemed to tell me that I was on the verge

of a terrible crisis in my life. I had a strange feeling that Fate had in store for me exquisite joys and exquisite sorrows. I grew afraid, and turned to quit the room. It was not conscience that made me do it: it was a sort of cowardice. I take no credit to myself for trying to escape."

"Conscience and cowardice are really the same things, Basil. Conscience is the trade-name of the firm. That is all."

"I don't believe that, Harry, and I don't believe you do either. However, whatever was my motive- and it may have been pride, for I used to be very proud- I certainly struggled to the door. There, of course, I stumbled against Lady Brandon. 'You are not going to run away so soon, Mr. Hallward?' she screamed out. You know her curiously shrill voice?"

"Yes; she is a peacock in everything but beauty," said Lord Henry, pulling the daisy to bits with his long, nervous fingers.

"I could not get rid of her. She brought me up to Royalties, and people with Stars and Garters, and elderly ladies with gigantic tiaras and parrot noses. She spoke of me as her dearest friend. I had only met her once before, but she took it into her head to lionize me. I believe some picture of mine had made a great success at the time, at least had been chattered about in the penny newspapers, which is the nineteenth-century standard of immortality. Suddenly I found myself face to face with the young man whose personality had so strangely stirred me. We were quite close, almost touching. Our eyes met again. It was reckless of me, but I asked Lady Brandon to introduce me to him. Perhaps it was not so reckless, after all. It wassimply inevitable. We would have spoken to each other without any introduction. I am sure of that. Dorian told me so afterwards. He, too, felt that we were destined to know each other."

"And how did Lady Brandon describe this wonderful young man?" asked his companion. "I know she goes in for giving a rapid precis of all her guests. I remember her bringing me up to a truculent and red-faced old gentleman covered all over with orders and ribbons, and hissing into my ear, in a tragic whisper which must have been perfectly audible to everybody in the room, the most astounding details. I simply fled. I like to find out people for myself. But Lady Brandon treats her guests exactly as an auctioneer treats his goods. She either explains them entirely away, or tells one everything about them except what one wants to know."

"Poor Lady Brandon! You are hard on her, Harry!" said Hallward, listlessly.

"My dear fellow, she tried to found a salon, and only succeeded in opening a restaurant. How could I admire her? But tell me, what did she say about Mr. Dorian Gray?"

"Oh, something like 'Charming boy- poor dear mother and I absolutely inseparable. Quite forget what he does- afraid he- doesn't do anything- oh, yes, plays the piano- or is it the violin, dear Mr.Gray?' Neither of us could help laughing, and we became friends at once."

"Laughter is not at all a bad beginning for a friendship, and it is far the best ending for one," said the young lord, plucking another daisy.

Hallward shook his head. "You don't understand what friendship is, Harry," he murmured- "or what enmity is, for that matter. You like every one; that is to say, you are indifferent to every one."

"How horribly unjust of you!" cried Lord Henry, tilting his hat back, and looking up at the little clouds that, like ravelled skeins of glossy white silk, were drifting across the hollowed turquoise of the summer sky. "Yes, horribly unjust of you. I make a great difference between people. I choose my friends for their good looks,my acquaintances for their good characters, and my enemies for their good intellects. A man cannot be too careful in the choice of his enemies. I have not got one who is a fool, they are all men of some intellectual power, and consequently they all appreciate me. Is that very vain of me? I think it is rather vain."

"I should think it was, Harry. But according to your category I must be merely an acquaintance."

"My dear old Basil, you are much more than an acquaintance."

"And much less than a friend. A sort of brother, I suppose?"

"Oh, brothers! I don't care for brothers. My elder brother won't die, and my younger brothers seem never to do anything else."

"Harry!" exclaimed Hallward, frowning.

"My dear fellow, I am not quite serious. But I can't help detesting my relations. I suppose it comes from the fact that none of us can stand other people having the same faults as ourselves. I quite sympathize with the rage of the English democracy against what they call the vices of the upper orders. The masses feel that drunkenness, stupidity, and immorality should be their own special property, and that if any one of us makes an ass of himself he is poaching on their preserves. When poor Southwark got into theDivorce Court, their indignation was quite magnificent. And yet I don't suppose that ten per cent of the proletariat live correctly."

"I don't agree with a single word that you have said, and, what is more, Harry, I feel sure that you don't either."

Lord Henry stroked his pointed brown beard, and tapped the toe of his patent-leather boot with a tasselled ebony cane. "How English you are, Basil! That is the second time you have made that observation. If one puts forward an idea to a true Englishman-always a rash thing to do- he never dreams of considering whether the idea is right or wrong. The only thing he considers of any importance is whether one believes it oneself. Now, the value of an idea has nothing whatsoever to do with the sincerity of the man who expresses it. Indeed, the probabilities are that the more insincere the man is, the more purely intellectual will the idea be, as in that case it will not be coloured by either his wants, his desires, or his prejudices. However, I don't propose to discuss politics, sociology, or metaphysics with you. I like persons better than principles, and I like persons with no principles better than anything else in the world. Tell me more about Mr. Dorian Gray. How often do you see him?"

"Every day. I couldn't be happy if I didn't see him every day. He is absolutely necessary to me."

"How extraordinary! I thought you would never care for anything but your art."

"He is all my art to me now," said the painter, gravely. "I sometimes think, Harry, that there are only two eras of any importance in the world's history. The first is the appearance of a new medium for art, and the second is the appearance of a new personality for art also. What the invention of oil-painting was to the Venetians, the face of Antinous was to late Greek sculpture, and the face of Dorian Gray will some day be to me. It is not merely that I paint from him, draw from him, sketch from him. Of course I have done all that. But he is much more to me than a model or a sitter. I won't tell you that I am dissatisfied with what I have done of him or that his beauty is such that Art cannot express it. There is nothing that Art cannot express, and I know that the work I have done, since I met Dorian Gray, is good work, is the best work of my life. But in some curious way- I wonder will you understand me?- his personality has suggested to me an entirely new manner in art, an entirely new mode of style. I see things differently, I think of them differently. I can now re-create life in a way that was hidden from me before. 'A dream of form in days of thought:'- who is it who says that? I forget; but it is what Dorian Gray has been to me. The merely visible presence of this lad- for he seems to me little more than a lad, though he is really over twenty- his merely visible presence- ah! I wonder can you realize all that that means? Unconsciously he defines for me the lines of a fresh school, a school that is to have in it all the passion of the romantic spirit, all the perfection of the spirit that is Greek. The harmony of soul and body- how much that is! We in our madness have separated the two, and have invented a realism that is vulgar, an ideality that is void. Harry! if you only knew what Dorian Gray is to me! You remember that landscape of mine, for which Agnew offered me such a huge price, but which I would not part with? It is one of the best things I have ever done. And why is it so? Because, while I was painting it, Dorian Gray sat beside me. Some subtle influence passed from him to me, and for the first time in my life I saw in the plain woodland the wonder I had always looked for, and always missed."

"Basil, this is extraordinary! I must see Dorian Gray."

Hallward got up from his seat, and walked up and down the garden. After some time he came back. "Harry," he said, "Dorian Gray is to me simply a motive in art. You might see nothing in him. I see everything in him. He is never more present in my work than when no image of him is there. He is a suggestion, as I have said, of a new manner. I find him in the curves of certain lines, in the loveliness and subtleties of certain colours. That is all."

"Then why won't you exhibit his portrait?" asked Lord Henry.

"Because, without intending it, I have put into it some expression of all this curious artistic idolatry, of which, of course, I have never cared to speak to him. He knows nothing about it. He shall never know anything about it. But the world might guess it; and I will not bare my soul to their shallow, prying eyes. My heart shall never be put under their microscope. There is too much of myself in the thing, Harry- too much of myself!"

"Poets are not so scrupulous as you are. They know how useful passion is for publication. Nowadays a broken heart will run to many editions."

"I hate them for it," cried Hallward. "An artist should create beautiful things, but should put nothing of his own life into them. We live in an age when men treat art as if it were meant to be a form of autobiography. We have lost the abstract sense of beauty. Some day I will show the world what it is; and for that reason the world shall never see my portrait of Dorian Gray."

"I think you are wrong, Basil, but I won't argue with you. It is only the intellectually lost who ever argue. Tell me, is Dorian Gray very fond of you?"

The painter considered for a few moments. "He likes me," he answered after a pause; "I know he likes me. Of course I flatter him dreadfully. I find a strange pleasure in saying things to him that I know I shall be sorry for having said. As a rule, he is charming to me, and we sit in the studio and talk of a thousand things. Now and then, however, he is horribly thoughtless, and seems to take a real delight in giving me pain. Then I feel, Harry, that I have given away my whole soul to some one who treats it as if it were a flower to put in his coat, a bit of decoration to charm his vanity, an ornament for a summer's day."

"Days in summer, Basil, are apt to linger," murmured Lord Henry. "Perhaps you will tire sooner than he will. It is a sad thing to think of, but there is no doubt that Genius lasts longer than Beauty. That accounts for the fact that we all take such pains to over-educate ourselves. In the wild struggle for existence, we want to have something that endures, and so we fill our minds with rubbish and facts, in the silly hope of keeping our place. The thoroughly well-informed man- that is the modern idea. And the mind of the thoroughly well-informed man is a dreadful thing. It is like a bric-a-brac shop, all monsters and dust, with everything priced above its proper value. I think you will tire first, all the same. Some day you will look at your friend and he will seem to you to be a little out of drawing, or you won't like his tone of colour, or something. You will bitterly reproach him in your own heart, and seriously think that he has behaved very badly to you. The next time he calls, you will be perfectly cold and indifferent. It will be a great pity, for it will alter you. What you have told me is quite a romance, a romance of art one might call it, and the worst of having a romance of any kind is that it leaves one so unromantic."

"Harry, don't talk like that. As long as I live, the personality of Dorian Gray will dominate me. You can't feel what I feel. You change too often."

"Ah, my dear Basil, that is exactly why I can feel it. Those who are faithful know only the trivial side of love: it is the faithless who know love's tragedies." And Lord Henry struck a light on a dainty silver case, and began to smoke a cigarette with a self-conscious and satisfied air, as if he had summed up the world in a phrase. There was a rustle of chirruping sparrows in the green lacquer leaves of the ivy, and the blue cloud-shadows chased themselves across the grass like swallows. How pleasant it was in the garden! And how delightful other people's emotions were!- much more delightful than their ideas, it seemed to him. One's own soul, and the passions of one's friends- those were the fascinating things in life. He pictured to himself with silent amusement the tedious luncheon that he had missed by staying so long with Basil Hallward. Had he gone to his aunt's, he would have been sure to have met Lord Goodbody there, and

the whole conversation would have been about the feeding of the poor, and the necessity for model lodging-houses. Each class would have preached the importance of those virtues, for whose exercise there was no necessity in their own lives. The rich would have spoken on the value of thrift, and the idle grown eloquent over the dignity of labour. It was charming to have escaped all that! As he thought of his aunt, an idea seemed to strike him. He turned to Hallward, and said, "My dear fellow, I have just remembered."

"Remembered what, Harry?"

"Where I heard the name of Dorian Gray."

"Where was it?" asked Hallward, with a slight frown.

"Don't look so angry, Basil. It was at my aunt, Lady Agatha's. She told me she had discovered a wonderful young man, who was going to help her in the East End, and that his name was Dorian Gray. I am bound to state that she never told me he was good-looking. Women have no appreciation of good looks; at least, good women have not. She said that he was very earnest, and had a beautiful nature. I at once pictured to myself a creature with spectacles and lank hair, horribly freckled, and tramping about on huge feet. I wish I had known it was your friend."

"I am very glad you didn't, Harry."

"Why?"

"I don't want you to meet him."

"You don't want me to meet him?"

"No."

"Mr. Dorian Gray is in the studio, sir," said the butler, coming into the garden.

"You must introduce me now," cried Lord Henry, laughing.

The painter turned to his servant, who stood blinking in the sunlight. "Ask Mr. Gray to wait, Parker: I shall be in in a few moments." The man bowed, and went up the walk.

Then he looked at Lord Henry. "Dorian Gray is my dearest friend," he said. "He has a simple and beautiful nature. Your aunt was quite right in what she said of him. Don't spoil him. Don't try to influence him. Your influence would be bad. The world is wide, and has many marvellous people in it. Don't take away from me the one person who gives to my art whatever charm it possesses; my life as an artist depends on him. Mind, Harry, I trust you." He spoke very slowly, and the words seemed wrung out of him almost against his will.

"What nonsense you talk!" said Lord Henry, smiling, and, takingHallward by the arm, he almost led him into the house.

Tasks:

1. **Translate the text;**
2. **Point out the major components and type of the rhythm of the source text including vocabulary, syntax, style, and cultural background;**
3. **Figure out the major concepts of the text;**
4. **Compare the choice of words in the source and target texts and see the difference in the range of meaning and stylistic value that may occur in the translation;**

Hobbit
J. R. R. Tolkien

Ch. I

AN UNEXPECTED PARTY

In a hole in the ground there lived a hobbit. Not a nasty, dirty, wet hole, filled with the ends of worms and an oozy smell, nor yet a dry, bare, sandy hole with nothing in it to sit down on or to eat: it was a hobbit-hole, and that means comfort.

It had a perfectly round door like a porthole, painted green, with a shiny yellow brass knob in the exact middle. The door opened on to a tube-shaped hall like a tunnel: a very comfortable tunnel without smoke, with panelled walls, and floors tiled and carpeted, provided with polished chairs, and lots and lots of pegs for hats and coats-the hobbit was fond of visitors. The tunnel wound on and on, going fairly but not quite straight into the side of the hill-The Hill, as all the people for many miles round called it-and many little round doors opened out of it, first on one side and then on another. No going upstairs for the hobbit: bedrooms, bathrooms, cellars, pantries (lots of these), wardrobes (he had whole rooms devoted to clothes), kitchens, dining-rooms, all were on the same floor, and indeed on the same passage. The best rooms were all on the left-hand side (going in), for these were the only ones to have windows, deep-set round windows looking over his garden and meadows beyond, sloping down to the river.

This hobbit was a very well-to-do hobbit, and his name was Baggins. The Bagginses had lived in the neighbourhood of The Hill for time out of mind, and people considered them very respectable, not only because most of them were rich, but also because they never had any adventures or did anything unexpected: you could tell what a Baggins would say on any question without the bother of asking him. This is a story of how a Baggins had an adventure, found himself doing and saying things altogether unexpected. He may have lost the neighbours' respect, but he gained-well, you will see whether he gained anything in the end.

The mother of our particular hobbit… what is a hobbit? I suppose hobbits need some description nowadays, since they have become rare and shy of the Big People, as they call us. They are (or were) a little people, about half our height, and smaller than the bearded Dwarves. Hobbits have no beards. There is little or no magic about them, except the ordinary everyday sort which helps them to disappear quietly and quickly when large stupid folk like you and me come blundering along, making a noise like elephants which they can hear a mile off. They are inclined to be at in the stomach; they dress in bright colours (chiefly green and yellow); wear no shoes, because their feet grow natural leathery soles and thick warm brown hair like the stuff on their heads (which is curly); have long clever brown fingers, good-natured faces, and laugh deep fruity laughs (especially after dinner, which they have twice a day when they can get it). Now you know enough to go on with. As I was saying, the mother of this hobbit-of Bilbo Baggins, that is-was the fabulous Belladonna Took, one of the three remarkable daughters of the Old Took, head of the hobbits who lived across The Water, the small river that ran at the foot of The Hill. It was often said (in other families) that long ago one of the Took ancestors must have taken a fairy wife. That was, of course, absurd, but certainly there was still something not entirely hobbit-like about them,-and once in a while members of the Took-clan would go and have adventures. They discreetly disappeared, and the family hushed it up; but the fact remained that the Tooks were not as respectable as the Bagginses, though they were undoubtedly richer. Not that Belladonna Took ever had any adventures after she became Mrs. Bungo Baggins. Bungo, that was Bilbo's father, built the most luxurious hobbit-hole for her (and partly with her money) that was to be found either under The Hill or over The Hill or across The Water, and there they remained to the end of their days. Still it is probable that Bilbo, her only son, although he looked and behaved exactly like a second edition of his solid and comfortable father, got something a bit queer in his makeup from the Took side, something that only waited for a chance to come out. The chance never arrived, until Bilbo Baggins was grown up, being about fifty years old or so,

and living in the beautiful hobbit-hole built by his father, which I have just described for you, until he had in fact apparently settled down immovably.

By some curious chance one morning long ago in the quiet of the world, when there was less noise and more green, and the hobbits were still numerous and prosperous, and Bilbo Baggins was standing at his door after breakfast smoking an enormous long wooden pipe that reached nearly down to his woolly toes (neatly brushed)-Gandalf came by. Gandalf! If you had heard only a quarter of what I have heard about him, and I have only heard very little of all there is to hear, you would be prepared for any sort I of remarkable tale. Tales and adventures sprouted up all over the place wherever he went, in the most extraordinary fashion. He had not been down that way under The Hill for ages and ages, not since his friend the Old Took died, in fact, and the hobbits had almost forgotten what he looked like. He had been away over The Hill and across The Water on business of his own since they were all small hobbit-boys and hobbit-girls.

All that the unsuspecting Bilbo saw that morning was an old man with a staff. He had a tall pointed blue hat, a long grey cloak, a silver scarf over which a white beard hung down below his waist, and immense black boots.

“Good morning!” said Bilbo, and he meant it. The sun was shining, and the grass was very green. But Gandalf looked at him from under long bushy eyebrows that stuck out further than the brim of his shady hat. “What do you mean?” be said. “Do you wish me a good morning, or mean that it is a good morning whether I want not; or that you feel good this morning; or that it is morning to be good on?”

“All of them at once,” said Bilbo. “And a very fine morning for a pipe of tobacco out of doors, into the bargain. If you have a pipe about you, sit down and have a fill of mine! There's no hurry, we have all the day before us!” Then Bilbo sat down on a seat by his door, crossed his legs, and blew out a beautiful grey ring of smoke that sailed up into the air without breaking and floated away over The Hill.

“Very pretty!” said Gandalf. “But I have no time to blow smoke-rings this morning. I am looking for someone to share in an adventure that I am arranging, and it's very difficult to find anyone.”

“I should think so-in these parts! We are plain quiet folk and have no use for adventures. Nasty disturbing uncomfortable things! Make you late for dinner! I can’t think what anybody sees in them,” said our Mr. Baggins, and stuck one thumb behind his braces, and blew out another even bigger smoke-ring. Then he took out his morning letters, and begin to read, pretending to take no more notice of the old man. He had decided that he was not quite his sort, and wanted him to go away. But the old man did not move. He stood leaning on his stick and gazing at the hobbit without saying anything, till Bilbo got quite uncomfortable and even a little cross.

“Good morning!” he said at last. “We don't want any adventures here, thank you! You might try over The Hill or across The Water.” By this he meant that the conversation was at an end.

“What a lot of things you do use Good morning for!” said Gandalf. “Now you mean that you want to get rid of me, and that it won't be good till I move off.”

“Not at all, not at all, my dear sir! Let me see, I don't think I know your name?”

“Yes, yes, my dear sir-and I do know your name, Mr. Bilbo Baggins. And you do know my name, though you don't remember that I belong to it. I am Gandalf, and Gandalf means me! To think that I should have lived to be good-morninged by Belladonna Took's son, as if I was selling buttons at the door!”

“Gandalf, Gandalf! Good gracious me! Not the wandering wizard that gave Old Took a pair of magic diamond studs that fastened themselves and never came undone till ordered? Not the fellow who used to tell such wonderful tales at parties, about dragons and goblins and giants and the rescue of princesses and the unexpected luck of widows' sons? Not the man that used to make such particularly excellent fireworks! I remember those! Old Took used to have them on Midsummer's Eve. Splendid! They used to go up like great lilies and snapdragons and laburnums of fire and hang in the twilight all evening!” You will notice already that Mr. Baggins was not

quite so prosy as he liked to believe, also that he was very fond of flowers. “Dear me!” she went on. “Not the Gandalf who was responsible for so many quiet lads and lasses going off into the Blue for mad adventures. Anything from climbing trees to visiting Elves-or sailing in ships, sailing to other shores! Bless me, life used to be quite inter-I mean, you used to upset things badly in these parts once upon a time. I beg your pardon, but I had no idea you were still in business.”

“Where else should I be?” said the wizard. “All the same I am pleased to find you remember something about me. You seem to remember my fireworks kindly, at any rate, land that is not without hope. Indeed for your old grand-father Took's sake, and for the sake of poor Belladonna, I will give you what you asked for.”

“I beg your pardon, I haven't asked for anything!”

“Yes, you have! Twice now. My pardon. I give it you. In fact I will go so far as to send you on this adventure. Very amusing for me, very good for you and profitable too, very likely, if you ever get over it.”

“Sorry! I don't want any adventures, thank you. Not today. Good morning! But please come to tea-any time you like! Why not tomorrow? Come tomorrow! Good-bye!”

With that the hobbit turned and scuttled inside his round green door, and shut it as quickly as he dared, not to seen rude. Wizards after all are wizards.

“What on earth did I ask him to tea for!” he said to him-self, as he went to the pantry. He had only just had break fast, but he thought a cake or two and a drink of something would do him good after his fright. Gandalf in the meantime was still standing outside the door, and laughing long but quietly. After a while he stepped up, and with the spike of his staff scratched a queer sign on the hobbit's beautiful green front-door. Then he strode away, just about the time when Bilbo was finishing his second cake and beginning to think that he had escape adventures very well.

The next day he had almost forgotten about Gandalf He did not remember things very well, unless he put them down on his Engagement Tablet: like this: Gandalf ’Ťa Wednesday. Yesterday he had been too flustered to do anything of the kind. Just before tea-time there came a tremendous ring on the front-door bell, and then he remembered! He rushed and put on the kettle, and put out another cup and saucer and an extra cake or two, and ran to the door.

“I am so sorry to keep you waiting!” he was going to say, when he saw that it was not Gandalf at all. It was a dwarf with a blue beard tucked into a golden belt, and very bright eyes under his dark-green hood. As soon a the door was opened, he pushed inside, just as if he had been expected.

He hung his hooded cloak on the nearest peg, and “Dwalin at your service!” he said with a low bow.

“Bilbo Baggins at yours!” said the hobbit, too surprised to ask any questions for the moment. When the silence that followed had become uncomfortable, he added: “I am just about to take tea; pray come and have some with me.” A little stiff perhaps, but he meant it kindly. And what would you do, if an uninvited dwarf came and hung his things up in your hall without a word of explanation?

They had not been at table long, in fact they had hardly reached the third cake, when there came another even louder ring at the bell.

“Excuse me!” said the hobbit, and off he went to the door.

“So you have got here at last!” was what he was going to say to Gandalf this time. But it was not Gandalf. Instead there was a very old-looking dwarf on the step with a white beard and a scarlet hood; and he too hopped inside as soon as the door was open, just as if he had been invited.

“I see they have begun to arrive already,” he said when he caught sight of Dwalin's green hood hanging up. He hung his red one next to it, and “Balin at your service!” he said with his hand on his breast.

“Thank you!” said Bilbo with a gasp. It was not the correct thing to say, but they have begun to arrive had flustered him badly. He liked visitors, but he liked to know them before they arrived, and he preferred to ask them himself. He had a horrible thought that the cakes might run short, and then he-as the host: he knew his duty and stuck to it however painful-he might have to go without.

“Come along in, and have some tea!” he managed to say after taking a deep breath.

“A little beer would suit me better, if it is all the same to you, my good sir,” said Balin with the white beard. “But I don't mind some cake-seed-cake, if you have any.”

“Lots!” Bilbo found himself answering, to his own surprise; and he found himself scuttling off, too, to the cellar to fill a pint beer-mug, and to the pantry to fetch two beautiful round seed-cakes which he had baked that afternoon for his after-supper morsel.

When he got back Balin and Dwalin were talking at the table like old friends (as a matter of fact they were brothers). Bilbo plumped down the beer and the cake in front of them, when loud came a ring at the bell again, and then another ring.

“Gandalf for certain this time,” he thought as he puffed along the passage. But it was not. It was two more dwarves, both with blue hoods, silver belts, and yellow beards; and each of them carried a bag of tools and a spade. In they hopped, as soon as the door began to open-Bilbo was hardly surprised at all.

“What can I do for you, my dwarves?” he said. “Kili at your service!” said the one. “And Fili!” added the other; and they both swept off their blue hoods and bowed.

“At yours and your family's!” replied Bilbo, remembering his manners this time.

“Dwalin and Balin here already, I see,” said Kili. “Let us join the throng!”

“Throng!” thought Mr. Baggins. “I don't like the sound of that. I really must sit down for a minute and collect my wits, and have a drink.” He had only just had a sip-in the corner, while the four dwarves sat around the table, and talked about mines and gold and troubles with the goblins, and the depredations of dragons, and lots of other things which he did not understand, and did not want to, for they sounded much too adventurous-when, ding-dong-a-ling-' dang, his bell rang again, as if some naughty little hobbit-boy was trying to pull the handle off. “Someone at the door!” he said, blinking. “Some four, I should say by the sound,” said Fili. “Be-sides, we saw them coming along behind us in the distance.”

The poor little hobbit sat down in the hall and put his head in his hands, and wondered what had happened, and what was going to happen, and whether they would all stay to supper. Then the bell rang again louder than ever, and he had to run to the door. It was not four after all, t was FIVE. Another dwarf had come along while he was wondering in the hall. He had hardly turned the knob, be-x)re they were all inside, bowing and saying “at your service” one after another. Dori, Nori, Ori, Oin, and Gloin were their names; and very soon two purple hoods, a grey hood, a brown hood, and a white hood were hanging on the pegs, and off they marched with their broad hands stuck in their gold and silver belts to join the others. Already it had almost become a throng. Some called for ale, and some for porter, and one for coffee, and all of them for cakes; so the hobbit was kept very busy for a while.

A big jug of coffee bad just been set in the hearth, the seed-cakes were gone, and the dwarves were starting on a round of buttered scones, when there came-a loud knock. Not a ring, but a hard rat-tat on the hobbit's beautiful green door. Somebody was banging with a stick!

Bilbo rushed along the passage, very angry, and altogether bewildered and bewuthered-this was the most awkward Wednesday he ever remembered. He pulled open the door with a jerk, and they all fell in, one on top of the other. More dwarves, four more! And there was Gandalf behind, leaning on his staff and laughing. He had made quite a dent on the beautiful door; he had also, by the way, knocked out the secret mark that he had put there the morning before.

“Carefully! Carefully!” he said. “It is not like you, Bilbo, to keep friends waiting on the mat, and then open the door like a pop-gun! Let me introduce Bifur, Bofur, Bombur, and especially Thorin!”

“At your service!” said Bifur, Bofur, and Bombur standing in a row. Then they hung up two yellow hoods and a pale green one; and also a sky-blue one with a long silver tassel. This last belonged to Thorin, an enormously important dwarf, in fact no other than the great Thorin Oakenshield himself, who was not at all pleased at falling flat on Bilbo's mat with Bifur, Bofur, and Bombur on top of him. For one thing Bombur was immensely fat and heavy. Thorin indeed was very haughty, and said nothing about service; but poor Mr. Baggins said he was sorry so many times, that at last he grunted “pray don't mention it,” and stopped frowning.

“Now we are all here!” said Gandalf, looking at the row of thirteen hoods-the best detachable party hoods-and his own hat hanging on the pegs. “Quite a merry gathering!

I hope there is something left for the late-comers to eat and drink! What's that? Tea! No thank you! A little red wine, I think, for me.” “And for me,” said Thorin. “And raspberry jam and apple-tart,” said Bifur. “And mince-pies and cheese,” said Bofur. “And pork-pie and salad,” said Bombur. “And more cakes-and ale-and coffee, if you don't mind,” called the other dwarves through the door.

“Put on a few eggs, there's a good fellow!” Gandalf called after him, as the hobbit stumped off to the pantries. “And just bring out the cold chicken and pickles!”

“Seems to know as much about the inside of my larders as I do myself!” thought Mr. Baggins, who was feeling positively flummoxed, and was beginning to wonder whether a most wretched adventure had not come right into his house. By the time he had got all the bottles and dishes and knives and forks and glasses and plates and spoons and things piled up on big trays, he was getting very hot, and red in the face, and annoyed.

“Confusticate and bebother these dwarves!” he said aloud. “Why don't they come and lend a hand?” Lo and behold! there stood Balin and Dwalin at the door of the kitchen, and Fili and Kili behind them, and before he could say knife they had whisked the trays and a couple of small tables into the parlour and set out everything afresh.

Gandalf sat at the head of the party with the thirteen, dwarves all round: and Bilbo sat on a stool at the fireside, nibbling at a biscuit (his appetite was quite taken away), and trying to look as if this was all perfectly ordinary and. not in the least an adventure. The dwarves ate and ate, and talked and talked, and time got on. At last they pushed their chairs back, and Bilbo made a move to collect the plates and glasses.

“I suppose you will all stay to supper?” he said in his politest unpressing tones. “Of course!” said Thorin. “And after. We shan't get through the business till late, and we must have some music first. Now to clear up!”

Thereupon the twelve dwarves-not Thorin, he was too important, and stayed talking to Gandalf-jumped to their feet and made tall piles of all the things. Off they went, not waiting for trays, balancing columns of plates, each with a bottle on the top, with one hand, while the hobbit ran after them almost squeaking with fright: “please be careful!” and “please, don't trouble! I can manage.” But the dwarves only started to sing:

Chip the glasses and crack the plates!
Blunt the knives and bend the forks!
That's what Bilbo Baggins hates—
Smash the bottles and burn the corks!

Cut the cloth and tread on the fat!
Pour the milk on the pantry floor!
Leave the bones on the bedroom mat!
Splash the wine on every door!

Dump the crocks in a boiling bawl;
Pound them up with a thumping pole;
And when you've finished, if any are whole,

Send them down the hall to roll!

That's what Bilbo Baggins hates!
So, carefully! carefully with the plates!

And of course they did none of these dreadful things, and everything was cleaned and put away safe as quick as lightning, while the hobbit was turning round and round in the middle of the kitchen trying to see what they were doing. Then they went back, and found Thorin with his feet on the fender smoking a pipe. He was blowing the most enormous smoke-rings, and wherever he told one to go, it went-up the chimney, or behind the clock on the man-telpiece, or under the table, or round and round the ceiling; but wherever it went it was not quick enough to escape Gandalf. Pop! he sent a smaller smoke-ring from his short clay-pipe straight through each one of Thorin's. The Gandalf's smoke-ring would go green and come back to hover over the wizard's head. He had quite a cloud of them about him already, and in the dim light it made him look strange and sorcerous. Bilbo stood still and watched-he loved smoke-rings-and then be blushed to think how proud he had been yesterday morning of the smoke-rings he had sent up the wind over The Hill.

“Now for some music!” said Thorin. “Bring out the instruments!”

Kili and Fili rushed for their bags and brought back little fiddles; Dori, Nori, and Ori brought out flutes from somewhere inside their coats; Bombur produced a drum from the hall; Bifur and Bofur went out too, and came back with clarinets that they had left among the walking-sticks Dwalin and Balin said: “Excuse me, I left mine in the porch!” “Just bring mine in with you,” said Thorin. They came back with viols as big as themselves, and with Thorin’s harp wrapped in a green cloth. It was a beautiful gold-en harp, and when Thorin struck it the music began all at once, so sudden and sweet that Bilbo forgot everything else, and was swept away into dark lands under strange moons, far over The Water and very far from his hobbit-hole under The Hill.

The dark came into the room from the little window that opened in the side of The Hill; the firelight flickered-it was April-and still they played on, while the shadow of Gandalf's beard wagged against the wall.

The dark filled all the room, and the fire died down, and the shadows were lost, and still they played on. And suddenly first one and then another began to sing as they played, deep-throated singing of the dwarves in the deep places of their ancient homes; and this is like a fragment of their song, if it can be like their song without their music.

Far over the misty mountains cold
To dungeons deep and caverns old
We must away ere break of day
To seek the pale enchanted gold.

The dwarves of yore made mighty spells,
While hammers fell like ringing bells
In places deep, where dark things sleep,
In hollow halls beneath the fells.

For ancient king and elvish lord
There many a gloaming golden hoard
They shaped and wrought, and light they caught
To hide in gems on hilt of sword.

On silver necklaces they strung
The flowering stars, on crowns they hung
The dragon-fire, in twisted wire

They meshed the light of moon and sun.

Far over the misty mountains cold
To dungeons deep and caverns old
We must away, ere break of day,
To claim our long-forgotten gold.

Goblets they carved there for themselves
And harps of gold; where no man delves
There lay they long, and many a song
Was sung unheard by men or elves.

The pines were roaring on the height,
The winds were moaning in the night.
The fire was red, it flaming spread;
The trees like torches biased with light,

The bells were ringing in the dale
And men looked up with faces pale;
The dragon's ire more fierce than fire
Laid low their towers and houses frail.

The mountain smoked beneath the moon;
The dwarves, they heard the tramp of doom.
They fled their hall to dying -fall
Beneath his feet, beneath the moon.

Far over the misty mountains grim
To dungeons deep and caverns dim
We must away, ere break of day,
To win our harps and gold from him!

As they sang the hobbit felt the love of beautiful things made by hands and by cunning and by magic moving through him, a fierce and jealous love, the desire of the hearts of dwarves. Then something Tookish woke up inside him, and he wished to go and see the great mountains, and hear the pine-trees and the waterfalls, and explore the caves, and wear a sword instead of a walking-stick. He looked out of the window. The stars were out in a dark sky above the trees. He thought of the jewels of the dwarves shining in dark caverns. Suddenly in the wood beyond The Water a flame leapt up--probably somebody lighting a wood-fire-and he thought of plundering dragons settling on his quiet Hill and kindling it all to flames. He shuddered; and very quickly he was plain Mr. Baggins of Bag-End, Under-Hill, again.

He got up trembling. He had less than half a mind to fetch the lamp, and more than half a mind to pretend to, and go and hide behind the beer barrels in the cellar, and not come out again until all the dwarves had gone away. Suddenly he found that the music and the singing had stopped, and they were all looking at him with eyes shining in the dark.

“Where are you going?” said Thorin, in a tone that seemed to show that he guessed both halves of the hobbit's mind.

“What about a little light?” said Bilbo apologetically.

“We like the dark,” said the dwarves. “Dark for dark business! There are many hours before dawn.”

“Of course!” said Bilbo, and sat down in a hurry. He missed the stool and sat in the fender, knocking over the poker and shovel with a crash.

“Hush!” said Gandalf. “Let Thorin speak!” And this is bow Thorin began.

“Gandalf, dwarves and Mr. Baggins! We are not together in the house of our friend and fellow conspirator, this most excellent and audacious hobbit-may the hair on his toes never fall out! all praise to his wine and ale!-” He paused for breath and for a polite remark from the hobbit, but the compliments were quite lost on-poor Bilbo Baggins, who was wagging his mouth in protest at being called audacious and worst of all fellow conspirator, though no noise came out, he was so flummoxed. So Thorin went on:

“We are met to discuss our plans, our ways, means, policy and devices. We shall soon before the break of day start on our long journey, a journey from which some of us, or perhaps all of us (except our friend and counsellor, the ingenious wizard Gandalf) may never return. It is a solemn moment. Our object is, I take it, well known to us all. To the estimable Mr. Baggins, and perhaps to one or two of the younger dwarves (I think I should be right in naming Kili and Fili, for instance), the exact situation at the moment may require a little brief explanation-”

This was Thorin's style. He was an important dwarf. If he had been allowed, he would probably have gone on like this until he was out of breath, without telling any one there 'anything that was not known already. But he was rudely interrupted. Poor Bilbo couldn't bear it any longer. At may never return he began to feel a shriek coming up inside, and very soon it burst out like the whistle of an engine coming out of a tunnel. All the dwarves sprang Bp knocking over the table. Gandalf struck a blue light on the end of his magic staff, and in its firework glare the poor little hobbit could be seen kneeling on the hearth-rug, shaking like a jelly that was melting. Then he fell flat on the floor, and kept on calling out “struck by lightning, struck by lightning!” over and over again; and that was all they could get out of him for a long time. So they took him and laid him out of the way on the drawing-room sofa with a drink at his elbow, and they went back to their dark business.

“Excitable little fellow,” said Gandalf, as they sat down again. “Gets funny queer fits, but he is one of the best, one of the best-as fierce as a dragon in a pinch.”

If you have ever seen a dragon in a pinch, you will realize that this was only poetical exaggeration applied to any hobbit, even to Old Took's great-granduncle Bullroarer, who was so huge (for a hobbit) that he could ride a horse. He charged the ranks of the goblins of Mount Gram in the Battle of the Green Fields, and knocked their king Gol-firnbul's head clean off with a wooden club. It sailed a hundred yards through the air and went down a rabbit hole, and in this way the battle was won and the game of Golf invented at the same moment.

In the meanwhile, however, Bullroarer's gentler descendant was reviving in the drawing-room. After a while and a drink he crept nervously to the door of the parlour. This is what he heard, Gloin speaking: “Humph!” (or some snort more or less like that). “Will he do, do you think? It is all very well for Gandalf to talk about this hobbit being fierce, but one shriek like that in a moment of excitement would be enough to wake the dragon and all his relatives, and kill the lot of us. I think it sounded more like fright than excitement! In fact, if it bad not been for the sign on the door, I should have been sure we had come to the wrong house. As soon as I clapped eyes on the little fellow bobbing and puffing on the mat, I had my doubts. He looks more like a grocer-than a burglar!”

Then Mr. Baggins turned the handle and went in. The Took side had won. He suddenly felt he would go without bed and breakfast to be thought fierce. As for little fellow bobbing on the mat it almost made him really fierce. Many a time afterwards the Baggins part regretted what he did now, and he said to himself: “Bilbo, you were a fool; you walked right in and put your foot in it.”

“Pardon me,” he said, “if I have overheard words that you were saying. I don't pretend to understand what you are talking about, or your reference to burglars, but I think I am right in believing” (this is what he called being on his dignity) “that you think I am no good. I will show you. I have no signs on my door-it was painted a week ago-, and I am quite sure you have come to the wrong house. As soon as I saw your funny faces on the door-step, I had my doubts. But treat it as the right one. Tell me what you want done, and I will try it, if I have to walk from here

to the East of East and fight the wild Were-worms in the Last Desert. I bad a great-great-great-granduncle once, Bullroarer Took, and-"

"Yes, yes, but that was long ago," said Gloin. "I was talking about you. And I assure you there is a mark on this door-the usual one in the trade, or used to be. Burglar wants a good job, plenty of Excitement and reasonable Reward, that's how it is usually read. You then say Expert Treasure-hunter instead of Burglar if you like. Some of them do. It's all the same to us. Gandalf told us that there was a man of the sort in these parts looking for a Job at once, and that he had arranged for a meeting here this Wednesday tea-time."

"Of course there is a mark," said Gandalf. "I put it there myself. For very good reasons. You asked me to find the fourteenth man for your expedition, and I chose Mr. Baggins. Just let any one say I chose the wrong man or the wrong house, and you can stop at thirteen and have all the bad luck you like, or go back to digging coal."

He scowled so angrily at Gloin that the dwarf huddled back in his chair; and when Bilbo tried to open his mouth to ask a question, he turned and frowned at him and stuck oat his bushy eyebrows, till Bilbo shut his mouth tight with a snap. "That's right," said Gandalf. "Let's have no more argument. I have chosen Mr. Baggins and that ought to !6te enough for all of you. If I say he is a Burglar, a Burglar he is, or will be when the time comes. There is a lot more in him than you guess, and a deal more than he has any idea of himself. You may (possibly) all live to thank me yet. Now Bilbo, my boy, fetch the lamp, and let's have little light on this!"

On the table in the light of a big lamp with a red shad he spread a piece of parchment rather like a map.

"This was made by Thror, your grandfather, Thorin, he said in answer to the dwarves' excited questions. "It is a plan of the Mountain."

"I don't see that this will help us much," said Thorin disappointedly after a glance. "I remember the Mountain well enough and the lands about it. And I know where Mirkwood is, and the Withered Heath where the great dragons bred."

"There is a dragon marked in red on the Mountain, said Balin, "but it will be easy enough to find him without that, if ever we arrive there."

"There is one point that you haven't noticed," said the wizard, "and that is the secret entrance. You see that rune on the West side, and the hand pointing to it from the other runes? That marks a hidden passage to the Lower Halls.

"It may have been secret once," said Thorin, "but how do we know that it is secret any longer? Old Smaug had lived there long enough now to find out anything there is to know about those caves."

"He may-but he can't have used it for years and years. "Why?"

"Because it is too small. 'Five feet high the door and three may walk abreast' say the runes, but Smaug could not creep into a hole that size, not even when he was a young dragon, certainly not after devouring so many of the dwarves and men of Dale."

"It seems a great big hole to me," squeaked Bilbo (who had no experience of dragons and only of hobbit-holes) He was getting excited and interested again, so that he forgot to keep his mouth shut. He loved maps, and in his hall there hung a large one of the Country Round with all his favourite walks marked on it in red ink. "How could such a large door be kept secret from everybody outside, apart from the dragon?" he asked. He was only a little hobbit you must remember.

"In lots of ways," said Gandalf. "But in what way this one has been hidden we don't know without going to see. From what it says on the map I should guess there is a closed door which has been made to look exactly like the side of the Mountain. That is the usual dwarves' method- I think that is right, isn't it?" "Quite right," said Thorin.

"Also," went on Gandalf, "I forgot to mention that with the map went a key, a small and curious key. Here it is!" he said, and handed to Thorin a key with a long barrel and intricate wards, made of silver. "Keep it safe!"

“Indeed I will,” said Thorin, and he fastened it upon a fine chain that hung about his neck and under his jacket. “Now things begin to look more hopeful. This news alters them much for-the better. So far we have had no clear idea what to do. We thought of going East, as quiet and careful as we could, as far as the Long Lake. After that the trouble would begin.”

“A long time before that, if I know anything about the loads East,” interrupted Gandalf.

“We might go from there up along the River Running,” went on Thorin taking no notice, “and so to the ruins of Dale-the old town in the valley there, under the shadow of the Mountain. But we none of us liked the idea of the Front Gate. The river runs right out of it through the great cliff at the South of the Mountain, and out of it comes the dragon too-far too often, unless he has changed.”

“That would be no good,” said the wizard, “not without a mighty Warrior, even a Hero. I tried to find one; but warriors are busy fighting one another in distant lands, and in this neighbourhood heroes are scarce, or simply lot to be found. Swords in these parts are mostly blunt, and axes are used for trees, and shields as cradles or dish-covers; and dragons are comfortably far-off (and therefore legendary). That is why I settled on burglary-especially when I remembered the existence of a Side-door. And here is our little Bilbo Baggins, the burglar, the chosen and selected burglar. So now let's get on and make some plans.”

“Very well then,” said Thorin, “supposing the burglar-expert gives us some ideas or suggestions.” He turned with mock-politeness to Bilbo.

“First I should like to know a bit more about things,” said he, feeling all confused and a bit shaky inside, but so far still lookishly determined to go on with things. “I mean about the gold and the dragon, and all that, and how it got there, and who it belongs to, and so on and further.”

“Bless me!” said Thorin, “haven't you got a map? and didn't you hear our song? and haven't we been talking about all this for hours?”

“All the same, I should like it all plain and clear,” said he obstinately, putting on his business manner (usually reserved for people who tried to borrow money off him), and doing his best to appear wise and prudent and professional and live up to Gandalf's recommendation. “Also I should like to know about risks, out-of-pocket expenses, time required and remuneration, and so forth”—by which he meant: “What am I going to get out of it? and am I going to come back alive?”

“O very well,” said Thorin. “Long ago in my grandfather Thror's time our family was driven out of the far North, and came back with all their wealth and their tools to this Mountain on the map. It had been discovered by my far ancestor, Thrain the Old, but now they mined and they tunnelled and they made huger halls and greater workshops—and in addition I believe they found a good deal of gold and a great many jewels too. Anyway they grew immensely rich and famous, and my grandfather was King under the Mountain again and treated with great reverence by the mortal men, who lived to the South, and were gradually spreading up the Running River as far as the valley overshadowed by the Mountain. They built the merry town of Dale there in those days. Kings used to send for our smiths, and reward even the least skilful most richly. Fathers would beg us to take their sons as apprentices, and pay us handsomely, especially in food-supplies, which we never bothered to grow or find for ourselves. Altogether those were good days for us, and the poorest of us had money to spend and to lend, and leisure to make beautiful things just for the. fun of it, not to speak of the most marvellous and magical toys, the like of which is not to be found in the world now-a-days. So my grandfather's halls became full of armour and jewels and carvings and cups, and the toy-market of Dale was the wonder of the North.

“Undoubtedly that was what brought the dragon. Dragons steal gold and jewels, you know, from men and elves and dwarves, wherever they can find them; and they guard their plunder as long as they live (which is practically forever, unless they are killed), and never enjoy a brass ring of it. Indeed they hardly know a good bit of work from a bad, though they usually have a good notion of the current market value; and they can't make a thing for themselves, not even mend a little loose scale of their armour. There were lots of dragons in the North in those days,

and gold was probably getting scarce up there, with the dwarves flying south or getting killed, and all the general waste and destruction that dragons make going from bad to worse. There was a most specially greedy, strong and wicked worm called Smaug. One day he flew up into the air and came south. The first we heard of it was a noise like a hurricane coming from the North, and the pine-trees on the Mountain creaking and cracking in the wind. Some of the dwarves who happened to be outside (I was one luckily -a fine adventurous lad in those days, always wandering about, and it saved my life that day)-well, from a good way off we saw the dragon settle on our mountain in a spout of flame. Then he came down the slopes and when he reached the woods they all went up in fire. By that time all the bells were ringing in Dale and the warriors were arming. The dwarves rushed out of their great gate; but there was the dragon waiting for them. None escaped that way. The river rushed up in steam and a fog fell on Dale, and in the fog the dragon came on them and destroyed most of the warriors-the usual unhappy story, it was only too common in those days. Then he went back and crept in through the Front Gate and routed out all the halls, and lanes, and tunnels, alleys, cellars, mansions and passages. After that there were no dwarves left alive inside, and he took all their wealth for himself. Probably, for that is the dragons' way, he has piled it all up in a great heap far inside, and sleeps on it for a bed. Later he used to crawl out of the great gate and come by night to Dale, and carry away people, especially maidens, to eat, until Dale was ruined, and all the people dead or gone. What goes on there now I don't know for certain, but I don't suppose anyone lives nearer to the Mountain than the far edge of the Long Lake now-a-days.

“The few of us that were well outside sat and wept in hiding, and cursed Smaug; and there we were unexpectedly joined by my father and my grandfather with singed beards. They looked very grim but they said very little. When I asked how they had got away, they told me to hold my tongue, and said that one day in the proper time I should know. After that we went away, and we have had to earn our livings as best we could up and down the lands, often enough sinking as low as blacksmith-work or even coalmining. But we have never forgotten our stolen treasure. And even now, when I will allow we have a good bit laid by and are not so badly off"-here Thorin stroked the gold chain round his neck-"we still mean to get it back, and to bring our curses home to Smaug-if we can.

“I have often wondered about my father's and my grandfather's escape. I see now they must have had a private Side-door which only they knew about. But apparently they made a map, and I should like to know how Gandalf got hold of it, and why it did not come down to me, the rightful heir.”

“I did not 'get hold of it,' I was given it,” said the wizard.

“Your grandfather Thror was killed, you remember, in the mines of Moria by Azog the Goblin”

“Curse his name, yes,” said Thorin.

“And Thrain your father went away on the twenty-first of April, a hundred years ago last Thursday, and has never been seen by you since-”

“True, true,” said Thorin.

“Well, your father gave me this to give to you; and if I have chosen my own time and way of handing it over, you can hardly blame me, considering the trouble I had to find you. Your father could not remember his own name when he gave me the paper, and he never told me yours; so on the whole I think I ought to be praised and thanked. Here it is,” said he handing the map to Thorin.

“I don't understand,” said Thorin, and Bilbo felt he would have liked to say the same. The explanation did not seem to explain.

“Your grandfather,” said the wizard slowly and grimly, “gave the map to his son for safety before he went to the mines of Moria. Your father went away to try his luck with the map after your grandfather was killed; and lots of adventures of a most unpleasant sort he had, but he never got near the Mountain. How he got there I don't know, but I found him a prisoner in the dungeons of the Necromancer.”

“Whatever were you doing there?” asked Thorin with a shudder, and all the dwarves shivered.

“Never you mind. I was finding things out, as usual; and a nasty dangerous business it was. Even I, Gandalf, only just escaped. I tried to save your father, but it was too late. He was witless and wandering, and had forgotten almost everything except the map and the key.” “We have long ago paid the goblins of Moria,” said Thorin; “we must give a thought to the Necromancer.” “Don't be absurd! He is an enemy quite beyond the powers of all the dwarves put together, if they could all be collected again from the four corners of the world. The one thing your father wished was for his son to read the map and use the key. The dragon and the Mountain are more than big enough tasks for you!”

“Hear, hear!” said Bilbo, and accidentally said it aloud, “Hear what?” they all said turning suddenly towards him, and he was so flustered that he answered “Hear what I have got to say!” “What's that?” they asked.

“Well, I should say that you ought to go East and have a look round. After all there is the Side-door, and dragons must sleep sometimes, I suppose. If you sit on the doorstep long enough, I daresay you will think of something. And well, don't you know, I think we have talked long enough for one night, if you see what I mean. What about bed, and an early start, and all that? I will give you a good breakfast before you go.”

“Before we go, I suppose you mean,” said Thorin. “Aren't you the burglar? And isn't sitting on the door-step your job, not to speak of getting inside the door? But I agree about bed and breakfast. I like eggs with my ham, when starting on a journey: fried not poached, and mind you don't break 'em.”

After all the others had ordered their breakfasts without so much as a please (which annoyed Bilbo very much), they all got up. The hobbit had to find room for them all, and filled all his spare-rooms and made beds on chairs and sofas, before he got them all stowed and went to his own little bed very tired and not altogether happy. One thing he did make his mind up about was not to bother to get up very early and cook everybody else's wretched breakfast. The Tookishness was wearing off, and he was not now quite so sure that he was going on any journey in the morning. As he lay in bed he could hear Thorin still humming to himself in the best bedroom next to him:

Far over the misty mountains cold
To dungeons deep and caverns old
We must away, ere break of day,
To find our long-forgotten gold.

Bilbo went to sleep with that in his ears, and it gave him very uncomfortable dreams. It was long after the break of day, when he woke up.

Tasks: Read more about William Shakespeare and his sonnets.
Read about the sonnet, its history, structure, forms and role in English poetry. Compare this poetic form with other kinds of verse. Read this sonnet attentively; make sure that you can understand every word and sentence structure in it. Mark the key words of the sonnet and their links with the other words. Analyze the grammar of the sonnet, mark archaic forms and vocabulary. Define and analyze the pattern of the verse: the type of poetic form, rhythm, metre, rhyme scheme. Experiment with the text: change its versification pattern (i. e., cut off a foot from every line and make it sound an iambic tetrameter). Note the difference in rhythm and expressive power. Reconstruct the logical structure of the sonnet and its major concepts.
Reconstruct the imagery of the sonnet and the stylistic means used to create the images.
Think of some possible Russian parallels, either in form or in contents. Translate the sonnet word for word. Think of Russian equivalents for the archaic forms and vocabulary. Decide whether they should be as archaic in Russian.

William Shakespeare

SONNET 73

That time of year thou mayst in me behold
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.
In me thou see'st the twilight of such day
As after sunset fadeth in the west;
Which by and by black night doth take away,
Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.
In me thou see'st the glowing of such fire,
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,
As the death-bed whereon it must expire,
Consumed with that which it was nourisht by.
This thou perceivest, which makes thy love more strong
To love that well which thou must leave ere long.

SONNET 102

My love is strenghten'd, though more weak in seeming;
I love not less, though less the show appear:
That love is merchandized whose rich esteeming
The owner's tongue doth publish every where.
Our love was new and then but in the spring
When I was wont to greet it with my lays,
As Philomel in summer's front doth sing
And stops her pipe in growth of riper days:'
Not that the summer is less pleasant now
Than when her mournful hymns did hush the night,
But that wild music burthens every bough
And sweets grown common lose their dear delight.
Therefore like her I sometime hold my tongue,
Because I would not dull you with my song.

Tasks: Study the form of the poem, its metre and rhyme scheme. Compare the words in the rhymed pairs to assess their enhanced expressive value. Try to make "a text within a text" based on the rhymes. Study the style and imagery of the poem to reproduce them in Russian. Which of the image patterns may be a problem for translation? Why? What equivalents can you find for *Eden?* Which of them will fit the text in Russian? Think over the meaning of the word *gold* in the context of the poem to decide on its Russian equivalent. Translate the text word for word and consider the amount of poetic information lost. Select and arrange rhyming words in Russian to make a frame for the text. Complete the lines with words according to the metric pattern reproducing as much of the source logic and imagery as possible. Compare the result with the source text from the emotive point of view. Read both texts aloud to compare the way they sound. Complete the translation and discuss the result. Look for other translation versions of the poem and com ment on them.

Rober Lee Frost

FIRE AND ICE

Some say the world will end in fire,
Some say in ice.
From what I've tasted of desire
I hold with those who favor fire.
But if it had to perish twice,
I think I know enough of hate
Say that for destruction ice
Is also great
And would suffice.

Tasks:

1. **Point out some special lexical and grammatical problems for translation in proverbs and sayings.**
2. **Point out some intercultural problems which might need a translator commentary to the text.**
3. **Consider different ways for the translation of emphatic structures to reproduce the emotional tension of the source text in English. Read the translated text aloud to feel into its scenic perspectives.**
4. **Discuss the results in comparison with other translations of the text.**
5. **Translate proverbs and saying, analyze it and find Russian equivalents**

Proverbs and sayings.	
When it rains it pours	Пришла беда – растворяй ворота (Беда не приходит одна)
Save it for a rainy day	Отложить на чёрный день
Do what's true – and say it, too!	Правдивым будь и в мыслях и в поступках
The first health is wealth	Здоровье – главное богатство
Keep kind in mind	Помни о добре всегда
It's not whether you win or lose that matters,	Неважно, выигрываешь ты или проигрываешь,
it's how you play the game	важно, как ты играешь
Bald as an eagle	Гол как сокол
Stubborn as a mule	Упрямый как осёл
The early bird catches the worm	Тот кто рано встаёт, тому бог даёт
Take the bull by the horns	Взять быка за рога
An oak is not felled with one stroke	С первого раза не все дается
Rome was not built in a day	Москва не сразу строилась
Strike while the iron is hot	Куй железо, пока горячо
Time and tide wait for no man	Время не ждет
Time is a great healer	Время лечит
Time is money	Время - деньги
When at Rome, do as the Romans do	Со своим самоваром в гости не ходят
He laughs best who laughs last	Хорошо смеётся тот, кто смеётся последним
The best part of living is loving and giving	У семи нянек дитя без глазу
East or West, home is best	В гостях хорошо, а дома лучше
Lightning never strikes the same place twice	Лучшая часть жизни – любить и давать
Too many cooks spoil the broth	Молния никогда не ударяет дважды в одно и то же место

Task: 1. Translate the fairy-tale into Russian language analyze it and discuss.

Alice's Adventures in Wonderland

by Lewis Carroll

Ch. I

Down the Rabbit Hole

1. Alice was beginning to get very tired of sitting by her sister on the bank, and of having nothing to do: once or twice she had peeped into the book her sister was reading, but it had no pictures or conversations in it, "and what is the use of a book," thought Alice "without pictures or conversation?"

2. So she was considering in her own mind (as well as she could, for the hot day made her feel very sleepy and stupid), whether the pleasure of making a daisy-chain would be worth the trouble of getting up and picking the daisies, when suddenly a White Rabbit with pink eyes ran close by her.

3. There was nothing so VERY remarkable in that; nor did Alice think it so VERY much out of the way to hear the Rabbit say to itself, "Oh dear! Oh dear! I shall be late!" (when she thought it over afterwards, it occurred to her that she ought to have wondered at this, but at the time it all seemed quite natural); but when the Rabbit actually TOOK A WATCH OUT OF ITS WAISTCOAT-POCKET, and looked at it, and then hurried on, Alice started to her feet, for it flashed across her mind that she had never before seen a rabbit with either a waistcoat-pocket, or a watch to take out of it, and burning with curiosity, she ran across the field after it, and fortunately was just in time to see it pop down a large rabbit-hole under the hedge.

4. In another moment down went Alice after it, never once considering how in the world she was to get out again.

5. The rabbit-hole went straight on like a tunnel for some way, and then dipped suddenly down, so suddenly that Alice had not a moment to think about stopping herself before she found herself falling down a very deep well.

6. Either the well was very deep, or she fell very slowly, for she had plenty of time as she went down to look about her and to wonder what was going to happen next. First, she tried to look down and make out what she was coming to, but it was too dark to see anything; then she looked at the sides of the well, and noticed that they were filled with cupboards and book-shelves; here and there she saw maps and pictures hung upon pegs. She took down a jar from one of the shelves as she passed; it was labelled "ORANGE MARMALADE", but to her great disappointment it way empty: she did not like to drop the jar for fear of killing somebody, so managed to put it into one of the cupboards as she fell past it.

7. "Well!" thought Alice to herself, "after such a fall as this, I shall think nothing of tumbling down stairs! How brave they'll all think me at home! Why, I wouldn't say anything about it, even if I fell off the top of the house!" (Which was very likely true.)

8. Down, down, down. Would the fall NEVER come to an end! "I wonder how many miles I've fallen by this time?" she said aloud. "I must be getting somewhere near the centre of the earth. Let me see: that would be four thousand miles down, I think–" (for, you see, Alice had learnt several things of this sort in her lessons in the schoolroom, and though this was not a VERY good opportunity for showing off her knowledge, as there was no one to listen to her, still it was good practice to say it over) "–yes, that's about the right distance–but then I wonder what Latitude or Longitude I've got to?" (Alice had no idea what Latitude was, or Longitude either, but thought they were nice grand words to say.)

9.Presently she began again. "I wonder if I shall fall right THROUGH the earth! How funny it'll seem to come out among the people that walk with their heads downward! The Antipathies, I think–" (she was rather glad there WAS no one listening, this time, as it didn't sound at all the right word) "–but I shall have to ask them what the name of the country is, you know. Please, Ma'am, is this

10. Down, down, down. There was nothing else to do, so Alice soon began talking again. "Dinah'll miss me very much to-night, I should think!" (Dinah was the cat.) "I hope they'll remember her saucer of milk at tea-time. Dinah my dear! I wish you were down here with me! There are no mice in the air, I'm afraid, but you might catch a bat, and that's very like a mouse, you know. But do cats eat bats, I wonder?" And here Alice began to get rather sleepy, and went on saying to herself, in a dreamy sort of way, "Do cats eat bats? Do cats eat bats?" and sometimes, "Do bats eat cats?" for, you see, as she couldn't answer either question, it didn't much matter which way she put it. She felt that she was dozing off, and had just begun to dream that she was walking hand in hand with Dinah, and saying to her very earnestly, "Now, Dinah, tell me the truth: did you ever eat a bat?" when suddenly, thump! thump! down she came upon a heap of sticks and dry leaves, and the fall was over.
11. Alice was not a bit hurt, and she jumped up on to her feet in a moment: she looked up, but it was all dark overhead; before her was another long passage, and the White Rabbit was still in sight, hurrying down it. There was not a moment to be lost: away went Alice like the wind, and was just in time to hear it say, as it turned a corner, "Oh my ears and whiskers, how late it's getting!" She was close behind it when she turned to corner, but the Rabbit was no longer to be seen: she found herself in a long, low hall, which was lit up by a row of lamps hanging from the roof.
12. There were doors all round the hall, but they were all locked; and when Alice had been all the way down one side and up the other, trying every door, she walked sadly down the middle, wondering how she was ever to get out again.
13. Suddenly she came upon a little three-legged table, all made of solid glass; there was nothing on it except a tiny golden key, and Alice's first thought was that it might belong to one of the doors of the hall; but, alas! either the locks were too large, or the key was too small, but at any rate it would not open any of them. However, on the second time round, she came upon a low curtain she had not noticed before, and behind it was a little door about fifteen inches high: she tried the little golden key in the lock, and to her great delight it fitted!
14. Alice opened the door and found that it led into a small passage, not much larger than a rat-hole: she knelt down and looked along the passage into the loveliest garden you ever saw. How she longed to get out of that dark hall, and wander about among those beds of bright flowers and those cool fountains, but she could not even get her head though the doorway; "and even if my head would go through," thought poor Alice, "it would be of very little use without my shoulders. Oh, how I wish I could shut up like a telescope! I think I could, if I only know how to begin." For, you see, so many out-of-the-way things had happened lately, that Alice had begun to think that very few things indeed were really impossible.
15. There seemed to be no use in waiting by the little door, so she went back to the table, half hoping she might find another key on it, or at any rate a book of rules for shutting people up like telescopes: this time she found a little bottle on it, ("which certainly was not here before," said Alice,) and round the neck of the bottle was a paper label, with the words "DRINK ME" beautifully printed on it in large letters.
16. It was all very well to say "Drink me," but the wise little Alice was not going to do THAT in a hurry. "No, I'll look first," she said, "and see whether it's marked "poison" or not"; for she had read several nice little histories about children who had got burnt, and eaten up by wild beasts and other unpleasant things, all because they WOULD not remember the simple rules their friends had taught them: such as, that a red-hot poker will burn you if your hold it too long; and that if you cut your finger VERY deeply with a knife, it usually bleeds; and she had never forgotten that, if you drink much from a bottle marked "poison," it is almost certain to disagree with you, sooner or later.
17. However, this bottle was NOT marked "poison," so Alice ventured to taste it, and finding it very nice, (it had, in fact, a sort of mixed flavour of cherry-tart, custard, pine-apple, roast turkey, toffee, and hot buttered toast) she very soon finished it off.
"What a curious feeling!" said Alice; "I must be shutting up like a telescope."

18. And so it was indeed: she was now only ten inches high, and her face brightened up at the thought that she was now the right size for going though the little door into that lovely garden. First, however, she waited for a few minutes to see if she was going to shrink any further: she felt a little nervous about this; "for it might end, you know," said Alice to herself, "in my going out altogether, like a candle. I wonder what I should be like then?" And she tried to fancy what the flame of a candle is like after the candle is blown out, for she could not remember ever having seen such a thing.
19. After a while, finding that nothing more happened, she decided on going into the garden at once; but, alas for poor Alice! when she got to the door, she found he had forgotten the little golden key, and when she went back to the table for it, she found she could not possibly reach it: she could see it quite plainly through the glass, and she tried her best to climb up one of the legs of the table, but it was too slippery; and when she had tired herself out with trying, the poor little thing sat down and cried.
20. "Come, there's no use in crying like that!" said Alice to herself, rather sharply; "I advise you to leave off this minute!" She generally gave herself very good advice, (though she very seldom followed it), and sometimes she scolded herself so severely as to bring tears into her eyes; and once she remembered trying to box her own ears for having cheated herself in a game of croquet she was playing against herself, for this curious child was very fond of pretending to be two people. "But it's no use now," thought poor Alice, "to pretend to be two people! Why, there's hardly enough of me left to make ONE respectable person!"
21. Soon her eye fell on a little glass box that was lying under the table: she opened it, and found in it a very small cake, on which the words "EAT ME" were beautifully marked in currants. "Well, I'll eat it, " said Alice, "and if it makes me grow larger, I can reach the key; and if it makes me grow smaller, I can creep under the door; so either way I'll get into the garden, and I don't care which happens!"
22. She ate a little bit, and said anxiously to herself, "Which way? Which way?", holding her hand on the top of her head to feel which way it was growing, and she was quite surprised to find that she remained the same size: to be sure, this generally happens when one eats cake, but Alice had got so much into the way of expecting nothing but out-of-the-way things to happen, that it seemed quite dull and stupid for life to go on in the common way.
23. So she set to work, and very soon finished off the cake.

Tasks:

1. **Translate the text into Russian language,**
2. **Find Russian equivalents of this fairy-tales and heroes;**
3. **Do the pretranslational analysis of the text and discuss it.**

The Three Little Pigs

THERE was once a mother pig who had three little pigs. When they were old enough to leave home, she sent them into the world to seek their fortune.

The first pig met a man who was carrying a bundle of straw, and he said to him:

"Please may I have some of your straw to build a house?"

The man gave him some straw, and the little pig built a nice little straw house. Soon the wolf came up to the house. He knocked at the door and said:

"Little pig, little pig, let me come in."

The little pig answered:

"No, no, by the hair on my chinny chin chin."

"Then I'll huff and I'll puff, and I'll blow your house in."

So he huffed and he puffed and he blew the house in and ate up the little pig.

The second little pig met a man who was carrying a bundle of furze, and he said to him:

"Please may I have some of your furze to build a house?"

The man gave him some furze, and the little pig built a nice little house. Soon the wolf came up to the house. He knocked at the door and said:

"Little pig, little pig, let me come in."

The little pig answered:

"No, no, by the hair on my chinny chin chin."

"Then I'll huff and I'll puff, and I'll blow your house in."

So he huffed and he puffed, and he huffed and he puffed, and in the end he blew the house in and ate up the little pig.

The third little pig met a man who was carrying a load of bricks, and he said to him:

"Please may I have some of your bricks to build a house?"

The man gave him some bricks, and the little pig built a nice little house. Soon the wolf came up to the house. He knocked at the door, and said:

"Little pig, little pig, let me come in."

The little pig answered!

"No, no, by the hair on my chinny chin chin."

"Then I'll huff and I'll puff, and I'll blow your house in."

So he huffed and he puffed, and he puffed and he huffed, but he could not blow the house down because it was made of bricks. He had to think of some other way to get the little pig, so he said:

"Little pig, I know where there is a nice field of turnips."

"Where?" asked the little pig.

"In Mr Smith's field. At six tomorrow morning I'll call for you and we'll go together and get some turnips for dinner."

But the little pig got up at five o'clock and got the turnips before the wolf came. And when the wolf called at six and asked, "Are you ready?" the little pig said:

"I have already been to the field and I already have a pot of turnips on the fire. Now I am cooking them for dinner."

The wolf was very angry, but he still wanted to get the little pig, and he said:

"Little pig, I know where there is a nice apple-tree with ripe apples on it."

"Where?" asked the little pig.

"Down at Merry-garden. I'll call for you at five o'clock tomorrow morning and we'll go and get some apples."

But the little pig got up at four o'clock and went to Merry-garden. He hoped to be back with the apples before the wolf came. But he was still up in the tree, when he saw the wolf was coming. The little pig was very frightened.

"Little pig! So you are here before me! Are the apples nice?" said the wolf.

"Yes, very nice," answered the little pig. "I'll throw you one to taste," and he threw an apple as far away as he could. While the wolf was hurrying to pick it up, the little pig jumped down out of the tree and ran home.

The next day the wolf called again, and said to the ittle pig:

"Little pig, there is a fair at Shanklin this afternoon. Do you want to go? We can go together."

"Oh yes," said the little pig. "What time will you be ready?"

"At three," answered the wolf.

So the little pig went off early, as before, and bought a butter churn at the fair. As he was on his way home, he saw the wolf on the road. He did not know what to do, so he got inside the churn. Then the churn began to turn over, and it rolled down the hill with the little pig inside it. This frightened the wolf so much that he did not go to the fair, but ran home. Then he went to the little pig's house and said:

"Oh, little pig, I got such a fright as I was going to the fair. A great round thing rolled down the hill past me."

The little pig said:

"Ha, ha, I frightened you, then. I went to the fair and bought a butter churn. When I saw you, I got into it, and rolled down the hill."

Now the wolf was very angry indeed. He decided to climb down the chimney and eat up the little pig. When the little pig heard a noise on the roof, he put his biggest pot on the fire to boil, and took the lid off just as the wolf was coming down. The wolf fell in, and the little pig boiled him. The little pig lived happily ever afterwards in his safe little house of bricks.

Tasks:

1. **Translate the text into Russian language,**
2. **Find Russian equivalents of this fairy-tales and heroes;**
3. **Do the pretranslational analysis of the text and discuss it.**

Jack and His Friends

ONCE upon a time there was a boy whose name was Jack. One day Jack set out to seek his fortune.

He hadn't gone very far when he met a cat.

"Good morning, Jack," said the cat. "Where are you going?"

"I'm going to seek my fortune," said Jack.

"May I go with you?"

"Yes, if you like."

So Jack and the cat went on.

They hadn't gone very far when they met a dog.

"Oh, good morning, Jack," said the dog. "Where are you going?"

"I'm going to seek my fortune," said Jack.

"May I go too?"

"Yes, certainly."

So Jack and the cat and the dog went on.

They hadn't gone very much farther when they met a cow.

"Hello, Jack," said the cow. "Where are you going?"

"I'm going to seek my fortune."

"May I go with you?"

"Certainly, you may."

So Jack and the cat and the dog and the cow went on.

They hadn't gone very far when they met a goat.

"Good morning, Jack," said the goat. "Where are you going?"

"I'm going to seek my fortune."

"May I go too?"

"Yes, if you like."

So Jack and the cat and the dog and the cow and the goat went on.

They hadn't gone much farther when they met a cock.

"Good morning, Jack," said the cock. "Where are you going?"

"I'm going to seek my fortune."

"May I go with you?"

"Certainly," said Jack.

So Jack and the cat and the dog and the cow and the goat and the cock went on.

They walked and they walked until it got dark, but they couldn't find a place to spend the night. At last they came to a house. Jack told his friends not to talk or to make a noise while he peeped through the window. And do you know what he saw in that house? Some men round a table, and they were counting their money!

"Robbers," said Jack to his friends. "Now, when I say 'Go!' make as much noise as you can, and we'll frighten them away." So in a minute Jack said, "Go!" And the cat mewed, "Miaow, miaow," and the dog barked, "Woof! Woof!" And the cow mooed, "Moooo, moooo," and the goat bleated, "Me-e-e, me-e-e." And the cock crowed, "Cock-a-doodle-doo! Cock-a-doodle-doo!" And they all together made such a dreadful noise that it frightened the robbers and they all ran away.

Then Jack and his friends went inside the house to have a good sleep. The cat lay down on the rocking-chair, and the dog lay under the table, and the goat lay down at the top of the stairs, and the cow went into the cellar where it was nice and cool, and the cock settled down on the roof, and 'Jack blew out the lamp and went to bed.

Now the house was dark and in a little while everything was quiet. Then the robbers decided to return to their house. So they told one man to go back and see if everything was all right.

He went on tiptoe to the house, as quietly as he could. But soon he came running back, all out of breath and very frightened. "Don't send me there again!" he said. "It's a dreadful place! I tried to sit down in the rocking-chair, but an old woman stuck her knitting-needles into me." (That wasn't an old woman. That was the cat!) "And I went to the table and looked under it, and there was an old man under the table, and he stuck his pincers into me." (That wasn't an old man with pincers under the table. That was the dog!) "And I went up the stairs and an old woman with a sweeping-brush knocked me right down again." (Oh, the silly! That was the goat!) "Then I ran down to the cellar, but there was a man there chopping wood, and he hit me on the head with

his axe." (That wasn't a man with an axe. That was the cow!) "But the worst one of all," said the robber, "was on the roof. There was a dreadful little old man up there who shouted, 'Throw him up to me! Throw him up to me!'" (The silly! That was the cock!) "I didn't want to be thrown up to him, so I ran right out of the house! And I'll never go there again!"

So the robbers never went there again. And Jack and his friends stayed in the house as long as they liked.

Tasks:

1. **Translate the text into Russian language,**
2. **Find Russian equivalents of this fairy-tales and heroes;**
3. **Do the pretranslational analysis of the text and discuss it.**

Henny-penny

ONE day Henny-penny was picking up corn in the farmyard when suddenly an acorn fell and hit her on the head. "Dear me!" said Henny-penny. "The sky is falling. I must go and tell the king."

So she set out to tell the king, and she went along till she met Cocky-locky.

"Where are you going, Henny-penny?" said Cocky-locky.

"I'm going to tell the king the sky is falling," said Henny-penny.

"May I go with you?" said Cocky-locky.

"Certainly," said Henny-penny.

So they went along together to tell the king the sky was falling.

They went along till they met Ducky-daddies.

"Where are you going, Henny-penny and Cocky-locky?" said Ducky-daddies.

"We're going to tell the king the sky is falling," said Henny-penny and Cocky-locky.

"May I go with you?" said Ducky-daddies.

"Certainly," said Henny-penny and Cocky-locky.

So they went along together to tell the king the sky was falling.

They went along till they met Goosey-poosey.

"Where are you going, Henny-penny and Cocky-locky and Ducky-daddies?" said Goosey-poosey.

"We are going to tell the king the sky is falling," said Henny-penny and Cocky-locky and Ducky-daddies.

"May I go with you?" said Goosey-poosey.

"Certainly," said Henny-penny and Cocky-locky and Ducky-daddies.

So they went along together to tell the king the sky was falling.

They went along till they met Turkey-lurkey.

"Where are you going, Henny-penny and Cocky-locky and Ducky-daddies and Goosey-poosey?" said Turkey-lurkey.

"We are going to tell the king the sky is falling," said Henny-penny and Cocky-locky and Ducky-daddies and Goosey-poosey.

"May I go with you?" said Turkey-lurkey.

"Certainly," said Henny-penny and Cocky-locky and Ducky-daddies and Goosey-poosey.

So they went along together to tell the king the sky was falling.

They went along till they met Foxy-woxy.

"Where are you going, Henny-penny and Cocky-locky and Ducky-daddies and Goosey-poosey and Turkey-lurkey?" said Foxy-woxy.

"We are going to tell the king the sky is falling," said Henny-penny and Cocky-locky and Ducky-daddies and Goosey-poosey and Turkey-lurkey.

"But you are all going the wrong way," said Foxy-woxy. "Shall I show you the right way?"

"Yes, please," said Henny-penny and Cocky-locky and Ducky-daddies and Goosey-poosey and Turkey-lurkey.

They followed Foxy-woxy till they came to a dark hole. This was the front door of Foxy-woxy's cave.

"Follow me," said Foxy-woxy. "This is a short way to the king's palace. You'll soon get there if you follow me. I shall go first and you come after."

Foxy-woxy went into his cave but he did not go very far in. He hid a little way inside and waited.

Soon Turkey-lurkey went in and Foxy-woxy bit off his head and threw his body over his shoulder. Then Goosey-poosey went in and Foxy-woxy bit off her head and threw her body over his shoulder. Then Ducky-daddies went in and Foxy-woxy bit off her head and threw her body over his shoulder. Then Cocky-locky went in and Foxy-woxy bit off his head too.

But Cocky-locky just had time to crow first and Henny-penny knew something was wrong. She turned round and ran home as fast as she could, so she never told the king the sky was falling.

Tasks:

1. **Translate the text into Russian language,**
2. **Find Russian equivalents of this fairy-tales and heroes;**
3. **Do the pretranslational analysis of the text and discuss it.**

The Little Red Hen and the Grain of Wheat

ONE day as the Little Red Hen was scratching in a field, she found a grain of wheat.
"This grain of wheat should be planted," she said, "Who will plant this grain of wheat?"
"Not I," said the Duck.
"Not I," said the Cat.
"Not I," said the Dog.
"Then I will," said the Little Red Hen. And she did.
Soon the wheat grew tall and yellow.
"The wheat is ripe," said the Little Red Hen. "Who will cut the wheat?"
"Not I," said the Duck,
"Not I," said the Cat.
"Not I," said the Dog.
"Then I will," said the Little Red Hen. And she did.
When the wheat was cut, the Little Red Hen said, "Who will thresh this wheat?"
"Not I," said the Duck.
"Not I," said the Cat.

"Not I," said the Dog.

"Then I will," said the Little Red Hen. And she did.

When the wheat was all threshed, the Little Red Hen said, "Who will take this wheat to the mill?"

"Not I," said the Duck.

"Not I," said the Cat.

"Not I," said the Dog.

"Then I will," said the Little Red Hen. And she did.

She took the wheat to the mill, and it was made into flour. Then she said, "Who will make this flour into bread?"

"Not I," said the Duck.

"Not I," said the Cat.

"Not I," said the Dog.

"Then I will," said the Little Red Hen. And she did.

She baked the bread. Then she said, "Who will eat this bread?"

"Oh! I will," said the Duck.

"And I will," said the Cat.

"And I will," said the Dog.

"No, no!" said the Little Red Hen. "I will do that." And she did.

Tasks:

1. **Translate the text into Russian language,**
2. **Find Russian equivalents of this fairy-tales and heroes;**
3. **Do the pretranslational analysis of the text and discuss it.**

The Old Woman and Her Pig

ONCE an old woman was sweeping her house, and she found a little crooked sixpence. "What shall I do with this little sixpence?" she said. "I will go to the market, and buy a little pig." And the old woman did so.

As she was coming home, she came to a stile, but the pig wouldn't go over the stile.

The old woman went a little farther, and she met a dog. So she said to him, "Dog! Dog! Bite the pig, the pig won't go over the stile; and I shan't get home tonight." But the dog wouldn't.

She went a little farther, and she met a stick. So she said, "Stick! Stick! Beat the dog, the dog won't bite the pig; the pig won't go over the stile; and I shan't get home tonight." But the stick wouldn't.

She went a little farther and she met a fire. So she said, "Fire! Fire! Burn the stick; the stick won't beat the dog; the dog won't bite the pig; the pig won't go over the stile; and I shan't get home tonight." But the fire wouldn't.

She went a little farther, and she met some water. So she said, "Water! Water! Put out the fire; the fire won't burn the stick; the stick won't beat the dog; the dog won't bile the pig; the pig won't go over the stile; and I shan't get home tonight." But the water wouldn't.

She went a little farther, and she met an ox. So she said, "Ox! Ox! Drink the water; the water won't put out the fire; the fire won't burn the stick; the stick won't beat the dog; the dog won't bite the pig; the pig won't go over the stile; and I shan't get home tonight." But the ox wouldn't.

She went a little farther, and she met a butcher. So she said, "Butcher! Butcher! Kill the ox; the ox won't drink the water; the water won't put out the fire; the fire won't burn the stick; the stick won't beat the dog; the dog won't bite the pig; the pig won't go over the stile; and I shan't get home tonight." But the butcher wouldn't.

She went a little farther; and she met a rope. So she said, "Rope! Rope! Bind the butcher; the butcher won't kill the ox; the ox won't drink the water; the water won't put out the fire; the fire won't burn the stick; the stick won't beat the dog; the dog won't bite the pig; the pig won't go over the stile; and I shan't get home tonight." But the rope wouldn't.

She went a little farther, and she met a rat. So she said, "Rat! Rat! Gnaw the rope; the rope won't bind the butcher; the butcher won't kill the ox; the ox won't drink the water; the water won't put out the fire; the fire won't burn the stick; the stick won't beat the dog; the dog won't bite the pig; the pig won't go over the stile; and I shan't get home tonight." But the rat wouldn't.

She went a little farther; and she met a cat. So she said, "Cat! Cat! Kill the rat; the rat won't gnaw the rope; the rope won't bind the butcher; the butcher won't kill the ox; the ox won't drink the water; the water won't put out the fire; the fire won't burn the stick; the stick won't beat the dog; the dog won't bite the pig; the pig won't go over the stile; and I shan't get home tonight."

Then the cat said to her, "If you go to the cow and fetch me a saucer of milk, I will kill the rat." So the old woman went away to the cow.

But the cow said to her, "If you go to the haystack and fetch me a bundle of hay, I'll give you the milk." So the old woman went away to the haystack; and she brought the hay to the cow.

As soon as the cow had eaten the hay, she gave the old woman the milk; and the old woman gave the milk in a saucer to the cat.

As soon as the cat had lapped up the milk, l the cat began to run after the rat; the rat began to gnaw the rope; the rope began to bind the butcher; the butcher began to kill the ox; the ox began to drink up the water; the water began to put out the fire; the fire began to burn up the stick; the stick began to beat the dog; the dog began to bite the little pig; the little pig in a fright jumped over the stile; and so the old woman got home that night.

Tasks:

1. **Translate the text into Russian language,**
2. **Find Russian equivalents of this fairy-tales and heroes;**
3. **Do the pretranslational analysis of the text and discuss it.**

Goldilocks and the Three Bears

ONCE upon a time there were three bears. There was a great big father bear, a middle-sized mother bear, and a little baby bear. They lived together in a house in a wood.

One morning Mother Bear made porridge for breakfast and filled three bowls with it. There was a great big bowl for Father Bear, a middle-sized bowl for herself, and a little bowl for Baby Bear. At first the porridge was too hot to eat. The bears did not want to burn their mouths, so they went for a little walk in the wood while their porridge cooled.

That day a little girl went for a walk in the same wood. She had golden curls and everybody called her Goldilocks. Sometimes she stopped to pick a flower or to listen to a bird. Soon she came to the house where the three bears lived.

"Oh, what a lovely little house!" said Goldilocks. "I wonder who lives here?"

She knocked at the door, and as there was no answer, she knocked again and again. Then she peeped through the keyhole. But of course the three bears were out for a walk. There was no one to open the door.

"I'll just look inside," thought Goldilocks. "The door is not locked." So she lifted the latch, opened the door and went in.

The first thing she saw was the bears' three chairs. She climbed into Father Bear's great big chair.

"Oh, it's too hard!" she said.

Then she tried Mother Bear's middle-sized chair.

"Oh, it's too soft!"

Then she sat down in Baby Bear's little chair.

"Oh, it isn't too hard and it isn't too soft. It's just right!"

But Goldilocks was too heavy for the little chair and she broke the bottom out of it.

Then Goldilocks smelt porridge and she saw the three bowls of porridge on the table. She was very hungry as she had not had any breakfast. "I'll eat a little," she said.

First she tried the porridge in Father Bear's great big bowl. But it was too hot. Next she tried the porridge in Mother Bear's middle-sized bowl. But that was too cold. Then she tried the porridge in Baby Bear's little bowl. It wasn't too hot and it wasn't too cold. It was just right. And Goldilocks ate up all the porridge in Baby Bear's little bowl.

Then Goldilocks decided to go upstairs to see what was there. She saw three beds; Father Bear's great big bed, and Mother Bear's middle-sized bed, and Baby Bear's little bed. They were all neat and tidy.

First she lay on the great big bed.

"Oh, it's too hard!"

Then she lay on the middle-sized bed.

"Oh, it's too soft!"

Then she lay on the little bed.

"Oh, this bed isn't too hard and it isn't too soft, it's just right!"

Goldilocks was so comfortable that she soon fell fast asleep with her head on Baby Bear's pillow.

After a while the three bears came back from their walk. They thought their porridge would now be cool enough to eat. As soon as they entered the house, Father Bear saw that his chair was not in its right place.

"Someone has been sitting on my chair!" he said in a great big voice.

Mother Bear saw that her cushion was rumpled.

"Someone has been sitting on my chair!" she said in a middle-sized voice.

Then Baby Bear had a look at his chair.

"Someone had been sitting on my chair and has broken the bottom right out!" he said in his little baby voice.

Then they looked at their bowls of porridge on the table. Father Bear saw that his spoon was not in its place.

"Someone has been eating my porridge," he said in a great big voice.

Mother Bear noticed that her spoon was in the bowl.

"Someone has been eating my porridge," she said in a middle-sized voice.

Baby Bear looked at his bowl.

"Someone has been eating my porridge and has eaten it all up!" he said in a little baby voice.

"Let's go upstairs and look at the bedroom," said Father Bear, and they all went upstairs. Father Bear saw that his blanket was rumpled.

"Someone has been lying on my bed!" he said in his great big voice.

Mother Bear saw that her pillow was not quite in its place.

"Someone has been lying on my bed!" she said in a middle-sized - voice.

Then Baby Bear looked at his bed.

"Someone has been lying on the bed and she's lying there still!" he cried in a little baby voice.

Now when Father Bear was speaking, his great voice sounded deep like thunder, but Goldilocks did not wake up. When Mother Bear was speaking in her middle-sized voice, it sounded like the wind in the trees, but Goldilocks did not wake up. Only when Baby Bear cried in his shrill baby voice, Goldilocks woke and sat up in bed. She was very surprised and frightened to see three bears in the room with their little eyes on her.

She was out of bed in a moment, and down the stairs, and out of the door, and she never stopped running till she got back to her own home. She had got such a fright that she never went for a walk in the wood again to look for the little house.

Tasks:

1. **Translate the text into Russian language,**
2. **Find Russian equivalents of this fairy-tales and heroes;**
3. **Do the pretranslational analysis of the text and discuss it.**

Red Riding Hood

ONCE upon a time there was a little girl who was loved by all who knew her. Her grandmother made her a little red cloak with a red hood. The cloak was so nice and warm that she often wore it. She wore it so often that people called her Red Riding Hood.

One day, her mother said to her:

"Red Riding Hood, I want you to take a basket of good things to your grandmother, who isn't very well; some bread, a cake, and a piece of fresh butter."

Her mother put the things in a basket. "Don't run," she said, "or you may fall down with your basket. But don't go too slowly or you will be too late. Just go quickly and carefully. And don't talk to any strangers you may meet." "I will do just as you tell me, Mother," said Red Riding Hood, and she put on her red cloak and left the house.

Her grandmother lived in a wood about half-an-hour's walk away from the village. Red Riding Hood went carefully; she didn't run and she didn't walk too slowly. When she was going through the wood, she met a wolf. Red Riding Hood had no idea what a wicked and cruel animal the wolf was, so she was not afraid of him. She quite forgot that her mother had told her not to speak to strangers. "Good morning, Red Riding Hood," said the wolf. "Good morning, wolf," said Red Riding Hood. "Where are you going so early?" asked the wolf. "I am going to visit my grandmother who is not very well," answered Red Riding Hood. "What have you in your basket?" "I have some bread, a cake, and a piece of fresh butter." "Where does your grandmother live?" "She lives in the wood. Her house is under three oak-trees and there are nut bushes beside it."

"This pretty little girl will be a tasty dinner for me!" thought the wolf, and he looked hungrily at Red Riding Hood. "She will be more tasty than the old woman. But if I am careful, perhaps I can eat them both up."

He would have eaten Red Riding Hood at once, but he could hear the sound of an axe near by. That meant that there were men not far away, and he did not want to be caught. So the wolf walked along with Red Riding Hood for a while. Then he said:

"Look at the pretty flowers, Red Riding Hood! Why don't you gather some flowers for your grandmother? She will be very pleased with some fresh flowers if she is not well and cannot go out."

"What a good idea! It is quite early. I have time to pick flowers," said Red Riding Hood. She looked around and saw many lovely bright flowers. So she walked under the trees and

picked the flowers. Each time she picked one, she always saw another prettier flower farther on. She went deeper and deeper into the wood. At the same time she listened to the birds in the trees as they sang their sweet songs.

But the wolf went straight to the grandmother's house. When he reached the house, he knocked at the door. Toc! Toc!

"Who is there?" asked the grandmother in a weak voice.

"It is Red Riding Hood," said the wolf, and he tried to make his gruff voice sound soft. "I have brought you some bread, a cake, and a piece of fresh butter."

"Lift the latch and walk in," said the grandmother. "I am too weak to get up."

The wolf lifted the latch, and he walked into the house.

The old lady was lying in bed. The wolf went straight up to the bed and swallowed her up. Then he put on a nightdress and a nightcap, got into the grandmother's bed and drew the curtains.

When Red Riding Hood had gathered as many flowers as she could carry, she hurried on to her grandmother's house.

She was very surprised when she got to the house and found the door open. And when she entered the room, everything seemed so strange. She felt quite frightened, but she did not know why.

"Good morning, Grandmother," she cried. But she received no answer.

Then she went up to the bed and drew the curtains back. There lay her grandmother, but she had pulled her nightcap over her face, and she looked very strange.

"Oh Grandmother, what big ears you have!" said Red Riding Hood.

"The better to hear you with, my dear," said the wolf. "Oh Grandmother, what big eyes you have!" "The better to see you with, my dear." "Oh Grandmother, what big hands you have!" "The better to hug you with, my dear." "Oh Grandmother, what big teeth you have!" "The better to eat you with, my dear." With these words, the wicked wolf jumped out of bed and swallowed poor little Red Riding Hood. Then, after such a good meal, he went back to bed for a rest. Soon he was asleep and snoring loudly.

Later on a hunter went past the house and he heard the wolf's loud snores. Of course he thought it was the grandmother.

"How loudly the old lady is snoring," he thought. "Perhaps she is not well. I'll just open the door and see if she is all right." So he went into the house and saw the wolf asleep in the old lady's bed.

"I know who you are," said the hunter. "You've done bad things for years. Well, you'll never have a chance to kill anyone else."

He raised his gun to shoot, when he thought that perhaps the wolf had swallowed the old lady, and that she might still be saved.

So he took a knife and carefully cut open the wolf as he lay asleep. The little girl jumped out and cried, "Oh, how frightened I was! It was so dark inside the wolf." Next the old grandmother came out, alive but very weak after her horrible adventure.

They were quite happy now. The hunter took the wolf's skin home. The grandmother ate all the good things which Red Riding Hood brought, and she soon felt quite strong. As for Red Riding Hood, she decided always to follow her mother's advice.

Tasks:

1. **Translate the text into Russian language,**
2. **Find Russian equivalents of this fairy-tales and heroes;**
3. **Do the pretranslational analysis of the text and discuss it.**

The Gingerbread Man

ONCE upon a time there was a little old man and a little old woman, and they lived in a little old house. They hadn't any children, so one day the little old woman made herself a little

boy out of gingerbread. She gave him a chocolate jacket and raisins for buttons, and he had currants for eyes and a cherry for a mouth. When he was finished, she put him in a tin in the oven to bake.

"Now I have a little boy of my own," she thought.

When it was time to take the Gingerbread Boy out of the oven, she opened the oven door, and took out the tin. But in a moment the Gingerbread Boy jumped on to the floor, and ran out of the back door and down the road.

The little old man and the little old woman ran after him, but he ran faster than they, and shouted:

"Run! Run! as fast as you can,
You can't catch me, I'm the Gingerbread Man!"

And they couldn't catch him.

The little Gingerbread Boy ran on till he came to a cow. The cow was eating grass by the roadside.

"Stop, little Gingerbread Boy," said the cow. "I want to eat you."

The little Gingerbread Boy laughed and said:

"I have run away from a little old woman,
And a little old man,
And I can run away from you, I can!"

As the cow ran after him, he looked back and cried:

"Run! Run! as fast as you can,
You can't catch me, I'm the Gingerbread Man!"

And the cow couldn't catch him. The little Gingerbread Boy ran on till he came to a horse in a meadow.

"Stop, little Gingerbread Boy," said the horse. "I want to eat you." The little Gingerbread Boy laughed and said:

"I have run from a little old woman,
And a little old man,
A cow,
And I can run away from you, I can!"

As the horse ran after him, he looked back and cried:

"Run! Run! as fast as you can,
You can't catch me, I'm the Gingerbread Man!"

And the horse couldn't catch him.

The little Gingerbread Boy ran on till he came to a barn full of threshers.

"Stop, little Gingerbread Boy," said the threshers. "We want to eat you up."

The little Gingerbread Boy laughed and said:

"I have run away from a little old woman,
And a little old man,
A cow,
A horse,
And I can run away from you, I can!"

As the threshers ran after him, he looked back and cried:

"Run! Run! as fast as you can,
You can't catch me, I'm the Gingerbread Man!"

And the threshers couldn't catch him.

The little Gingerbread Boy ran on till he came to a field full of mowers.

"Stop, little Gingerbread Boy," said the mowers. "We want to eat you up."

The little Gingerbread Boy laughed and said:

"I have run away from a little old woman,
And a little old man,
A cow,
A horse,
A barn full of threshers,
And I can run away from you, I can!"

As the mowers ran after him, he looked back and cried:

"Run! Run! as fast as you can,
You can't catch me, I'm the Gingerbread Man!"

And the mowers could not catch him.

By now, the little Gingerbread Boy was so pleased with himself that he was quite sure that nobody could ever catch him. So when he met a fox, he called out to him:

"I have run away from a little old woman,
And a little old man,
A cow,
A horse,
A barn full of threshers,
A field full of mowers,
And I can run away from you, I can!"

"I don't want to catch you," said the fox.

Just then, the little Gingerbread Boy reached a wide river. He could not swim, but he wanted to get across the river.

"I'll take you across," said the fox. "Jump on my tail."

So the little Gingerbread Boy sat on the fox's tail and the fox began to swim. When the fox had gone a little way, he said:

"You are too heavy for my tail, and you may get wet. Jump on to my back."

The little Gingerbread Boy jumped on to the fox's back.

When he had gone a little farther, the fox said:

"You may get wet where you are. Jump on to my shoulder."

So the little Gingerbread Boy jumped on to the fox's shoulder.

When the fox had gone still farther, he said:

"My shoulder is getting wet. Jump on to my nose. You will keep dry there."

So the little Gingerbread Boy jumped on to the fox's nose.

As soon as the fox reached the bank of the river, his teeth snapped at the Gingerbread Boy!

"Oh, I'm a quarter gone!" said the little Gingerbread Boy.

"Oh, I'm half gone!" he said a minute later.

"Oh, I'm three quarters gone!" he said the next minute.

And he never said anything else because he was all gone.

Tasks:

1. **Translate the text into Russian language,**
2. **Find Russian equivalents of this fairy-tales and heroes;**
3. **Do the pretranslational analysis of the text and discuss it.**

Johnny-cake

ONCE upon a time there was an old man, and an old woman, and a little boy. One morning the old woman made a Johnny-cake, and put it in the oven to bake.

"You watch the Johnny-cake while your father and I go out to work in the garden," said the old woman to the boy.

So the old man and the old woman went out and began to hoe potatoes, and left the little boy to look after the oven. But he didn't watch it all the time, and suddenly he heard a noise. The boy looked up. The oven door had opened itself. Then Johnny-cake jumped out of the oven, and rolled towards the open door of the house. The little boy ran to shut the door, but Johnny-cake was too quick for him, and rolled through the door, down the steps, and out into the road. The little boy cried out to his father and mother and ran after Johnny-cake as fast as he could. When the parents heard the noise, they threw down their hoes and gave chase too. But Johnny-cake outran all three a long way, and was soon out of sight, while they had to sit down, all out of breath, on a bank to rest.

On went Johnny-cake, and soon he came to two well-diggers, who were digging a well. They looked up from their work and called out, "Where are you going, Johnny-cake?"

He said, "I've outrun an old man, and an old woman, and a little boy, and I can outrun you too-o-o!"

"You can, can you? We'll see about that!" said they, and they threw down their picks and ran after him. But they couldn't catch up with him, and soon they had to sit down by the roadside to rest.

On ran Johnny-cake, and soon he came to two ditch-diggers who were digging a ditch. "Where are you going, Johnny-cake?" asked they.

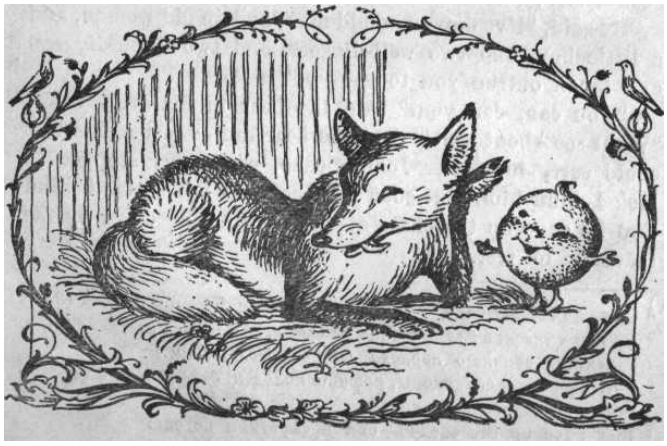
He said, "I've outrun an old man, and an old woman, and a little boy, and two well-diggers, and I can outrun you too-o-o!"

"You can, can you? We'll see about that!" said they, and they threw down their spades, and ran after him too. But Johnny-cake soon outran them also, so they gave up the chase and sat down to rest.

On went Johnny-cake, and soon he came to a bear. The bear asked, "Where are you going, Johnny-cake?"

He said, "I've outrun an old man, and an old woman, and a little boy, and two well-diggers, and two ditch-diggers, and I can outrun you too-o-o!"

"You can, can you?" said the bear in his gruff voice. "We'll see about that!" And the bear ran as fast as his legs could carry him after Johnny-cake, who never stopped to look behind him. But soon the bear was left so far behind that he gave up the chase at last, and he lay down by the roadside to rest.



On went Johnny-cake, and soon he came to a wolf. The wolf asked, "Where are you going, Johnny-cake?"

He said, "I've outrun an old man, and an old woman, and a little boy, and two well-diggers, and two ditch-diggers and a bear, and I can outrun you too-o-o!"

"You can, can you?" said the wolf in his horrible angry voice. "We'll see about that!" And he ran after Johnny-cake, who went on and on so fast that the wolf too saw that he could not hope to catch him, and he too lay down to rest.

On went Johnny-cake, and soon he came to a fox that lay quietly in a corner by a fence. The fox called out in a sharp voice, "Where are you going, Johnny-cake?" But the fox did not get up.

Johnny-cake said, "I've outrun an old man, and an old woman, and a little boy, and two well-diggers and two ditch-diggers, a bear and a wolf, and I can outrun you too-o-o!" "I can't quite hear you, Johnny-cake, won't you come a little closer?" said the fox and turned his head a little to one side.

Johnny-cake stopped running for the first time. Then he went a little closer, and called out in a very loud voice,

"I've outrun an old man, and an old woman, and a little boy, and two well-diggers, and two ditch-diggers, and a bear, and a wolf, and I can outrun you too-o-o!"

"I can't quite hear you; won't you come a little closer?" said the fox in a weak voice, as he turned his head towards Johnny-cake, and put one paw behind his ear.

Johnny-cake came up close. He leaned towards the fox and screamed out, "I'VE OUTRUN AN OLD MAN, AND AN OLD WOMAN, AND A LITTLE BOY, AND TWO WELL-DIGGERS, AND TWO DITCH-DIGGERS, AND A BEAR, AND A WOLF, AND I CAN OUTRUN YOU TOO-O-O!"

"You can, can you?" cried the fox, and he snapped up the Johnny-cake in his sharp teeth in the twinkling of an eye.

Tasks:

1. **Translate the text into Russian language,**
2. **Find Russian equivalents of this fairy-tales and heroes;**
3. **Do the pretranslational analysis of the text and discuss it.**

The Cock, the Mouse and the Little Red Hen

ONCE upon a time there was a hill, and on the hill there was a lovely little house. It had one little green door, and four little windows with green shutters, and in it there lived a Cock, and a Mouse and a little Red Hen.

On another hill not very far away on the other side of a small river, there was another little house. It was a very bad little house. It had a door that didn't shut, and two broken windows. And in this house there lived a bad big Fox and four bad little foxes.

One morning these four bad little foxes came to the big bad Fox, and said, "Oh, Father, we're so hungry!"

"We had nothing to eat yesterday," said one.

"And almost nothing the day before," said another. "And only half a chicken the day before that," said the third.

"And only two little ducks the day before that," - said the fourth.

The big bad Fox shook his head for a long time, for he was thinking. At last he said in a big gruff voice, "Over the hill there I see a house. And in that house there lives a Cock."

"And a Mouse," screamed two of the little foxes. "And a little Red Hen," screamed the other two. "And they are nice and fat," went on the big bad Fox. "I'll take my sack, and I'll go up that hill, and in that house, and I'll put the Cock, and the Mouse and the little Red Hen into my sack. I'll do it today."

So the four little foxes jumped for joy, and the big bad Fox went to get his sack.

But what was happening to the Cock and the Mouse and the little Red Hen all this time?

That morning the Cock and the Mouse had both got out of bed on the wrong side. The Cock said the day was too hot, and the Mouse said it was too cold.

They came grumbling down to the kitchen, where the good little Red Hen was working happily about the house. "Who'll get some sticks for the fire?" she asked. "I shan't," said the Cock. "I shan't," said the Mouse.

"Then I'll do it myself," said the little Red Hen. So off she ran to get the sticks.

"And now, who'll fill the kettle from the spring?" she asked.

"I shan't," said the Cock.

"I shan't," said the Mouse.

"Then I'll do it myself," said the little Red Hen. And off she ran to the spring to fill the kettle.

"And who'll get the breakfast ready?" she asked, as she put the kettle on to boil.

"I shan't," said the Cock. "I shan't," said the Mouse.

"Then I'll do it myself," said the little Red Hen.

All breakfast time the Cock and the Mouse quarrelled and grumbled.

"Who'll clear the table?" asked the poor little Red Hen.

"I shan't," said the Cock.

"I shan't," said the Mouse.

"Then I'll do it myself," said the little Red Hen. So she cleared everything away, swept up the floor and brushed up the fire-place.

"And now, who'll help me to make the beds?"

"I shan't," said the Cock.

"I shan't," said the Mouse.

"Then I'll make the beds by myself," said the little Red Hen. And she went away upstairs.

But the lazy Cock and the lazy Mouse each sat down in a comfortable arm-chair by the fire, and soon fell fast asleep.

Just at this time the big bad Fox was going up the hill. Then he walked into the garden of the lovely little house and peeped in at the window. "Rat-tat-tat. Rat-tat-tat," the Fox knocked at the door.

"Who can that be?" said the Mouse and half opened his eyes.

"Go and look for yourself, if you want to know," said the rude Cock.

"It's the postman perhaps," thought the Mouse, "and he may have a letter to me." So he did not wait to see who it was, but lifted the latch and opened the door.

As soon as he opened it, the big bad Fox jumped in, with a cruel smile upon his face!

"Oh! oh! oh!" squeaked the Mouse, and he tried to run up the chimney.

"Doodle doodle do!" screamed the Cock, as he jumped on the back of the biggest arm-chair.

But the Fox only laughed. He caught the little Mouse by the tail, and popped him into the sack, then he caught the Cock by the neck and popped him in too.

Then the poor little Red Hen ran quickly downstairs to see what all the noise was about, and the Fox caught her and put her into the sack with the others. Then he took a long piece of string out of his pocket and tied the sack with it. After that he threw the sack over his back, and off he went down the hill.

"Oh, I wish I hadn't been so rude," said the Cock. "Oh, I wish I hadn't been so lazy," said the Mouse. "It's never too late to mend," said the little Red Hen. "And don't be too sad. See, I have my little work-bag here, and in it there is a pair of scissors, a little thimble, and a needle and a thread. Very soon you will see what I am going to do."

Now the sun was very hot, and soon Mr Fox began to feel that his sack was very heavy. At last he decided to lie down under a tree and sleep for a little while. So he threw the sack down and very soon fell fast asleep.

As soon as the little Red Hen heard that the Fox was snoring, she took out her scissors, and cut a little hole in the sack.

"Quick," she whispered to the Mouse, "creep through this hole, then run as fast as you can and bring back a stone just as large as yourself."

Out went the Mouse, and soon he came back with the stone. It was heavy, and he had to drag it after him.

"Push it in here," said the little Red Hen, and the Mouse quickly pushed it into the sack.

Then the little Red Hen cut the hole larger, and soon the Cock was able to creep through it.

"Quick," she said, "run and get a stone as big as yourself." Out flew the Cock, and soon he came back with a big stone, which he pushed into the sack.

Then the little Red Hen crept out, got a stone as big as herself, and pushed it into the sack. Next she put on her thimble, took out her needle and thread, and sewed up the hole as quickly as ever she could.

When that was done, the Cock, and the Mouse and the little Red Hen ran home very fast. They shut the door after them, locked it and shut the shutters.

The big bad Fox lay fast asleep under the tree for some time, but at last he woke up.

"Dear, dear!" he said, "I have slept a long time. I must hurry home."

The big bad Fox grumbled to himself as he went down the hill, till he came to the river. Splash! One foot went in. Splash! The other foot went in, but the stones in the sack were so heavy that at the very next step Mr Fox fell down into a deep pool. He couldn't get out of it, so he was never seen again. And the four bad little foxes had to go to bed without any supper.

But the Cock and the Mouse never grumbled again. They lit the fire, filled the kettle, made the breakfast, and did all the work, while the good little Red Hen had a holiday. She sat resting in the big arm-chair.

No foxes ever troubled them again, and they are still living happily in the little house with the green door and the green shutters, which stands on the hill.

Tasks:

1. **Translate the text into Russian language,**
2. **Find Russian equivalents of this fairy-tales and heroes;**
3. **Do the pretranslational analysis of the text and discuss it.**

Mr Miacca

TOMMY Grimes was sometimes a good boy and sometimes a bad boy, and when he was a bad boy, his mother often said to him:

"Now Tommy, be a good boy and please don't go out of the street, or Mr Miacca will catch you and take you away."

But one day Tommy was a very bad boy and he went out of the street. He turned the corner, and there was Mr Miacca! Mr Miacca caught him and popped him into his bag, upside down, and carried him away to his house. When Mr Miacca came home, he pulled Tommy out of the bag and felt his arms and legs.

"You're not fat enough," he said, "but you're all I've got for supper, so I'll eat you. But, oh dear, I haven't any herbs to put in the water, and you'll not be tasty without herbs. I'll call my wife." He called to Mrs Miacca, "Sally, come here for a minute."

Mrs Miacca came in from the next room and said:

"What do you want, my dear?"

"Oh, here's a little boy I've brought home for supper," said Mr Miacca, "but I've forgotten the herbs. I'll just go out and fetch them while you look after him for me."

"All right, my love," said Mrs Miacca.

Tommy Grimes looked at Mrs Miacca and asked:

"Does Mr Miassa always have little boys for supper?"

"Mostly, my dear, if the little boys are bad enough and he can catch them," said Mrs Miacca.

"Don't you have anything else except boys?" asked Tommy. "Don't you ever have any pudding?"

"Ah, I love pudding," said Mrs Miacca, "but I don't often get any."

"My mother is making a pudding today," said Tommy Grimes, "and I'm sure she'll give you some if I ask her. Shall I run home and get some?"

"That's a kind boy," said Mrs Miacca, "only don't be too long away and be sure to be back before supper-time."

So Tommy ran off and soon was safe at home. He was very glad that he had run away from Mr Miacca. For many days he was as good as could be, and never went round the corner of the street.

But Tommy Grimes couldn't always be good, and one day he went round the corner of the street again. Mr Miacca caught him again and popped him into his bag, upside down.

When Mr Miacca got home, he pulled Tommy out of the bag. "I remember you," said Mr Miacca. "You're the little boy who played a trick on me and my wife. You left us without any supper. Well, you will not do it again. I'll keep an eye on you myself. Creep under the sofa and I'll sit on it, and watch the pot till it boils."

So poor Tommy Grimes crept under the sofa and Mr Miacca sat on it and watched the pot till it boiled. They waited and waited and waited, Mr Miacca on the sofa and Tommy under it, but still the pot didn't boil. At last Mr Miacca got tired of waiting, and he said:

"Here, you under the sofa. I'm not going to wait any longer. Put out your leg, and I'll see that you don't run away."

But Tommy guessed what Mr Miacca was going to do, and he took the leg of the sofa, which was loose, and stuck it out. Mr Miacca took an axe, chopped the leg off and threw it in the pot. Then he went into the next room to look for Mrs Miacca. While he was there, Tommy crept from under the sofa and ran out of the door and straight home.

This time Tommy had had such a fright that he was always a good boy after it. He never went round the corner again till he was old enough to go alone.

Tasks:

1. **Translate the text into Russian language,**
2. **Find Russian equivalents of this fairy-tales and heroes;**
3. **Do the pretranslational analysis of the text and discuss it.**

Lazy Jack

ONCE upon a time there was a boy whose name was Jack. Jack lived with his mother. They were very poor, and the old woman made her living by spinning. But Jack was so lazy that he did nothing but lie in the sun in the hot weather in the summer, and sit by the fire-place in the winter. So people called him Lazy Jack.

His mother could not make him work. At last one Monday she said to him!

"If you don't begin to work for your porridge, I will turn you out of the house."

These words made Jack do something.

So on Tuesday, he went out and hired himself for a day to a neighbouring farmer for a penny. But when he was going home in the evening, he lost the penny.

"You silly boy," said his mother, "you should have put it in your pocket."

"I'll do so another time."answered Jack.

On Wednesday, Jack went out again and hired himself to a cowman. The cowman gave him a jar of milk for his day's work. Jack took the jar of milk and put it into the large pocket of his jacket. But the milk was all spilled long before he got home.

"Oh! You should have carried it on your head," said the old woman.

"I'll do so another time," answered Jack. On Thursday, Jack hired himself again to a farmer. In the evening the farmer gave him a large soft cheese for his work. Jack took the cheese and went home with it on his head. By the time he got home the cheese was ail spoilt. He lost part of it, and part of it was in his hair.

"You foolish boy," said the mother, "you should have carried it very carefully in your hands." "I'll do so another time," answered Jack. On Friday, Lazy Jack again went out and hired himself to a baker. The baker gave him nothing for his work but a large cat. Jack took the cat, and began to carry it very carefully in his hands, but in a short time the cat scratched him so much that he let it go. When he got home, his mother said to him:

"You silly boy, you should have tied a string to it, and dragged it along after you."

"I'll do so another time," answered Jack.

On Saturday, Jack hired himself to a butcher, who gave him a shoulder of mutton for his work. Jack took the mutton, tied a string to it, and dragged it along after him. By the time he got home, the meat was quite spoilt.

This time his mother was very angry, for the next day was Sunday, and she had only cabbage for Sunday dinner.

"You foolish boy," said she to her son, "you should have carried it on your shoulder."

"I'll do so another time," answered Jack.

On the next Monday, Lazy Jack again went out, and hired himself to a cattle keeper, who gave him a donkey for his work. Jack put the donkey on his shoulders and began to walk slowly home.

Now it happened that on his way home he passed the house of a rich man. This man had an only daughter, who was a beautiful girl, but she was deaf and dumb. She had never laughed in her life, and the doctors said she would never speak till somebody made her laugh.

Now it happened that this young lady was looking out of the window when Jack was passing with the donkey on his shoulders. The sight was so funny and strange that she burst out laughing and at once found that she could hear and speak.

The father was so happy that he married his daughter to Lazy Jack, and Jack became a rich gentleman. They lived in a large house, and Jack's mother lived with them in great happiness until she died.

Tasks:

1. **Translate the text into Russian language,**
2. **Find Russian equivalents of this fairy-tales and heroes;**
3. **Do the pretranslational analysis of the text and discuss it.**

Mr and Mrs Vinegar

Mr and Mrs Vinegar lived in a vinegar bottle. The bottle was made of glass but it had a wooden door. One day Mrs Vinegar was sweeping her house when the broom went right through the roof, and broken glass fell everywhere. She was very upset but Mr Vinegar tried to comfort her.

"Let's go out into the world and seek our fortune, said Mr Vinegar. "I'll take the door and carry it with me on my back. It may be useful."

They walked all that day and at night entered a thick forest. They were both very, very tired. Mrs Vinegar did not want to sleep on the ground because she was afraid of wild animals.

Then Mr Vinegar said, "My love, I'll climb a tree and drag up the door. You follow me."

So Mr Vinegar climbed a tree and set the door between the branches, like a platform. They both lay down on the door and fell asleep.

In the middle of the night they were wakened by the loud voices of some men on the ground below. The men were robbers, and they had met to divide their money. Mr and Mrs Vinegar were very frightened and they trembled so much that the door fell to the ground. This gave the robbers a fright and they all ran away.

Poor Mr and Mrs Vinegar sat in the tree and held on to the branches until morning came. Then they climbed down. They lifted up the door and found forty golden guineas under it. They were very happy, and Mrs Vinegar jumped for joy. Then they began to think what best to do with the money.

"Now, my dear," said Mrs Vinegar, "I'll tell you what to do. Take these forty guineas, go to the neighbouring town and buy a cow at the market. I can make butter and cheese, which you will sell, and then we shall make a fine living." Mr Vinegar agreed, took the money and set out for the town. When Mr Vinegar reached the market, he liked the very first cow he saw, which was a red one.

"I should be the happiest man in the world if I owned that cow," said Mr Vinegar. He offered all his forty guineas for the cow and the owner sold his cow gladly, because forty guineas was far more than she was worth.

But Mr Vinegar soon got tired of driving the cow along. He came to a man who was playing the bagpipes. People I were listening and children were dancing as he played. Money fell into his cap when he held it out.

"I should be the happiest man in the world if I owned those bagpipes," said Mr Vinegar, so he offered his beautiful red cow in exchange for the bagpipes.

The owner of the bagpipes agreed to take the cow and gave Mr Vinegar the bagpipes.

So Mr Vinegar went off with the bagpipes. But money did not fall into his cap when he held it out. He had no idea how to play the bagpipes and when he blew he only made the most terrible sounds. That frightened everybody away, and the children even threw stones at him.

As Mr Vinegar walked along with the bagpipes under his arm, he felt very unhappy, and his hands got very cold. Then he passed a man with a fine, thick pair of gloves on his hands.

"I should be the happiest man in the world if I owned those gloves," said Mr Vinegar, so he offered his bagpipes in exchange for the gloves. The owner of the gloves agreed and took the bagpipes.

So Mr Vinegar put the gloves on his cold hands and went on his way. He had walked a long way now and was very tired. So when he met a man who was walking quickly with a good, strong stick in his hand, he said, "I should be the happiest man in the world if I had that stick." Then Mr Vinegar offered his warm gloves in exchange for the stick. The owner of the stick agreed and took the gloves. So Mr Vinegar went on his way with the stick in his hand.

When at last Mr Vinegar reached the forest where he had left his wife, a bird flew out of a tree and began to call out:

"Ha ha! Ha ha! Mr Vinegar, you are a foolish man! You spent your forty guineas on a cow that wasn't worth ten. Then you changed the cow for bagpipes you couldn't play. Then you changed the bagpipes for a cheap pair of gloves. Then you changed the gloves for a poor stick. And now you have nothing to show but that poor stick, which you could have cut in the forest. You are a silly man!"

Mr Vinegar got so angry when he heard the bird, especially as all the bird said was quite true, that he threw his stick up at it. But the stick stuck in the tree and he couldn't get it down. So he went back to Mrs Vinegar with nothing at all, no money, no cow, no bagpipes, no gloves and no stick, and she beat him for it.

Tasks:

1. **Translate the text into Russian language,**
2. **Find Russian equivalents of this fairy-tales and heroes;**
3. **Do the pretranslational analysis of the text and discuss it.**

Tom Tit Tot

THERE was once a woman who baked five pies and left them on the shelf to cool. When she came back, she found that her daughter had eaten all the pies, so there was nothing for supper.

The woman took her spinning-wheel to the open door, and as she worked, she sang to herself:

"My daughter has eaten five pies today,
My daughter has eaten five pies."

Just then the king rode by, and he heard her song, but he couldn't catch all the words, so he stopped, got off his horse and said:

"What was that you were singing, my good woman?"

The woman did not want to tell him what her daughter had done so she changed the words and said:

"My daughter has spun five skeins today,

My daughter has spun five skeins."

The king was surprised to hear this and said:

"I've never heard of anyone who could spin five skeins a day. I need a wife and I'll marry your daughter. When we are married, she will do just what she likes for eleven months of the year, but in the twelfth month of the year she'll have to spin five skeins a day, or I'll kill her."

"All right," said the woman. And she thought to herself, "When the twelfth month comes, he will be so happy that he will forget all about the spinning."

So they were married and for eleven months all went well and the new queen was happy. She thought the king had forgotten about the five skeins because he never spoke about spinning. But when the last month came, he led her to a little room she had never seen before. There was nothing in it except a stool and a spinning-wheel and some flax.

"Now spin five skeins by the time night comes or it's off with your head," said the king, and left her.

The poor girl did not know how to spin even one skein, and she sat down on the stool and cried very bitterly. Suddenly she heard a knock at the door and she ran and opened it. Outside stood a strange little black thing with a long tail.

"Why are you crying?" said the strange little black thing.

"I'm crying because I have to spin five skeins a day and I don't know how to spin even one. If I don't spin them by the time night comes, the king will chop off my head."

"I can help you," said the little black thing. "I'll come every morning and take away the flax and I'll bring it back spun into skeins when night comes."

"What do you want for that?" said the girl.

"Oh, very little. You just have to guess my name. You can have three guesses every night, but if you don't guess right by the end of the month, you'll have to come away and live with me for ever."

The girl was sure she would guess his name long before the end of the month, so she let him take the flax away. Before night he knocked on the window, and she opened it and let him in. He brought five skeins of flax, beautifully spun.

"Now, what is my name?" he asked.

"It's John."

"No, it isn't."

"It's Bill."

"No, it isn't."

"It's Dick."

"No, it isn't."

All the while she was guessing, he twirled his tail, and after the last wrong guess he twirled it faster and faster and then flew away out of the window.

When the king came in, he was very pleased to see the five skeins.

"I shan't have to chop off your head today, my dear," he said. "You will have some more flax to spin in the morning."

The next day the little black thing came again for the flax and brought back five skeins long before night. This time she guessed David and Adam and Matthew. But none of these was the right one.

Towards the end of the month the girl was in despair, especially as the little black thing was glad, and joy shone in his eyes. On the last evening but one she guessed the longest names she could think of, as she had already tried most of the short ones. She guessed Archibald and Marmaduke and Ferdinand. But they were not right either, and oh how he twirled his tail, and how horribly his eyes shone! Now there was only one day left, one chance for her to guess his name.

When the little black thing had gone, very pleased with himself, the king came to see her. He was delighted with the five skeins. He ordered his servants to bring supper in so that he and his wife could eat it together.

"I don't think I shall ever have to chop your head off, my dear," he said, as the servants brought in the supper things and another stool.

While the king was eating, he suddenly stopped and burst out laughing.

"What's so funny?" said the girl, who felt more like crying than laughing.

"I'm laughing at something I saw when I was out hunting. I was riding past a chalk pit when I heard a loud humming. So I got off my horse and looked down into the pit to see what it was. There, in the pit, was the strangest little black thing with a long tail. It was working away at a little spinning-wheel and twirling its tail all the time. As the wheel spun round, it sang:

"Nimmy nimmy not
My name's Tom Tit Tot."

When the girl heard this, her heart jumped for joy, but she said nothing. Now she knew that she would never have to go away and live with the little black thing.

The next day was the last of the month. In the morning the little black thing came for the flax, and in the evening knocked on the window and brought back five skeins. He was very pleased with himself and his eyes shone like red-hot coals when he looked at her.

"What's my name?" he said, as he gave her the skeins.

"Is it Robin?" "No, it isn't." "Is it Bruce?"

"No, it isn't," and he held out his little black hands and twirled his tail faster than ever.

"Nimmy nimmy not
Your name's Tom Tit Tot."

When he heard this, he gave a dreadful cry and flew away out of the window and no one ever saw him again.

Tasks:

1. **Translate the text into Russian language,**
2. **Find Russian equivalents of this fairy-tales and heroes;**
3. **Do the pretranslational analysis of the text and discuss it.**

Molly Whuppie

ONCE upon a time a man and his wife had too many children. They could not feed them all, so they took the three youngest and gave each of them a piece of bread and left them in the forest.

The three girls ate their bread and then they walked and walked till they were completely lost. Soon it became dark, and they were hungry, too.

At last the girls saw a light between the trees. It came from a window of a house. They went up to the house and knocked at the door. A woman came and said, "What do you want?"

"Please let us in and give us something to eat. We are so tired and hungry."

The woman answered, "I can't do that. My husband is a giant. He will kill you when he comes home."

"Let us stop for a little while," they begged, "we shall go away before he comes."

The girls begged so hard that she let them in. She set them down before the fire and gave them bread and milk. While they were eating, a great knock came at the door, and a dreadful voice said:

"Fee, fi, fo, fum,
I smell the blood of some earthly one.
Who is there, wife?"

"It's three poor little girls, cold and hungry," said his wife. "They'll go away. Don't touch them. I've got a good supper ready for you."

The giant said nothing. He ate up a big supper, and told the girls they could stay all night. He had three daughters of his own, and his wife put them and the three strangers to sleep in the same bed.

The youngest of the three strangers was called Molly Whuppie, and she was very clever. Before the six girls went to bed the giant put gold chains round his daughters' necks and put straw ropes round Molly's neck and her sisters' necks. Molly wondered why he did that. So she did not fall asleep, but waited till everybody was sleeping sound. Then she slipped out of bed. She took the straw ropes off her own and her sisters' necks, and took the gold chains off the giant's daughters. Then she put the straw ropes on the giant's daughters and the gold ones on herself and her sisters, and lay down again.

In the middle of the night, when it was quite dark, the giant crept into the room and felt round the necks of the six children. He took the three girls with the straw ropes, carried them downstairs, and locked them in the cellar. Then he lay down again and fell asleep. Soon he was snoring again.

Then Molly woke her sisters and told them to be very quiet. They slipped out of the house and they ran and ran till morning, when they saw a great beautiful house before them. It turned out to be a king's palace, so Molly went in and told her story to the king. The king said:

"Molly Whuppie, you have done well and you will do even better if you go back and bring me the giant's sword that hangs on the wall over his bed. Then I'll let my eldest son marry your eldest sister." Molly said she would try.

So Molly went back. She slipped into the giant's house and hid under the giant's bed.

The giant came home, ate up a great supper, and went to bed. Molly waited until he was asleep and snoring. Then she crept out and reached over the giant and got down the sword. But just as she got it over the bed the sword gave a rattle. The giant jumped up and tried to catch Molly.

Molly ran out the door with the sword in her hands. She ran, and he ran, till they came to the "Bridge of One Hair". Molly ran lightly over, but the giant was too heavy and he couldn't, and he shouted:

"There will be trouble for you, Molly Whuppie, if you come back again!"

But Molly answered, "Twice again will I come to see you."

So Molly took the sword to the king, and her eldest sister was married to his eldest son. Then the king said:

"Molly Whuppie, you have done well and you will do even better if you go back and bring me the giant's purse that lies under his pillow. Then I'll marry my second son to your second sister." And Molly said she would try.

So Molly went back. She slipped into the giant's house and again hid under his bed. She waited till the giant had eaten a great supper, and was sound asleep and snoring.

She crept out then. She slipped her hand under the pillow, and got out the purse. But, just as she was leaving, the giant woke and ran after her.

She ran, and he ran, till they came to the "Bridge of One Hair". She ran lightly over, but he couldn't, and he shouted:

"There will be trouble for you, Molly Whuppie, if you come back again."

But Molly answered, "Once again will I come to see you."

So Molly took the purse to the king, and her second sister was married to the king's second son. Then the king said:

"Molly Whuppie, you have done well and you will do even better if you go back and bring me the giant's gold ring that he wears on his thumb. Then you'll marry my youngest son yourself." Molly said she would try.

So back Molly went to the giant's house and hid under the bed. Soon the giant came home. After he had eaten a great supper, he went to his bed, and soon was sound asleep and snoring.

Molly crept out and reached over the bed. She took hold of the giant's hand. She pulled and she pulled at the ring on his thumb. But just as it slipped off, the giant woke with a roar, and caught her by the hand.

"Now I've caught you, Molly Whuppie," he said. "If I had done all the bad things to you that you have done to me, what would you do to me?"

Molly answered quickly, "I'd put you into a sack and I'd put the cat and the dog inside with you, and a needle and thread and scissors. Then I'd hang the sack on the wall and go into the

wood and choose a thick stick. Then I'd come home and take you down and beat you. That's what I'd do."

"Well, Molly," said the giant, "I'll do just that to you."

He got a sack and put Molly in it with the cat and the dog and a needle and thread and scissors. He hung the sack upon the wall. Then he went into the wood to choose a thick stick.

"Oh," sang Molly from inside the sack, "oh, if you saw what I see!"

"What do you see?" asked the giant's wife. But Molly only sang again and again: "Oh, if you saw what I see!"

The giant's wife was not a clever woman, and she begged and begged Molly to let her get up into the sack to see what Molly saw. So Molly took the scissors and cut a hole in the sack. She took the needle and thread out with her, and jumped down. Then the giant's wife climbed in, and Molly sewed up the hole with the needle and thread.

Of course the giant's wife saw nothing, and began to beg Molly to let her get down again out of the bag. Molly hid behind the door, and soon the giant came in with a thick stick in his hand. He took down the sack and began to hit it.

"It's me, man, stop hitting me!" his wife cried out. But the dog barked so, and the cat mewed so, that the giant did not hear his wife's voice. Then Molly came out from behind the door. The giant saw her and ran after her. She ran, and he ran, till they came to the "Bridge of One Hair". She ran lightly over, but he couldn't, and he shouted:

"There will be trouble for you, Molly Whuppie, if you come back again."

But Molly answered, "Never more will I come to see you!"

So Molly ran off to the king with the gold ring. She was married to his youngest son, and she never saw the giant again.

Tasks:

1. **Translate the text into Russian language,**
2. **Find Russian equivalents of this fairy-tales and heroes;**
3. **Do the pretranslational analysis of the text and discuss it.**

Jack and the Beanstalk

ONCE upon a time there was a poor widow who had an only son named Jack, and a cow named Milky-White. And all they had to live on was the milk the cow gave every morning. They carried the milk to the market and sold. But one morning Milky-White gave no milk, and they didn't know what to do.

"What shall we do, what shall we do?" cried the widow.

"Cheer up, Mother! I'll go and get work somewhere," said Jack.

"We tried that before, and nobody wanted a boy like you," said his mother, "we must sell Milky-White and with the money start a shop, or something."

"All right, Mother," said Jack, "it's market-day today. I'll soon sell Milky-White, and then we'll see what we can do."

So he drove the cow to the market. He hadn't gone far when he met a funny-looking old man, who said to him, "Good morning, Jack."

"Good morning to you," said Jack and wondered how the man knew his name.

"Well, Jack, and where are you going?" asked the man. "I'm going to the market to sell our cow." When he heard where Jack was going, the old man offered him some strange-looking coloured beans in exchange for the cow.

"Take them," he said, "and you'll never be sorry about it. They are not ordinary beans. They are magic beans. If you plant them in the evening, by morning they will grow right up to the sky."

"Really?" said Jack. "You don't say so!" "Yes, that is so, and if that doesn't happen, you can have your cow back."

So Jack agreed, put the strange-looking coloured beans in his pocket and started back for home. It was dark when he reached home.

"Back already, Jack?" asked his mother. "I see you haven't got Milky-White, so you've sold her. How much did you get for her?"

"You'll never guess, Mother," said Jack.

"How much? Five pounds, ten, fifteen, no, it couldn't be twenty."

"I told you couldn't guess. What do you say about these beans? They're magic; plant them in the evening and-"

"What?!" cried Jack's mother. "Have you been such a fool as to give away my Milky-White for a few beans? Take that! Take that! Take that! And as for your magic beans, here they go out of the window."

The mother was so angry that she threw the beans out of the window. Then she said, "And now go to bed without supper!"

So Jack went upstairs to his little room.

When he woke up next morning, the room looked so funny. The sun was shining into part of it, and yet all the rest was quite dark. So Jack jumped up and dressed himself and went to the window. And what do you think he saw? The beans his mother had thrown out of the window into the garden had grown up into a great beanstalk which went up and up and up till it reached the sky. So the man had spoken the truth after all.

The beanstalk grew quite close by Jack's window, so all he had to do was to open it and put his feet on to the beanstalk, for it went up and up just like a big ladder. So Jack climbed and he climbed and he climbed and he climbed and he climbed and he climbed till at last he reached the sky. And when he got there, he found a long wide straight road. So he walked along and he walked along and he walked along the road till he came to a great big tall house, and on the doorstep there was a great big tall woman.

"Good morning," said Jack. "Would you be so kind as to give me some breakfast?" For he hadn't had anything to eat the night before, you know, he was as hungry as a hunter. "It's breakfast you want, isn't it?" asked the great big tall woman. "It's breakfast you'll be if you don't move off from here. My man is an ogre, he kills and eats people, and there's nothing he likes better than broiled boys. You'd better go away for he'll soon be back home."

"Oh! please, give me something to eat. I've had nothing to eat since yesterday morning, really," said Jack. "I may as well be broiled as die of hunger."

Well, the ogre's wife was not such a bad woman. She took Jack into the kitchen, and gave him a piece of bread and cheese and a jug of milk. But Jack hadn't finished eating when the whole house began to shake with great thuds. Somebody was coming to the house.

"It's my old man," said the ogre's wife. "What shall I do? Come along quick and jump in here." And she quickly hid Jack in the oven just as the ogre came in.

He was a terribly big one. Three calves hung by the heels to his belt. He threw them down on the table and said, "Here, wife, broil me two of these calves for breakfast. Ah! What's this I smell?

"Fee, fi, fo, fum,

I smell the blood of an Englishman.

Be he alive or be he dead

I'll grind his bones to make my bread."

"You are wrong, dear," said his wife, "there is no one here. Perhaps you can smell the scraps of that little boy; you liked so much for yesterday's dinner. Here, you go and have a wash and change your clothes, and by the time you come back your breakfast will be ready for you."

So the ogre went off, and Jack was just going to jump out of the oven and run away when the woman told him not to. "Wait till he's asleep," said she, "he always sleeps for a while after breakfast."

Well, the ogre had his breakfast, and after that he went to a big chest and took out of it two bags of gold. He sat down, put the bags on the table and began to count the money. Soon his head began to nod, and he began to snore, and the whole house shook again.

Now Jack crept out on tiptoe from the oven, and as he was passing the ogre, he took one of the bags of gold, put it under his arm, and ran off along the road till he came to the beanstalk. Then he threw down the bag of gold, which, of course, fell into his mother's garden, and then he climbed down and climbed down till at last he got home. Jack told his mother all that had happened to him and showed her the gold.

"Well, Mother," he said, "wasn't I right about the beans? They are really magic, you see."

Jack and his mother lived on the gold for some time, but at last it was all spent, and Jack made up his mind to try his luck once more at the top of the beanstalk. So one fine morning he got up early, and got on to the beanstalk. He climbed and he climbed and he climbed and he climbed and he climbed and he climbed till at last he came out on to the long wide straight road again. He walked along it till he came to the great big tall house he had been to before. And there was the great big tall woman standing on the doorstep.

"Good morning," said Jack, "would you be so good as to give me something to eat?"

"Go away, my boy," said the big tall woman, "or else my man will eat you up for breakfast. But aren't you the boy who came here once before? Do you know that very day my man missed one of his bags of gold?"

"That's strange," said Jack, "I could tell you something about that, but I'm so hungry I can't talk till I've had something to eat."

Well, the big tall woman was so curious that she took him in and gave him something to eat. But he had scarcely begun to eat when they heard the great thuds of the ogre's feet, and his wife quickly hid Jack away in the oven. All happened as it did before. The ogre came in as he did before, said, "Fee. fi, fo, fum," and had his breakfast of three broiled oxen. Then he said, "Wife, bring me the hen that lays the golden eggs."

So she brought it, and the ogre ordered the hen, "Lay," and it laid an egg all of gold. And then the ogre began to nod his head, and to snore till the house shook.

Then Jack crept out of the oven on tiptoe, seized the hen that laid the golden eggs, and rushed off. But the hen gave a loud cackle and the ogre woke up, and just as Jack got out of the house he heard the ogre's voice, "Wife, wife, what have you done with my golden hen?"

And the wife said, "Nothing, my dear. I didn't touch it."

But that was all Jack heard, for he rushed off down the road to the beanstalk and climbed down safely. And when he got home, he showed his mother the wonderful hen, and said "Lay" to it; and the hen laid a golden egg every time he said "Lay".

It wasn't very long before Jack wanted to try his luck again at the top of the beanstalk. So one fine morning, he got up early and got on to the beanstalk. He climbed and he climbed and he climbed and he climbed till he got to the top. But this time when he got near the ogre's house, he

waited behind a bush till the ogre's wife came out with a pail to get some water. Then he slipped into the house and hid in the copper.

He hadn't been there long before he heard the great thuds of the ogre's feet, and the ogre and his wife came in. The ogre cried out:

"Fee, fi, fo, fum,
I smell the blood of an Englishman.
Be he alive or be he dead
I'll grind his bones to make my bread."

"If you can smell that bad little boy who stole your money and your magic hen, he is hiding in the oven," said the ogre's wife, and they both looked in the oven. But Jack wasn't there. He was in the copper.

So the ogre sat down and ate a very large breakfast. When breakfast was over, he called out, "Wife, wife, bring me my golden harp."

So she brought his harp and put it on the table.

"Play!" ordered the ogre, and the harp started to play most beautifully, all by itself. And it played on till the ogre fell asleep, and began to snore like thunder.

Then Jack crept out of the copper and seized the harp, but the harp cried out, "Master! Master!" The ogre woke up with a roar, saw Jack with the harp and rushed along the road after him.

Jack ran as fast as he could, and the ogre ran after him. When Jack got to the beanstalk, the ogre was not more than twenty yards away. Jack began to climb down, but the ogre was heavy and he was afraid of such a ladder, so he stood and waited. But just then the harp cried out, "Master! Master!" and the ogre began to climb down the beanstalk, which shook with his weight.

Jack climbed down, and the ogre climbed after him. By this time Jack had climbed down and climbed down and climbed down till he was very near the ground. So he called out, "Mother! Mother! Bring me an axe! Bring me an axe!"

And his mother rushed out of the house with the axe in her hand. When she came to the beanstalk, she stood still with fright, for there she saw the ogre's legs just through the clouds.

But Jack jumped down, took the axe and gave a chop at the beanstalk. The ogre felt the beanstalk shake, so he stopped to see what was the matter.

Jack gave another chop with the axe, and the beanstalk was cut in two. Then the ogre fell down and broke his head, and the beanstalk came down after.

After that Jack showed his mother the golden harp. Then Jack and his mother began to show people the golden harp and they became rich. Later Jack married a beautiful princess, and they lived happily ever afterwards.

Tasks:

1. **Translate the text into Russian language,**
2. **Find Russian equivalents of this fairy-tales and heroes;**
3. **Do the pretranslational analysis of the text and discuss it.**

Catskin

THERE was once a princess whose mother died when she was born. She grew up very beautiful, with lovely golden hair. Her father wanted her to marry against her will. So she thought of a plan to put off the wedding. She asked to make her three new dresses. One was to be golden like the sun; the second was to be silver like the moon; and the third must sparkle like the stars. She also asked for a fur cloak with a hood made of a thousand different skins from a thousand different animals.

The princess said to herself, "It will be very difficult to make these clothes, and the wedding will be put off for a long time."

But her father set all his best workmen to make the three dresses, and his hunters took a tiny piece from the fur of a thousand different animals and a cloak with a hood was made. So the dresses and the cloak were soon ready and the wedding could not be put off much longer.

At night the princess got up secretly and took from her jewel box a gold ring, a gold necklace and a gold brooch.

Then she took the golden dress like the sun and the silver dress like the moon and the dress that sparkled like the stars, and folded them. They were so light and so magic that she could pack all three into a nutshell. She put on her fur cloak and pulled the hood over her golden hair, and rubbed soot on her face and hands so that no one would know who she was. Then she left her father's palace.

She walked till she was tired, and when she came to a hollow tree she crept inside and fell asleep.

Next day the king of that country was out hunting, and his hunters found the girl in her fur cloak, asleep in the tree. When the dogs barked, she woke up and was very frightened. She said:

"I am a poor girl and I have no parents. Please take me with you."

"Yes, Miss Catskin," said the hunters. "We shall take you with us and you can work in the kitchen."

And they took her to the palace and showed her a little dark room under the stairs, and said;

"You can sleep there, Catskin."

They thought it was quite a good room for a girl who had sooty hands and a sooty face.

She had to work very hard in the kitchen. She fetched water and wood, looked after the fires and raked out the ashes. At night she often cried in her little dark room.

One day there was a feast in the king's palace and she asked the cook, "May I go and watch the fine ladies and gentlemen?"

"You can go for just half-an-hour," said the cook, "and then you must come back and rake out the ashes."

So Catskin washed the soot off her face and hands, and went into her little room. She opened the nutshell, shook out her golden dress, and put it on. She went to the party and no one knew who she was. The king thought she was very beautiful and danced with her himself.

When the dance was over, she slipped away to her tiny bedroom, took off her golden dress, put on her fur cloak, and blackened her hands and face with soot. She began to rake out the ashes, but the cook, who wanted to have a look at the fine people herself, said:

"Heat up the king's soup and don't let even a hair tall in it or you'll be in trouble."

So Catskin heated up the king's soup, fetched her gold ring and put it at the bottom of the bowl.

When the king ate the soup, he liked it very much. Then he was surprised to find the gold ring lying at the bottom. He asked who made the soup.

"I did," said the cook.

"That is not true," said the king. "It tasted better than the soup you make."

Then the cook said it was Catskin who had made the soup. So the king sent for Catskin and asked her who she was.

Catskin only answered that she was a poor girl without parents and was good for nothing but to do dirty jobs in the kitchen.

He asked her if she knew how the gold ring got into the soup, but she shook her head.

Later on there was another feast at the palace and again Catskin asked the cook, "May I go and watch?"

"Yes," said the cook, "but be back in half-an-hour to make the king's soup because he likes the way you make it." So Catskin ran to her little room and washed herself carefully. Then she opened the nutshell, shook out the silver dress, and put it on. The king was very glad to see her again and they danced together. When the dance was over, she slipped away and dressed herself as Catskin again. Then she cooked the king's soup and put her gold necklace at the bottom of the bowl.

Once again the king sent for her and asked her if she knew anything about the gold necklace. She answered as before that she was a poor girl who could only do dirty jobs in the kitchen, and knew nothing about the necklace. Some time later the king ordered a third feast to be held. Catskin washed herself again, opened the nutshell and shook out the dress that sparkled like the stars, and put it on. The king was so very glad to see her again that he held her hand very tightly as they danced, and when she was not looking, he slipped a gold ring on her finger.

This time she was late in leaving the party, and she had to throw her fur cloak over her fine dress, and she did not rub the soot properly on her face and hands. One finger was left white. She cooked the king's soup and put her gold brooch at the bottom of the bowl.

When the king had finished eating his soup, and found the gold brooch at the bottom, he sent for Catskin. He soon noticed the one white finger with the ring he had put on it. He took her sooty hand in his, and when she tried to pull it away, the fur cloak slipped a little, and her dress sparkled like the stars.

The king took off her fur cloak and saw how beautiful she was, with her golden hair and her shining dress. He fell in love with her at once. Then she washed the soot off herself so that she looked even more beautiful than before. Everyone saw that she was a real princess. So Catskin told her story to the king.

In a few days they were married and lived happily ever afterwards.

Tasks:

1. **Translate the text into Russian language,**
2. **Find Russian equivalents of this fairy-tales and heroes;**
3. **Do the pretranslational analysis of the text and discuss it.**

Cap of Rushes

ONCE there was a very rich gentleman, and he had three daughters. One day he wanted to see how fond they were of him. So he said to the first daughter, "How much do you love me, my dear?"

"Oh," said she, "I love you as I love my life."

"That's good," said he.

So he said to the second daughter, "How much do you love me, my dear?"

"Oh," said she, "I love you better than anyone else in the world."

"That's good," said he.

So he said to the third daughter, "How much do you love me, my dear?"

"Oh, I love you as fresh meat loves salt," said she.

The father got very angry. "You don't love me at all," said he, "and you will not stay any more in my house." So he turned her out of the house, and shut the door.

She went away and walked on and on till she came to a river. There she gathered a lot of rushes and out of them made a cloak with a hood, to cover her from head to foot, and to hide her fine clothes. Then she went on and on till she came to a great house.

"Do you need a servant?" she asked.

"No, we don't," said they.

"I haven't any place to go," said she, "and I can do any kind of work. I want no money for the work I do."

"Well, if you like to wash the pots and scrape the saucepans you may stay," said they.

So she stayed there and washed the pots and scraped the saucepans and did all the dirty work. And because she did not tell them her name, they called her "Gap of Rushes".

One day there was to be a great dance at a big house a little way off, and the servants were allowed to go and look at the ladies and gentlemen. Cap of Rushes said she was too tired to go, so she stayed at home.

But when they had gone, she took off her cap of rushes, and cleaned herself, and went to the dance. And no one there was so finely dressed as she.

Her master's son was there, and he fell in love with her the minute he saw her. He danced with no one but her.

But before the dance was over, Cap of Rushes slipped out of the house and went home. When the other servants came back, she was pretending to be asleep with her cap of rushes on.

Next morning they said to her, "You should have gone to the dance, Cap of Rushes!" "Why should I have gone?" she asked.

"Why, the most beautiful lady was there and the young master never took his eyes off heir."

"I should like to see her one day," said Cap of Rushes.

"Well, there's to be another dance this evening; perhaps she'll be there."

But when the evening came, Cap of Rushes said she was too tired to go with the other servants. However, when they had gone, she took off her cap of rushes, cleaned herself, and she went off to the dance in her lovely dress.

Again the master's son danced only with her, and he never took his eyes off her. But before the dance was over she slipped out of the house, and went home. When the servants came back, she pretended to be asleep with her cap of rushes on.

Next day they said to her again, "Well, Cap of Rushes, you should have been there to see the lady. She was there again, very beautiful, and the young master never took his eyes off her."

"I should like to see her," said she.

"Well," said they, "there's a dance again this evening; you must go with us, she'll be there perhaps."

But when the evening came, Cap of Rushes said she was too tired to go, and she stayed at home. However, when they had gone, she took off her cap of rushes and cleaned herself, and she went off to the dance.

The master's son was very glad to see her. He danced with nobody but her and never took his eyes off her.

He asked her to tell him her name and where she came from, but she said nothing. Then he gave her a ring and said:

"If I don't see you again, I'll die." Well, before the dance was over, she again slipped out and went home. When the servants came home, she was pretending to be asleep with her cap of rushes on.

Next day they said to her, "Cap of Rushes, you didn't come last night, and now you won't see the lady, for there won't be any more dances."

"Well, I should really like to have seen her," said she. The master's son tried every way to find out where the lady had gone. He went everywhere, and asked every one he met, but nobody heard anything about her. And he got worse and worse for love of her, till he had to keep his bed. "Make some porridge for the young master," they said to the cook. "He's dying of love for the lady." The cook was going to make the porridge when Cap of Rushes came in. "What are you going to do?" asked Cap of Rushes. "I'm going to make some porridge for the young master," said the cook, "he's dying of love for the lady." "Let me make it," said Cap of Rushes. The cook said yes, and Cap of Rushes made the porridge. When she had made it, she slipped the ring, the master's son had given her, into the bowl secretly, and the cook took the bowl upstairs.

The young man ate the porridge and then he saw the ring at the bottom of the bowl.

"Send for the cook," said he.

So she came.

"Who made this porridge?" asked he.

"I did," said the cook, for she was frightened.

And he looked at her.

"No, you didn't," said he. "Say who did it, and I'll not do you any harm."

"Well, it was Cap of Rushes," said she.

"Send Cap of Rushes here," said he.

So Cap of Rushes came.

"Did you make my porridge?" asked he.

"Yes, I did," said she.

"Where did you get this ring?" asked he.

"From the man who gave it to me," said she.

"Who are you, then?" said the young man.

"I'll show you," said she. And she took off her cap of rushes and there she was in her beautiful clothes.

Well, the master's son soon got better and there was to be a great wedding in a short time. A lot of people were asked from far and near to be present at the wedding. And Cap of Rushes' father was asked too. But she never told anybody who she was.

Before the wedding Cap of Rushes went to the cook and said to her:

"Please cook every dish for the wedding feast without salt."

"But the food will all be tasteless!" said the cook.

"It doesn't matter," said she.

"Very well, then," said the cook.

The wedding-day came, and the two young people were married. After they were married, all the guests sat down to the wedding feast. When they began to eat the meat, they found that it was so tasteless that they couldn't eat it.

Cap of Rushes' father tried first one dish and then another, and then he burst into tears.

"What is the matter?" said the master's son to him.

"Oh!" said he, "I had a daughter. And I asked her how-much she loved me. And she said, 'I love you as fresh meat loves salt.' And I turned her out of the house, for I thought she didn't love me at all. And now I see she loved me best of all my daughters. And she may be dead now."

"No, Father, here she is," said Cap of Rushes. And she went up to him and put her arms round him.

And so they were all happy ever afterwards.

Tasks:

1. **Translate the text into Russian language,**
2. **Find Russian equivalents of this fairy-tales and heroes;**
3. **Do the pretranslational analysis of the text and discuss it.**

The Fish and the Ring

ONCE upon a time there was a rich baron in the north of England. He was a great magician and knew everything that was going to happen in the future. So one day, when his little son was four years old, he looked into his magic books to see the future of his son. And he found out that his son would be married to a poor girl who had just been born in the city of York. The baron knew that the father of the little girl was very, very poor, and he had five children already. So the baron got on to his horse and rode to York. He saw the man as he passed by his house. The poor father was sitting by the door, sad and unhappy. So the baron got down off his horse, went up to the house and said, "What is the matter, my good man?"

And the man said, "I have five children already, and now the sixth has just been born. Where can I get the bread to fill all their mouths?"

"If that is your trouble, I can help you," said the baron, "I'll take away the last little baby, and you won't have to think about it."

"Thank you very much, sir," said the man, and he went in and brought out a baby girl and gave her to the baron. The baron got on to his horse and rode away with the baby. Then as he rode by the bank of the River Ouse, he threw the child into the river and rode off to his castle.

But the baby girl did not sink. Her clothes kept her up for a time, and she floated till she was carried to the bank just in front of a fisherman's little house. The fisherman found her, and he felt pity for the child. He took it into his house and gave it to his wife. So the little girl lived with the fisherman and his wife till she was fifteen years old. She was now a beautiful young girl.

One day it happened that the baron and some of his men were hunting along the banks of the River Ouse. It was a hot day, and they wanted to drink. So they stopped at the fisherman's house and asked for some water. The girl came out to give them water. They all noticed her beauty, and one of them said to the baron, "You can read fates, baron. Who will she marry? What do you think?"

"Oh, that's easy to guess," said the baron, "some villager. Come here, girl, and tell me on what day you were born."

"I don't know, sir. I was picked up just here by the river about fifteen years ago," said the girl.

Then the baron knew who she was, and when they went away he rode back and said to the girl:

"I'll make your fortune, girl. Take this letter to my brother in Scarborough, and he will take care of you for all your life."

The girl took the letter and said, "Thank you very much. I shall go to your brother."

Now this was what he had written in the letter:

Dear brother,

Take this girl and put her to death at once.

Your brother, Humphrey.

So soon the girl set out for Scarborough. She slept the first night at a little inn, and that very night a band of robbers broke into the inn. They searched the girl, who had no money, but they found the letter. They opened it and read it, and thought it was a shame to kill the poor girl. The leader of the robbers took a pen and paper and wrote this letter:

Dear brother,

Take this girl and marry her to my son at once.

Your brother, Humphrey.

He gave the letter to the girl and told her to go to Scarborough.

So she went to the baron's brother. This brother was a noble knight, and the baron's son was living in his house at that time. When she gave the letter to the baron's brother, he ordered

his servants to prepare everything for the wedding at once, and the two young people were married that very day.

Soon the baron himself came to his brother's castle, and what was his surprise when he saw that his son was married to the poor man's daughter. The baron took the girl out for a walk towards the mountains by the sea. And when they were alone, he took her by the arms, and was going to throw her into the sea. But she begged hard for her life. "I have not done anything," she said, "if you spare my life, I'll do all you wish. I'll never see you or your son again till you wish it."

Then the baron took off his gold ring and threw it into the sea. "Never let me see your face till you can show me the ring," he said and let her go.

The poor girl walked on and on, till at last she came to a castle. She asked for work there and she was given work in the kitchen.

One day the baron, his son and his brother came to this castle: they were invited to the dinner. The poor girl saw them through the window. She did not know what to do, but then she thought, "They will not see me here in the kitchen."

So she went back to her work and began to clean a great fish which she had to cook for the master's dinner. And as she was cleaning it, she saw something inside it that shone like gold. And what do you think she found? The baron's ring, the ring he had thrown into the sea. She was very glad. Then she cooked the fish as nicely as she could, and the servant took it to the hall.

Well, when the fish came on the table, the guests liked it so much that they asked the master of the castle who had cooked it. He said he didn't know, but called to his servants, "Send in the cook who cooked that fine fish."

So they went down to the kitchen and told the girl she was wanted in the hall. She put the baron's gold ring on her thumb and went into the hall.

When the guests saw such a young, beautiful cook, they were surprised. Only the baron was very angry and wanted to hit her. But the girl went up to him and showed him her hand with the ring on it. After that she took off the ring and put it down before him on the table.

Then the baron said, "What will be will be," and he told her to sit down and told the people that this was his son's true wife. And he took her and his son home to his castle; and they lived as happy as could be ever afterwards.

Tasks:

1. **Translate the text into Russian language,**
2. **Find Russian equivalents of this fairy-tales and heroes;**
3. **Do the pretranslational analysis of the text and discuss it.**

The Red Ettin

THERE was once a poor widow, and she had two sons. The sons grew up, and it was time for the woman to send them away to seek their fortune. So one day she said to her eldest son, "Take a jar and bring me some water from the well, I'll bake a cake for you. If you bring a lot of water, your cake will be large. If you bring only a little, it will be small. I can give you only one cake and nothing else, you must understand."

The young man went off with the jar to the well, and filled it with water, but there were cracks in the jar, and most of the water had run out before he got back home. So his cake was very small.

Then the mother said to her eldest son, "You may take the half of the cake with my blessing or the whole cake without my blessing. Which would you like?"

The young man thought, "I shall have to travel far, and I do not know when or how I shall get other food." So he said, "I'd like to have the whole cake," and she gave him the whole cake without her blessing.

Then he took his brother aside, gave him a knife and said, "Keep my knife till I come back. Look at it every morning, and as long as it shines I am well; but if it grows rusty, then know that I am in trouble and want your help."

So the young man went to seek his fortune. He walked all that day, and all the next day; and on the third day, in the afternoon, he saw a man in a field who was looking after a lot of sheep. He went up to the man and asked him who the sheep belonged to. The man said, "They belong to the Red Ettin. He is a terrible, cruel giant and magician with three heads. He stole King Malcolm's daughter, and he beats her every day. The Red Ettin's castle is not far away. If you want to go farther, be careful. You may meet some strange-looking beasts. You have never seen beasts like them. I know very well that they are very dangerous."

So the young man went on, and soon he saw a lot of very dreadful beasts, with two heads, and on each head there were four horns. He was so frightened that he ran away from them as fast as he could. He was glad when he came to a castle. It stood on a hill, and its door was wide open. So the young man went into the castle to hide from those dreadful beasts, and there he saw an old woman. She was sitting beside the kitchen fire. "May I stay here for the night?" he asked her. "I am very tired after a long journey."

And the woman said, "Yes, you may, but this is not a good place to be in, it belongs to the Red Ettin, and he kills everyone he finds."

The young man wanted to go away, but he was afraid of the beasts outside of the castle. So he begged the old woman to hide him and not tell the Red Ettin he was there, and he promised to go away in the morning.

But he had not been long in his hiding-place before the terrible Ettin came and cried, "I smell a man! Living, or dead, I'll eat him!"

The giant soon found the poor young man, and pulled him out of his hiding-place. Then he told him, "If you can answer my three questions, I'll spare your life."

So the first head asked, "A thing without an end, what's that?" But the young man did not know.

Then the second head said, "The smaller, the more dangerous, what's that?" But the young man did not know.

And then the third head asked, "The dead carries the living. Can you guess that?" But the young man could not guess. He could not answer the three questions, and the Red Ettin took a magic wand, knocked him on the head, and turned him into a large piece of stone.

On the morning after this happened, the younger brother took out his brother's knife to look at it, and he was very sorry to find that it was rusty. He told his mother that he must go away also to seek his fortune. So she said that she was going to make a cake for him and asked him to take the jar and go to the well for water.

And he went, and as he was bringing home the water, a bird over his head cried out to him, "Look! The water is running out!" And he saw, that the water was running out of the jar because there were cracks in it. But he was a clever young man; he took some clay and patched up the cracks, so that he brought home enough water to bake a large cake.

When his mother had made the cake, she said, "You may take the half of the cake with my blessing or the whole cake without my blessing. Which would you like?"

The younger brother chose the half of the cake, but it was bigger than the whole cake of his brother.

So he went off on his journey. After he had travelled a long way, he met an old woman who asked him to give her a piece of his cake. "I'll be glad to do that," he said and gave her a piece of the cake; and for that she gave him a magic wand.

She said, "This wand may be useful to you, if you take care to use it rightly." And the old woman, who was a fairy, told him what would happen to him and what he had to do in future. Then she disappeared.

He went on his way farther, and then he came up to the old man with the sheep. When he asked whose sheep they were, the answer was: "They are the Red Ettin's sheep." Then the old man told him everything about the Red Ettin.

When he came to the place where the terrible beasts were standing, he did not stop nor run away, but went bravely past them. When one came up roaring with open mouth ready to kill him, the young man hit it with the wand, and the beast fell down dead at his feet.

He soon reached the Ettin's castle. He knocked at the door and entered. The old woman who sat by the fire told him about the terrible Ettin and about the fate of his brother. But the young man was not afraid. The Red Ettin soon came in and shouted, "I smell a man! Living, or dead, I'll eat him!"

He saw the young man, and told him to come nearer. And then he put the three questions to him, but the young man could answer all the questions: the good fairy had told him the answers.

So when the first head asked, "What's the thing without an end?" he said, "A bowl."

And when the second head said, "The smaller the more dangerous; what's that?" he said at once, "A bridge."

And last, the third head said,."When does the dead carry the living? Can you guess that?" The young man answered at once, "When a ship sails on the sea with men on board."

When the Ettin heard this, he knew that his power was gone. The young man took up an axe and cut off the giant's three heads. Then he asked the old woman to show him where King Malcolm's daughter was. And the old woman took him upstairs, and opened a lot of doors, and out of every door came a beautiful lady; and one of the ladies was the king's daughter.

Then the old woman also took him down into a low room, and there lay a large piece of stone. He touched it with his wand, and his brother came to life again.

The captives were happy to be free again, and they all thanked the young man. Next day they all set out for King Malcolm's court. And the king married his daughter to the young man who had saved her, and gave a rich gentleman's daughter to his elder brother. And so they all lived happily all their days.

Tasks:

1. **Translate the text into Russian language,**
2. **Find Russian equivalents of this fairy-tales and heroes;**
3. **Do the pretranslational analysis of the text and discuss it.**

The History of Tom Thumb

In the days of the great King Arthur there lived a magician,, called Merlin. He was the most wonderful magician the world has ever seen.

This famous magician, who could take any form he wanted, was once travelling about as a poor beggar. One day he got very tired and stopped to rest at the house of a farmer. He knocked at the door and begged for some food.

The countryman invited him to come in, and his wife, who was a very kind woman, soon brought him some milk in a wooden bowl, and some brown bread on a plate.

Merlin was much pleased with the kindness of the farmer and his wife, but he noticed that though everything was tidy and comfortable in the house, they both looked unhappy. He asked them why they were so sad, and learned that they were unhappy because they had no children.

The poor woman said, with tears in her eyes, "I should be the happiest woman in the world if I had a son. Even if he was no bigger than my husband's thumb, I would be pleased."

Merlin was so much amused with the idea of a boy no bigger than a man's thumb, that he decided to carry out the poor woman's wish. Some time after, the farmer's wife had a son, who (wonderful to tell!) was not bigger than his father's thumb.

The queen of the fairies wished to see the little boy. She came in at the window while the happy mother was sitting up in the bed looking at the boy. The queen kissed the child, gave it the name of Tom Thumb, and sent for some of the fairies. She gave orders to the fairies to dress the little boy, and the fairies dressed the little boy in this way:

An oak-leaf hat he had for his crown:
His shirt of web by spiders spun;
His jacket wove of thistle's down:
His trousers were of feathers done.
His stockings, of apple-rind, they tie
With eyelash from his mother's eye:
His shoes were made of mouse's skin,
Tann'd with the downy hair within.

Tom never grew any bigger than his father's thumb, which was an ordinary finger; but as he got older, he became very cunning and full of tricks. When he was old enough to play with other boys,, and had lost all his own cherrystones, he usually crept into the bags of his friends and filled his pockets. No one noticed him as he got out. Then he joined in the game again.

One day as he was getting out of a bag of cherry-stones, the boy to whom it belonged saw him. "Ah, ah! my little Tommy," said the boy, "so you've stolen my cherry-stones again. I've caught you at last." And the boy gave the bag such a shake that poor little Tom's legs and body were badly hurt, and Tom screamed with pain, and promised never to steal again.

A short time afterwards his mother was making a batter pudding. Tommy wanted to see how it was made and climbed up to the edge of the bowl. But his foot slipped, and he fell into the batter. His mother didn't notice him, and put the batter into the pudding-bag. Then she put it in the pot to boil.

The batter filled Tom's mouth, and he could not cry. But when he felt the hot water, he began to struggle so much in the pot that his mother thought that the pudding was magic. So she pulled it out of the pot and threw it outside the door. A poor workman, who was passing by, lifted up the pudding, and walked off. As Tom had now cleared his mouth of the batter, he began to scream. The workman was so frightened that he threw down the pudding and ran away. The pudding was broken to pieces, Tom crept out with the batter all over him, and walked home. His mother, who was very sorry to see her dear son in such a bad state, put him into a teacup, and soon washed off the batter. After that she kissed him, and put him to bed.

Soon after the adventure of the pudding, Tom's mother went to milk her cow in the meadow, and she took the boy along with her. As the wind was very strong, she tied him to a thistle with a piece of thread. The cow soon saw Tom's oak-leaf hat, and at once poor Tom and the thistle were in her mouth. Tom was afraid of her great teeth, and he roared out as loud as he could, "Mother! Mother!"

"Where are you, Tommy, my dear Tommy?" Tom's mother asked.

"Here, Mother," he answered, "in the red cow's mouth."

His mother began to cry; but the cow, surprised at the strange noise in her mouth,, opened it and dropped Tom. His mother caught him in her apron as he was falling to the ground. Then she took Tom in her hand and ran home with him.

Tom's father made him a whip of a barley straw to drive the cattle with. One day Tom went into the fields, but his foot slipped and he fell down. A bird, which was flying over the field, picked him up, and flew with him over the sea, and then dropped him.

A large fish swallowed Tom the moment he fell into the sea. The fish was soon caught and bought for the table of King Arthur. When the cook opened the fish to cook it, everybody in the kitchen was surprised to find a little boy inside the fish, and Tom was happy to be free again. They carried him to the king, who was delighted with him and let him live in the palace. And soon he became a great favourite at court for his tricks and jokes. He amused not only the king and queen, but also all the Knights of the Round Table.

When the king rode out on horseback, he often took Tom along with him. If it rained, Tom usually crept into the king's pocket, where he slept till the rain was over.

One day King Arthur asked Tom about the parents, he wished to know if they were as small as Tom was, and if they were poor or rich. Tom told the king that his father and mother were as tall as anybody in the court, but they were not rich. When he heard this, the king carried Tom to the treasury, the place where he kept all his money, and told him to take as much money as he could carry home to his parents. The poor little boy was very happy and at once he went to get a purse. He returned to the treasury with a purse which was made of a soap-bubble. He received a silver three-penny-piece and put it into his purse.

It was difficult for the little boy to lift the purse and put it upon his back. But at last he went on his journey. More than a hundred times he rested by the way, and in two days and two nights he reached his father's house safely.

Tom had travelled forty-eight hours with a great heavy silver-piece on his back. He was almost tired to death, when his mother ran out to meet him, and carried him into the house.

But Tom soon returned to the king's court.

As Tom's clothes were spoilt after the batter-pudding, and the fish, the king ordered to make new clothes for Tom.

He was also given a mouse to ride. He sat on it like a proud knight.

Of Butterfly's wings his shirt was made,
His boots of chicken's hide;
And by a nimble fairy blade,
Well learned in the tailoring trade,
His clothing was supplied.
A needle dangled by his side;
A dapper mouse he used to ride,
Thus strutted Tom in stately pride.

So Tom in his fine clothes rode out on his mouse to hunt with the king and his knights. They all liked to look at Tom and laugh as he sat on his fine "horse".

The king loved Tom so much that he ordered his men to make a little chair for him, and now he sat on the king's table when he had his meals. Tom was also given a golden palace to live

in and a coach, drawn by six small mice. So Tom lived happily at King Arthur's court until he died.

Tasks:

1. **Translate the text into Russian language,**
2. **Find Russian equivalents of this fairy-tales and heroes;**
3. **Do the pretranslational analysis of the text and discuss it.**

The Adventures of Jack the Giant-Killer

In the time of good King Arthur there lived in Cornwall a farmer who had an only son named Jack. This young man was very strong, brave and clever.

In those days a terrible great giant named Cormoran lived in the mountains of Cornwall. He was very, very tall, strong and cruel, and the people of neighbouring towns and villages were greatly afraid of him. He lived in a cave in the middle of a mountain. When he wanted food, he went out to get it.

When the giant came to a town or a village, people ran away from their homes, and he seized their cattle. He could carry six oxen on his back at a time. And he tied the pigs and sheep to the belt round his waist. This went on for many years and nobody could do anything because the giant was too strong. So all the people in Cornwall became poor and unhappy.

One day Jack was at the town hall when the magistrates were sitting and talking about the giant.

"What will the man get who kills Cormoran?" asked Jack.

"He will get the giant's treasure," they answered.

"Then let me try," said Jack.

So he got a horn, a spade, and a pick and went to the mountain where Cormoran lived. All evening and all night, while the giant was asleep, Jack dug a very, very deep and wide pit in front of the cave. Then he covered it over with long branches and straw, and put earth over it, so that it looked like ordinary ground. When all this was done, Jack sat down near the pit, away from the mouth of the cave and waited.

Early in the morning, he put his horn to his mouth and blew hard. The loud noise of the horn woke the giant. He rushed from his cave and shouted:

"How dare you come here to disturb my rest? You will pay dearly for it. I shall kill you and broil you for my breakfast."

But just as he shouted these words, he fell into the pit. He was very big and very heavy, and the mountain shook as he fell.

"Oh, Giant! Where are you now? Do you still think you will broil me for your breakfast?" shouted Jack. He laughed at the giant for a while, then he hit him hard on the head with the pick, and killed him. So that was the end of the terrible giant Cormoran.

Jack filled up the pit with earth, and went into the giant's cave. There he found a lot of treasure.

When the magistrates heard of Cormoran's death, they said:

"From this day everybody must call this young man Jack the Giant-Killer." And they gave him presents—a sword and a belt. On the belt there were words in golden letters:

Here is the brave Cornish man, Who killed the giant Cormoran.

The news of Jack's victory soon reached all the corners of the country. Another giant whose name was Blunderbore heard of it too and decided to revenge himself on Jack. This giant lived in a large castle which stood in the middle of a dark wood.

Four months later Jack was walking through this wood on his way from Cornwall to Wales. He was very tired, so he sat down beside a spring and fell fast asleep. While he was sleeping, the giant Blunderbore came to the spring for water and found him there. When the giant read the words on Jack's belt, he picked him up, threw him over his shoulders and carried him to his castle.

Now, as the giant was passing through the thick wood, Jack woke. He was very surprised and frightened to find himself on the shoulders of the giant. His fright became greater when the giant entered the castle, and Jack saw the place where human bones lay, and when the giant said, "And your bones, my fine man, will soon lie here, too." The giant did not want to eat poor Jack alone, so he locked him in a great room and went to fetch another giant, us brother, who lived in the same wood.

Jack looked carefully around the room. In a dark corner he found some good strong ropes. When he went to the window, he saw that the window was over the gate of the castle. Then far away he saw the two giants. They were coming o the castle.

"Now," said Jack to himself, "I'll die or I'll save myself." He took two of the ropes and made a strong loop at the end of each. He stood at the window and watched the giants. Then, just as they were opening the iron gate of the castle, he threw a loop over the head of each of them. Then he pulled with all his strength. He pulled and he pulled and at last the giants fell to the ground, but they were still alive. So Jack climbed down the rope and killed them with his sword. After that he took the giant's keys and opened all the rooms of the castle. In the rooms he found three beautiful ladies who were almost starved to death.

"Dear ladies," said Jack, "I have killed the cruel giant and his brother. You are free now. These are the keys of the castle." Then Jack left them and went on his way to Wales.

But after a while Jack lost his way. Night came on before he found a place to spend the night. At last he saw a large house, so he went up to it and knocked at the gate. What was his surprise when a terrible great giant with two heads came out! Now this was a Welsh giant who was very cunning and liked to play cruel tricks on people. Jack explained to the giant that he had no place to sleep that night and the giant invited him in and led him to a bedroom. Late in the night Jack heard a voice in the next room. It was the giant's voice and he was saying these words:

"Though you lodge with me this night,
You shall not see the morning light:
My club shall dash your brains outright."

"That's what you want to do," Jack said to himself. "If that is your trick, I can be more cunning than you. I can play a better trick than that." So Jack got up out of his bed, put a long, thick piece of wood in his place and hid in a corner of the room. Soon the giant crept in with his club and hit the bed hard several times with it. He was sure that he has broken every bone in Jack's body.

The next morning Jack, laughing in his sleeve, thanked him for the night's rest.

"How did you sleep?" asked the giant. "Did you not feel anything in the night?"

"No," said Jack. "Nothing but a rat, which gave me two or three slaps with her tail."

The Welsh giant was greatly surprised, but he said nothing and led Jack to the breakfast table. He gave Jack a very, very big bowl full of porridge. Jack did not want to show the giant that it was too much for him. So he put a large leather bag under his loose coat, in such a way that when he ate, he could put most of the porridge into the bag. The giant did not see what Jack was doing because he was very hungry and kept his eyes on his great bowl of porridge.

Then Jack said to the giant, "Now I'll show you a trick." And he took a knife, cut open the bag and out came all the porridge.

"Oh, I can do that trick myself!" cried the giant. And he took a knife and cut open his own belly, and at once fell down dead.

Some days after this, when Jack was on the road, he met a noble knight of King Arthur's court. The knight was on his way to save his lady from the enchantments of a wicked magician. Jack offered to go with him. Together they had a lot of adventures. One day Jack won a fight with a three-headed giant and got the most wonderful magic things from him: the cap of knowledge which told you all that you want to know, the shoes of swiftness which made you the

fastest man in the world, the coat of invisibility which made you invisible, and the sharp sword which cut anything in two parts. All these wonderful things helped Jack to break the enchantments of the wicked magician and free the lady. The lady was very happy to return to her dear knight.

Then the knight and his lady and Jack went to King Arthur's court, where they were received with great joy. And Jack was made a Knight of the Round Table.

Jack now decided to rid the country of giants. "There are still many bad giants in the country," said Jack to King Arthur, "and I wish to kill them and save thousands of people."

The king listened to this noble wish, gave Jack all the things he needed and sent him on his way.

Jack rode over high hills and wonderful mountains, and after many days came upon a giant who was sitting in front of the cave where he lived. There was an iron club by his side. He was a horrible-looking giant. His eyes were like fire, his hair was like curled snakes. Jack got down from his horse and put on his invisible coat. Then he went up close to the giant and said, "Oh, there you are! It will not be long before I kill you."

The giant could not see Jack, of course. Then Jack came nearer and killed the giant with his magic sword. After that he went into the giant's cave. He passed through many rooms, and came at last to a large room where there was a boiling copper and a large table, at which the giant usually had his dinner. In the next room, behind an iron gate, Jack found a lot of captives. The unhappy captives told Jack that the giant had caught them and every day he killed and ate the fattest among them.

Jack opened the gate and let the captives go out. They were very happy to be free again. Then Jack found the giant's treasure and divided the gold and silver equally among all the captives. After that he took the happy people to the neighbouring castle where they all had a feast and enjoyed themselves.

Some days later Jack heard that a giant with two heads, named Thunderdell was coming to the castle. He was the brother of the giant Jack had killed and he wanted to revenge himself on Jack. The castle was surrounded by a deep moat. There was only one drawbridge over the moat. So Jack asked some men to cut through this bridge on both sides, nearly to the middle. Then he put on his invisible coat, took his sharp sword and went to meet the giant not far from the castle. The giant could not see Jack, but he smelt him, and cried out these words:

"Fee, fi, fo, fum!
I smell the blood of an Englishman!
Be he alive or be he dead,
I'll grind his bones to make my bread!"

"So that's what you say!" said Jack. "Was it you who killed my brother?" shouted the giant. "I'll revenge myself on you! I'll kill now and eat you!" "You'll have to catch me first," said Jack. And he took off his invisible coat (so that the giant could see him), put on his shoes of swiftness and ran away from the giant, and the giant ran after him. The giant followed him, and the earth shook at every step. Jack ran and ran with the giant after him. Then Jack ran lightly over the drawbridge and the giant ran after him with his club. But, when the giant reached the middle of the bridge, it broke down, and Thunderdell fell into the water of the moat. Jack, who was standing near by, laughed at him as the giant tried to get out of the moat, but could not. At last Jack got a rope and threw it over the two heads of the giant, and pulled him out of the moat with the help of a few horses. Then Jack cut off both of the giant's heads with his sharp sword.

After this adventure Jack returned to the court of King Arthur and rested for a while.

After some time, however, Jack left King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table and set out to seek new adventures. He passed through many woods and at last late at night, came to the foot of a high mountain. Here there was a little house and Jack knocked at the door. The door was opened by an old man whose hair was as white as snow.

"Father," said Jack., "have you a place to rest for a tired traveller?"

"Yes," said the old man, "you are welcome to my poor house." So Jack went in and the old man gave Jack some food. Then he said:

"I see by your belt that you are that great Cornish man who has killed many giants. Now, my son, on the top of this mountain there is a castle, the castle of a giant whose name is Galligantua. With the help of an old magician he has caught many knights and ladies and taken them to this castle. Here they were changed into birds and beasts.

Some time ago a beautiful young lady, a duke's daughter, was caught by the magician in her father's garden. Then in the castle he changed her into a white dog."

Jack gave the old man his hand, and said, "In the morning I'll try to free the lady."

The old man said, "Many knights have tried to break the enchantment and save her, but all were killed by two dreadful griffins which guard the castle gate. The griffins kill everyone who comes near. But you, my son, have your invisible coat and you can pass them and they will not see you. When you come to. the gate of the castle, you will read on the stone of the gate how to break the enchantment."

In the morning Jack got up and put on his invisible coat, his magic cap and his shoes of swiftness. When he reached the top of the mountain, he saw the dreadful griffins there, but Jack passed them, for they could not see him. Jack walked up to the gate and found a golden trumpet hanging from a silver chain, and read on the stone of the gate these words:

Whoever shall this trumpet blow,
Shall cause the giant's overthrow.
And break the black enchantment.

When Jack read these words, he seized the trumpet and blew it. At once the gate opened and the castle trembled. The giant and the magician trembled too, but they trembled with fear. The giant lifted his club, but Jack at one blow cut off his head. And the magician was carried off by the wind.

Then the enchantment was broken, and all the birds and beasts were changed into lords and ladies again, and the castle disappeared in a cloud of smoke.

The next day Jack and the knights and ladies he had freed went to King Arthur's court. Then King Arthur ordered the duke to marry his daughter to honest and brave Jack. So they were married, and the whole country was filled with joy at the wedding. The king gave Jack a beautiful castle, and he and his lady lived there in great joy and happiness for many, many years.

МАТИЕРИАЛЫ ДЛЯ КОТНРОЛЯ

Variant-1

1. I long ago developed a very practiced smile, which I call my "Noh smile" because it resembles a Noh mask whose features are frozen

a) Я очень долго вырабатывала улыбку, называя ее для себя «улыбкой Но» за ее сходство с застывшими чертами масок Но, которую можно интерпретировать как кому заблагорассудится
b) Я очень долго разрабатывала улыбку, называя ее для себя, с застывшими чертами масок, которую можно интерпретировать как кому захочется.
c) Вырабатывала улыбку, назвала «улыбкой Но»потому, что похожа на маски Но, которую можно интерпретировать как кому заблагорассудится
d) Я тренировала улыбку, называя ее «улыбкой Но» за ее сходство с застывшими чертами масок Но.
e) Я очень долго вырабатывала «улыбку Но» за ее сходство с застывшими чертами масок Но, которую можно по разному объяснить.

2. In our little fishing village of Yoroido, I lived in what I called a "tipsy house."

a) В нашей небольшой рыбацкой деревушке Йоридо я жила в эдаком «подвыпившем» домишке.
b) В нашей маленькой деревне рыбаков Йоридо я жила в «пьяном» домишке
c) В нашей небольшой рыбацкой деревушке я жила в«подвыпившем» домишке
d) В нашей деревушке в Йоридо я жила в доме с подвыпившими...
e) В нашей небольшой рыбацкой деревушке Йоридо я жила в «доме-алкоголиков»

3. He hoisted up his eyebrows at this, so that they formed little sagging umbrellas over his eyes.

a) Он приподнял брови таким образом, что они образовали вокруг глаз небольшие выгнутые зонтики…
b) Он собрал брови над глазами, как меленькие зонтики
c) Глаза у него были формы маленьких зонтов
d) Бровки домиком, губки бантиком
e) Нет правильного ответа

4. My body weighed twice what it had only a moment earlier, as if those graves were pulling me down toward them.

a) Мое тело, легкое лишь мгновение назад, вдруг стало вдвое тяжелее, как будто могилы притягивали его к себе
b) Тело мое было очень тяжелым минуту назад, как будто могилы звали меня к себе
c) Тело мое полегчало с той минуты, как я подошла к могилам
d) Мое потяжелело с той минуты , как я подошла к могилам
e) Нет правильного ответа

5. With all this water and all this wood, the two of them ought to have made a good balance and produced children with the proper arrangement of elements

a) Вода и дерево это те элементы, которые достались нам от родителей
b) Со всей водой и со всем деревом в их сущности дали хорошее сочетание своим детям
c) Благодаря союзу воды и дерева у родителей на свет появились дети с удачным сочетанием элементов.
d) Удачное сочетание элементов для детей являются вода и дерево
e) Нет правильного ответа

6. Назовите автора этих строк: Whose woods these are I know. His house in the village, though; He will not see me stopping here To watch his woods fill up with snow.
   a) Robert Frost
   b) Edgar Allan Poe
   c) William Shakespeare
   d) Pushkin
   e) Jane Austin

7. Назовите автора этих строк:Take this kiss upon the brow! And, in parting from you now…
a) Robert Frost
b) Edgar Allan Poe
c) William Shakespeare
d) Pushkin
e) Jane Austin

8. Назовите автора этих строк: All that we see or seem Is but a dream within a dream.
   a) Robert Frost
   b) Edgar Allan Poe
   c) William Shakespeare
   d) Pushkin
   e) Jane Austin

9. “News of the Engagement” by Bennett.
There was enough time to consider how I should break to my mother the tremendous news
   a) указать на потрясающую новость
   b) посвятить в новость
   c) сообщить потрясающую новость
   d) сообщить ужасную новость
   e) скрыть ужасную новость

10. On the lid of the box a minute creature stood under a flowery tree…

   a) подозрительное
   b) увеличенное
   c) уменьшенное
   d) миниатюрное создание
   e) маленькое

11. By some means or other she has some information of my engagement

   a) кстати
   b) однако
   c) каким- то образом
   d) как – то
   e) кто – либо

12. We began to eat the ham, the sausages, the eggs and <u>the mince tarts</u>

   a) формированные перцы
   b) блинчики

c) пирожки с начинкой
d) пирожки с маком
e) пирожки с ягодами

13. I encouraged him, wishing to get the chat over

a) начать разговор
b) закончить разговор
c) заключить сделку
d) сделать вывод
e) обдумать

14. “I do declare: I can’t fancy my food now”, said lady Dain

a) я смотреть не могу на еду
b) нюхать
c) пробовать
d) есть
e) говорить

15. Sir lee got a very large fortune by systematically selling goods under cost

a) на процент по себестоимости
b) на процент от себестоимости
c) по себестоимости
d) ниже себестоимости
e) выше себестоимости

16. They hat an extremely bad reputation for cutting prices

a) снижение
b) увеличение
c) урегулирование
d) обозначение
e) объяснение

17. They were hated by 18 or 19 hundred employees

a) мы ненавидели
b) она ненавидела
c) они ненавидели
d) их ненавидели
e) их почти ненавидели

18. “The Staffordshire Signal” heard the item of news “Smart Capture of a Supposed Burglar”

a) увещевание
b) сообщение
c) объявление
d) заявление
e) обещание

19. He wished to exercise upon William Smith his will – known philanthropy

a) сделать
b) уведомить

c) сразить
d) испытать
e) показать

20. What are you getting at?

a) что вы хотите сказать?
b) что вы имеете в виду
c) что вы говорите?
d) что вы желаете?
e) что вы сказали?

21. Sandy Tipton thought it was “rough on Sally”

a) Сали очень интересно
b) Сали приходится туго
c) Сали очень странно
d) Сали очень весело
e) Сали очень удивительно

22. Physically they exhibited no indication of their past lives

a) заклинание
b) запоминание
c) упоминание
d) указание на прошлую жизнь
e) фиксация

23. The camp rose to its feet as one man

a) сели
b) встали
c) все привстали как надо
d) все встали как один
e) все встали как надо

24. A resolution to adopt her infant was unanimous and enthusiastic

a) одна
b) одинокая
c) однозначная
d) единая
e) единогласная

25. Complete the sentences: Perhaps the climate of the mountain camp was compensation for

a) maternal luck
b) maternal subsidance
c) maternal assistance
d) maternal help
e) maternal deficiences

Variant -2

1.Rosemary Fell was young, brilliant, extremely modern, well-dressed, well-read in _____ _____ _____

a) the news of the books
b) the newest of the most books
c) the best of the new booklets
d) the newest of the new books
e) the most of the new brands

2.The attendant bowed and put the lilac out of _____

a) sight
b) view
c) views
d) sightseeing
e) viewing

3.Rosemary was followed to the car by a shop-girl carrying an immense white armful and looked like ___ ____ ___

a) a baby in long clothes
b) a baby in short clothes
c) a baby in clothes
d) a kid in dress
e) a child in a cloth

4.A fire of pine boughs added _____ to the gathering

a) approximity
b) difficulty
c) complexity
d) simplicity
e) sociability

5.We were all felling unwell and we were getting quite nervous about it. We tried to describe our _____

a) states
b) illnesses
c) facts
d) data
e) explanations

6. This duty having been done, we lit our _____ and began the discussion about our _____ again

a) pipes; rest
b) pipes; holiday
c) pipes; health

d) pipes; communication
e) pipes; socializing

7. I remember my brother - in - law going for a short sea - trip for __ __ ___ .

a) the benefit of health
b) the benefit of law
c) the benefit of rule
d) the benefit of status
e) the benefit of contribution

8.Назовите автора «Memories of a Geisha»

a) Arthur Golden
b) Robert Frost
c) Edgar Allan Poe
d) Jane Austin
e) Antonio Bruno

9.Назовите главную героиню «Memories of a Geisha»

a) Sakamoto Minoru
b) Chiyo-chan
c) Yorido
d) Satsu-san
e) Miura

10.Yorido («Memories of a Geisha») это:

a) Деревня
b) Мать
c) Отец
d) Доктор
e) Сестра

11.Назовите имя гейши:

a) Sayuri
b) Yorido
c) Satsu-san
d) Miura
e) Sakamoto-san

12.Robert Frost's poem is:

a) Stopping by woods on a snowy evening
b) A dream within a dream
c) The mouse that gnawed the oak-tree down
d) Seven deadly sins
e) New life after die

13..Edgar Allan Po's poem is:

a) Stopping by woods on a snowy evening
b) A dream within a dream
c) The mouse that gnawed the oak-tree down
d) Seven deadly sins
e) New life after die

14. Kyoto это:

a) Город
b) Рыбацкая деревня
c) Маски
d) Атрибутика
e) Лекарства

15. Noh это:

a) Город
b) Рыбацкая деревня
c) Маски
d) Атрибутика
e) Лекарства

16. Noh smile:

a) Because it resembles Noh surprise
b) Because it resembles Noh rules
c) Because it resembles Noh games
d) Because it resembles Noh toys
e) Because it resembles Noh mask

17. … платье было серого света и простого покроя …

a) grey and common
b) grey and simple
c) grey and extraordinary
d) gray and plain
e) gray and simplified

18. Я так устала от развлечений, драгоценностей и путешествий

a) pleasure, jewels, travel
b) enjoyment, richness and to travel
c) amusement, wealth and to be traveling
d) amusing, getting jewellery, having travelled
e) to be amused, and be rich, to be used to travilling

19. деньги- это здорово!

a) must be the worst
b) must be best for travelling
c) must be a very good thing

d) must be really worst
e) must be better

20. рыжеволосая девушка

a) red- tawny hair
b) red- hairing
c) red-hairy
d) red-haired
e) red-hair

21.Мне всегда нравилось

a) have liked
b) have always liked
c) hadliked
d) likes
e) has liked

22.Он готов был разрыдаться

a) was ready to have been weeping
b) was felling to weep
c) felt ready to weep
d) was really weeping
e) was weeping

23. … уродливый шрам через всю щеку …

a) ugly scar having run across face
b) ugly scar running about his cheek
c) an ugly scar across his cheek
d) ugly scar scratching
e) ugly scar running ….

24.… не смог стряхнуть пыль с потрёпанного костюма ….

a) couldn't be shaking
b) couldn't shake any sweat off
c) couldn't shake out of …
d) could shake from
e) could not shake … dust out

25. плохо- снятая фотография:
a) badly- performing photo
b) badly- dome photo
c) badly- taken photo
d) badly- seen photo
e) badly- watched photo

Материалы для мониторинга и контроля образованности обучающихся (уровня сформированности предметных компетенций)
***тестовые задания**

Вопрос
Кто перевел данный отрывок? «…and what is the use of a book … without pictures or conversation?» «Что *проку* в книжке без картинок и без разговоров?» (Alice's Adventures in Wonderland, by Lewis Carroll)
Ответы
В.Набоков
Б.Заходер
А.Щербаков
Ю.Нестеренко
А.Кононенко
Правильный ответ
1
Уровень
1
Вопрос
Назовите автора переведшего данный отрывок «…and what is the use of a book … without pictures or conversation?» «*Непонятно, что за удовольствие* от таких книг» (Alice's Adventures in Wonderland, by Lewis Carroll)
Ответы
В.Набоков
Б.Заходер
А.Щербаков
Ю.Нестеренко
А.Кононенко
Правильный ответ
3
Уровень
1
Вопрос
Перевод Ю.Нестеренко «pop down» (Alice's Adventures in Wonderland, by Lewis Carroll) …
Ответы
Нырнуть
Юркнуть
Лезть
Вползти
Шмыгнуть
Правильный ответ
1
Уровень
1
Вопрос
Назовите автора переведшего данный отрывок «In another moment down went Alice after it, never once considering how in the world she was to get out again» - «Аня мгновенно нырнула вслед за ним, не задумываясь над тем, как ей удастся вылезти опять *на свет Божий*».(Alice's Adventures in Wonderland, by Lewis Carroll)

Ответы
В.Набоков
Б.Заходер
А.Щербаков
Ю.Нестеренко
А.Кононенко
Правильный ответ
1
Уровень
1
Вопрос
Перевод А.Щербакова «Do cats eat bats? ... Do bats eat cats? » (Alice's Adventures in Wonderland, by Lewis Carroll)
Ответы
«По вкусу ли кошке летучие мышки? … По вкусу ли мышке летучие кошки?»
«Скушает кошка летучую мышку? Скушает мышка летучую кошку?»
"Кошки на крыше, летучие мыши"... А потом слова путались, и выходило что-то несуразное: летучие кошки, мыши на крыше...»
– Едят ли кошки мошек? – Едят ли мошки кошек?
«Кушает ли кошка мышку,…кушает ли мышка кошку? »
Правильный ответ
1
Уровень
1
Вопрос
«*to shut up* like a telescope» (Alice's Adventures in Wonderland, by Lewis Carroll)
Ответы
Заткнуться
Замолчать
Складываться
Закрываться
Нет правильного ответа
Правильный ответ
3
Уровень
1
Вопрос
«half hoping» (Alice's Adventures in Wonderland, by Lewis Carroll)
Ответы
Наполовину надеясь
Большая половина
Отчасти надеясь
Надеяться полностью
Нет правильного ответа
Правильный ответ
3
Уровень
1
Вопрос
… she had read several nice little histories about children who had got burnt, and eaten up by wild beasts and other unpleasant things…(Alice's Adventures in Wonderland, by Lewis Carroll)
Выберите буквальный перевод

Ответы
«…она прочитала несколько славных маленьких историй о детях, которые сгорали или были съедены дикими зверями, или с ними происходили другие неприятные вещи…»
«она… читала некоторые милые рассказики о детях, которые пожирались дикими зверями, и с которыми случались всякие другие неприятности»;
«Алиса уже успела прочесть несколько очень милых историй о детях, которые были неосторожны с огнем или забирались прямо в пасть к диким зверям и с которыми происходили всякие прочие неприятности»
«Алиса в свое время достаточно наслушалась чудесненьких поучительных рассказиков о детишках, которые попадали в лапы Бармалея, Бабы Яги и прочей нечисти»
«она прочла несколько веселеньких историй, рассказывающих о детях, которые сгорели, были съедены дикими зверями и о других неприятных вещах».
Правильный ответ
1
Уровень
1
Вопрос
Teed up his ball … (“Why didn’t they ask Evans?” Agatha Christie)
Ответы
Положил мяч на метку
Пнул мяч
Приготовил шарик для удара
Шарик лопнул
Шарообразная метка
Правильный ответ
1
Уровень
1
Вопрос
…his eyes had the honest brown friendliness of a dog’s (“Why didn’t they ask Evans?” Agatha Christie)
Ответы
У него был открытый взгляд честных глаз, напоминающих собаку
У него был взгляд, как у миленькой собачки
Его взгляд светился собачьим дружелюбием
Его глаза были как у бешеного пса
У него был взгляд открытых, честных и дружелюбных карих глаз
Правильный ответ
5
Уровень
1
Вопрос
“I get worse every day”, he muttered dejectedly (“Why didn’t they ask Evans?” Agatha Christie)
Ответы
Что ни день, то хуже, - удрученно пробормотал он
Я слабею, - жалобно сказал он
Я делаю пакости каждый день, - сказал он
Я старею и одной ногой в могиле, - прискорбно сказал он
Хуже уже не будет, - воодушевленно сказал он
Правильный ответ
1
Уровень

1
Вопрос
Что такое Ниблик? (“Why didn’t they ask Evans?” Agatha Christie)
Ответы
Это клюшка сильно загнутой металлической головкой, используется при игре на песке для осуществления коротких, резких ударов.
Это клюшка, предназначенная для игры в Хоккей
Это клюшка для игры в гольф, на траве…
Это клюшка, предназначенная для осуществления сложных приемов
Нет правильного ответа
Правильный ответ
1
Уровень
1
Вопрос
“Your hole”, said Bobby (“Why didn’t they ask Evans?” Agatha Christie)
Ответы
Лунка ваша, - сказал Бобби
Ваша щель, - сказал Бобби
Вы забили, - воскликнул Бобби
Ваша норка, - сказал Бобби
Нет правильного ответа
Правильный ответ
1
Уровень
1
Вопрос
“Hullo, I thought I heard a shout! Hope the ball didn’t hit anyone” (“Why didn’t they ask Evans?” Agatha Christie)
Ответы
Постойте-ка, мне кажется, я слышал крик! Только бы мяч ни в кого не угодил.
О боже, я слышал выстрел! Надеюсь, шальная пуля не задела никого.
Странно, что за крики!? Надеюсь, шар не покалечил всех и вся
Это был крик?! Наверное, это шарик лопнул…
Нет правильного ответа
Правильный ответ
1
Уровень
1
Вопрос
“But the ball can’t possibly have travelled as far as that.” (“Why didn’t they ask Evans?” Agatha Christie)
Ответы
Но так далеко мячу не долететь
С мячом невозможно путешествовать в далекие края
Шар не может улететь…
Возможно, мяч не может катиться по такой траве…
Нет правильного ответа
Правильный ответ
1
Уровень
1

Вопрос
“Every single dashed time”, said Bobby bitterly. (“Why didn’t they ask Evans?” Agatha Christie)
Ответы
Опять то же самое, - с горечью сказал Бобби
В каждый отдельный расплющенный раз, сказал Бобби горько
Раз плюнуть, сказал Бобби радостно
Каждый одинокий мужчина убит временем, грустно заметил Бобби
Нет правильного ответа
Правильный ответ
1
Уровень
1
Вопрос
Виды художественного перевода
Ответы
Перевод поэзии, пьес, сатирических произведений, художественной прозы, текстов песен и т.д.
Перевод поэзии, пьес, произведений всех жанров, художественной прозы
Перевод художественной прозы и печатных изданий
Перевод произведений художественной литературы, научной литературы
Все ответы верны
Правильный ответ
1
Уровень
1
Вопрос
Доминантные функции художественного перевода
Ответы
Коммуникативная, художественно-эстетическая или поэтическая.
Художественно-эстетическая или поэтическая, прозаическая
Вербальная, художественно-эстетическая или поэтическая.
Эстетическая, поэтическая, прозаическая
Все ответы верны
Правильный ответ
1
Уровень
1
Вопрос
Основная задача художественного перевода
Ответы
Заключается в порождении на ПЯ речевого произведения, способного оказывать художественно-эстетическое воздействие на ПР.
Заключается в порождении на ПР речевого произведения, способного оказывать художественно-эстетическое воздействие на ПЯ.
Заключается в порождении речевого произведения, способного оказывать художественно-эстетическое воздействие на ПР и стилистику
Заключается в порождении речевого произведения и не только, способного оказывать художественно-эстетическое воздействие, даже на другие жанры
Все ответы верны
Правильный ответ
1

Уровень
1
Вопрос
Перевод художественный от древности до наших дней прослеживается противоборство двух требований:
Ответы
Приближения к тексту подлинника или к восприятию своего читателя.
Отдаление к тексту подлинника или к восприятию своего читателя
Приближения к тексту подлинника или к восприятию чужого читателя.
Отдаление к тексту подлинника или к восприятию чужого читателя
Нет правильного ответа
Правильный ответ
1
Уровень
1
Вопрос
Блестящий период переводческой деятельности в России…
Ответы
Эпоха Пушкина и декабристов
Эпоха Пушкина
Эпоха декабристов
В 17 веке
Нет правильного ответа
Правильный ответ
1
Уровень
1
Вопрос
Средства оформления информации в художественном тексте
Ответы
Эпитеты, сравнения, метафоры, авторские неологизмы, повторы, игра слов, ирония, «говорящие» имена и топонимы, синтаксическая специфика текста, диалектизмы
Эпитеты, сравнения, метафоры, авторские неологизмы, повторы, игра слов, ирония, «говорящие» имена и топонимы, диалектизмы, историзмы, буквализмы
Эпитеты, сравнения, метафоры, авторские неологизмы, повторы, игра слов, ирония судеб
Эпитеты, метафоры, авторские неологизмы, повторы, игра слов, ирония, «говорящие» имена и топонимы, синтаксическая специфика текста, диалектизмы, буквализмы
Все ответы верны
Правильный ответ
1
Уровень
1
Вопрос
You can live there and she will take care of you and the child
Ответы
позаботится о нас
позаботится о них
позаботится о себе
позаботится о тебе
позаботится о ней
Правильный ответ
4

Уровень
1
Вопрос
Then, very slowly, with his handing a little, he said…..
Ответы
слегка повернув голову
слегка опустив голову
слегка подняв голову
слегка повернувшись
слегка наклонившись
Правильный ответ
2
Уровень
1
Вопрос
Indeed, she looked remarkably young for a woman of forty- five, with 25 years of widowhood
Ответы
выглядела удивительно-молодой
выглядела на удивленье молодой
выглядела замечательно
выглядела удивительно
выглядела странно
Правильный ответ
1
Уровень
1
Вопрос
I' m beginning to fall in love
Ответы
быть влюблённым
полюбить
разлюбить
влюбиться
влюбляться
Правильный ответ
5
Уровень
1
Вопрос
Here is a nice state of affairs!
Ответы
ведь вот!
вот так история !
надо же так случиться !
если бы… !
но, похоже, что …!
Правильный ответ
2
Уровень
1
Вопрос
He collected the rents himself, he attended to the repairs himself …

Ответы
следил за всем
следил за объектом
следил за ремонтом
следил за починкой
сам следил за ремонтом
Правильный ответ
5
Уровень
1
Вопрос
However, I had to make the best of it
Ответы
мне пришлось примириться
мне пришлось сделать
мне пришлось наладить
мне пришлось отправиться
мне пришлось уехать
Правильный ответ
1
Уровень
1
Вопрос
He was a pushful person
Ответы
сплетник
задира
проныра
забияка
непоседа
Правильный ответ
3
Уровень
1
Вопрос
“You can’t melt the portrait down as if it were silver”, said Mr. Smith.
Ответы
 сплавить
расплавить
расплавится
плавить
плавиться
Правильный ответ
2
Уровень
1
Вопрос
He himself legally established Smith’s innocence
Ответы
заявил о правах
заявил о праве
заявил о незнании

заявил о причастности
заявил о невиновности
Правильный ответ
5
Уровень
1
Вопрос
On the lid of the box a minute creature stood under a flowery tree…
Ответы
подозрительное
увеличенное
уменьшенное
миниатюрное создание
маленькое
Правильный ответ
4
Уровень
1
Вопрос
She couldn’t help noticing how charming her hands were against the blue velvet
Ответы
не могла помочь
не могла помочь заметить
могла не заметить
не могла заметить
не могла не заметить
Правильный ответ
5
Уровень
1
Вопрос
Sad were the lights in the houses opposite. Dimly them burned as if regretting something.
Ответы
грустный; весёлый
грустный; тусклый
грустный; мерцающий
грустный; яркий
яркий; тусклый
Правильный ответ
2
Уровень
1
Вопрос
She wished she had the little box
Ответы
она жалела, что имела
она хотела иметь
ей не хотелось иметь
как бы ей хотелось иметь
как бы ей не хотелось
Правильный ответ
4

Уровень
1
Вопрос
She saw a little creature with enormous eyes, quite young, no older than herself, who clutched at her coat- color with reddened hands and shivered
Ответы
вцепилась
зацепилось
споткнулось
заикалось
сомневалась
Правильный ответ
1
Уровень
1
Вопрос
If would be thrilling. And she heard herself saying to the amazement of her friends
Ответы
как он говорил
как она говорила
как она говорила себе
как ей говорили
как она сказала
Правильный ответ
3
Уровень
1
Вопрос
“It’s a cup of tea I want, madam.” And she burst into tears
Ответы
рассмеялась
улыбнулась
удивилось
расплакалась
зарделась
Правильный ответ
4
Уровень
1
Вопрос
let me help you off with your coat
Ответы
помочь одень пальто
помочь снять пальто
помочь с пальто
помочь сделать
помочь помнить
Правильный ответ
2
Уровень
1
Вопрос

She really was touched beyond words
Ответы
была в удивлении
была удивлена
была растрогана
было расстроена
было рассержена
Правильный ответ
3
Уровень
1
Вопрос
Pirates of Caribbean: Dead man's Chest
Ответы
Пираты Карибского моря: Грудь Мертвеца
Пираты Карибского моря: Сундук Мертвеца
Пираты Карибского моря: Мертвец и сундук
Пираты Карибского моря: Труп и сундук
Пираты Карибского моря: Грудь Умершего
Правильный ответ
2
Уровень
1
Вопрос
He sat absolutely immovable
Ответы
сидел подвижно
сидел уставившись
сидел неподвижно
сидел двигаясь
сидел глядя
Правильный ответ
3
Уровень
1
Вопрос
"By Jove!" he said. "Somebody's fallen over the cliff. We must get down to him" ("Why didn't they ask Evans?" Agatha Christie)
Ответы
«О, Господи!», выдохнул он. « Кто-то сорвался с утеса. Надо к нему спуститься».
«Невероятно!», сказал он. « Кто-то сорвался с утеса. Надо к нему спуститься».
«Невероятно, но факт!», сказал он. « Кто-то сорвался с утеса. Надо к нему спуститься».
«Ты смотри!», сказал он. «Кто-то упал, надо бы ему помочь»
«Кошмар!», воскликнул он. «Люди бросаются с утеса, а мы еще должны им помогать»
Правильный ответ
1
Уровень
1
Вопрос
"It won't be long – the pulse is weakening fast. He'll last another 20 min at most" ("Why didn't they ask Evans?" Agatha Christie)
Ответы

Ему недолго осталось – пульс быстро слабеет. Минут 20, не больше.
Он не задержится. Минут 20 и он придет
Это долго не продлится. Пощупайте пульс. Уже 20 минут прошло…
Пульс исчезает. Ему не помочь. 20 минут уже как он очнулся
Нет правильного ответа
Правильный ответ
1
Уровень
1
Вопрос
And then a queer little shudder passed over him, the eyeli dropped, the jar fell. (“Why didn’t they ask Evans?” Agatha Christie)
Ответы
Он вдруг вздрогнул, глазенки опустил…
И вдруг его странно передернуло, веки опустились, челюсть отвисла
И затем странная небольшая дрожь, это фляга упала.
Затем дрожь по всему телу, он попросил открыть флягу, вскоре закрыл глаза…
Его как будто ударило током, глаза выпучил, и рот открыл
Правильный ответ
2
Уровень
1
Вопрос
The door opened and _____ looked up. (“Theatre, by S. Moem”)
Ответы
Michael Gosselyn
Julia
George
Children
Shakespeare
Правильный ответ
1
Уровень
1
Вопрос
Julia’s husband is_____ (“Theatre, by S. Moem”)
Ответы
Michael Jackson
George Michael
Michael Gosselyn
Mitch Gosselyn
George Gosselyn
Правильный ответ
3
Уровень
1
Вопрос
He felt _____ and looked it (“Theatre, by S. Moem”)
Ответы
Embarrassed
Exaggerated
Ragged

Gulped
Engagement
Правильный ответ
1
Уровень
1
Вопрос
_____ was announced and they went downstairs
Ответы
Luncheon
Margery
Julia
Michael
Hamlet
Правильный ответ
1
Уровень
1

СТРУКТУРА МЕТОДИЧЕСКИХ УКАЗАНИЙ ДЛЯ ВЫПОЛНЕНИЯ ПРАКТИЧЕСКИХ ЗАНЯТИЙ

Тема 1: ПЕРЕВОД ХУДОЖЕСТВЕННОЙ ПРОЗЫ И ХУДОЖЕСТВЕННОЙ ПУБЛИЦИСТИКИ

Основы художественной публицистики, художественной прозы, поэзии.

Задание практического занятия: осуществление перевода художественного текста, выполнение анализа текста оригинала и перевода. Выявление особенностей перевода текстов художественного стиля, работа над новым словарем, усвоение вокабуляра.

Методические рекомендации по выполнению заданий: Задание индивидуальное. Материалы для самостоятельной работы обучающегося: тексты на языке оригинала разного жанра и стиля, словари, предлагаемая литература по переводу.

Требования преподавателя к выполнению задания: работа выполняется в объеме не более 5 страниц формата А4. Предпереводческий анализ текста, сравнительный анализ перевода и текста языка оригинала.

Критерии оценки выполнения задания (указать какие условия повлияют на оценочный балл): адекватный перевод, сдача задания в указанный срок, тщательность проведения анализа, четкость формулировок и ясность выражения мыслей, аргументированность выводов.

Тема 2: ПРЕДПЕРЕВОДЧЕСКИЙ АНАЛИЗ ТЕКСТА ОРИГИНАЛА И ВЫБОРКА ОБЩЕЙ СТРАТЕГИИ ПЕРЕВОДА

Подготовка к переводу и основы переводческого анализа текста оригинала.

Задание практического занятия: осуществление перевода художественного текста, выполнение анализа текста оригинала и перевода. Выявление особенностей перевода текстов художественного стиля, работа над новым словарем, усвоение вокабуляра.

Методические рекомендации по выполнению заданий: Задание индивидуальное. Материалы для самостоятельной работы обучающегося: тексты на языке оригинала разного жанра и стиля, словари, предлагаемая литература по переводу.

Требования преподавателя к выполнению задания: работа выполняется в объеме не более 5 страниц формата А4. Предпереводческий анализ текста, сравнительный анализ перевода и текста языка оригинала.

Критерии оценки выполнения задания (указать какие условия повлияют на оценочный балл): адекватный перевод, сдача задания в указанный срок, тщательность проведения анализа, четкость формулировок и ясность выражения мыслей, аргументированность выводов.

Тема 3: ПРЕДПЕРЕВОДЧЕСКИЙ АНАЛИЗ ТЕКСТА ОРИГИНАЛА И ВЫБОРКА ОБЩЕЙ СТРАТЕГИИ ПЕРЕВОДА

Терминологический и логический анализ исходного текста.

Задание практического занятия: осуществление перевода художественного текста, выполнение анализа текста оригинала и перевода. Выявление особенностей перевода текстов художественного стиля, работа над новым словарем, усвоение вокабуляра.

Методические рекомендации по выполнению заданий: Задание индивидуальное. Материалы для самостоятельной работы обучающегося: тексты на языке оригинала разного жанра и стиля, словари, предлагаемая литература по переводу.

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Критерии оценки выполнения задания (указать какие условия повлияют на оценочный балл): адекватный перевод, сдача задания в указанный срок, тщательность проведения анализа, четкость формулировок и ясность выражения мыслей, аргументированность выводов.

Тема 4: ВИДЫ ПРЕОБРАЗОВАНИЯ В ХУДОЖЕСТВЕННОМ ТЕКСТЕ
Лексико-грамматический аспект перевода.

Задание практического занятия: осуществление перевода художественного текста, выполнение анализа текста оригинала и перевода. Выявление особенностей перевода текстов художественного стиля, работа над новым словарем, усвоение вокабуляра.

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Тема 5. СТРУКТУРА ПЕРЕВОДНОГО ТЕКСТА
Инвариант значение и стилистические трансформации в переводе. Несовпадение вариантных элементов во всех переводах одного и того же произведения.

Задание практического занятия: осуществление перевода художественного текста, выполнение анализа текста оригинала и перевода. Выявление особенностей перевода текстов художественного стиля, работа над новым словарем, усвоение вокабуляра.

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Тема 6: ЯЗЫКОВОЕ ПОСТРОЕНИЕ ТЕКСТА И ТИПОЛОГИЯ ПЕРЕВОДА.
Перекодирование языковых уровней с текста оригинала в текст перевода.

Задание практического занятия: осуществление перевода художественного текста, выполнение анализа текста оригинала и перевода. Выявление особенностей перевода текстов художественного стиля, работа над новым словарем, усвоение вокабуляра.

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Тема 7: ПЕРЕВОД И СТИЛЬ

Стилистическая интерпретация эквивалентности в переводе. Поиск и выбор стилистических эквивалентов в тексте оригинала.

Задание практического занятия: осуществление перевода художественного текста, выполнение анализа текста оригинала и перевода. Выявление особенностей перевода текстов художественного стиля, работа над новым словарем, усвоение вокабуляра.

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Тема 8: ПЕРЕВОД И СТИЛЬ

Задание практического занятия: осуществление перевода художественного текста, выполнение анализа текста оригинала и перевода. Выявление особенностей перевода текстов художественного стиля, работа над новым словарем, усвоение вокабуляра.

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Тема 9: СТИЛИСТИЧЕСКИЕ НОРМЫ ВОСПРИНИМАЮЩИЙ ЛИТЕРАТУРЫ И ТЕКСТ ПЕРЕВОДА

Стратификация литературных норм в стиле перевода.

Задание практического занятия: осуществление перевода художественного текста, выполнение анализа текста оригинала и перевода. Выявление особенностей перевода текстов художественного стиля, работа над новым словарем, усвоение вокабуляра.

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Тема 10: ПРОБЛЕМЫ СЕМИОТИКИ.

Существование исходного текста как материального знака в процессе перевода.

Задание практического занятия: осуществление перевода художественного текста, выполнение анализа текста оригинала и перевода. Выявление особенностей перевода текстов художественного стиля, работа над новым словарем, усвоение вокабуляра.

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Тема 11. ПРОБЛЕМЫ СЕМИОТИКИ ПЕРЕВОДА

Порождающий (первичный) семиозис: авторская мысль. Воспринимающий (переводческий) семиозис: переводческая мысль.

Задание практического занятия: осуществление перевода художественного текста, выполнение анализа текста оригинала и перевода. Выявление особенностей перевода текстов художественного стиля, работа над новым словарем, усвоение вокабуляра.

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Тема 12: ПЕРЕВОД В ЛИТЕРАТУРНОЙ КОММУНИКАЦИИ

Модель литературной коммуникации.

Задание практического занятия: осуществление перевода художественного текста, выполнение анализа текста оригинала и перевода. Выявление особенностей перевода текстов художественного стиля, работа над новым словарем, усвоение вокабуляра.

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Тема 13: ПЕРЕВОД В ЛИТЕРАТУРНОЙ КОММУНИКАЦИИ

Культурный код, реализованный в тексте оригинала и перевода. Межкультурные осложнения как фактор перевода.

Задание практического занятия: осуществление перевода художественного текста, выполнение анализа текста оригинала и перевода. Выявление особенностей перевода текстов художественного стиля, работа над новым словарем, усвоение вокабуляра.

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МАТЕРИАЛЫ ДЛЯ САМОСТОЯТЕЛЬНОЙ РАБОТЫ СТУДЕНТА

Текст 1. 1893 - A WOMAN OF NO IMPORTANCE **by Oscar Wilde**
ЗАДАНИЕ: прочитайте текст, осуществите ее предпереводческий анализ и сделайте ее перевод в письменной форме. В каких трансформациях возникла необходимость? Выявите особенности перевода текста данного художественного стиля.

THE PERSONS OF THE PLAY
LORD ILLINGWORTH
SIR JOHN PONTEFRACT
LORD ALFRED RUFFORD
MR. KELVIL, M.P.
THE VEN. ARCHDEACON DAUBENY, D.D.
GERALD ARBUTHNOT
FARQUHAR, Butler
FRANCIS, Footman
LADY HUNSTANTON
LADY CAROLINE PONTEFRACT
LADY STUTFIELD
MRS. ALLONBY
MISS HESTER WORSLEY
ALICE, Maid
MRS. ARBUTHNOT

THE SCENES OF THE PLAY

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ACT I. The Terrace at Hunstanton Chase.
ACT II. The Drawing-room at Hunstanton Chase.
ACT III. The Picture-gallery at Hunstanton Chase.
ACT IV. Sitting-room in Mrs. Arbuthnot's House at Wrockley.

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Time, the Present. Place, the Shires.
The Action of the Play takes place within twenty-four hours.

FIRST ACT

FIRST ACT

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SCENE- Lawn in front of the terrace at Hunstanton.

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[Sir John and Lady Caroline Pontefract, Miss Worsley,
on chairs under large yew tree.]

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LADY CAR. I believe this is the first English country house you have stayed at, Miss Worsley?

HES. Yes, Lady Caroline.

LADY CAR. You have no country houses, I am told, in America?

HES. We have not many.

LADY CAR. Have you any country? What we should call country?

HES. [Smiling.] We have the largest country in the world, Lady Caroline. They used to tell us at school that some of our states are as big as France and England put together.

LADY CAR. Ah! you must find it very draughty, I should fancy. [To Sir John.] John, you should have your muffler. What is the use of my always knitting mufflers for you if you won't wear them?
SIR JOHN. I am quite warm, I assure you. LADY CAR. I think not, John. Well, you couldn't come to a more charming place than this, Miss Worsley, though the house is excessively damp, quite unpardonably damp, and dear Lady Hunstanton is sometimes a little lax about the people she asks down here. [To Sir John.] Jane mixes too much. Lord Illingworth, of course, is a man of high distinction. It is a privilege to meet him. And that member of Parliament, Mr. Kettle-
SIR JOHN. Kelvil, my love, Kelvil.
LADY CAR. He must be quite respectable. One has never heard his name before in the whole course of one's life, which speaks volumes for a man, now-a-days. But Mrs. Allonby is hardly a very suitable person.
HES. I dislike Mrs. Allonby. I dislike her more than I can say.
LADY CAR. I am not sure, Miss Worsley, that foreigners like yourself should cultivate likes or dislikes about the people they are invited to meet. Mrs. Allonby is very well born. She is a niece of Lord Brancaster's. It is said, of course. that she ran away twice before she was married. But you know how unfair people often are. I myself don't believe she ran away more than once.
HES. Mr. Arbuthnot is very charming.
LADY CAR. Ah, yes! the young man who has a post in a bank. Lady Hunstanton is most kind in asking him here, and Lord Illingworth seems to have taken quite a fancy to him. I am not sure, however, that Jane is right in taking him out of his position. In my young days, Miss Worsley, one never met anyone in society who worked for their living. It was not considered the thing.
HES. In America those are the people we respect most.
LADY CAR. I have no doubt of it.
HES. Mr. Arbuthnot has a beautiful nature! He is so simple, so sincere. He has one of the most beautiful natures I have ever come across. It is a privilege to meet him.
LADY CAR. It is not customary in England, Miss Worsley, for a young lady to speak with such enthusiasm of any person of the opposite sex. English women conceal their feelings till after they are married. They show them then.
HES. Do you, in England, allow no friendship to exist between a young man and a young girl?

[Enter Lady Hunstanton followed by Footman with shawls and a cushion.]

LADY CAR. We think it very inadvisable. Jane, I was just saying what a pleasant party you have asked us to meet. You have a wonderful power of selection. It is quite a gift.
LADY HUN. Dear Caroline, how kind of you! I think we all do fit in very nicely together. And I hope our charming American visitor will carry back pleasant recollections of our English country life. [To Footman.] The cushion there, Francis. And my shawl.
The Shetland. Get the Shetland. [Exit Footman for shawl.]

[Enter Gerald Arbuthnot.]

GER. Lady Hunstanton, I have such good news to tell you. Lord Illingworth has just offered to make me his secretary.
LADY HUN. His secretary? That is good news indeed, Gerald. It means a very brilliant future in store for you. Your dear mother will be delighted. I really must try and induce her to come up here to-night. Do you think she would, Gerald? I know how difficult it is to get her to go anywhere.
GER. Oh! I am sure she would, Lady Hunstanton, if she knew Lord Illingworth had made me such an offer.

[Enter Footman with shawl.]

LADY HUN. I will write and tell her about it, and ask her to come up and meet him. [To Footman.] Just wait, Francis. [Writes letter.]
LADY CAR. That is a very wonderful opening for so young a man as you are, Mr. Arbuthnot.
GER. It is indeed, Lady Caroline. I trust I shall be able to show myself worthy of it.
LADY CAR. I trust so.
GER. [To Hester.] You have not congratulated me yet, Miss Worsley.
HES. Are you very pleased about it?
GER. Of course I am. It means everything to me- things that were out of the reach of hope before may be within hope's reach now.
HES. Nothing should be out of reach of hope. Life is a hope.
LADY HUN. I fancy, Caroline, that Diplomacy is what Lord Illingworth is aiming at. I heard that he was offered Vienna. But that may not be true.
LADY CAR. I don't think that England should be represented abroad by an unmarried man, Jane. It might lead to complications.
LADY HUN. You are too nervous, Caroline. Believe me, you are too nervous. Besides, Lord Illingworth may marry any day. I was in hopes he would have married Lady Kelso. But I believe he said her family was too large. Or was it her feet? I forget which. I regret it very much. She was made to be an ambassador's wife.
LADY CAR. She certainly has a wonderful faculty of remembering people's names, and forgetting their faces.
LADY HUN. Well, that is very natural, Caroline, is it not? [To Footman.] Tell Henry to wait for an answer. I have written a line to your dear mother, Gerald, to tell her your good news and to say she really must come to dinner. [Exit Footman.]
GER. That is awfully kind of you, Lady Hunstanton. [To Hester.] Will you come for a stroll, Miss Worsley?
HES. With pleasure.

[Exit with Gerald.]

LADY HUN. I am very much gratified at Gerald Arbuthnot's good fortune. He is quite a protege of mine. And I am particularly pleased that Lord Illingworth should have made the offer of his own accord without my suggesting anything. Nobody likes to be asked favours. I remember poor Charlotte Pagden making herself quite unpopular one season, because she had a French governess she wanted to recommend to every one.

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In DOS versions italicized text is enclosed in chevrons .

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LADY CAR. I saw the governess, Jane. Lady Pagden sent her to me. It was before Eleanor came out. She was far too good-looking to be in any respectable household. I don't wonder Lady Pagden was so anxious to get rid of her.
LADY HUN. Ah, that explains it.
LADY CAR. John, the grass is too damp for you. You had better go and put on your overshoes at once.
SIR JOHN. I am quite comfortable, Caroline, I assure you.
LADY CAR. You must allow me to be the best judge of that, John. Pray, do as I tell you.

[Sir John gets up and goes off.]

LADY HUN. You spoil him, Caroline, you do, indeed.

[Enter Mrs. Allonby and Lady Stutfield.]

[To Mrs. Allonby.] Well, dear, I hope you like the park. It is said to be well timbered.
MRS. ALL. The trees are wonderful, Lady Hunstanton.
LADY STU. Quite, quite wonderful.
MRS. ALL. But somehow, I feel sure that if I lived in the country for six months, I should become so unsophisticated that no one would take the slightest notice of me.
LADY HUN. I assure you, dear, that the country has not that effect at all. Why, it was from Melthorpe, which is only two miles from here, that Lady Belton eloped with Lord Fethersdale. I remember the occurrence perfectly. Poor Lord Belton died three days afterwards of joy or gout. I forget which. We had a large party staying here at the time, so we were all very much interested in
the whole affair.
MRS. ALL. I think to elope is cowardly. It's running away from danger. And danger has become so rare in modern life.
LADY CAR. As far as I can make out, the young women of the present day seem to make it the sole object of their lives to be always playing with fire.
MRS. ALL. The one advantage of playing with fire, Lady Caroline, is that one never gets even singed. It is the people who don't know how to play with it who get burned up.
LADY STU. Yes; I see that. It is very, very helpful.
LADY HUN. I don't know how the world would get on with such a theory as that, dear Mrs. Allonby.
LADY STU. Ah! The world was made for men and not for women.
MRS. ALL. Oh, don't say that, Lady Stutfield. We have a much better time than they have. There are far more things forbidden to us than are forbidden to them.
LADY STU. Yes; that is quite, quite true. I had not thought of that.
[Enter Sir John and Mr. Kelvil.]

LADY HUN. Well, Mr. Kelvil, have you got through your work?
KEL. I have finished my writing for the day, Lady Hunstanton. It has been an arduous task. The demands on the time of a public man are very heavy now-a-days, very heavy indeed. And I don't think they meet with adequate recognition.
LADY CAR. John, have you got your overshoes on?
SIR JOHN. Yes, my love.
LADY CAR. I think you had better come over here, John. It is more sheltered.
SIR JOHN. I am quite comfortable, Caroline.
LADY CAR. I think not, John. You had better sit beside me.

[Sir John rises and goes across.]

LADY STU. And what have you been writing about this morning, Mr. Kelvil?
KEL. On the usual subject, Lady Stutfield. On Purity.
LADY STU. That must be such a very, very interesting thing to write about.
KEL. It is the one subject of really national importance, now-a-days, Lady Stutfield. I purpose addressing my constituents on the question before Parliament meets. I find that the poorer classes of this country display a marked desire for a higher ethical standard.
LADY STU. How quite, quite nice of them.
LADY CAR. Are you in favour of women taking part in politics, Mr. Kettle?
SIR JOHN. Kelvil, my love, Kelvil.
KEL. The growing influence of women is the one reassuring thing in our political life, Lady Caroline. Women are always on the side of morality, public and private.
LADY STU. It is so very, very gratifying to hear you say that.

LADY HUN. Ah, yes! The moral qualities in women- that is the important thing. I am afraid, Caroline, that dear Lord Illingworth doesn't value the moral qualities in women as much as he should.

[Enter Lord Illingworth.]

LADY STU. The world says that Lord Illingworth is very, very wicked.
LORD ILL. But what world says that, Lady Stutfield? It must be the next world. This world and I are on excellent terms. [Sits down beside Mrs. Allonby.]
LADY STU. Every one I know says you are very, very wicked.
LORD ILL. It is perfectly monstrous the way people go about, now-a-days, saying things against one behind one's back that are absolutely and entirely true.
LADY HUN. Dear Lord Illingworth is quite hopeless, Lady Stutfield. I have given up trying to reform him. It would take a Public Company with a Board of Directors and a paid Secretary to do that. But you have the secretary already, Lord Illingworth, haven't you? Gerald Arbuthnot has told us of his good fortune; it is really most kind of you.
LORD ILL. Oh, don't say that, Lady Hunstanton. Kind is a dreadful word. I took a great fancy to young Arbuthnot the moment I met him, and he'll be of considerable use to me in something I am foolish enough to think of doing.
LADY HUN. He is an admirable young man. And his mother is one of my dearest friends. He has just gone for a walk with our pretty American. She is very pretty, is she not?
LADY CAR. Far too pretty. These American girls carry off all the good matches. Why can't they stay in their own country? They are always telling us it is the Paradise of women.
LORD ILL. It is, Lady Caroline. That is why, like Eve, they are so extremely anxious to get out of it.
LADY CAR. Who are Miss Worsley's parents?
LORD ILL. American women are wonderfully clever in concealing their parents.
LADY HUN. My dear Lord Illingworth, what do you mean? Miss Worsley, Caroline, is an orphan. Her father was a very wealthy millionaire, or philanthropist, or both, I believe, who entertained my son quite hospitably, when he visited Boston. I don't know how he made his money, originally.
KEL. I fancy in American dry goods.
LADY HUN. What are American dry goods?
LORD ILL. American novels.
LADY HUN. How very singular!... Well, from whatever source her large fortune came, I have a great esteem for Miss Worsley. She dresses exceedingly well. All Americans do dress well. They get their clothes in Paris.
MRS. ALL. They say, Lady Hunstanton, that when good Americans die they go to Paris.
LADY HUN. Indeed? And when bad Americans die where do they go?
LORD ILL. Oh, they go to America.
KEL. I am afraid you don't appreciate America, Lord Illingworth. It is a very remarkable country, especially considering its youth.
LORD ILL. The youth of America is their oldest tradition. It has been going on now for three hundred years. To hear them talk one would imagine they were in their first childhood. As far as civilisation goes they are in their second.
KEL. There is undoubtedly a great deal of corruption in American politics. I suppose you allude to that?
LORD ILL. I wonder.
LADY HUN. Politics are in a very sad way everywhere, I am told. They certainly are in England. Dear Mr. Cardew is ruining the country. I wonder Mrs. Cardew allows him. I am sure, Lord Illingworth, you don't think that uneducated people should be allowed to have votes?

LORD ILL. I think they are the only people who should.
KEL. Do you take no side then in modern politics, Lord Illingworth?
LORD ILL. One should never take sides in anything, Mr. Kelvil. Taking sides is the beginning of sincerity, and earnestness follows shortly afterwards, and the human being becomes a bore. However, the House of Commons really does very little harm. You can't make people good by Act of Parliament- that is something.
KEL. You cannot deny that the House of Commons has always shown great sympathy with the sufferings of the poor.
LORD ILL. That is its special vice. That is the special vice of the age. One should sympathise with the joy, the beauty, the colour of life. The less said about life's sores the better, Mr. Kelvil.
KEL. Still our East End is a very important problem.
LORD ILL. Quite so. It is the problem of slavery. And we are trying to solve it by amusing the slaves.
LADY HUN. Certainly, a great deal may be done by means of cheap entertainments, as you say, Lord Illingworth. Dear Dr. Daubeny, our rector here, provides with the assistance of his curates, really admirable recreations for the poor during the winter. And much good may be done by means of a magic lantern, or a missionary, or some popular amusement of that kind.
LADY CAR. I am not at all in favour of amusements for the poor, Jane. Blankets and coals are sufficient. There is too much love of pleasure amongst the upper classes as it is. Health is what we want in modern life. The tone is not healthy, not healthy at all.
KEL. You are quite right, Lady Caroline.
LADY CAR. I believe I am usually right.
MRS. ALL. Horrid word "health."
LORD ILL. Silliest word in our language, and one knows so well the popular idea of health. The English country gentleman galloping after a fox- the unspeakable in full pursuit of the uneatable.
KEL. May I ask, Lord Illingworth, if you regard the House of Lords as a better institution than the House of Commons?
LORD ILL. A much better institution, of course. We in the House of Lords are never in touch with public opinion. That makes us a civilised body.
KEL. Are you serious in putting forward such a view?
LORD ILL. Quite serious, Mr. Kelvil. [To Mrs. Allonby.] Vulgar habit that is people have now-a-days of asking one, after one has given them an idea, whether one is serious or not. Nothing is serious except passion. The intellect is not a serious thing, and never has been. It is an instrument on which one plays, that is all. The only serious form of intellect I know is the British intellect. And on the British intellect the illiterates play the drum.
LADY HUN. What are you saying, Lord Illingworth, about the drum?
LORD ILL. I was merely talking to Mrs. Allonby about the leading articles in the London newspapers.
LADY HUN. But do you believe all that is written in the newspapers?
LORD ILL. I do. Now-a-days it is only the unreadable that occurs.

[Rises with Mrs. Allonby.]

LADY HUN. Are you going, Mrs. Allonby?
MRS. ALL. Just as far as the conservatory. Lord Illingworth told me this morning that there was an orchid there as beautiful as the seven deadly sins.
LADY HUN. My dear, I hope there is nothing of the kind. I will certainly speak to the gardener.

[Exeunt Mrs. Allonby and Lord Illingworth.]

LADY CAR. Remarkable type, Mrs. Allonby.
LADY HUN. She lets her clever tongue run away with her sometimes.
LADY CAR. Is that the only thing, Jane, Mrs. Allonby allows to run away with her?
LADY HUN. I hope so, Caroline, I am sure.

[Enter Lord Alfred.]

Dear Lord Alfred, do join us. [Lord Alfred sits down beside Lady Stutfield.]
LADY CAR. You believe good of every one, Jane. It is a great fault.
LADY STU. Do you really, really think, Lady Caroline, that one should believe evil of every one?
LADY CAR. I think it is much safer to do so, Lady Stutfield. Until, of course, people are found out to be good. But that requires a great deal of investigation, now-a-days.
LADY STU. But there is so much unkind scandal in modern life.
LADY CAR. Lord Illingworth remarked to me last night at dinner that the basis of every scandal is an absolutely immoral certainty.
KEL. Lord Illingworth is, of course, a very brilliant man, but he seems to me to be lacking in that fine faith in the nobility and purity of life which is so important in this country.
LADY STU. Yes, quite, quite important, is it not?
KEL. He gives me the impression of a man who does not appreciate the beauty of our English home-life. I would say that he was tainted with foreign ideas on the subject.
LADY STU. There is nothing, nothing like the beauty of home-life, is there?
KEL. It is the mainstay of our moral system in England, Lady Stutfield. Without it we would become like our neighbours.
LADY STU. That would be so, so sad, would it not?
KEL. I am afraid, too, that Lord Illingworth regards woman simply; as a toy. Now, I have never regarded woman as a toy. Woman is the intellectual help-meet of man in public as in private life. Without her we should forget the true ideals. [Sits down beside Stutfield.]
LADY STU. I am so very, very glad to hear you say that.
LADY CAR. You a married man, Mr. Kettle?
SIR JOHN. Kelvil, dear, Kelvil.
KEL. I am married, Lady Caroline.
LADY CAR. Family?
KEL. Yes.
LADY CAR. How many?
KEL. Eight.

[Lady Stutfield turns her attention to Lord Alfred.]

LADY CAR. Mrs. Kettle and the children are, I suppose, at the seaside? [Sir John shrugs his shoulders.]
KEL. My wife is at the seaside with the children, Lady Caroline.
LADY CAR. You will join them later on, no doubt?
KEL. If my public engagements permit me.
LADY CAR. Your public life must be a great source of gratification to Mrs. Kettle.
SIR JOHN. Kelvil, my love, Kelvil.
LADY STU. [To Lord Alfred.] How very, very charming those gold-tipped cigarettes of yours are, Lord Alfred.
LORD ALF. They are awfully expensive. I can only afford them when I'm in debt.
LADY STU. It must be terribly, terribly distressing to be in debt.
LORD ALF. One must have some occupation now-a-days. If I hadn't mydebts I shouldn't have anything to think about. All the chaps I know are in debt.
LADY STU. But don't the people to whom you owe the money give you a great, great deal of annoyance?

[Enter Footman.]

LORD ALF. Oh, no, they write; I don't.

LADY STU. How very, very strange.
LADY HUN. Ah, here is a letter, Caroline, from dear Mrs. Arbuthnot. She won't dine. I am so sorry. But she will come in the evening. I am very pleased indeed. She is one of the sweetest of women. Writes a beautiful hand too, so large, so firm. [Hands letter to Lady Caroline.]
LADY STU. [Looking at it.] A little lacking in femininity, Jane. Femininity is the quality I admire most in women.
LADY HUN. [Taking back letter and leaving it on table.] Oh! she is very feminine, Caroline, and so good too. You should hear what the Archdeacon says of her. He regards her as his right hand in the parish. [Footman speaks to her.] In the Yellow Drawing-room. Shall we all go in? Lady Stutfield, shall we go in to tea?
LADY STU. With pleasure, Lady Hunstanton. [They rise and proceed to go off. Sir John offers to carry Lady Stutfield's cloak.]
LADY CAR. John! If you would allow your nephew to look after Lady Stutfield's cloak, you might help me with my workbasket.

[Enter Lord Illingworth and Mrs. Allonby.]

SIR JOHN. Certainly my love. [Exeunt.]
MRS. ALL. Curious thing, plain women are always jealous of their husbands, beautiful women never are!
LORD ILL. Beautiful women never have time. They are always so occupied in being jealous of other people's husbands.
MRS. ALL. I should have thought Lady Caroline would have grown tired of conjugal anxiety by this time! Sir John is her fourth!
LORD ILL. So much marriage is certainly not becoming. Twenty years of romance make a woman look like a ruin; but twenty years of marriage make her something like a public building.
MRS. ALL. Twenty years of romance! Is there such a thing?
LORD ILL. Not in our day. Women have become too brilliant. Nothing spoils a romance so much as a sense of humour in the woman.
MRS. ALL. Or the want of it in the man.
LORD ILL. You are quite right. In a Temple every one should be serious, except the thing that is worshipped.
MRS. ALL. And that should be man?
LORD ILL. Women kneel so gracefully; men don't.
MRS. ALL. You are thinking of Lady Stutfield!
LORD ILL. I assure you I have not thought of Lady Stutfield for the last quarter of an hour.
MRS. ALL. Is she such a mystery?
LORD ILL. She is more than a mystery- she is a mood.
MRS. ALL. Moods don't last.
LORD ILL. It is their chief charm.

[Enter Hester and Gerald.]

GER. Lord Illingworth, every one has been congratulating me, Lady Hunstanton and Lady Caroline, and... every one. I hope I shall make a good secretary.
LORD ILL. You will be the pattern secretary, Gerald. [Talks to him.]
MRS. ALL. You enjoy country life, Miss Worsley?
HES. Very much indeed.
MRS. ALL. Don't find yourself longing for a London dinner-party?
HES. I dislike London dinner-parties.
MRS. ALL. I adore them. The clever people never listen, and the stupid people never talk.
HES. I think the stupid people talk a great deal.

MRS. ALL. Ah, I never listen!
LORD ILL. My dear boy, if I didn't like you I wouldn't have made you the offer. It is because I like you so much that I want t have you with me.

[Exit Hester with Gerald.]
Charming fellow, Gerald Arbuthnot!
MRS. ALL. He is very nice; very nice indeed. But I can't stand the American young lady.
LORD ILL. Why?
MRS. ALL. She told me yesterday, and in quite a loud voice too, that she was only eighteen. It was most annoying.
LORD ILL. One should never trust a woman who tells one her realage. A woman who would tell one that would tell one anything.
MRS. ALL. She is a Puritan besides-
LORD ILL. Ah, that is inexcusable. I don't mind plain women being Puritans. It is the only excuse they have for being plain. But she is decidedly pretty. I admire her immensely. [Looks steadfastly at Mrs. Allonby.]
MRS. ALL. What a thoroughly bad man you must be!
LORD ILL. What do you call a bad man?
MRS. ALL. The sort of man who admires innocence.
LORD ILL. And a bad woman?
MRS. ALL. Oh! the sort of woman a man never gets tired of.
LORD ILL. You are severe- on yourself.
MRS. ALL. Define us as a sex.
LORD ILL. Sphinxes without secrets.
MRS. ALL. Does that include the Puritan women?
LORD ILL. Do you know, I don't believe in the existence of Puritan women? I don't think there is a woman in the world would not be a little flattered if one made love to her. It is that which makes women so irresistibly adorable.
MRS. ALL. You think there is no woman in the world who would object to being kissed?
LORD ILL. Very few.
MRS. ALL. Miss Worsley would not let you kiss her.
LORD ILL. Are you sure?
MRS. ALL. Quite.
LORD ILL. What do you think she'd do if I kissed her?
MRS. ALL. Either marry you, or strike you across the face with he glove. What would you do if she struck you across the face with her glove?
LORD ILL. Fall in love with her, probably.
MRS. ALL. Then it is lucky you are not going to kiss her!
LORD ILL. Is that a challenge?
MRS. ALL. It is an arrow shot into the air.
LORD ILL. Don't you know that I always succeed in whatever I try?
MRS. ALL. I am sorry to hear it. We women adore failures. They lean on us.
LORD ILL. You worship successes. You cling to them.
MRS. ALL. We are the laurels to hide their baldness.
LORD ILL. And they need you always, except at the moment of triumph.
MRS. ALL. They are uninteresting then.
LORD ILL. How tantalising you are! [A pause.]
MRS. ALL. Lord Illingworth, there is one thing I shall always like you for.
LORD ILL. Only one thing? And I have so many bad qualities.
MRS. ALL. Ah, don't be too conceited about them. You may lose them as you grow old.
LORD ILL. I never intend to grow old. The soul is born old but grows young. That is the comedy of life.

MRS. ALL. And the body is born young and grows old. That is life's tragedy.
LORD ILL. Its comedy also, sometimes. But what is the mysterious reason why you will always like me?
MRS. ALL. It is that you have never made love to me.
LORD ILL. I have never done anything else.
MRS. ALL. Really? I have not noticed it.
LORD ILL. How fortunate! It might have been a tragedy for both of us.
MRS. ALL. We should each have survived.
LORD ILL. One can survive everything now-a-days, except death, and live down anything except a good reputation.
MRS. ALL. Have you tried a good reputation?
LORD ILL. It is one of the many annoyances to which I have never been subjected.
MRS. ALL. It may come.
LORD ILL. Why do you threaten me?
MRS. ALL. I will tell you when you have kissed the Puritan.

[Enter Footman.]

FRAN. Tea is served in the Yellow Drawing-room, my lord.
LORD ILL. Tell her ladyship we are coming in. [Exit.]
FRAN. Yes, my lord.
LORD ILL. Shall we go in to tea?
MRS. ALL. Do you like such simple pleasures?
LORD ILL. I adore simple pleasures. They are the last refuge of the complex. But, if you wish, let us stay here. Yes, let us stay here. The Book of Life begins with a man and a woman in a garden.
MRS. ALL. It ends with Revelations.
LORD ILL. You fence divinely. But the button has come off your foil.
MRS. ALL. I have still the mask.
LORD ILL. It makes your eyes lovelier.
MRS. ALL. Thank you. Come.
LORD ILL. [Sees Mrs. Arbuthnot's letter on table, and takes it up and looks at envelope.] What a curious handwriting! It reminds me of the handwriting of a woman I used to know years ago.
MRS. ALL. Who?
LORD ILL. Oh! no one. No one in particular. A woman of no importance. [Throws letter down, and passes up the steps of the terrace with Mrs. Allonby. They smile at each other.]

ACT-DROP

Текст 2. The cop and the anthem *O. Henry*

ЗАДАНИЕ: прочитайте текст, осуществите ее предпереводческий анализ и сделайте ее перевод в письменной форме. В каких трансформациях возникла необходимость? Выявите особенности перевода текста данного художественного стиля.

On his bench in Madison Square Soapy moved uneasily. When wild geese honk high of nights, and when women without sealskin coats grow kind to their husbands, and when Soapy moves uneasily on his bench in the park, you may know that winter is near at hand.

A dead leaf fell in Soapy's lap. That was Jack Frost's card. Jack is kind to the regular denizens of Madison Square, and gives fair warning of his annual call. At the corners of four streets he hands his pasteboard to the North Wind, footman of the mansion of All Outdoors, so that the inhabitants thereof may make ready.

Soapy's mind became cognisant of the fact that the time had come for him to resolve himself into a singular Committee of Ways and Means to provide against the coming rigour. And therefore he moved uneasily on his bench.

The hibernatorial ambitions of Soapy were not of the highest. In them there were no considerations of Mediterranean cruises, of soporific Southern skies drifting in the Vesuvian Bay. Three months on the Island was what his soul craved. Three months of assured board and bed and congenial company, safe from Boreas and bluecoats, seemed to Soapy the essence of things desirable.

For years the hospitable Blackwell's had been his winter quarters. Just as his more fortunate fellow New Yorkers had bought their tickets to Palm Beach and the Riviera each winter, so Soapy had made his humble arrangements for his annual hegira to the Island. And now the time was come. On the previous night three Sabbath newspapers, distributed beneath his coat, about his ankles and over his lap, had failed to repulse the cold as he slept on his bench near the spurting fountain in the ancient square. So the Island loomed big and timely in Soapy's mind. He scorned the provisions made in the name of charity for the city's dependents. In Soapy's opinion the Law was more benign than Philanthropy. There was an endless round of institutions, municipal and eleemosynary, on which he might set out and receive lodging and food accordant with the simple life. But to one of Soapy's proud spirit the gifts of charity are encumbered. If not in coin you must pay in humiliation of spirit for every benefit received at the hands of philanthropy. As Caesar had his Brutus, every bed of charity must have its toll of a bath, every loaf of bread its compensation of a private and personal inquisition. Wherefore it is better to be a guest of the law, which though conducted by rules, does not meddle unduly with a gentleman's private affairs.

Soapy, having decided to go to the Island, at once set about accomplishing his desire. There were many easy ways of doing this. The pleasantest was to dine luxuriously at some expensive restaurant; and then, after declaring insolvency, be handed over quietly and without uproar to a policeman. An accommodating magistrate would do the rest.

Soapy left his bench and strolled out of the square and across the level sea of asphalt, where Broadway and Fifth Avenue flow together. Up Broadway he turned, and halted at a glittering cafe, where are gathered together nightly the choicest products of the grape, the silkworm and the protoplasm.

Soapy had confidence in himself from the lowest button of his vest upward. He was shaven, and his coat was decent and his neat black, ready-tied four-in-hand had been presented to him by a lady missionary on Thanksgiving Day. If he could reach a table in the restaurant unsuspected success would be his. The portion of him that would show above the table would raise no doubt in the waiter's mind. A roasted mallard duck, thought Soapy, would be about the thing--with a bottle of Chablis, and then Camembert, a demi-tasse and a cigar. One dollar for the cigar would be enough. The total would not be so high as to call forth any supreme manifestation of revenge from the cafe management; and yet the meat would leave him filled and happy for the journey to his winter refuge.

But as Soapy set foot inside the restaurant door the head waiter's eye fell upon his frayed trousers and decadent shoes. Strong and ready hands turned him about and conveyed him in silence and haste to the sidewalk and averted the ignoble fate of the menaced mallard.

Soapy turned off Broadway. It seemed that his route to the coveted island was not to be an epicurean one. Some other way of entering limbo must be thought of.

At a corner of Sixth Avenue electric lights and cunningly displayed wares behind plate-glass made a shop window conspicuous. Soapy took a cobblestone and dashed it through the glass. People came running around the corner, a policeman in the lead. Soapy stood still, with his hands in his pockets, and smiled at the sight of brass buttons.

"Where's the man that done that?" inquired the officer excitedly.

"Don't you figure out that I might have had something to do with it?" said Soapy, not without sarcasm, but friendly, as one greets good fortune.

The policeman's mind refused to accept Soapy even as a clue. Men who smash windows do not remain to parley with the law's minions. They take to their heels. The policeman saw a man half way down the block running to catch a car. With drawn club he joined in the pursuit. Soapy, with disgust in his heart, loafed along, twice unsuccessful.

On the opposite side of the street was a restaurant of no great pretensions. It catered to large appetites and modest purses. Its crockery and atmosphere were thick; its soup and napery thin. Into this place Soapy took his accusive shoes and telltale trousers without challenge. At a table he sat and consumed beefsteak, flapjacks, doughnuts and pie. And then to the waiter be betrayed the fact that the minutest coin and himself were strangers.

"Now, get busy and call a cop," said Soapy. "And don't keep a gentleman waiting."

"No cop for youse," said the waiter, with a voice like butter cakes and an eye like the cherry in a Manhattan cocktail. "Hey, Con!"

Neatly upon his left ear on the callous pavement two waiters pitched Soapy. He arose, joint by joint, as a carpenter's rule opens, and beat the dust from his clothes. Arrest seemed but a rosy dream. The Island seemed very far away. A policeman who stood before a drug store two doors away laughed and walked down the street.

Five blocks Soapy travelled before his courage permitted him to woo capture again. This time the opportunity presented what he fatuously termed to himself a "cinch." A young woman of a modest and pleasing guise was standing before a show window gazing with sprightly interest at its display of shaving mugs and inkstands, and two yards from the window a large policeman of severe demeanour leaned against a water plug.

It was Soapy's design to assume the role of the despicable and execrated "masher." The refined and elegant appearance of his victim and the contiguity of the conscientious cop encouraged him to believe that he would soon feel the pleasant official clutch upon his arm that would insure his winter quarters on the right little, tight little isle.

Soapy straightened the lady missionary's readymade tie, dragged his shrinking cuffs into the open, set his hat at a killing cant and sidled toward the young woman. He made eyes at her, was taken with sudden coughs and "hems," smiled, smirked and went brazenly through the impudent and contemptible litany of the "masher." With half an eye Soapy saw that the policeman was watching him fixedly. The young woman moved away a few steps, and again bestowed her absorbed attention upon the shaving mugs. Soapy followed, boldly stepping to her side, raised his hat and said:

"Ah there, Bedelia! Don't you want to come and play in my yard?"

The policeman was still looking. The persecuted young woman had but to beckon a finger and Soapy would be practically en route for his insular haven. Already he imagined he could feel the cozy warmth of the station-house. The young woman faced him and, stretching out a hand, caught Soapy's coat sleeve.

Sure, Mike," she said joyfully, "if you'll blow me to a pail of suds. I'd have spoke to you sooner, but the cop was watching." With the young woman playing the clinging ivy to his oak Soapy walked past the policeman overcome with gloom. He seemed doomed to liberty.

At the next corner he shook off his companion and ran. He halted in the district where by night are found the lightest streets, hearts, vows and librettos.

Women in furs and men in greatcoats moved gaily in the wintry air. A sudden fear seized Soapy that some dreadful enchantment had rendered him immune to arrest. The thought brought a little of panic upon it, and when he came upon another policeman lounging grandly in front of a transplendent theatre he caught at the immediate straw of "disorderly conduct."

On the sidewalk Soapy began to yell drunken gibberish at the top of his harsh voice. He danced, howled, raved and otherwise disturbed the welkin.

The policeman twirled his club, turned his back to Soapy and remarked to a citizen.

"'Tis one of them Yale lads celebratin' the goose egg they give to the Hartford College. Noisy; but no harm. We've instructions to lave them be."

Disconsolate, Soapy ceased his unavailing racket. Would never a policeman lay hands on him? In his fancy the Island seemed an unattainable Arcadia. He buttoned his thin coat against the chilling wind.

In a cigar store he saw a well-dressed man lighting a cigar at a swinging light. His silk umbrella he had set by the door on entering. Soapy stepped inside, secured the umbrella and sauntered off with it slowly. The man at the cigar light followed hastily.

"My umbrella," he said, sternly.

"Oh, is it?" sneered Soapy, adding insult to petit larceny. "Well, why don't you call a policeman? I took it. Your umbrella! Why don't you call a cop? There stands one on the corner."

The umbrella owner slowed his steps. Soapy did likewise, with a presentiment that luck would again run against him. The policeman looked at the two curiously.

"Of course," said the umbrella man--"that is--well, you know how these mistakes occur--I--if it's your umbrella I hope you'll excuse me--I picked it up this morning in a restaurant--If you recognise it as yours, why--I hope you'll--"

"Of course it's mine," said Soapy, viciously.

The ex-umbrella man retreated. The policeman hurried to assist a tall blonde in an opera cloak across the street in front of a street car that was approaching two blocks away.

Soapy walked eastward through a street damaged by improvements. He hurled the umbrella wrathfully into an excavation. He muttered against the men who wear helmets and carry clubs. Because he wanted to fall into their clutches, they seemed to regard him as a king who could do no wrong.

At length Soapy reached one of the avenues to the east where the glitter and turmoil was but faint. He set his face down this toward Madison Square, for the homing instinct survives even when the home is a park bench.

But on an unusually quiet corner Soapy came to a standstill. Here was an old church, quaint and rambling and gabled. Through one violet-stained window a soft light glowed, where, no doubt, the organist loitered over the keys, making sure of his mastery of the coming Sabbath anthem. For there drifted out to Soapy's ears sweet music that caught and held him transfixed against the convolutions of the iron fence.

The moon was above, lustrous and serene; vehicles and pedestrians were few; sparrows twittered sleepily in the eaves--for a little while the scene might have been a country churchyard. And the anthem that the organist played cemented Soapy to the iron fence, for he had known it well in the days when his life contained such things as mothers and roses and ambitions and friends and immaculate thoughts and collars.

The conjunction of Soapy's receptive state of mind and the influences about the old church wrought a sudden and wonderful change in his soul. He viewed with swift horror the pit into which he had tumbled, the degraded days, unworthy desires, dead hopes, wrecked faculties and base motives that made up his existence.

And also in a moment his heart responded thrillingly to this novel mood. An instantaneous and strong impulse moved him to battle with his desperate fate. He would pull himself out of the mire; he would make a man of himself again; he would conquer the evil that had taken possession of him. There was time; he was comparatively young yet; he would resurrect his old eager ambitions and pursue them without faltering. Those solemn but sweet organ notes had set up a revolution in him. To-morrow he would go into the roaring downtown district and find work. A fur importer had once offered him a place as driver. He would find him to-morrow and ask for the position. He would be somebody in the world. He would--

Soapy felt a hand laid on his arm. He looked quickly around into the broad face of a policeman.

"What are you doin' here?" asked the officer.

"Nothin'," said Soapy.

"Then come along," said the policeman.

"Three months on the Island," said the Magistrate in the Police Court the next morning.

Текст 3. The Cactus *O. Henry*

ЗАДАНИЕ: прочитайте текст, осуществите ее предпереводческий анализ и сделайте ее перевод в письменной форме. В каких трансформациях возникла необходимость? Выявите особенности перевода текста данного художественного стиля.

The most notable thing about Time is that it is so purely relative. A large amount of reminiscence is, by common consent, conceded to the drowning man; and it is not past belief that one may review an entire courtship while removing one's gloves.

That is what Trysdale was doing, standing by a table in his bachelor apartments. On the table stood a singular-looking green plant in a red earthen jar. The plant was one of the species of cacti, and was provided with long, tentacular leaves that perpetually swayed with the slightest breeze with a peculiar beckoning motion.

Trysdale's friend, the brother of the bride, stood at a sideboard complaining at being allowed to drink alone. Both men were in evening dress. White favors like stars upon their coats shone through the gloom of the apartment.

As he slowly unbuttoned his gloves, there passed through Trysdale's mind a swift, scarifying retrospect of the last few hours. It seemed that in his nostrils was still the scent of the flowers that had been banked in odorous masses about the church, and in his ears the lowpitched hum of a thousand well-bred voices, the rustle of crisp garments, and, most insistently recurring, the drawling words of the minister irrevocably binding her to another.

From this last hopeless point of view he still strove, as if it had become a habit of his mind, to reach some conjecture as to why and how he had lost her. Shaken rudely by the uncompromising fact, he had suddenly found himself confronted by a thing he had never before faced --his own innermost, unmitigated, arid unbedecked self. He saw all the garbs of pretence and egoism that he had worn now turn to rags of folly. He shuddered at the thought that to others, before now, the garments of his soul must have appeared sorry and threadbare. Vanity and conceit? These were the joints in his armor. And how free from either she had always been-- But why--

As she had slowly moved up the aisle toward the altar he had felt an unworthy, sullen exultation that had served to support him. He had told himself that her paleness was from thoughts of another than the man to whom she was about to give herself. But even that poor consolation had been wrenched from him. For, when he saw that swift, limpid, upward look that she gave the man when he took her hand, he knew himself to be forgotten. Once that same look had been raised to him, and he had gauged its meaning. Indeed, his conceit had crumbled; its last prop was gone. Why had it ended thus? There had been no quarrel between them, nothing--

For the thousandth time he remarshalled in his mind the events of those last few days before the tide had so suddenly turned.

She had always insisted upon placing him upon a pedestal, and he had accepted her homage with royal grandeur. It had been a very sweet incense that she had burned before him; so modest (he told himself); so childlike and worshipful, and (he would once have sworn) so sincere. She had invested him with an almost supernatural number of high attributes and excellencies and talents, and he had absorbed the oblation as a desert drinks the rain that can coax from it no promise of blossom or fruit.

As Trysdale grimly wrenched apart the seam of his last glove, the crowning instance of his fatuous and tardily mourned egoism came vividly back to him. The scene was the night when he had asked her to come up on his pedestal with him and share his greatness. He could not, now, for the pain of it, allow his mind to dwell upon the memory of her convincing beauty that night--the careless wave of her hair, the tenderness and virginal charm of her looks and words. But they had been enough, and they had brought him to speak. During their conversation she had said:

"And Captain Carruthers tells me that you speak the Spanish language like a native. Why have you hidden this accomplishment from me? Is there anything you do not know?"

Now, Carruthers was an idiot. No doubt he (Trysdale) had been guilty (he sometimes did such things) of airing at the club some old, canting Castilian proverb dug from the hotchpotch at the back of dictionaries. Carruthers, who was one of his incontinent admirers, was the very man to have magnified this exhibition of doubtful erudition.

But, alas! the incense of her admiration had been so sweet and flattering. He allowed the imputation to pass without denial. Without protest, he allowed her to twine about his brow this spurious bay of Spanish scholarship. He let it grace his conquering head, and, among its soft convolutions, he did not feel the prick of the thorn that was to pierce him later.

How glad, how shy, how tremulous she was! How she fluttered like a snared bird when he laid his mightiness at her feet! He could have sworn, and he could swear now, that unmistakable consent was in her eyes, but, coyly, she would give him no direct answer. "I will send you my answer to-morrow," she said; and he, the indulgent, confident victor, smilingly granted the delay. The next day he waited, impatient, in his rooms for the word. At noon her groom came to the door and left the strange cactus in the red earthen jar. There was no note, no message, merely a tag upon the plant bearing a barbarous foreign or botanical name. He waited until night, but her answer did not come. His large pride and hurt vanity kept him from seeking her. Two evenings later they met at a dinner. Their greetings were conventional, but she looked at him, breathless, wondering, eager. He was courteous, adamant, waiting her explanation. With womanly swiftness she took her cue from his manner, and turned to snow and ice. Thus, and wider from this on, they had drifted apart. Where was his fault? Who had been to blame? Humbled now, he sought the answer amid the ruins of his self-conceit. If--

The voice of the other man in the room, querulously intruding upon his thoughts, aroused him.

"I say, Trysdale, what the deuce is the matter with you? You look unhappy as if you yourself had been married instead of having acted merely as an accomplice. Look at me, another accessory, come two thousand miles on a garlicky, cockroachy banana steamer all the way from South America to connive at the sacrifice--please to observe how lightly my guilt rests upon my shoulders. Only little sister I had, too, and now she's gone. Come now! take something to ease your conscience."

"I don't drink just now, thanks," said Trysdale.

"Your brandy," resumed the other, coming over and joining him, "is abominable. Run down to see me some time at Punta Redonda, and try some of our stuff that old Garcia smuggles in. It's worth the, trip. Hallo! here's an old acquaintance. Wherever did you rake up this cactus, Trysdale?"

"A present," said Trysdale, "from a friend. Know the species?"

"Very well. It's a tropical concern. See hundreds of 'em around Punta every day. Here's the name on this tag tied to it. Know any Spanish, Trysdale?"

"No," said Trysdale, with the bitter wraith of a smile--"Is it Spanish?"

"Yes. The natives imagine the leaves are reaching out and beckoning to you. They call it by this name--Ventomarme. Name means in English, 'Come and take me.'

Текст 4. **The Twelve Dancing Princesses** *Brothers Grimm*

ЗАДАНИЕ: прочитайте текст, осуществите ее предпереводческий анализ и сделайте ее перевод в письменной форме. В каких трансформациях возникла необходимость? Выявите особенности перевода текста данного художественного стиля.

There was a king who had twelve beautiful daughters. They slept in twelve beds all in one room and when they went to bed, the doors were shut and locked up. However, every morning their shoes were found to be quite worn through as if they had been danced in all night. Nobody could find out how it happened, or where the princesses had been.

So the king made it known to all the land that if any person could discover the secret and find out where it was that the princesses danced in the night, he would have the one he liked best to take as his wife, and would be king after his death. But whoever tried and did not succeed, after three days and nights, they would be put to death.

A king's son soon came. He was well entertained, and in the evening was taken to the chamber next to the one where the princesses lay in their twelve beds. There he was to sit and watch where they went to dance; and, in order that nothing could happen without him hearing it, the door of his chamber was left open. But the king's son soon fell asleep; and when he awoke in the morning he found that the princesses had all been dancing, for the soles of their shoes were full of holes.

The same thing happened the second and third night and so the king ordered his head to be cut off.

After him came several others; but they all had the same luck, and all lost their lives in the same way.

Now it happened that an old soldier, who had been wounded in battle and could fight no longer, passed through the country where this king reigned, and as he was travelling through a wood, he met an old woman, who asked him where he was going.

'I hardly know where I am going, or what I had better do,' said the soldier; 'but I think I would like to find out where it is that the princesses dance, and then in time I might be a king.' 'Well,' said the old woman, 'that is not a very hard task: only take care not to drink any of the wine which one of the princesses will bring to you in the evening; and as soon as she leaves you pretend to be fast asleep.'

Then she gave him a cloak, and said, 'As soon as you put that on you will become invisible, and you will then be able to follow the princesses wherever they go.' When the soldier heard all this good advice, he was determined to try his luck, so he went to the king, and said he was willing to undertake the task.

He was as well received as the others had been, and the king ordered fine royal robes to be given him; and when the evening came he was led to the outer chamber.

Just as he was going to lie down, the eldest of the princesses brought him a cup of wine; but the soldier threw it all away secretly, taking care not to drink a drop. Then he laid himself down on his bed, and in a little while began to snore very loudly as if he was fast asleep.

When the twelve princesses heard this they laughed heartily; and the eldest said, 'This fellow too might have done a wiser thing than lose his life in this way!' Then they rose and opened their drawers and boxes, and took out all their fine clothes, and dressed themselves at the mirror, and skipped about as if they were eager to begin dancing.

But the youngest said, 'I don't know why it is, but while you are so happy I feel very uneasy; I am sure some mischance will befall us.'

'You simpleton,' said the eldest, 'you are always afraid; have you forgotten how many kings' sons have already watched in vain? And as for this soldier, even if I had not given him his sleeping draught, he would have slept soundly enough.'

When they were all ready, they went and looked at the soldier; but he snored on, and did not stir hand or foot: so they thought they were quite safe.

Then the eldest went up to her own bed and clapped her hands, and the bed sank into the floor and a trap-door flew open. The soldier saw them going down through the trap-door one after another, the eldest leading the way; and thinking he had no time to lose, he jumped up, put on the cloak which the old woman had given him, and followed them.

However, in the middle of the stairs he trod on the gown of the youngest princess, and she cried out to her sisters, 'All is not right; someone took hold of my gown.'

'You silly creature!' said the eldest, 'it is nothing but a nail in the wall.'

Down they all went, and at the bottom they found themselves in a most delightful grove of trees; and the leaves were all of silver, and glittered and sparkled beautifully. The soldier wished to take away some token of the place; so he broke off a little branch, and there came a loud noise

from the tree. Then the youngest daughter said again, 'I am sure all is not right -- did not you hear that noise? That never happened before.'

But the eldest said, 'It is only our princes, who are shouting for joy at our approach.' They came to another grove of trees, where all the leaves were of gold; and afterwards to a third, where the leaves were all glittering diamonds. And the soldier broke a branch from each; and every time there was a loud noise, which made the youngest sister tremble with fear. But the eldest still said it was only the princes, who were crying for joy.

They went on till they came to a great lake; and at the side of the lake there lay twelve little boats with twelve handsome princes in them, who seemed to be waiting there for the princesses. One of the princesses went into each boat, and the soldier stepped into the same boat as the youngest. As they were rowing over the lake, the prince who was in the boat with the youngest princess and the soldier said, 'I do not know why it is, but though I am rowing with all my might we do not get on so fast as usual, and I am quite tired: the boat seems very heavy today.' 'It is only the heat of the weather,' said the princess, 'I am very warm, too.' On the other side of the lake stood a fine, illuminated castle from which came the merry music of horns and trumpets. There they all landed, and went into the castle, and each prince danced with his princess; and the soldier, who was still invisible, danced with them too. When any of the princesses had a cup of wine set by her, he drank it all up, so that when she put the cup to her mouth it was empty. At this, too, the youngest sister was terribly frightened, but the eldest always silenced her.

They danced on till three o'clock in the morning, and then all their shoes were worn out, so that they were obliged to leave. The princes rowed them back again over the lake (but this time the soldier placed himself in the boat with the eldest princess); and on the opposite shore they took leave of each other, the princesses promising to come again the next night. When they came to the stairs, the soldier ran on before the princesses, and laid himself down. And as the twelve, tired sisters slowly came up, they heard him snoring in his bed and they said, 'Now all is quite safe'. Then they undressed themselves, put away their fine clothes, pulled off their shoes, and went to bed.

In the morning the soldier said nothing about what had happened, but determined to see more of this strange adventure, and went again on the second and third nights. Everything happened just as before: the princesses danced till their shoes were worn to pieces, and then returned home. On the third night the soldier carried away one of the golden cups as a token of where he had been.

As soon as the time came when he was to declare the secret, he was taken before the king with the three branches and the golden cup; and the twelve princesses stood listening behind the door to hear what he would say.

The king asked him. 'Where do my twelve daughters dance at night?'

The soldier answered, 'With twelve princes in a castle underground.' And then he told the king all that had happened, and showed him the three branches and the golden cup which he had brought with him. The king called for the princesses, and asked them whether what the soldier said was true and when they saw that they were discovered, and that it was of no use to deny what had happened, they confessed it all.

So the king asked the soldier which of the princesses he would choose for his wife; and he answered, 'I am not very young, so I will have the eldest.' -- and they were married that very day, and the soldier was chosen to be the king's heir.

Текст 5. The Elephant's Child *RUDYARD KIPLING*

ЗАДАНИЕ: прочитайте текст, осуществите ее предпереводческий анализ и сделайте ее перевод в письменной форме. В каких трансформациях возникла необходимость? Выявите особенности перевода текста данного художественного стиля.

In the High and Far-Off Times the Elephant, O Best Beloved, had no trunk. He had only a blackish, bulgy nose, as big as a boot, that he could wriggle about from side to side; but he couldn't pick up things with it. But there was one Elephant--a new Elephant--an Elephant's Child--who was full of 'satiable curtiosity, and that means he asked ever so many questions. And he lived in Africa, and he filled all Africa with his 'satiable curtiosities. He asked his tall aunt, the Ostrich, why her tail-feathers grew just so, and his tall aunt the Ostrich spanked him with her hard, hard, claw. He asked his tall uncle, the Giraffe, what made his skin spotty, and his tall uncle, the Giraffe, spanked him with his hard, hard hoof. And still he was full of 'satiable curtiosity! He asked his broad aunt, the Hippopotamus, why her eyes were red, and his broad aunt, the Hippopotamus, spanked him with her broad, broad hoof; and he asked his hairy uncle, the Baboon, why melons tasted ! just so, and his hairy uncle, the Baboon, spanked him with his hairy, hairy paw. And still he was full of 'satiable curtiosity! He asked questions about everything that he saw, or heard, or felt, or smelt, or touched, and all his uncles and his aunts spanked him. And still he was full of 'satiable curtiosity!

One fine morning in the middle of the Precession of the Equinoxes this 'satiable Elephant's Child asked a new fine question that he had never asked before. He asked, "What does the crocodile have for dinner?" Then everybody said, "Hush!" in a loud and dretful tone, and they spanked him immediately and directly, without stopping, for a long time.

By and by, when that was finished, he came upon Kolokolo Bird sitting in the middle of a wait-a-bit thornbush, and he said, "My father has spanked me, and my mother has spanked me; all my aunts and uncles have spanked me for my 'satiable curtiosity; and still I want to know what the Crocodile has for dinner!"

The Kolokolo Bird said, with a mournful cry, "Go to the banks of the great grey-green, greasy Limpopo River, all set about with fever-trees, and find out."

That very next morning, when there was nothing left of the Equinoxes, because the Precession had preceded according to precedent, this 'satiable Elephant's Child took a hundred pounds of bananas (the little short red kind), and a hundred pounds of sugar-cane (the long purple kind), and seventeen melons (the greeny-crackly kind), and said to all his dear families, "Good-bye. I am going to the great grey-green, greasy Limpopo River, all set about with fever-trees, to find out what the Crocodile has for dinner." And they all spanked him once more for luck, though he asked them most politely to stop.

Then he went away, a little warm, but not at all astonished, eating melons, and throwing the rind about, because he could not pick it up.

He went from Graham's Town to Kimberley, and from Kimberley to Khama's Country, and from Khama's Country he went east by north, eating melons all the time, till at last he came to the banks of the great grey-green, greasy Limpopo River, all set about with fever-trees, precisely as Kolokolo Bird had said.

Now you must know and understand, O Best Beloved, that till that very week, and day, and hour, and minute, this 'satiable Elephant's Child had never seen a Crocodile, and did not know what one was like. It was all his 'satiable curtiosity.

The first thing that he found was a Bi-Coloured-Python-Rock-Snake curled around a rock.

'"Scuse me," said the Elephant's Child most politely, "but have you seen such a thing as a Crocodile in these promiscuous parts?"

"Have I seen a crocodile?" said the Bi-Coloured-Python-Rock-Snake, in a voice of dretful scorn. "What will you ask me next?"

'"Scuse me," said the Elephant's Child, "but could you kindly tell me what he has for dinner?"

Then the Bi-Coloured-Python-Rock-Snake uncoiled himself very quickly from the rock, and spanked the Elephant's Child with his scalesome, flailsome tail.

"That is odd," said the Elephant's Child, "because my father and mother, and my uncle and my aunt, not to mention my other aunt, the Hippopotamus, and my other uncle, the Baboon, have all spanked me for my 'satiable curtiosity--and I suppose this is the same thing."

So he said good-bye very politely to the Bi-Coloured-Python-Rock-Snake, and helped to coil him up on the rock again, and went on, a little warm, but not at all astonished, eating melons, and throwing the rind about, because he could not pick it up, till he trod on what he thought was a log of wood at the very edge of the great grey-green, greasy Limpopo River, all set about with fever-trees.

But it was really the Crocodile, O Best Beloved, and the Crocodile winked one eye--like this!

'"Scuse me," said the Elephant's Child most politely, "but do you happen to have seen a Crocodile in these promiscuous parts?"

Then the Crocodile winked the other eye, and lifted half his tail out of the mud; and the Elephant's Child stepped back most politely, because he did not wish to be spanked again.

"Come hither, Little One," said the Crocodile. "Why do you ask such things?"

'"Scuse me," said the Elephant's Child most politely, "But my father has spanked me, my mother has spanked me, not to mention my tall aunt, the Ostrich, and my tall uncle, the Giraffe, who can kick ever so hard, as well as my broad aunt, the Hippopotamus, and my hairy uncle, the Baboon, and including the Bi-Coloured-Python-Rock-Snake, with the scalesome, flailsome tail, just up the bank, who spanks harder than any of them; and so, if it's quite all the same to you, I don't want to be spanked any more."

"Come hither, Little One," said the Crocodile, "for I am the Crocodile," and he wept crocodile tears to show it was quite true.

Then the Elephants' child grew all breathless, and panted, and kneeled down on the bank and said, "You are the very person I have been looking for all these long days. Will you please tell me what you have for dinner?"

"Come hither, Little One," said the Crocodile, "and I'll whisper."

Then the Elephant's Child put his head down close to the Crocodile's musky, tusky mouth, and the Crocodile caught him by his little nose, which up to that very week, day, hour, and minute, had been no bigger than a boot, though much more useful.

"I think," said the Crocodile--and he said it between his teeth, like this--"I think to-day I will begin with Elephant's Child!"

At this, O Best Beloved, the Elephant's Child was much annoyed, and he said, speaking through his nose, like this, "Led go! You are hurtig be!"

Then the Bi-Coloured-Python-Rock-Snake scuffled down from the bank and said, "My young friend, if you do not now, immediately and instantly, pull as hard as ever you can, it is my opinion that your acquaintance in the large-pattern leather ulster" (and by this he meant the Crocodile) "will jerk you into yonder limpid stream before you can say Jack Robinson."

This is the way Bi-Coloured-Python-Rock-Snake always talked.

Then the Elephant's child sat back on his little haunches, and pulled, and pulled, and pulled, and his nose began to stretch. And the Crocodile floundered into the water, making it all creamy with great sweeps of his tail, and he pulled, and pulled, and pulled.

And the Elephant's Child's nose kept on stretching; and the Elephant's child spread all his little four legs and pulled, and pulled, and pulled, and his nose kept on stretching; and the Crocodile threshed his tail like an oar, and he pulled, and pulled, and pulled, and at each pull the Elephant's Child's nose grew longer and longer--and it hurt him hijjus!!

Then the Elephant's Child felt his legs slipping, and he said through his nose, which was now nearly five feet long, "This is to butch for be!"

Then the Bi-Coloured-Python-Rock-Snake came down from the bank, and knotted himself in a double-clove-hitch round the Elephant's Child's hind legs, and said, "Rash and inexperienced traveller, we will now seriously devote ourselves to a little high tension, because if we do not, it is my impression that yonder self-propelling man-of-war with the armour-plated upper deck" (and by this, O Best Beloved, he meant the Crocodile) "will permanently vitiate your future career."

That is the way all Bi-Coloured-Python-Rock-Snakes always talk.

So he pulled, and the Elephant's Child pulled, and the Crocodile pulled, but the Elephant's Child and the Bi-Coloured-Python-Rock-Snake pulled hardest; and at last the Crocodile let go of the Elephant's Child's nose with a plop that you could hear all up and down the Limpopo.

Then the Elephant's Child sat down most hard and sudden; but first he was careful to say "Thank you" to the Bi-Coloured-Python-Rock-Snake; and next he was kind to his poor pulled nose, and wrapped it all up in cool banana leaves, and hung it in the great grey-green greasy Limpopo to cool.

"What are you doing that for?" said the Bi-Coloured-Python-Rock-Snake.

"'Scuse me," said the Elephant's Child, "but my nose is badly out of shape, and I am waiting for it to shrink"

"Then you will have to wait a long time," said the Bi-Coloured-Python-Rock-Snake. "Some people do not know what is good for them."

The Elephant's Child sat there for three days waiting for his nose to shrink. But it never grew any shorter, and, besides, it made him squint. For, O Best Beloved, you will understand that the Crocodile had pulled it out into a really truly trunk, same as all Elephant's have today.

At the end of the third day a fly came and stung him on the shoulder, and before he knew what he was doing he lifted up his trunk and hit that fly dead with the end of it.

"'Vantage number one!" said the Bi-Coloured-Python-Rock-Snake. "You couldn't have done that with a mere-smear nose. Try and eat a little now."

Before he thought what he was doing the Elephant's Child put out his trunk and plucked a large bundle of grass, dusted it clean against his forelegs, and stuffed it into his mouth.

"'Vantage number two!" said the Bi-Coloured-Python-Rock-Snake. "You couldn't have done that with a mere-smear nose. Don't you think the sun is very hot here?"

"It is," said the Elephant's Child, and before he thought what he was doing he schlooped up a schloop of mud from the banks of the great grey-green, greasy Limpopo, and slapped it on his head, where it made a cool schloopy-sloshy mud-cap all trickly behind his ears.

"'Vantage number three!" said the Bi-Coloured-Python-Rock-Snake. "You couldn't have done that with a mere-smear nose. Now how do you feel about being spanked again?"

"'Scuse me," said the Elephant's Child, "but I should not like it at all."

"How would you like to spank somebody?" said the Bi-Coloured-Python-Rock-Snake.

"I should like it very much indeed," said the Elephant's Child.

"Well," said the Bi-Coloured-Python-Rock-Snake, "you will find that new nose of yours very useful to spank people with."

"Thank you," said the Elephant's child, "I'll remember that; and now I think I'll go home to all my dear families and try."

So the Elephant's Child went home across Africa frisking and whisking his trunk. When he wanted fruit to eat he pulled fruit down from a tree, instead of waiting for it to fall as he used to do. When he wanted grass he plucked grass up from the ground, instead of going on his knees as he used to do. When the flies bit him he broke off the branch of a tree and used it as a fly-whisk; and he made himself a new, cool slushy-squshy mud-cap whenever the sun was hot. When he felt lonely walking through Africa he sang to himself down his trunk, and the noise was louder than several brass bands. He went especially out of his way to find a broad Hippopotamus (she was no relation of his), and he spanked her very hard, to make sure that the Bi-Coloured-Python-Rock-Snake had spoken the truth about his new trunk. The rest of the time he picked up the melon rinds that he had dropped on his way to the Limpopo--for he was a Tidy Pachyderm.

One dark evening he came back to all his dear families, and he coiled up his trunk and said, "How do you do?" They were very glad to see him, and immediately said, "Come here and be spanked for your 'satiable curtiosity."

"Pooh," said the Elephant's Child. "I don't think you people's know anything about spanking; but I do, and I'll show you."

Then he uncurled his trunk and knocked two of his dear brothers head over heels.

"O Bananas!" said they, "Where did you learn that trick, and what have you done to your nose?"

"I got a new one from the Crocodile on the banks of the great grey-green, greasy Limpopo River," said the Elephant's Child. "I asked him what he had for dinner, and he gave me this to keep."

"It looks very ugly," said his hairy uncle, the Baboon.

"It does," said the Elephant's Child. "But it's very useful," and he picked up his hairy uncle, the Baboon, by one hairy leg, and hove him into a hornets' nest.

Then that bad Elephant's Child spanked all his dear families for a long time, till they were very warm and greatly astonished. He pulled out his tall Ostrich aunt's tail-feathers; and he caught his tall uncle, the Giraffe, by the hind-leg, and dragged him through a thorn-bush; and he shouted at his broad aunt, the Hippopotamus, and blew bubbles into her ear when she was sleeping in the water after meals; but he never let any one touch the Kolokolo Bird.

At last things grew so exciting that his dear families went off one by one in a hurry to the banks of the great grey-green, greasy Limpopo River, all set about with fever-trees, to borrow new noses from the Crocodile. When they came back nobody spanked anybody any more; and ever since that day, O Best Beloved, all the Elephants you will ever see besides all those that you won't, have trunks precisely like the trunk of the 'satiable Elephant's Child.

Текст 6. The Darling by Anton Pavlovich Chekhov

ЗАДАНИЕ: прочитайте текст, осуществите ее предпереводческий анализ и сделайте ее перевод в письменной форме. В каких трансформациях возникла необходимость? Выявите особенности перевода текста данного художественного стиля.

Olenka, the daughter of the retired collegiate assessor, Plemyanniakov, was sitting in her back porch, lost in thought. It was hot, the flies were persistent and teasing, and it was pleasant to reflect that it would soon be evening. Dark rainclouds were gathering from the east, and bringing from time to time a breath of moisture in the air.

Kukin, who was the manager of an open-air theatre called the Tivoli, and who lived in the lodge, was standing in the middle of the garden looking at the sky.

"Again!" he observed despairingly. "It's going to rain again! Rain every day, as though to spite me. I might as well hang myself! It's ruin! Fearful losses every day."

He flung up his hands, and went on, addressing Olenka:

"There! that's the life we lead, Olga Semyonovna. It's enough to make one cry. One works and does one's utmost, one wears oneself out, getting no sleep at night, and racks one's brain what to do for the best. And then what happens? To begin with, one's public is ignorant, boorish. I give them the very best operetta, a dainty masque, first rate music-hall artists. But do you suppose that's what they want! They don't understand anything of that sort. They want a clown; what they ask for is vulgarity. And then look at the weather! Almost every evening it rains. It started on the tenth of May, and it's kept it up all May and June. It's simply awful! The public doesn't come, but I've to pay the rent just the same, and pay the artists."

The next evening the clouds would gather again, and Kukin would say with an hysterical laugh:

"Well, rain away, then! Flood the garden, drown me! Damn my luck in this world and the next! Let the artists have me up! Send me to prison! -- to Siberia! -- the scaffold! Ha, ha, ha!"

And next day the same thing.

Olenka listened to Kukin with silent gravity, and sometimes tears came into her eyes. In the end his misfortunes touched her; she grew to love him. He was a small thin man, with a yellow face, and curls combed forward on his forehead. He spoke in a thin tenor; as he talked his mouth worked on one side, and there was always an expression of despair on his face; yet he aroused a deep and genuine affection in her. She was always fond of some one, and could not exist without

loving. In earlier days she had loved her papa, who now sat in a darkened room, breathing with difficulty; she had loved her aunt who used to come every other year from Bryansk; and before that, when she was at school, she had loved her French master. She was a gentle, soft-hearted, compassionate girl, with mild, tender eyes and very good health. At the sight of her full rosy cheeks, her soft white neck with a little dark mole on it, and the kind, naive smile, which came into her face when she listened to anything pleasant, men thought, "Yes, not half bad," and smiled too, while lady visitors could not refrain from seizing her hand in the middle of a conversation, exclaiming in a gush of delight, "You darling!"

The house in which she had lived from her birth upwards, and which was left her in her father's will, was at the extreme end of the town, not far from the Tivoli. In the evenings and at night she could head the band playing, and the crackling and banging of fireworks, and it seemed to her that it was Kukin struggling with his destiny, storming the entrenchments of his chief foe, the indifferent public; there was a sweet thrill at her heart, she had no desire to sleep, and when he returned home at day-break, she tapped softly at her bedroom window, and showing him only her face and one shoulder through the curtain, she gave him a friendly smile …

He proposed to her, and they were married. And when he had a closer view of her neck and her plump, fine shoulders, he threw up his hands, and said:

"You darling!"

He was happy, but as it rained on the day and night of his wedding, his face still retained an expression of despair.

They got on very well together. She used to sit in his office, to look after things in the Tivoli, to put down the accounts and pay the wages. And her rosy cheeks, her sweet, naive, radiant smile, were to be seen now at the office window, now in the refreshment bar or behind the scenes of the theatre. And already she used to say to her acquaintances that the theatre was the chief and most important thing in life and that it was only through the drama that one could derive true enjoyment and become cultivated and humane.

"But do you suppose the public understands that?" she used to say. "What they want is a clown. Yesterday we gave 'Faust Inside Out,' and almost all the boxes were empty; but if Vanitchka and I had been producing some vulgar thing, I assure you the theatre would have been packed. Tomorrow Vanitchka and I are doing 'Orpheus in Hell.' Do come."

And what Kukin said about the theatre and the actors she repeated. Like him she despised the public for their ignorance and their indifference to art; she took part in the rehearsals, she corrected the actors, she kept an eye on the behaviour of the musicians, and when there was an unfavourable notice in the local paper, she shed tears, and then went to the editor's office to set things right.

The actors were fond of her and used to call her "Vanitchka and I," and "the darling"; she was sorry for them and used to lend them small sums of money, and if they deceived her, she used to shed a few tears in private, but did not complain to her husband.

They got on well in the winter too. They took the theatre in the town for the whole winter, and let it for short terms to a Little Russian company, or to a conjurer, or to a local dramatic society. Olenka grew stouter, and was always beaming with satisfaction, while Kukin grew thinner and yellower, and continually complained of their terrible losses, although he had not done badly all the winter. He used to cough at night, and she used to give him hot raspberry tea or lime-flower water, to rub him with eau-de-Cologne and to wrap him in her warm shawls.

"You're such a sweet pet!" she used to say with perfect sincerity, stroking his hair. "You're such a pretty dear!"

Towards Lent he went to Moscow to collect a new troupe, and without him she could not sleep, but sat all night at her window, looking at the stars, and she compared herself with the hens, who are awake all night and uneasy when the cock is not in the hen-house. Kukin was detained in Moscow, and wrote that he would be back at Easter, adding some instructions about the Tivoli. But on the Sunday before Easter, late in the evening, came a sudden ominous knock

at the gate; someone was hammering on the gate as though on a barrel -- boom, boom, boom! The drowsy cook went flopping with her bare feet through the puddles, as she ran to open the gate.

"Please open," said someone outside in a thick bass. "There is a telegram for you."

Olenka had received telegrams from her husband before, but this time for some reason she felt numb with terror. With shaking hands she opened the telegram and read as follows:

"IVAN PETROVITCH DIED SUDDENLY TO-DAY. AWAITING IMMATE INSTRUCTIONS FUFUNERAL TUESDAY."

That was how it was written in the telegram -- "fufuneral," and the utterly incomprehensible word "immate." It was signed by the stage manager of the operatic company.

"My darling!" sobbed Olenka. "Vanka, my precious, my darling! Why did I ever meet you! Why did I know you and love you! Your poor heart-broken Olenka is alone without you!"

Kukin's funeral took place on Tuesday in Moscow, Olenka returned home on Wednesday, and as soon as she got indoors, she threw herself on her bed and sobbed so loudly that it could be heard next door, and in the street.

"Poor darling!" the neighbours said, as they crossed themselves. "Olga Semyonovna, poor darling! How she does take on!"

Three months later Olenka was coming home from mass, melancholy and in deep mourning. It happened that one of her neighbours, Vassily Andreitch Pustovalov, returning home from church, walked back beside her. He was the manager at Babakayev's, the timber merchant's. He wore a straw hat, a white waistcoat, and a gold watch-chain, and looked more a country gentleman than a man in trade.

"Everything happens as it is ordained, Olga Semyonovna," he said gravely, with a sympathetic note in his voice; "and if any of our dear ones die, it must be because it is the will of God, so we ought have fortitude and bear it submissively."

After seeing Olenka to her gate, he said good-bye and went on. All day afterwards she heard his sedately dignified voice, and whenever she shut her eyes she saw his dark beard. She liked him very much. And apparently she had made an impression on him too, for not long afterwards an elderly lady, with whom she was only slightly acquainted, came to drink coffee with her, and as soon as she was seated at table began to talk about Pustovalov, saying that he was an excellent man whom one could thoroughly depend upon, and that any girl would be glad to marry him. Three days later Pustovalov came himself. He did not stay long, only about ten minutes, and he did not say much, but when he left, Olenka loved him -- loved him so much that she lay awake all night in a perfect fever, and in the morning she sent for the elderly lady. The match was quickly arranged, and then came the wedding.

Pustovalov and Olenka got on very well together when they were married.

Usually he sat in the office till dinner-time, then he went out on business, while Olenka took his place, and sat in the office till evening, making up accounts and booking orders.

"Timber gets dearer every year; the price rises twenty per cent," she would say to her customers and friends. "Only fancy we used to sell local timber, and now Vassitchka always has to go for wood to the Mogilev district. And the freight!" she would add, covering her cheeks with her hands in horror. "The freight!"

It seemed to her that she had been in the timber trade for ages and ages, and that the most important and necessary thing in life was timber; and there was something intimate and touching to her in the very sound of words such as "baulk," "post," "beam," "pole," "scantling," "batten," "lath," "plank," etc.

At night when she was asleep she dreamed of perfect mountains of planks and boards, and long strings of wagons, carting timber somewhere far away. She dreamed that a whole regiment of six-inch beams forty feet high, standing on end, was marching upon the timber-yard; that logs, beams, and boards knocked together with the resounding crash of dry wood, kept falling and getting up again, piling themselves on each other. Olenka cried out in her sleep, and Pustovalov said to her tenderly: "Olenka, what's the matter, darling? Cross yourself!"

Her husband's ideas were hers. If he thought the room was too hot, or that business was slack, she thought the same. Her husband did not care for entertainments, and on holidays he stayed at home. She did likewise.

"You are always at home or in the office," her friends said to her. "You should go to the theatre, darling, or to the circus."

"Vassitchka and I have no time to go to theatres," she would answer sedately. "We have no time for nonsense. What's the use of these theatres?"

On Saturdays Pustovalov and she used to go to the evening service; on holidays to early mass, and they walked side by side with softened faces as they came home from church. There was a pleasant fragrance about them both, and her silk dress rustled agreeably. At home they drank tea, with fancy bread and jams of various kinds, and afterwards they ate pie. Every day at twelve o'clock there was a savoury smell of beet-root soup and of mutton or duck in their yard, and on fast-days of fish, and no one could pass the gate without feeling hungry. In the office the samovar was always boiling, and customers were regaled with tea and cracknels. Once a week the couple went to the baths and returned side by side, both red in the face.

"Yes, we have nothing to complain of, thank God," Olenka used to say to her acquaintances. "I wish every one were as well off as Vassitchka and I."

When Pustovalov went away to buy wood in the Mogilev district, she missed him dreadfully, lay awake and cried. A young veterinary surgeon in the army, called Smirnin, to whom they had let their lodge, used sometimes to come in in the evening. He used to talk to her and play cards with her, and this entertained her in her husband's absence. She was particularly interested in what he told her of his home life. He was married and had a little boy, but was separated from his wife because she had been unfaithful to him, and now he hated her and used to send her forty roubles a month for the maintenance of their son. And hearing of all this, Olenka sighed and shook her head. She was sorry for him.

"Well, God keep you," she used to say to him at parting, as she lighted him down the stairs with a candle. "Thank you for coming to cheer me up, and may the Mother of God give you health."

And she always expressed herself with the same sedateness and dignity, the same reasonableness, in imitation of her husband. As the veterinary surgeon was disappearing behind the door below, she would say:

"You know, Vladimir Platonitch, you'd better make it up with your wife. You should forgive her for the sake of your son. You may be sure the little fellow understands."

And when Pustovalov came back, she told him in a low voice about the veterinary surgeon and his unhappy home life, and both sighed and shook their heads and talked about the boy, who, no doubt, missed his father, and by some strange connection of ideas, they went up to the holy ikons, bowed to the ground before them and prayed that God would give them children.

And so the Pustovalovs lived for six years quietly and peaceably in love and complete harmony.

But behold! one winter day after drinking hot tea in the office, Vassily Andreitch went out into the yard without his cap on to see about sending off some timber, caught cold and was taken ill. He had the best doctors, but he grew worse and died after four months' illness. And Olenka was a widow once more.

"I've nobody, now you've left me, my darling," she sobbed, after her husband's funeral. "How can I live without you, in wretchedness and misery! Pity me, good people, all alone in the world!"

She went about dressed in black with long "weepers," and gave up wearing hat and gloves for good. She hardly ever went out, except to church, or to her husband's grave, and led the life of a nun. It was not till six months later that she took off the weepers and opened the shutters of the windows. She was sometimes seen in the mornings, going with her cook to market for provisions, but what went on in her house and how she lived now could only be surmised. People guessed, from seeing her drinking tea in her garden with the veterinary

surgeon, who read the newspaper aloud to her, and from the fact that, meeting a lady she knew at the post-office, she said to her:

"There is no proper veterinary inspection in our town, and that's the cause of all sorts of epidemics. One is always hearing of people's getting infection from the milk supply, or catching diseases from horses and cows. The health of domestic animals ought to be as well cared for as the health of human beings."

She repeated the veterinary surgeon's words, and was of the same opinion as he about everything. It was evident that she could not live a year without some attachment, and had found new happiness in the lodge. In any one else this would have been censured, but no one could think ill of Olenka; everything she did was so natural. Neither she nor the veterinary surgeon said anything to other people of the change in their relations, and tried, indeed, to conceal it, but without success, for Olenka could not keep a secret. When he had visitors, men serving in his regiment, and she poured out tea or served the supper, she would begin talking of the cattle plague, of the foot and mouth disease, and of the municipal slaughterhouses. He was dreadfully embarrassed, and when the guests had gone, he would seize her by the hand and hiss angrily:

"I've asked you before not to talk about what you don't understand. When we veterinary surgeons are talking among ourselves, please don't put your word in. It's really annoying."

And she would look at him with astonishment and dismay, and ask him in alarm: "But, Voloditchka, what am I to talk about?"

And with tears in her eyes she would embrace him, begging him not to be angry, and they were both happy.

But this happiness did not last long. The veterinary surgeon departed, departed for ever with his regiment, when it was transferred to a distant place -- to Siberia, it may be. And Olenka was left alone.

Now she was absolutely alone. Her father had long been dead, and his armchair lay in the attic, covered with dust and lame of one leg. She got thinner and plainer, and when people met her in the street they did not look at her as they used to, and did not smile to her; evidently her best years were over and left behind, and now a new sort of life had begun for her, which did not bear thinking about. In the evening Olenka sat in the porch, and heard the band playing and the fireworks popping in the Tivoli, but now the sound stirred no response. She looked into her yard without interest, thought of nothing, wished for nothing, and afterwards, when night came on she went to bed and dreamed of her empty yard. She ate and drank as it were unwillingly.

And what was worst of all, she had no opinions of any sort. She saw the objects about her and understood what she saw, but could not form any opinion about them, and did not know what to talk about. And how awful it is not to have any opinions! One sees a bottle, for instance, or the rain, or a peasant driving in his cart, but what the bottle is for, or the rain, or the peasant, and what is the meaning of it, one can't say, and could not even for a thousand roubles. When she had Kukin, or Pustovalov, or the veterinary surgeon, Olenka could explain everything, and give her opinion about anything you like, but now there was the same emptiness in her brain and in her heart as there was in her yard outside. And it was as harsh and as bitter as wormwood in the mouth.

Little by little the town grew in all directions. The road became a street, and where the Tivoli and the timber-yard had been, there were new turnings and houses. How rapidly time passes! Olenka's house grew dingy, the roof got rusty, the shed sank on one side, and the whole yard was overgrown with docks and stinging-nettles. Olenka herself had grown plain and elderly; in summer she sat in the porch, and her soul, as before, was empty and dreary and full of bitterness. In winter she sat at her window and looked at the snow. When she caught the scent of spring, or heard the chime of the church bells, a sudden rush of memories from the past came over her, there was a tender ache in her heart, and her eyes brimmed over with tears; but this was only for a minute, and then came emptiness again and the sense of the futility of life. The black kitten, Briska, rubbed against her and purred softly, but Olenka was not touched by these feline

caresses. That was not what she needed. She wanted a love that would absorb her whole being, her whole soul and reason -- that would give her ideas and an object in life, and would warm her old blood. And she would shake the kitten off her skirt and say with vexation:

"Get along; I don't want you!"

And so it was, day after day and year after year, and no joy, and no opinions. Whatever Mavra, the cook, said she accepted.

One hot July day, towards evening, just as the cattle were being driven away, and the whole yard was full of dust, some one suddenly knocked at the gate. Olenka went to open it herself and was dumbfounded when she looked out: she saw Smirnin, the veterinary surgeon, grey-headed, and dressed as a civilian. She suddenly remembered everything. She could not help crying and letting her head fall on his breast without uttering a word, and in the violence of her feeling she did not notice how they both walked into the house and sat down to tea.

"My dear Vladimir Platonitch! What fate has brought you?" she muttered, trembling with joy.

"I want to settle here for good, Olga Semyonovna," he told her. "I have resigned my post, and have come to settle down and try my luck on my own account. Besides, it's time for my boy to go to school. He's a big boy. I am reconciled with my wife, you know."

"Where is she?' asked Olenka.

"She's at the hotel with the boy, and I'm looking for lodgings."

"Good gracious, my dear soul! Lodgings? Why not have my house? Why shouldn't that suit you? Why, my goodness, I wouldn't take any rent!" cried Olenka in a flutter, beginning to cry again. "You live here, and the lodge will do nicely for me. Oh dear! how glad I am!"

Next day the roof was painted and the walls were whitewashed, and Olenka, with her arms akimbo walked about the yard giving directions. Her face was beaming with her old smile, and she was brisk and alert as though she had waked from a long sleep. The veterinary's wife arrived -- a thin, plain lady, with short hair and a peevish expression. With her was her little Sasha, a boy of ten, small for his age, blue-eyed, chubby, with dimples in his cheeks. And scarcely had the boy walked into the yard when he ran after the cat, and at once there was the sound of his gay, joyous laugh.

"Is that your puss, auntie?" he asked Olenka. "When she has little ones, do give us a kitten. Mamma is awfully afraid of mice."

Olenka talked to him, and gave him tea. Her heart warmed and there was a sweet ache in her bosom, as though the boy had been her own child. And when he sat at the table in the evening, going over his lessons, she looked at him with deep tenderness and pity as she murmured to herself:

"You pretty pet! ... my precious! ... Such a fair little thing, and so clever."

" 'An island is a piece of land which is entirely surrounded by water,' " he read aloud.

"An island is a piece of land," she repeated, and this was the first opinion to which she gave utterance with positive conviction after so many years of silence and dearth of ideas.

Now she had opinions of her own, and at supper she talked to Sasha's parents, saying how difficult the lessons were at the high schools, but that yet the high school was better than a commercial one, since with a high-school education all careers were open to one, such as being a doctor or an engineer.

Sasha began going to the high school. His mother departed to Harkov to her sister's and did not return; his father used to go off every day to inspect cattle, and would often be away from home for three days together, and it seemed to Olenka as though Sasha was entirely abandoned, that he was not wanted at home, that he was being starved, and she carried him off to her lodge and gave him a little room there.

And for six months Sasha had lived in the lodge with her. Every morning Olenka came into his bedroom and found him fast asleep, sleeping noiselessly with his hand under his cheek. She was sorry to wake him.

"Sashenka," she would say mournfully, "get up, darling. It's time for school."

He would get up, dress and say his prayers, and then sit down to breakfast, drink three glasses of tea, and eat two large cracknels and a half a buttered roll. All this time he was hardly awake and a little ill-humoured in consequence.

"You don't quite know your fable, Sashenka," Olenka would say, looking at him as though he were about to set off on a long journey. "What a lot of trouble I have with you! You must work and do your best, darling, and obey your teachers."

"Oh, do leave me alone!" Sasha would say.

Then he would go down the street to school, a little figure, wearing a big cap and carrying a satchel on his shoulder. Olenka would follow him noiselessly.

"Sashenka!" she would call after him, and she would pop into his hand a date or a caramel. When he reached the street where the school was, he would feel ashamed of being followed by a tall, stout woman, he would turn round and say:

"You'd better go home, auntie. I can go the rest of the way alone."

She would stand still and look after him fixedly till he had disappeared at the school-gate.

Ah, how she loved him! Of her former attachments not one had been so deep; never had her soul surrendered to any feeling so spontaneously, so disinterestedly, and so joyously as now that her maternal instincts were aroused. For this little boy with the dimple in his cheek and the big school cap, she would have given her whole life, she would have given it with joy and tears of tenderness. Why? Who can tell why?

When she had seen the last of Sasha, she returned home, contented and serene, brimming over with love; her face, which had grown younger during the last six months, smiled and beamed; people meeting her looked at her with pleasure.

"Good-morning, Olga Semyonovna, darling. How are you, darling?"

"The lessons at the high school are very difficult now," she would relate at the market. "It's too much; in the first class yesterday they gave him a fable to learn by heart, and a Latin translation and a problem. You know it's too much for a little chap."

And she would begin talking about the teachers, the lessons, and the school books, saying just what Sasha said.

At three o'clock they had dinner together: in the evening they learned their lessons together and cried. When she put him to bed, she would stay a long time making the Cross over him and murmuring a prayer; then she would go to bed and dream of that far-away misty future when Sasha would finish his studies and become a doctor or an engineer, would have a big house of his own with horses and a carriage, would get married and have children ... She would fall asleep still thinking of the same thing, and tears would run down her cheeks from her closed eyes, while the black cat lay purring beside her: "Mrr, mrr, mrr."

Suddenly there would come a loud knock at the gate.

Olenka would wake up breathless with alarm, her heart throbbing. Half a minute later would come another knock.

"It must be a telegram from Harkov," she would think, beginning to tremble from head to foot. "Sasha's mother is sending for him from Harkov ... Oh, mercy on us!"

She was in despair. Her head, her hands, and her feet would turn chill, and she would feel that she was the most unhappy woman in the world. But another minute would pass, voices would be heard: it would turn out to be the veterinary surgeon coming home from the club.

"Well, thank God!" she would think.

And gradually the load in her heart would pass off, and she would feel at ease. She would go back to bed thinking of Sasha, who lay sound asleep in the next room, sometimes crying out in his sleep:

"I'll give it you! Get away! Shut up!"

Текст 7. A Telephone Call by Dorothy Parker

ЗАДАНИЕ: прочитайте текст, осуществите ее предпереводческий анализ и сделайте ее перевод в письменной форме. В каких трансформациях возникла необходимость? Выявите особенности перевода текста данного художественного стиля.

PLEASE, God, let him telephone me now. Dear God, let him call me now. I won't ask anything else of You, truly I won't. It isn't very much to ask. It would be so little to You, God, such a little, little thing. Only let him telephone now. Please, God. Please, please, please.

If I didn't think about it, maybe the telephone might ring. Sometimes it does that. If I could think of something else. If I could think of something else. Knobby if I counted five hundred by fives, it might ring by that time. I'll count slowly. I won't cheat. And if it rings when I get to three hundred, I won't stop; I won't answer it until I get to five hundred. Five, ten, fifteen, twenty, twenty-five, thirty, thirty-five, forty, forty-five, fifty.... Oh, please ring. Please.

This is the last time I'll look at the clock. I will not look at it again. It's ten minutes past seven. He said he would telephone at five o'clock. "I'll call you at five, darling." I think that's where he said "darling." I'm almost sure he said it there. I know he called me "darling" twice, and the other time was when he said good-by. "Good-by, darling." He was busy, and he can't say much in the office, but he called me "darling" twice. He couldn't have minded my calling him up. I know you shouldn't keep telephoning them--I know they don't like that. When you do that they know you are thinking about them and wanting them, and that makes them hate you. But I hadn't talked to him in three days-not in three days. And all I did was ask him how he was; it was just the way anybody might have called him up. He couldn't have minded that. He couldn't have thought I was bothering him. "No, of course you're not," he said. And he said he'd telephone me. He didn't have to say that. I didn't ask him to, truly I didn't. I'm sure I didn't. I don't think he would say he'd telephone me, and then just never do it. Please don't let him do that, God. Please don't.

"I'll call you at five, darling." "Good-by, darling.,' He was busy, and he was in a hurry, and there were people around him, but he called me "darling" twice. That's mine, that's mine. I have that, even if I never see him again. Oh, but that's so little. That isn't enough. Nothing's enough, if I never see him again. Please let me see him again, God. Please, I want him so much. I want him so much. I'll be good, God. I will try to be better, I will, If you will let me see him again. If You will let him telephone me. Oh, let him telephone me now.

Ah, don't let my prayer seem too little to You, God. You sit up there, so white and old, with all the angels about You and the stars slipping by. And I come to You with a prayer about a telephone call. Ah, don't laugh, God. You see, You don't know how it feels. You're so safe, there on Your throne, with the blue swirling under You. Nothing can touch You; no one can twist Your heart in his hands. This is suffering, God, this is bad, bad suffering. Won't You help me? For Your Son's sake, help me. You said You would do whatever was asked of You in His name. Oh, God, in the name of Thine only beloved Son, Jesus Christ, our Lord, let him telephone me now.

I must stop this. I mustn't be this way. Look. Suppose a young man says he'll call a girl up, and then something happens, and he doesn't. That isn't so terrible, is it? Why, it's gong on all over the world, right this minute. Oh, what do I care what's going on all over the world? Why can't that telephone ring? Why can't it, why can't it? Couldn't you ring? Ah, please, couldn't you? You damned, ugly, shiny thing. It would hurt you to ring, wouldn't it? Oh, that would hurt you. Damn you, I'll pull your filthy roots out of the wall, I'll smash your smug black face in little bits. Damn you to hell.

No, no, no. I must stop. I must think about something else. This is what I'll do. I'll put the clock in the other room. Then I can't look at it. If I do have to look at it, then I'll have to walk into the bedroom, and that will be something to do. Maybe, before I look at it again, he will call me. I'll be so sweet to him, if he calls me. If he says he can't see me tonight, I'll say, "Why, that's all right, dear. Why, of course it's all right." I'll be the way I was when I first met him. Then

maybe he'll like me again. I was always sweet, at first. Oh, it's so easy to be sweet to people before you love them.

I think he must still like me a little. He couldn't have called me "darling" twice today, if he didn't still like me a little. It isn't all gone, if he still likes me a little; even if it's only a little, little bit. You see, God, if You would just let him telephone me, I wouldn't have to ask You anything more. I would be sweet to him, I would be gay, I would be just the way I used to be, and then he would love me again. And then I would never have to ask You for anything more. Don't You see, God? So won't You please let him telephone me? Won't You please, please, please?

Are You punishing me, God, because I've been bad? Are You angry with me because I did that? Oh, but, God, there are so many bad people --You could not be hard only to me. And it wasn't very bad; it couldn't have been bad. We didn't hurt anybody, God. Things are only bad when they hurt people. We didn't hurt one single soul; You know that. You know it wasn't bad, don't You, God? So won't You let him telephone me now?

If he doesn't telephone me, I'll know God is angry with me. I'll count five hundred by fives, and if he hasn't called me then, I will know God isn't going to help me, ever again. That will be the sign. Five, ten, fifteen, twenty, twenty-five, thirty, thirty-five, forty, forty-five, fifty, fifty-five. . . It was bad. I knew it was bad. All right, God, send me to hell. You think You're frightening me with Your hell, don't You? You think. Your hell is worse than mine.

I mustn't. I mustn't do this. Suppose he's a little late calling me up --that's nothing to get hysterical about. Maybe he isn't going to call--maybe he's coming straight up here without telephoning. He'll be cross if he sees I have been crying. They don't like you to cry. He doesn't cry. I wish to God I could make him cry. I wish I could make him cry and tread the floor and feel his heart heavy and big and festering in him. I wish I could hurt him like hell.

He doesn't wish that about me. I don't think he even knows how he makes me feel. I wish he could know, without my telling him. They don't like you to tell them they've made you cry. They don't like you to tell them you're unhappy because of them. If you do, they think you're possessive and exacting. And then they hate you. They hate you whenever you say anything you really think. You always have to keep playing little games. Oh, I thought we didn't have to; I thought this was so big I could say whatever I meant. I guess you can't, ever. I guess there isn't ever anything big enough for that. Oh, if he would just telephone, I wouldn't tell him I had been sad about him. They hate sad people. I would be so sweet and so gay, he couldn't help but like me. If he would only telephone. If he would only telephone.

Maybe that's what he is doing. Maybe he is coming on here without calling me up. Maybe he's on his way now. Something might have happened to him. No, nothing could ever happen to him. I can't picture anything happening to him. I never picture him run over. I never see him lying still and long and dead. I wish he were dead. That's a terrible wish. That's a lovely wish. If he were dead, he would be mine. If he were dead, I would never think of now and the last few weeks. I would remember only the lovely times. It would be all beautiful. I wish he were dead. I wish he were dead, dead, dead.

This is silly. It's silly to go wishing people were dead just because they don't call you up the very minute they said they would. Maybe the clock's fast; I don't know whether it's right. Maybe he's hardly late at all. Anything could have made him a little late. Maybe he had to stay at his office. Maybe he went home, to call me up from there, and somebody came in. He doesn't like to telephone me in front of people. Maybe he's worried, just alittle, little bit, about keeping me waiting. He might even hope that I would call him up. I could do that. I could telephone him.

I mustn't. I mustn't, I mustn't. Oh, God, please don't let me telephone him. Please keep me from doing that. I know, God, just as well as You do, that if he were worried about me, he'd telephone no matter where he was or how many people there were around him. Please make me know that, God. I don't ask YOU to make it easy for me--You can't do that, for all that You could make a world. Only let me know it, God. Don't let me go on hoping. Don't let me say comforting things to myself. Please don't let me hope, dear God. Please don't.

I won't telephone him. I'll never telephone him again as long as I live. He'll rot in hell, before I'll call him up. You don't have to give me strength, God; I have it myself. If he wanted me, he could get me. He knows where I ram. He knows I'm waiting here. He's so sure of me, so sure. I wonder why they hate you, as soon as they are sure of you. I should think it would be so sweet to be sure.

It would be so easy to telephone him. Then I'd know. Maybe it wouldn't be a foolish thing to do. Maybe he wouldn't mind. Maybe he'd like it. Maybe he has been trying to get me. Sometimes people try and try to get you on the telephone, and they say the number doesn't answer. I'm not just saying that to help myself; that really happens. You know that really happens, God. Oh, God, keep me away from that telephone. Kcep me away. Let me still have just a little bit of pride. I think I'm going to need it, God. I think it will be all I'll have.

Oh, what does pride matter, when I can't stand it if I don't talk to him? Pride like that is such a silly, shabby little thing. The real pride, the big pride, is in having no pride. I'm not saying that just because I want to call him. I am not. That's true, I know that's true. I will be big. I will be beyond little prides.

Please, God, keep me from, telephoning him. Please, God.

I don't see what pride has to do with it. This is such a little thing, for me to be bringing in pride, for me to be making such a fuss about. I may have misunderstood him. Maybe he said for me to call him up, at five. "Call me at five, darling." He could have said that, perfectly well. It's so possible that I didn't hear him right. "Call me at five, darling." I'm almost sure that's what he said. God, don't let me talk this way to myself. Make me know, please make me know.

I'll think about something else. I'll just sit quietly. If I could sit still. If I could sit still. Maybe I could read. Oh, all the books are about people who love each other, truly and sweetly. What do they want to write about that for? Don't they know it isn't tree? Don't they know it's a lie, it's a God damned lie? What do they have to tell about that for, when they know how it hurts? Damn them, damn them, damn them.

I won't. I'll be quiet. This is nothing to get excited about. Look. Suppose he were someone I didn't know very well. Suppose he were another girl. Then I d just telephone and say, "Well, for goodness' sake, what happened to you?" That's what I'd do, and I'd never even think about it. Why can't I be casual and natural, just because I love him? I can be. Honestly, I can be. I'll call him up, and be so easy and pleasant. You see if I won't, God. Oh, don't let me call him. Don't, don't, don't.

God, aren't You really going to let him call me? Are You sure, God? Couldn't You please relent? Couldn't You? I don't even ask You to let him telephone me this minute, God; only let him do it in a little while. I'll count five hundred by fives. I'll do it so slowly and so fairly. If he hasn't telephoned then, I'll call him. I will. Oh, please, dear God, dear kind God, my blessed Father in Heaven, let him call before then. Please, God. Please.

Five, ten, fifteen, twenty, twentyfive, thirty, thirty-five....

Текст 8. The Inn

ЗАДАНИЕ: прочитайте текст, осуществите ее предпереводческий анализ и сделайте ее перевод в письменной форме. В каких трансформациях возникла необходимость? Выявите особенности перевода текста данного художественного стиля.

Resembling in appearance all the wooden hostelries of the High Alps situated at the foot of glaciers in the barren rocky gorges that intersect the summits of the mountains, the Inn of Schwarenbach serves as a resting place for travellers crossing the Gemini Pass.

It remains open for six months in the year and is inhabited by the family of Jean Hauser; then, as soon as the snow begins to fall and to fill the valley so as to make the road down to

Loeche impassable, the father and his three sons go away and leave the house in charge of the old guide, Gaspard Hari, with the young guide, Ulrich Kunsi, and Sam, the great mountain dog.

The two men and the dog remain till the spring in their snowy prison, with nothing before their eyes except the immense white slopes of the Balmhorn, surrounded by light, glistening summits, and are shut in, blocked up and buried by the snow which rises around them and which envelops, binds and crushes the little house, which lies piled on the roof, covering the windows and blocking up the door.

It was the day on which the Hauser family were going to return to Loeche, as winter was approaching, and the descent was becoming dangerous. Three mules started first, laden with baggage and led by the three sons. Then the mother, Jeanne Hauser, and her daughter Louise mounted a fourth mule and set off in their turn and the father followed them, accompanied by the two men in charge, who were to escort the family as far as the brow of the descent. First of all they passed round the small lake, which was now frozen over, at the bottom of the mass of rocks which stretched in front of the inn, and then they followed the valley, which was dominated on all sides by the snow-covered summits.

A ray of sunlight fell into that little white, glistening, frozen desert and illuminated it with a cold and dazzling flame. No living thing appeared among this ocean of mountains. There was no motion in this immeasurable solitude and no noise disturbed the profound silence.

By degrees the young guide, Ulrich Kunsi, a tall, long-legged Swiss, left old man Hauser and old Gaspard behind, in order to catch up the mule which bore the two women. The younger one looked at him as he approached and appeared to be calling him with her sad eyes. She was a young, fairhaired little peasant girl, whose milk-white cheeks and pale hair looked as if they had lost their color by their long abode amid the ice. When he had got up to the animal she was riding he put his hand on the crupper and relaxed his speed. Mother Hauser began to talk to him, enumerating with the minutest details all that he would have to attend to during the winter. It was the first time that he was going to stay up there, while old Hari had already spent fourteen winters amid the snow, at the inn of Schwarenbach.

Ulrich Kunsi listened, without appearing to understand and looked incessantly at the girl. From time to time he replied: "Yes, Madame Hauser," but his thoughts seemed far away and his calm features remained unmoved.

They reached Lake Daube, whose broad, frozen surface extended to the end of the valley. On the right one saw the black, pointed, rocky summits of the Daubenhorn beside the enormous moraines of the Lommern glacier, above which rose the Wildstrubel. As they approached the Gemmi pass, where the descent of Loeche begins, they suddenly beheld the immense horizon of the Alps of the Valais, from which the broad, deep valley of the Rhone separated them.

In the distance there was a group of white, unequal, flat, or pointed mountain summits, which glistened in the sun; the Mischabel with its two peaks, the huge group of the Weisshorn, the heavy Brunegghorn, the lofty and formidable pyramid of Mount Cervin, that slayer of men, and the Dent- Blanche, that monstrous coquette.

Then beneath them, in a tremendous hole, at the bottom of a terrific abyss, they perceived Loeche, where houses looked as grains of sand which had been thrown into that enormous crevice that is ended and closed by the Gemmi and which opens, down below, on the Rhone.

The mule stopped at the edge of the path, which winds and turns continually, doubling backward, then, fantastically and strangely, along the side of the mountain as far as the almost invisible little village at its feet. The women jumped into the snow and the two old men joined them. "Well," father Hauser said, "good-by, and keep up your spirits till next year, my friends," and old Hari replied: "Till next year."

They embraced each other and then Madame Hauser in her turn offered her cheek, and the girl did the same.

When Ulrich Kunsi's turn came, he whispered in Louise's ear, "Do not forget those up yonder," and she replied, "No," in such a low voice that he guessed what she had said without hearing it. "Well, adieu," Jean Hauser repeated, "and don't fall ill." And going before the two women, he commenced the descent, and soon all three disappeared at the first turn in the road, while the two men returned to the inn at Schwarenbach.

They walked slowly, side by side, without speaking. It was over, and they would be alone together for four or five months. Then Gaspard Hari began to relate his life last winter. He had remained with Michael Canol, who was too old now to stand it, for an accident might happen during that long solitude. They had not been dull, however; the only thing was to make up one's mind to it from the first, and in the end one would find plenty of distraction, games and other means of whiling away the time.

Ulrich Kunsi listened to him with his eyes on the ground, for in his thoughts he was following those who were descending to the village. They soon came in sight of the inn, which was, however, scarcely visible, so small did it look, a black speck at the foot of that enormous billow of snow, and when they opened the door Sam, the great curly dog, began to romp round them.

"Come, my boy," old Gaspard said, "we have no women now, so we must get our own dinner ready. Go and peel the potatoes." And they both sat down on wooden stools and began to prepare the soup.

The next morning seemed very long to Kunsi. Old Hari smoked and spat on the hearth, while the young man looked out of the window at the snow- covered mountain opposite the house.

In the afternoon he went out, and going over yesterday's ground again, he looked for the traces of the mule that had carried the two women. Then when he had reached the Gemmi Pass, he laid himself down on his stomach and looked at Loeche.

The village, in its rocky pit, was not yet buried under the snow, from which it was sheltered by the pine woods which protected it on all sides. Its low houses looked like paving stones in a large meadow from above. Hauser's little daughter was there now in one of those gray-colored houses. In which? Ulrich Kunsi was too far away to be able to make them out separately. How he would have liked to go down while he was yet able!

But the sun had disappeared behind the lofty crest of the Wildstrubel and the young man returned to the chalet. Daddy Hari was smoking, and when he saw his mate come in he proposed a game of cards to him, and they sat down opposite each other, on either side of the table. They played for a long time a simple game called brisque and then they had supper and went to bed.

The following days were like the first, bright and cold, without any fresh snow. Old Gaspard spent his afternoons in watching the eagles and other rare birds which ventured on those frozen heights, while Ulrich returned regularly to the Gemmi Pass to look at the village. Then they played cards, dice or dominoes and lost and won a trifle, just to create an interest in the game.

One morning Hari, who was up first, called his companion. A moving, deep and light cloud of white spray was falling on them noiselessly and was by degrees burying them under a thick, heavy coverlet of foam. That lasted four days and four nights. It was necessary to free the door and the windows, to dig out a passage and to cut steps to get over this frozen powder, which a twelve hours' frost had made as hard as the granite of the moraines.

They lived like prisoners and did not venture outside their abode. They had divided their duties, which they performed regularly. Ulrich Kunsi undertook the scouring, washing and everything that belonged to cleanliness. He also chopped up the wood while Gaspard Hari did the cooking and attended to the fire. Their regular and monotonous work was interrupted by long games at cards or dice, and they never quarrelled, but were always calm and placid. They were never seen impatient or ill- humored, nor did they ever use hard words, for they had laid in a stock of patience for their wintering on the top of the mountain.

Sometimes old Gaspard took his rifle and went after chamois, and occasionally he killed one. Then there was a feast in the inn at Schwarenbach and they revelled in fresh meat. One morning he went out as usual. The thermometer outside marked eighteen degrees of frost, and as the sun had not yet risen, the hunter hoped to surprise the animals at the approaches to the Wildstrubel, and Ulrich, being alone, remained in bed until ten o'clock. He was of a sleepy nature, but he would not have dared to give way like that to his inclination in the presence of the old guide, who was ever an early riser. He breakfasted leisurely with Sam, who also spent his days and nights in sleeping in front of the fire; then he felt low-spirited and even frightened at the solitude, and was-seized by a longing for his daily game of cards, as one is by the craving of a confirmed habit, and so he went out to meet his companion, who was to return at four o'clock.

The snow had levelled the whole deep valley, filled up the crevasses, obliterated all signs of the two lakes and covered the rocks, so that between the high summits there was nothing but an immense, white, regular, dazzling and frozen surface. For three weeks Ulrich had not been to the edge of the precipice from which he had looked down on the village, and he wanted to go there before climbing the slopes which led to Wildstrubel. Loeche was now also covered by the snow and the houses could scarcely be distinguished, covered as they were by that white cloak.

Then, turning to the right, he reached the Loemmern glacier. He went along with a mountaineer's long strides, striking the snow, which was as hard as a rock, with his ironpointed stick, and with his piercing eyes he looked for the little black, moving speck in the distance, on that enormous, white expanse.

When he reached the end of the glacier he stopped and asked himself whether the old man had taken that road, and then he began to walk along the moraines with rapid and uneasy steps. The day was declining, the snow was assuming a rosy tint, and a dry, frozen wind blew in rough gusts over its crystal surface. Ulrich uttered a long, shrill, vibrating call. His voice sped through the deathlike silence in which the mountains were sleeping; it reached the distance, across profound and motionless waves of glacial foam, like the cry of a bird across the waves of the sea. Then it died away and nothing answered him.

He began to walk again. The sun had sunk yonder behind the mountain tops, which were still purple with the reflection from the sky, but the depths of the valley were becoming gray, and suddenly the young man felt frightened. It seemed to him as if the silence, the cold, the solitude, the winter death of these mountains were taking possession of him, were going to stop and to freeze his blood, to make his limbs grow stiff and to turn him into a motionless and frozen object, and he set off running, fleeing toward his dwelling. The old man, he thought, would have returned during his absence. He had taken another road; he would, no doubt, be sitting before the fire, with a dead chamois at his feet. He soon came in sight of the inn, but no smoke rose from it. Ulrich walked faster and opened the door. Sam ran up to him to greet him, but Gaspard Hari had not returned. Kunsi, in his alarm, turned round suddenly, as if he had expected to find his comrade hidden in a corner. Then he relighted the fire and made the soup, hoping every moment to see the old man come in. From time to time he went out to see if he were not coming. It was quite night now, that wan, livid night of the mountains, lighted by a thin, yellow crescent moon, just disappearing behind the mountain tops.

Then the young man went in and sat down to warm his hands and feet, while he pictured to himself every possible accident. Gaspard might have broken a leg, have fallen into a crevasse, taken a false step and dislocated his ankle. And, perhaps, he was lying on the snow, overcome and stiff with the cold, in agony of mind, lost and, perhaps, shouting for help, calling with all his might in the silence of the night.. But where? The mountain was so vast, so rugged, so dangerous in places, especially at that time of the year, that it would have required ten or twenty guides to walk for a week in all directions to find a man in that immense space. Ulrich Kunsi, however, made up his mind to set out with Sam if Gaspard did not return by one in the morning, and he made his preparations.

He put provisions for two days into a bag, took his steel climbing iron, tied a long, thin, strong rope round his waist, and looked to see that his ironshod stick and his axe, which served

to cut steps in the ice, were in order. Then he waited. The fire was burning on the hearth, the great dog was snoring in front of it, and the clock was ticking, as regularly as a heart beating, in its resounding wooden case. He waited, with his ears on the alert for distant sounds, and he shivered when the wind blew against the roof and the walls. It struck twelve and he trembled: Then, frightened and shivering, he put some water on the fire, so that he might have some hot coffee before starting, and when the clock struck one he got up, woke Sam, opened the door and went off in the direction of the Wildstrubel. For five hours he mounted, scaling the rocks by means of his climbing irons, cutting into the ice, advancing continually, and occasionally hauling up the dog, who remained below at the foot of some slope that was too steep for him, by means of the rope. It was about six o'clock when he reached one of the summits to which old Gaspard often came after chamois, and he waited till it should be daylight.

The sky was growing pale overhead, and a strange light, springing nobody could tell whence, suddenly illuminated the immense ocean of pale mountain summits, which extended for a hundred leagues around him. One might have said that this vague brightness arose from the snow itself and spread abroad in space. By degrees the highest distant summits assumed a delicate, pink flesh color, and the red sun appeared behind the ponderous giants of the Bernese Alps.

Ulrich Kunsi set off again, walking like a hunter, bent over, looking for tracks, and saying to his dog: "Seek, old fellow, seek!"

He was descending the mountain now, scanning the depths closely, and from time to time shouting, uttering aloud, prolonged cry, which soon died away in that silent vastness. Then he put his ear to the ground to listen. He thought he could distinguish a voice, and he began to run and shouted again, but he heard nothing more and sat down, exhausted and in despair.

Toward midday he breakfasted and gave Sam, who was as tired as himself, something to eat also, and then he recommenced his search.

When evening came he was still walking, and he had walked more than thirty miles over the mountains. As he was too far away to return home and too tired to drag himself along any further, he dug a hole in the snow and crouched in it with his dog under a blanket which he had brought with him. And the man and the dog lay side by side, trying to keep warm, but frozen to the marrow nevertheless. Ulrich scarcely slept, his mind haunted by visions and his limbs shaking with cold.

Day was breaking when he got up. His legs were as stiff as iron bars and his spirits so low that he was ready to cry with anguish, while his heart was beating so that he almost fell over with agitation, when he thought he heard a noise.

Suddenly he imagined that he also was going to die of cold in the midst of this vast solitude, and the terror of such a death roused his energies and gave him renewed vigor. He was descending toward the inn, falling down and getting up again, and followed at a distance by Sam, who was limping on three legs, and they did not reach Schwarenbach until four o'clock in the afternoon. The house was empty and the young man made a fire, had something to eat and went to sleep, so worn out that he did not think of anything more.

He slept for a long time, for a very long time, an irresistible sleep. But suddenly a voice, a cry, a name, "Ulrich!" aroused him from his profound torpor and made him sit up in bed. Had he been dreaming? Was it one of those strange appeals which cross the dreams of disquieted minds? No, he heard it still, that reverberating cry-which had entered his ears and remained in his flesh-to the tips of his sinewy fingers. Certainly somebody had cried out and called "Ulrich!" There was somebody there near the house, there could be no doubt of that, and he opened the door and shouted, "Is it you, Gaspard?" with all the strength of his lungs. But there was no reply, no murmur, no groan, nothing. It was quite dark and the snow looked wan.

The wind had risen, that icy wind that cracks the rocks and leaves nothing alive on those deserted heights, and it came in sudden gusts, which were more parching and more deadly than the burning wind of the desert, and again Ulrich shouted: "Gaspard! Gaspard! Gaspard." And then he waited again. Everything was silent on the mountain.

Then he shook with terror and with a bound he was inside the inn, when he shut and bolted the door, and then he fell into a chair trembling all over, for he felt certain that his comrade had called him at the moment he was expiring.

He was sure of that, as sure as one is of being alive or of eating a piece of bread. Old Gaspard Hari had been dying for two days and three nights somewhere, in some hole, in one of those deep, untrodden ravines whose whiteness is more sinister than subterranean darkness. He had been dying for two days and three nights and be had just then died, thinking of his comrade. His soul, almost before it was released, had taken its flight to the inn where Ulrich was sleeping, and it had called him by that terrible and mysterious power which the spirits of the dead have to haunt the living. That voiceless soul had cried to the worn-out soul of the sleeper; it had uttered its last farewell, or its reproach, or its curse on the man who had not searched carefully enough.

And Ulrich felt that it was there, quite close to him, behind the wall, behind the door which be had just fastened. It was wandering about, like a night bird which lightly touches a lighted window with his wings, and the terrified young man was ready to scream with horror. He wanted to run away, but did not dare to go out; he did not dare, and he should never dare to do it in the future, for that phantom would remain there day and night, round the inn, as long as the old man's body was not recovered and had not been deposited in the consecrated earth of a churchyard.

When it was daylight Kunsi recovered some of his courage at the return of the bright sun. He prepared his meal, gave his dog some food and then remained motionless on a chair, tortured at heart as he thought of the old man lying on the snow, and then, as soon as night once more covered the mountains, new terrors assailed him. He now walked up and down the dark kitchen, which was scarcely lighted by the flame of one candle, and he walked from one end of it to the other with great strides, listening, listening whether the terrible cry of the other night would again break the dreary silence outside. He felt himself alone, unhappy man, as no man had ever been alone before! He was alone in this immense desert of Snow, alone five thousand feet above the inhabited earth, above human habitation, above that stirring, noisy, palpitating life, alone under an icy sky! A mad longing impelled him to run away, no matter where, to get down to Loeche by flinging himself over the precipice; but he did not even dare to open the door, as he felt sure that the other, the dead man, would bar his road, so that he might not be obliged to remain up there alone:

Toward midnight, tired with walking, worn out by grief and fear, he at last fell into a doze in his chair, for he was afraid of his bed as one is of a haunted spot. But suddenly the strident cry of the other evening pierced his ears, and it was so shrill that Ulrich stretched out his arms to repulse the ghost, and he fell backward with his chair.

Sam, who was awakened by the noise, began to howl as frightened dogs do howl, and he walked all about the house trying to find out where the danger came from. When he got to the door, he sniffed beneath it, smelling vigorously, with his coat bristling and his tail stiff, while he growled angrily. Kunsi, who was terrified, jumped up, and, holding his chair by one leg, he cried: "Don't come in, don't come in, or I shall kill you." And the dog, excited by this threat, barked angrily at that invisible enemy who defied his master's voice. By degrees, however, he quieted down and came back and stretched himself in front of the fire, but he was uneasy and kept his head up and growled between his teeth.

Ulrich, in turn, recovered his senses, but as he felt faint with terror, he went and got a bottle of brandy out of the sideboard, and he drank off several glasses, one after anther, at a gulp. His ideas became vague, his courage revived and a feverish glow ran through his veins.

He ate scarcely anything the next day and limited himself to alcohol, and so he lived for several days, like a drunken brute. As soon as he thought of Gaspard Hari, he began to drink again, and went on drinking until he fell to the ground, overcome by intoxication. And there he remained lying on his face, dead drunk, his limbs benumbed, and snoring loudly. But scarcely had he digested the maddening and burning liquor than the same cry, "Ulrich!" woke him like a bullet piercing his brain, and he got up, still staggering, stretching out his hands to save himself

from falling, and calling to Sam to help him. And the dog, who appeared to be going mad like his master, rushed to the door, scratched it with his claws and gnawed it with his long white teeth, while the young man, with his head thrown back drank the brandy in draughts, as if it had been cold water, so that it might by and by send his thoughts, his frantic terror, and his memory to sleep again.

In three weeks he had consumed all his stock of ardent spirits. But his continual drunkenness only lulled his terror, which awoke more furiously than ever as soon as it was impossible for him to calm it. His fixed idea then, which had been intensified by a month of drunkenness, and which was continually increasing in his absolute solitude, penetrated him like a gimlet. He now walked about the house like a wild beast in its cage, putting his ear to the door to listen if the other were there and defying him through the wall. Then, as soon as he dozed, overcome by fatigue, he heard the voice which made him leap to his feet.

At last one night, as cowards do when driven to extremities, he sprang to the door and opened it, to see who was calling him and to force him to keep quiet, but such a gust of cold wind blew into his face that it chilled him to the bone, and he closed and bolted the door again immediately, without noticing that Sam had rushed out. Then, as he was shivering with cold, he threw some wood on the fire and sat down in front of it to warm himself, but suddenly he started, for somebody was scratching at the wall and crying. In desperation he called out: "Go away!" but was answered by another long, sorrowful wail.

Then all his remaining senses forsook him from sheer fright. He repeated: "Go away!" and turned round to try to find some corner in which to hide, while the other person went round the house still crying and rubbing against the wall. Ulrich went to the oak sideboard, which was full of plates and dishes and of provisions, and lifting it up with superhuman strength, he dragged it to the door, so as to form a barricade. Then piling up all the rest of the furniture, the mattresses, palliasses and chairs, he stopped up the windows as one does when assailed by an enemy.

But the person outside now uttered long, plaintive, mournful groans, to which the young man replied by similar groans, and thus days and nights passed without their ceasing to howl at each other. The one was continually walking round the house and scraped the walls with his nails so vigorously that it seemed as if he wished to destroy them, while the other, inside, followed all his movements, stooping down and holding his ear to the walls and replying to all his appeals with terrible cries. One evening, however, Ulrich heard nothing more, and he sat down, so overcome by fatigue, that he went to sleep immediately and awoke in the morning without a thought, without any recollection of what had happened, just as if his head had been emptied during his heavy sleep, but he felt hungry, and he ate.

The winter was over and the Gemmi Pass was practicable again, so the Hauser family started off to return to their inn. As soon as they had reached the top of the ascent the women mounted their mule and spoke about the two men whom they would meet again shortly. They were, indeed, rather surprised that neither of them had come down a few days before, as soon as the road was open, in order to tell them all about their long winter sojourn. At last, however, they saw the inn, still covered with snow, like a quilt. The door and the window were closed, but a little smoke was coming out of the chimney, which reassured old Hauser. On going up to the door, however, he saw the skeleton of an animal which had been torn to pieces by the eagles, a large skeleton lying on its side.

They all looked close at it and the mother said:

"That must be Sam," and then she shouted: "Hi, Gaspard!" A cry from the interior of the house answered her and a sharp cry that one might have thought some animal had uttered it. Old Hauser repeated, "Hi, Gaspard!" and they heard another cry similar to the first.

Then the three men, the father and the two sons, tried to open the door, but it resisted their efforts. From the empty cow-stall they took a beam to serve as a battering-ram and hurled it against the door with all their might. The wood gave way and the boards flew into splinters. Then the house was shaken by a loud voice, and inside, behind the side board which was

overturned, they saw a man standing upright, with his hair falling on his shoulders and a beard descending to his breast, with shining eyes, and nothing but rags to cover him. They did not recognize him, but Louise Hauser exclaimed:

"It is Ulrich, mother." And her mother declared that it was Ulrich, although his hair was white.

He allowed them to go up to him and to touch him, but he did not reply to any of their questions, and they were obliged to take him to Loeche, where the doctors found that he was mad, and nobody ever found out what had become of his companion.

Little Louise Hauser nearly died that summer of decline, which the physicians attributed to the cold air of the mountains.

Текст 9. A Haunted House

ЗАДАНИЕ: прочитайте текст, осуществите ее предпереводческий анализ и сделайте ее перевод в письменной форме. В каких трансформациях возникла необходимость? Выявите особенности перевода текста данного художественного стиля.

Whatever hour you woke there was a door shutting. From room to room they went, hand in hand, lifting here, opening there, making sure--a ghostly couple.

"Here we left it," she said. And he added, "Oh, but here tool" "It's upstairs," she murmured. "And in the garden," he whispered. "Quietly," they said, "or we shall wake them."

But it wasn't that you woke us. Oh, no. "They're looking for it; they're drawing the curtain," one might say, and so read on a page or two. "Now they've found it,' one would be certain, stopping the pencil on the margin. And then, tired of reading, one might rise and see for oneself, the house all empty, the doors standing open, only the wood pigeons bubbling with content and the hum of the threshing machine sounding from the farm. "What did I come in here for? What did I want to find?" My hands were empty. "Perhaps its upstairs then?" The apples were in the loft. And so down again, the garden still as ever, only the book had slipped into the grass.

But they had found it in the drawing room. Not that one could ever see them. The windowpanes reflected apples, reflected roses; all the leaves were green in the glass. If they moved in the drawing room, the apple only turned its yellow side. Yet, the moment after, if the door was opened, spread about the floor, hung upon the walls, pendant from the ceiling--what? My hands were empty. The shadow of a thrush crossed the carpet; from the deepest wells of silence the wood pigeon drew its bubble of sound. "Safe, safe, safe" the pulse of the house beat softly. "The treasure buried; the room . . ." the pulse stopped short. Oh, was that the buried treasure?

A moment later the light had faded. Out in the garden then? But the trees spun darkness for a wandering beam of sun. So fine, so rare, coolly sunk beneath the surface the beam I sought always burned behind the glass. Death was the glass; death was between us, coming to the woman first, hundreds of years ago, leaving the house, sealing all the windows; the rooms were darkened. He left it, left her, went North, went East, saw the stars turned in the Southern sky; sought the house, found it dropped beneath the Downs. "Safe, safe, safe," the pulse of the house beat gladly. 'The Treasure yours."

The wind roars up the avenue. Trees stoop and bend this way and that. Moonbeams splash and spill wildly in the rain. But the beam of the lamp falls straight from the window. The candle burns stiff and still. Wandering through the house, opening the windows, whispering not to wake us, the ghostly couple seek their joy.

"Here we slept," she says. And he adds, "Kisses without number." "Waking in the morning--" "Silver between the trees--" "Upstairs--" 'In the garden--" "When summer came--" 'In winter snowtime--" "The doors go shutting far in the distance, gently knocking like the pulse of a heart.

Nearer they come, cease at the doorway. The wind falls, the rain slides silver down the glass. Our eyes darken, we hear no steps beside us; we see no lady spread her ghostly cloak. His hands shield the lantern. "Look," he breathes. "Sound asleep. Love upon their lips."

Stooping, holding their silver lamp above us, long they look and deeply. Long they pause. The wind drives straightly; the flame stoops slightly. Wild beams of moonlight cross both floor and wall, and, meeting, stain the faces bent; the faces pondering; the faces that search the sleepers and seek their hidden joy.

"Safe, safe, safe," the heart of the house beats proudly. "Long years--" he sighs. "Again you found me." "Here," she murmurs, "sleeping; in the garden reading; laughing, rolling apples in the loft. Here we left our treasure--" Stooping, their light lifts the lids upon my eyes. "Safe! safe! safe!" the pulse of the house beats wildly. Waking, I cry "Oh, is this your buried treasure? The light in the heart."

Текст 10. Joseph Jacobs «Connla and the fairy maiden»

ЗАДАНИЕ: прочитайте текст, осуществите ее предпереводческий анализ и сделайте ее перевод в письменной форме. В каких трансформациях возникла необходимость? Выявите особенности перевода текста данного художественного стиля.

CONNLA OF THE FIERY HAIR was son of Conn of the Hundred Fights. One day as he stood by the side of his father on the height of Usna, he saw a maiden clad in strange attire coming towards him.

“Whence comest thou, maiden?” said Connla.

“I come from the Plains of the Ever Living,” she said, “there where there is neither death nor sin. There we keep holiday alway, nor need we help from any in our joy. And in all our pleasure we have no strife. And because we have our homes in the round green hills, men call us the Hill Folk.”

The king and all with him wondered much to hear a voice when they saw no one. For save Connla alone, none saw the Fairy Maiden.

“To whom art thou talking, my son?” said Conn the king. Then the maiden answered, “Connla speaks to a young, fair maid, whom neither death nor old age awaits. I love Connla, and now I call him away to the Plain of Pleasure, Moy Mell, where Boadag is king for aye, nor has there been complaint or sorrow in that land since he has held the kingship.

Oh, come with me, Connla of the Fiery Hair, ruddy as the dawn with thy tawny skin. A fairy crown awaits thee to grace thy comely face and royal form. Come, and never shall thy comeliness fade, nor thy youth, till the last awful day of judgment.”

The king in fear at what the maiden said, which he heard though he could not see her, called aloud to his Druid, Coran by name.

“Oh, Coran of the many spells,” he said, “and of the cunning magic, I call upon thy aid. A task is upon me too great for all my skill and wit, greater than any laid upon me since I seized the kingship. A maiden unseen has met us, and by her power would take from me my dear, my comely son. If thou help not, he will be taken from thy king by woman’s wiles and witchery.”

Then Coran the Druid stood forth and chanted his spells towards the spot where the maiden’s voice had been heard.

And none heard her voice again, nor could Connla see her longer. Only as she vanished before the Druid’s mighty spell, she threw an apple to Connla. For a whole month from that day Connla would take nothing, either to eat or to drink, save only from that apple. But as he ate it grew again and always kept whole. And all the while there grew within him a mighty yearning and longing after the maiden he had seen.

But when the last day of the month of waiting came, Connla stood by the side of the king his father on the Plain of Arcomin, and again he saw the maiden come towards him, and again she spoke to him.

"'Tis a glorious place, forsooth, that Connla holds among short-lived mortals awaiting the day of death. But now the folk of life, the ever-living ones, beg and bid thee come to Moy Mell, the Plain of Pleasure, for they have learnt to know thee, seeing thee in thy home among thy dear ones."

When Conn the king heard the maiden's voice he called to his men aloud and said:

"Summon swift my Druid Coran, for I see she has again this day the power of speech."

Then the maiden said: "Oh, mighty Conn, fighter of a hundred fights, the Druid's power is little loved; it has little honour in the mighty land, peopled with so many of the upright. When the Law will come, it will do away with the Druid's magic spells that come from the lips of the false black demon."

Then Conn the king observed that since the maiden came, Connla his son spoke to none that spake to him. So Conn of the hundred fights said to him, "Is it to thy mind what the woman says, my son?"

"'Tis hard upon me," then said Connla; "I love my own folk above all things; but yet, but yet a longing seizes me for the maiden."

When the maiden heard this, she answered and said "The ocean is not so strong as the waves of thy longing. Come with me in my curragh, the gleaming, straight-gliding crystal canoe. Soon we can reach Boadag's realm. I see the bright sun sink, yet far as it is, we can reach it before dark. There is, too, another land worthy of thy journey, a land joyous to all that seek it. Only wives and maidens dwell there. If thou wilt, we can seek it and live there alone together in joy."

When the maiden ceased to speak, Connla of the Fiery Hair rushed away from them and sprang into the curragh, the gleaming, straight-gliding crystal canoe. And then they all, king and court, saw it glide away over the bright sea towards the setting sun. Away and away, till eye could see it no longer, and Connla and the Fairy Maiden went their way on the sea, and were no more seen, nor did any know where they came.

Текст 11. Simak, Clifford «Destiny Doll» (1971)

ЗАДАНИЕ: прочитайте текст, осуществите ее предпереводческий анализ и сделайте ее перевод в письменной форме. В каких трансформациях возникла необходимость? Выявите особенности перевода текста данного художественного стиля.

I.

The place was white and there was something aloof and puritanical and uncaring about the whiteness, as if the city stood so lofty in its thoughts that the crawling scum of life was as nothing to it.

And yet, I told myself, the trees towered over all. It had been the trees, I knew, when the ship started coming down toward the landing field, riding on the homing beam we'd caught far out in space, that had made me think we'd be landing at a village.

Perhaps, I had told myself, a village not unlike that old white New England village I had seen on Earth, nestled in the valley with the laughing brook and the flame of autumn maples climbing up the hills.

Watching, I had been thankful, and a bit surprised as well, to find such a place,

a quiet and peaceful place, for surely any creatures that had constructed such a village would be a quiet and peaceful people, not given to the bizarre concepts and outlandish mores so often found on an alien planet.

But this was not a village. It was about as far from a village as it was possible to get. It had

been the trees towering over the whiteness of it that had spelled village in my mind.

But who would expect to find trees that would soar above a city, a city that rose so tall one must tilt his head to see its topmost towers?

The city rose into the air like a towering mountain range springing up, without benefit of foothills, from a level plain.

It fenced in the landing field with its massive structure, like an oval of tall bleachers hemming in a playing field.

From space the city had been shining white, but it no longer shone. It was white, all white, but soft satiny, having something in common with the subdued gleam of expensive china on a candle-lighted table.

The city was white and the landing field was white and the sky so faint a blue that it seemed white as well.

All white except the trees that topped a city which surged up to mountain height.

My neck was getting tired from tilting my head to stare up at the city and the trees and now, when I lowered my head and looked across the field, I saw, for the first time, there were other ships upon the field.

A great many other ships, I realized with a start-more ships than one would normally expect to find on even some of the larger and busier fields of the human galaxy.

Ships of every size and shape and all of them were white. That had been the reason, I told myself, I'd not spotted them before.

The whiteness of them served as a camouflage, blending them in with the whiteness of the field itself.

All white, I thought. The whole damn planet white.

And not merely white, but a special kind of whiteness-all with that same soft-china glow.

The city and the ships and the field itself all were china-white, as if they had been carved by some industrious sculptor out of one great block of stone to form a single piece of statuary.

There was no activity. There was nothing stirring. No one was coming out to meet us. The city stood up dead.

A gust of wind came from somewhere, a single isolated gust, twitching at my jacket. And I saw there was no dust.

There was no dust for the wind to blow, no scraps of paper for it to roll about.

I scuffed at the material which made up the landing surface and my scuffing made no marks. The material, whatever it might be, was as free of dust as if it had been swept and scrubbed less than an hour before.

Behind me I heard the scrape of boots on the ladder's rungs. It was Sara Foster coming down the ladder and she was having trouble with that silly ballistics rifle slung on a strap across one shoulder.

It was swinging with the motion of her climbing and bumping on the ladder, threatening to get caught between the rungs.

I reached up and helped her down and she swung around as soon as she reached the ground to stare up at the city.

Studying the classic planes of her face and mop of curling red hair, I wondered again how a woman of such beauty could have escaped all the softness of face that would have rounded out the beauty.

She reached up a hand and brushed back a lock of hair that kept falling in her eyes. It had been falling in her eyes since the first moment I had met her.

“I feel like an ant,” she said. “It just stands there, looking down at us. Don't you feel the eyes?”

I shook my head. I had felt no eyes.

“Any minute now,” she said, “it will lift a foot and squash us.”

“Where are the other two?” I asked.

“Tuck is getting the stuff together and George is listening, with that soft, silly look pasted on his face. He says that he is home.”

“For the love of Christ,” I said.

“You don't like George,” said Sara.

“That's not it at all,” I said. “I can ignore the man. It's this whole deal that gets me. It makes no sort of sense.”

“But he got us here,” she said.

“That is right,” I said, “and I hope he likes it.”

For I didn't like it. Something about the bigness and the whiteness and the quietness of it. Something about no one coming out to greet us or to question us.

Something about the directional beam that had brought us to this landing field, then no one being there. And about the trees as well.

No trees had the right to grow as tall and big as those that rose above the city.

A clatter broke out above us. Friar Tuck had started down the ladder and George Smith, puffing with his bulk, was backing out the port, with Tuck guiding his waving feet to help him find the rungs.

“He'll slip and break his neck,” I said, not caring too much if he did.

“He hangs on real good,” said Sara, “and Tuck will help him down.”

Fascinated, I watched them coming down the ladder, the friar guiding the blind man's feet and helping him to find the rungs when he happened to misjudge them.

A blind man, I told myself-a blind man and a footloose, phony friar, and a female big game hunter off on a wild goose chase, hunting for a man who might have been no man at all, but just a silly legend.

I must have been out of my mind, I told myself, to take on a job like this.

The two men finally reached the ground and Tuck, taking the blind man's arm, turned him around so he faced the city.

Sara had been right, I saw, about that silly smile.

Smith's face was wreathed in beatitude and a look like that, planted on his flabby, vacant face, reeked of obscenity.

Sara touched the blind man's arm with gentle fingers.

“You're sure this is the place, George? You couldn't be mistaken?”

The beatitude changed to an ecstasy that was frightening to see.

“There is no mistake,” he babbled, his squeaky voice thickened by emotion. “My friend is here. I hear him and he makes me see.

It's almost as if I could reach out and touch him.”

He made a fumbling motion with a pudgy hand, as if he were reaching out to touch someone, but there was nothing there to touch. It all was in his mind.

It was insane on the face of it, insane to think that a blind man who heard voices-no, not voices, just a single voicecould lead us across thousands of light years, toward and above the galactic center, into territory through which no man and no human ship had been known to pass, to one specific planet.

There had been, in past history, many people who had heard voices, but until now not too many people bad paid attention to them.

“There is a city,” Sara was saying to the blind man. “A great white city and trees taller than the city, trees that go up and up for miles. Is that what you see?”

“No,” said George, befuddled by what he had been told,

“No, that isn't what I see. There isn't any city and there aren't any trees.” He gulped. “I see,” he said, “I see...”

He groped for what he saw and finally gave up.

He waved his hands and his face was creased with the effort to tell us what he saw.

“I can't tell you what I see,” he finally whispered. “I can't find the words for it. There aren't any words.”

“There is something coming,” said Friar Tuck, pointing toward the city.

“I can't make it out. Just a shimmer. As if there were something moving.”

I looked where the friar was pointing and I caught the shimmer. But that was all it was. There was nothing one could really see.

Out there, at the base of the city wall, something seemed to be moving, an elusive flow and sparkle.

Sara was looking through her glasses and now she slipped the strap over her shoulder and handed them to me.

“What do you think, captain?”

I put the glasses to my eyes and moved them slowly until I caught the movement.

At first it was no more than a moving blur, but slowly it grew in size and separated. Horses?

I wondered. It didn't make much sense that there'd be horses here, but that was what they looked like.

White horses running toward us-if there were horses, of course they would be white!

But very funny horses and, it seemed, with very funny feet, not running the way a normal horse would run, but with a crazy gait, rocking as they ran.

As they came closer I could make out further detail. They were horses, all right.

Formalized horses-pert upright ears, flaring nostrils, arched necks, manes that rose as if the wind were blowing through them, but manes that never moved.

Like wild running horses some crummy artist would draw for a calendar, but keeping the set pose the artist had given them, never changing it.

And their feet? Not feet, I saw. Not any feet at all, but rockers.

Two pair of rockers, front and rear, with the front ones narrower so there'd be no interference as the horses ran-reaching forward with the rear pair and, as they touched the ground, rocking forward on them, with the front pair lifted and reaching out to touch the ground and rock in turn.

Shaken, I lowered the glasses and handed them to Sara.

“This,” I said, “is one you won't believe.”

She put the glasses up and I watched the horses coming on.

There were eight of them and they all were white and one was so like the other there was no telling them apart.

Sara took down the glasses.

“Merry-go-round,” she said.

“Merry-go-round?”

“Sure. Those mechanical contraptions they have at fairs and carnivals and amusement parks.”

I shook my head, bewildered. “I never went to an amusement park,” I told her. “Not that kind of amusement park. But when I was a kid I had a hobbyhorse.”

The eight came rushing in, sliding to a halt. Once they halted, they stood rocking gently back and forth.

The foremost of them spoke to us, employing that universal space argot that man had found already in existence when he'd gone into space more than twenty centuries before,

a language composed of terms and phrases and words from a hundred different tongues, forged into a bastard lingo by which many diverse creatures could converse with one another.

“We be hobbies,” said the horse. “My name is Dobbin and we have come to take you in.”

No part of him moved. He simply stood there, rocking gently, with his ears still perked, his carven nostrils flaring, with the nonexistent breeze blowing at his mane.

I got the impression, somehow, that the words he spoke came out of his ears.

“I think they're cute,” Sara cried, delighted. And that was typical; she would think that they were cute.

Dobbin paid her no attention.

“We urge upon you haste,” he said. “There is a mount for each of you and four to take the luggage. We have but a small amount of time.”

I didn't like the way that it was going; I didn't like a thing about it. I'm afraid I snapped at him.

“We don't like being hurried,” I told him.

“If you have no time, we can spend the night on the ship and come in tomorrow morning.”

“No! No!” the hobby protested frantically.

“That is impossible. There exists great danger with the setting of the sun. You must be undercover by the time the sun is set.”

“Why don't we do the way he says,” suggested Tuck, pulling his robe tight around himself.

“I don't like it out here. If there is no time now, we could come back and pick up the luggage later.”

Said Dobbin, “We'll take the luggage now. There'll be no time in the morning.”

“It seems to me,” I said to Dobbin, “you're greatly pressed for time. If that's the case, why don't you simply turn around and go back where you came from. We can take care of ourselves.”

“Captain Ross,” said Sara Foster, firmly, “I'm not going to walk all that way if there's a chance to ride.

I think you're being foolish.”

“That may well be,” I said, angrily, “but I don't like snotty robots ordering me around.”

“We be hobbies,” Dobbin said. “We not be any robots.”

“You be human hobbies?”

“I do not know your meaning.”

“Human beings made you. Creatures very much like us.”

“I do not know,” said Dobbin.

“The hell you don't,” I said. I turned to Smith. “George,” I said.

The blind man turned his puffy face toward me. The look of ecstasy still was pasted on it.

“What is it, captain?”

“In your talk back and forth with this friend of yours, did you ever mention hobbies?”

“Hobbies? Oh, you mean stamp collecting and...”

“No, I don't,” I said. “I mean hobbyhorses. Did you ever mention hobbyhorses?”

“Until this moment,” said the blind man, “I never heard of them.”

“But you had toys when you were a child.”

The blind man sighed.

“Not the kind you are thinking of. I was born blind. I have never seen. The kind of toys other children had were not...”

“Captain,” Sara said, angrily, “you are ridiculous. Why all this suspicion?”

“I'll tell you that,” I said, just as angrily, “and it's an easy answer...”

“I know,” she said. “I know. Suspicion, time and time again, has saved that neck of yours.”

“Gracious lady,” Dobbin said, “please believe there is great danger once the sun has set.

I plead with you, I implore you, I urge you to come with us and most speedily at that.”

“Tuck,” said Sara, “get up that ladder and start getting down the stuff!” She swung belligerently toward me. “Have you objections, captain?”

“Miss Foster,” I told her, “it's your ship and it's your money. You're paying for the show.”

“You're laughing at me,” she stormed.

“You've laughed all the way. You never really believed in anything I told you. You don't believe at all-not in anything.”

“I got you here,” I told her, grimly, “and I'll get you back. That's the deal we made. All I ask is that you try not to make the job any harder than it has to be.”

And immediately that I said it, I was sorry that I had.

We were on an alien planet and very far from home and we should stick together and not start off with bickering. More than likely, I admitted to myself, she had been quite right; I might have been ridiculous.

But right away, I amended that. Ridiculous on the surface, maybe, but not in principle.

When you hit an alien planet, you are on your own and you have to keep your senses and your hunches sharp.

I'd been on a lot of alien planets and had always managed

and so, of course, had Sara, but she'd always hit them with a good-sized expeditionary force and I'd been on my own.

Tuck, at the first word from her, had gone swarming up the ladder, with his robe tucked up underneath his belt so he wouldn't trip,

and now was handing down the duffle bags and the other plunder to Sara, who was halfway up the ladder, taking the stuff from him and dropping it as gently as she could at the ladder's base.

There was one thing you had to say about the gal-she never shirked the work. She was al. ways in there, doing "her fair share and perhaps a good deal more.

"All right," I said to Dobbin, "run your packhorses over here. How do you handle this?"

"I regret," said Dobbin, "that we haven't any arms.

But with the situation as it is, you'll be forced to do the packing.

Just heap the luggage on top the hobbies" backs and when the load is completed, metal cinches will extrude from the belly and strap the load securely."

"Ingenious," I said.

Dobbin made a little forward dip upon his rockers, in the semblance of hewing. "Always," he said, "we attempt to serve."

Four of the horses came rocking up and I began loading them. When Tuck got through with handing down the gear, Sara came and helped me. Tuck closed the port and by the time he had climbed down the ladder, we were all set to go.

The sun was touching the city skyline and hunks were being nibbled out of it by the topmost towers. It was slightly more yellow than the sun of Earth-perhaps a K-type star.

The ship would know, of course; the ship would have it all. The ship did all the work that a man was supposed to do.

It gobbled up the data and pulled it all apart and put it back together.

It knew about this planet and about the planet's star, it knew about the atmosphere and the chemistry and all the rest of it and it would have been more than willing to give it out to anyone who asked.

But I hadn't asked. I had meant to go back and get the data sheet, but I hadn't counted on getting a reverse bum's rush by a pack of hobbyhorses.

Although, I told myself, it probably made, no difference, I could come back in the morning.

But I couldn't bring myself to like the fact that I'd not latched onto that data sheet.

"Dobbin," I asked, "what is all this danger business?

What are we supposed to be afraid of?"

"I cannot inform you," Dobbin said, "since I, myself, fail to understand, but I can assure you..."

"0K, let it go," I told him.

Tuck was puffing and panting, trying to boost Smith onto one of the hobbies, Sara already was on one of them, sitting straight and prim, the perfect picture of a gal on the threshold of a very great adventure, and that, of course, was all it was to her-another great adventure.

Sitting there, proud, astride her mount, with that ridiculous ancient rifle slung across her shoulder, nattily attired in an adventure-going costume.

I glanced quickly about the bowl that was the landing field, rimmed in by the city, and there was nothing stirring.

Shadows ran out from the city's western wall as the sun went inching down behind the buildings and some of those western buildings had turned from white to black, but there were no lights.

Where was everyone? Where were the city's residents and all those visitors who'd come down on the spaceships standing like ghostly tombstones on the field? And why were the ships all white?

"Honored sir," Dobbin said to me, "if you please, would you get into my saddle. Our time is running short."

A chill was in the air and I don't mind admitting that I felt a twinge of fright. I don't know why.

Perhaps just the place itself, perhaps the feeling of being trapped on the landing field rimmed in by the city, perhaps the fact that there seemed no living thing in sight except the hobbies-if you could call them living and I suppose you could.

I reached up and lifted the strap of my laser gun off my shoulder and, grasping it in hand, swung into Dobbin's saddle.

“You need no weapon here,” Dobbin said, disapprovingly.

I didn't answer him. It was my own damn business.

Dobbin wheeled and we started out across the field, heading toward the city.

It was a crazy kind of ride-smooth enough, no jerking, but going up and down as much, it seemed, as one was moving forward.

It wasn't rocking; it was like skating on a sine wave.

The city seemed not to grow much larger, nor to gain in detail.

We bad been much farther from it, I realized, than it bad appeared; the landing field was larger, too, than it had appeared.

Behind me, Tuck let out a yell. “Captain!”

I twisted in the saddle.

“The ship!” yelled Tuck. “The ship! They're doing something to it.”

And they were, indeed-whoever they might be.

A long-necked mechanism stood beside the ship. It looked like a bug with a squat and massive body and a long and slender neck with a tiny head atop it.

From the mouth of it sprayed out a mist directed at the ship. Where it struck the ship, the ship was turning white, just like those other tombstone ships that stood upon the, field.

I let out an angry yelp, reaching for a rein and yanking hard. But I might as well have yanked upon a rock. Dobbin kept straight on.

“Turn around,” I yelled. “Go back!”

“There is no turning back, most honored sir,” said Dobbin, conversationally, not even panting with his running.

“There is no time. We must reach the safety of the city.”

“There is time, by God,” I yelled,

jerking up the gun and aiming it at the ground in front of us, between Dobbin's ears.

“Shut your eyes,” I yelled to the others, and pulled the trigger one notch back.

Even through my eyelids, I sensed the flaring of the laser-light as it bounced back from the ground. Under me Dobbin reared and spun, almost swapping end for end,

and when I opened my eyes we were heading back toward the ship.

“You'll be the death of us, crazy being,” Dobbin moaned. “All of us will die.”

I looked behind me and the hobbies all were following.

Dobbin, it appeared, was leader and where he went they were content to follow.

But farther back there was no sign of where the laser bolt had struck. Even at first notch capacity it should have made a mark; there should have been a smoking crater back there where it struck.

Sara was riding with one arm up across her eyes.

“You all right?” I asked.

“You crazy fool!” she cried.

“I yelled for you to close your eyes,” I said. “There was bound to be reflection.”

“You yelled, then fired,” she said. “You didn't give us time.”

She took her arm down and her eyes blinked at me and, hell, she was all right.

Just something else to bitch about; she never missed a chance.

Ahead of us the bug that had been spraying the ship was scurrying off across the field.

It must have had wheels or treads underneath it, for it was spinning along at a headlong clip, its long neck stretched out in front of it in its eagerness to get away from there.

“Please, sir,” Dobbin pleaded, “we are simply wasting time. There is nothing that can be done.”

“One more word out of you,” I said, “and this time right between the ears.”

We reached the ship and Dobbin skidded to a halt, but I didn't wait for him to stop.

I hit the ground and was running toward the ship while he still was moving. Although what I intended to do I had no idea.

I reached the ship and I could see that it was covered with some stuff that looked like frosty glass and when I say covered, I mean covered-every inch of it. There was no metal showing.

It looked unfunctional, like a model ship. Reduced in size, it could have passed for those little model ships sold in decorator shops to stick up on the mantle.

I put out my hand and touched it and it was slick and hard. There was no look of metal and there was no feel of metal, either.

I rapped it with my gun stock and it rang like a bell, setting up a resonance that went bouncing across the field and came back as an echo from the city walls.

“What is it, captain?” Sara asked, her voice somewhat shaky. This was her ship, and there was no one who could mess around with it.

“A coating of something hard,” I said. “As if it had been sealed.”

“You mean we can't get into it?”

“I don't know. Maybe if we had a sledge hammer to crack it, we could peel it off.”

She made a sudden motion and the rifle was off her back and the butt against her shoulder. I'll say this for her: crazy as that gun might be, she could handle it.

The sound of the shot was loud and flat and the hobbies reared in terror.

But above the sound of the report itself was another sound, a wicked howling that almost screamed, the noise of a ricocheting bullet tumbling end for end, and pitched lower than the shrill howling of the slug was the booming resonance of the milk-white ship.

But there was no indication of where the bullet might have struck. The whiteness of the ship still was smooth-uncracked, unblemished, unmarked. Two thousand foot-pounds of metal had slammed against it and had not made a dent.

I lifted the laser gun and Dobbin said to me,

“There be no use, you foolish folk. There is nothing you can do.”

I whirled on him angrily.

“I thought I told you... “ I yelled. “One more word out of you and right between the eyes.”

“Violence,” Dobbin told me, perkily, “will get you nowhere. But staying here, once the sun has set, spells very rapid death.”

“But the ship!” I shouted.

“The ship is sealed,” said Dobbin, “like all the others. Better sealed with you outside of it than with you still inside.”

And although I would not have admitted it, I knew that he was right in saying there was nothing we could do.

For I recalled that the field had been unmarked by the laser beam and undoubtedly all this whiteness was the same-the field, the ships, the city, all coated, more than likely, with some substance so tightly bonded in its atomic structure that it was indestructible.

“I sorrow greatly for you,” said Dobbin, with no sorrow in his voice.

“I know the shock of you. But once on this planet, no one ever leaves.

Although there is no need of also dying, I plead with you compassionately to get into the saddle and let us head for safety.”

I looked up at Sara and she nodded quietly.

She had figured it, I knew, about the way I had, although in my case most unwillingly.

There was no use in staying out here. The ship was sealed, whatever that might mean or for whatever purpose,

and when morning came we could come back to see what we could do.

From the moment we had met him, Dobbin had been insistent about the danger. There might

be danger or there might be none-there was no way, certainly, that we could determine if there were or weren't. The only sensible thing, at the moment, was to go along with him.

I swung swiftly to the saddle and even before I found seat, Dobbin had whirled about, running even as he led.

"We have lost most valued time," he told me. "We will try with valiance to make it up. We yet may reach the city."

A good part of the landing field lay in shadow now and only the sky was bright. A faint, smokelike dusk was filtering through the city.

Once on this planet, Dobbin had said, no one ever leaves. But these were his words alone, and nothing else.

Perhaps there was a real intent to keep us here, which would explain the sealing of the ship,

but there would be ways, I told myself, that could be tried to get off the planet when the time to go should come. There were always ways.

The city was looming up as we drew closer, and now the buildings began to assume their separate shapes.

Up till now they had been a simple mass that had the appearance of a solid cliff thrusting up from the flatness of the field. They had seemed tall from out in the center of the field; now they reared into the sky so far that, this close, it was impossible to follow with the eye up to their tops.

The city still stayed dead. There were no lights in any of the windows-if, indeed, the buildings did have windows.

There was no sign of movement at the city's base. There were no outlying buildings; the field ran up to the base of the buildings and the buildings then jutted straight into the sky.

The hobbies thundered cityward, their rockers pounding out a ringing clangor as they humped along like a herd of horses galloping wildly before a scudding storm front. Once you got the hang of riding them, it wasn't bad at all.

You just went sort of loose and let your body follow that undulating sine wave.

The city walls loomed directly in front of us, great slabs of masonry that went up and up, and now I saw that there were streets, or at least what I took for streets, narrow slits of empty blackness that looked like fractures in a monstrous cliff.

The hobbies plunged into one of the slits of emptiness and darkness closed upon us. There was no light here; except when the sun stood straight overhead, there never would be light.

The walls seemed to rise all about us, the slit that was a street narrowing down to a vanishing point so that the walls seemed on every hand.

Ahead of us one building stood a little farther back, widening the street, and from the level of the street a wide ramp ran up to massive doors.

The hobbies turned and flung themselves at the ramp and went humping up it and through one of the gaping doors.

We burst into a room where there was a little light and the light, I saw, came from great rectangular blocks set into the wall that faced us.

The hobbies rocked swiftly toward one of the blocks and came to a halt before it.

To one side I saw a gnome, or what appeared to be a gnome, a small, humpbacked, faintly humanoid creature that spun a dial set into the wall beside the slab of glowing stone.

"Captain, look!" cried Sara.

There was no need for her to cry out to me-and I had seen it almost as soon as she had. Upon the glowing stone appeared a scene-a faint and shadowed scene, as if it might be a place at the bottom of a clear and crystal sea, its colors subdued by the depth of water, its outlines shifting with the little wind ripples that ran on the water's surface.

A raw and bleeding landscape, with red lands stretching to a mauve, storm-torn horizon, broken by crimson buttes, and in the foreground a clump of savage yellow flowers.

But even as I tried to grasp all this, to relate it to the kind of world it might have been, it changed, and in its place was a jungle world, drowned in the green and purple of overwhelming vegetation, spotted by the flecks of screaming color that I knew were tropic flowers, and back of

it all a sense of lurking bestiality that made my hide crawl even as I looked at it.

Then it, too, was gone-a glimpse and it was gone-and in its place was a yellow desert lighted by a moon and by a flare of stars that turned the sky to silver, with the lips of the marching sand dunes catching and fracturing the moon and starlight so that the dunes appeared to be foaming waves of water charging in upon the land.

The desert did not fade as the other places had. It came in a rush upon us and exploded in my face.

Beneath me I felt the violent plunging of a bucking Dobbin and made a frantic grab at the cantle of the saddle which seemed to have no cantle and then felt myself pitched forward and turning in the air.

I struck on one shoulder and skidded in the sand and finally came to rest, the breath knocked out of me. I struggled up, cursing-or trying to curse and failing, because I had no breath to curse with-and once on my feet, saw that we were alone in that land we had seen upon the glowing block.

Sara sprawled to one side of me and not far off Tuck was struggling to his feet, hampered by the cassock that had become entangled about his legs,

and a little beyond Tuck, George was crawling on his hands and knees, whimpering like a pup that had been booted out of doors into a friendless. frigid night.

All about us lay the desert, desiccated, without a shred of vegetation, flooded by the great white moon and the thousand glowing stars, all shining like lamps in a cloudless sky.

“He's gone!” George was whimpering as he crawled about. “I can't hear him anymore. I have lost my friend.”

And that was not all that was lost. The city was lost and the planet on which the city stood. We were in another place.

This was one trip, I told myself, that I never should have made. I had known it all along.

I'd not believed in it, even from the start. And to make a go of it, you had to believe in everything you did. You had to have a reason for everything you did.

Although, I recalled, I had really no choice.

I had been committed from the moment I had seen that beauty of a spaceship standing on the field of Earth.

Текст 12. «The Way to Dusty Death» ALISTAIR MACLEAN

ЗАДАНИЕ: прочитайте текст, осуществите ее предпереводческий анализ и сделайте ее перевод в письменной форме. В каких трансформациях возникла необходимость? Выявите особенности перевода текста данного художественного стиля.

Ch. I

Harlow sat by the side of the race-track on that hot and cloudless afternoon, his long hair blowing about in the fresh breeze and partially obscuring his face, his golden helmet clutched so tightly in his gauntleted hands that he appeared to be trying to crush it: the hands were shaking uncontrollably and occasional violent tremors racked his entire body.

His own car, from which he had been miraculously thrown clear, uninjured, just before it had overturned lay, of all places, in its own Coronado pits, upside down and with its wheels spinning idly. Wisps of smoke ware coming from an engine already engulfed under a mound of foam from the fire extinguishers and it was clear that there was now little danger of an explosion from the unruptured fuel tanks.

Alexis Dunnet, the first to reach Harlow, noticed that he wasnt looking at his own car but was staring trance-like at a spot about two hundred yards farther along the track where an already dead man called Isaac Jethou was being cremated in the white-flamed funeral pyre of what had once been his Grand Prix Formula One racing car. There was curiously little smoke

coming from the blazing wreck, presumably because of the intense heat given off by the incandescent magnesium alloy wheels, and when the gusting wind occasionally parted the towering curtains of flame Jethou could be seen sitting bolt upright in his cockpit, the one apparently undamaged structure left in an otherwise shattered and unrecognizable mass of twisted steel: at least Dunnet knew I was Jethou but what he was seeing was a blackened and horribly charred remnant of a human being.

The many thousands of people in the stands and lining the track were motionless and soundless, staring in transfixed and incredulous awe and horror at the burning car. The last of the engines of the Grand Prix cars there were nine of them stopped in sight of the pits, some drivers standing by their sides died away as the race marshals frantically flagged the abandonment of the race.

The public address system had fallen silent now, as did a sirens ululating wail as an ambulance screeching to a halt at a prudent distance from Jethous car, its flashing light fading into nothingness against the white blaze in the background. Rescue workers in aluminium asbestos suits, some operating giant wheeled fire-extinguishers, some armed with crowbars and axes, were trying desperately, for some reason wholly beyond the bounds of logic, to get sufficiently close to the car to drag the cindered corpse free, but the undiminished intensity of the flames made a mockery of their desperation. Their efforts were as futile as the presence of the ambulance was unnecessary. Jethou was beyond any mortal help or hope.

Dunnet looked away and down at the overalled figure beside him. The hands that held the golden helmet still trembled unceasingly and the eyes still fixed immovably on the sheeted flames that now quite enveloped Isaac Jethous car were the eyes of an eagle gone blind. Dunnet reached for his shoulder and shook it gently but he paid no heed. Dunnet asked him if he were hurt for his face and trembling hands were masked in blood : he had cart-wheeled at least half a dozen times after being thrown from his car in the final moments before it had upended and come to rest in its own pits. Harlow stirred and looked at Dunnet, blinking, like a man slowly arousing himself from a nightmare, then shook his head.

Two ambulance men with a stretcher came towards them at a dead run, but Harlow, unaided except for Dunnets supporting hand under his upper arm, pushed himself shakily to his feet and waved them off. He didnt, however, seem to object to what little help Dunnets hand lent him and they walked slowly back to the Coronado pits, the still dazed and virtually uncomprehending Harlow, Dunnet tall, thin, with dark hair parted in the middle, a dark pencil-line moustache and rimless glasses, everyones idealized conception of a city accountant even though his passport declared him to be a journalist.

MacAlpine, a fire-extinguisher still held in one hand, turned to meet them at the entrance to the pits. James MacAlpine, owner and manager of the Coronado racing team, dressed in a now stained tan gabardine suit, was in his mid-fifties, as heavily jowled as he was heavily built and had a deeply lined face under an impressive mane of black and silver hair. Behind him, Jacobson, the chief mechanic and his two red-haired assistants, the Rafferty twins who for some reason unknown were invariably referred to as Tweedledum and Tweedledee, still ministered to the smoldering Coronado, while behind the car two other men, white-coated first-aid men, were carrying out more serious ministrations of their own : on the ground, unconscious but still clutching the pad and pencil with which she had been taking lap times, lay Mary MacAlpine, the owners black-haired, twenty-year-old daughter. The first-aid men were bent over her left leg and scissoring open to the knee wine-red slacks that had been white moments ago. MacAlpine took Harlows arm, deliberately shielding him from the sight of his daughter, and led him to the little shelter behind the pits. MacAlpine was an extremely able, competent and tough man, as millionaires tend to be: beneath the toughness, as of now, lay a kindness and depth of consideration of which no one would have dared to accuse him.

In the back of the shelter stood a small wooden crate which was, in effect, a portable bar. Most of it was given over to an ice-box stocked with a little beer and lots of soft drinks, chiefly for the mechanics, for working under that torrid sun was thirsty business. There were

also two bottles of champagne for it had not been unreasonable to expect of a man who had just reeled off a near-impossible five consecutive Grand Prix victories that he might just possibly achieve his sixth. Harlow opened the lid of the crate, ignored the ice-box, lifted out a bottle of brandy and half-filled the tumbler, the neck of the bottle chattering violently against the rim of the glass: more brandy spilled to the ground than went into the glass. He required both hands to lift the glass to his mouth and now the rim of the tumbler, castanet-like fashion, struck up an even more erratic tattoo against his teeth than the bottle had on the glass. He managed to get some of it down but most of the glasss contents overflowed by the two sides of his mouth, coursed down the blood-streaked chin to stain the white racing overalls to exactly the same colour as the slacks of the injured girl outside. Harlow stared bemusedly at the empty glass, sank on to a bench and reached for the bottle again.

MacAlpine looked at Dunnet, his face without expression. Harlow had suffered three major crashes in his racing career, in the last of which, two years previously, he had sustained near-fatal injuries: on that last occasion, he had been smiling, albeit in agony, as his stretcher had been loaded aboard the ambulance plane for the flight back to London and the left hand he had used to give the thumbs-up signal his right forearm had been broken in two places had been as steady as if graven from marble. But more dismaying was the fact that apart from a token sip of celebration champagne he had nevertouched hard alcohol in his life.

It happens to them all, MacAlpine had always maintained, sooner or later it happens to them all. No matter how cool or brave or brilliant they were, it happened to them all, and the more steely their icy calm and control the more fragile it was. MacAlpine was never a man to be averse to the odd hyperbolic turn of phrase and there was a handful but only a handful of outstanding ex-Grand Prix drivers around who had retired at the top of their physical and mental form, sufficient, at any rate, to disprove MacAlpines statement in its entirety. But it waswell enough known that there existed top-flight drivers who had crashed or who had suffered so much nervous and mental fatigue that they had become empty shells of their former selves, that there were among the current twenty-four Grand Prix drivers four or five who would never win a race again because they had no intention of ever trying to do so, who kept going only in order to shore up the facade of a now-empty pride. But there are some things that are not done in the racing world and one of those is that you dont remove a man from the Grand Prix roster just because his nerve is gone.

But that MacAlpine was more often right than wrong was sadly clear from the sight of that trembling figure hunched on the bench. If ever a man had gone over the top, had reached and passed the limit of endurance before tumbling over the precipice of self-abnegation and hapless acceptance of ultimate defeat, it was Johnny Harlow, the golden boy of the Grand Prix circuits, unquestionably, until that afternoon, the outstanding driver of his time and, it was being increasingly suggested, of all time : with last years world championship safely his and the current years, by any reasonable standards, almost inevitably his with half the Grand Prix races still to run, Harlows will and nerve would have appeared to have crumbled beyond recovery : it was plain to MacAlpine and Dunnet that the charred being who had been Isaac Jethou would haunt him for however long his days were to be.

Текст 13.
Task: Find the equivalent into the Russian language.

ЗАДАНИЕ: прочитайте пословицы и поговорки, осуществите их перевод. Найдите эквивалент перевода на русском языке.

Proverbs and sayings

1. A friend in need is a friend indeed

2. All in good time

3. Live and learn
4. Never put off till tomorrow what you can do today
5. Haste makes waste
6. Practice makes perfect
7. It is never too late to learn
8. Tastes differ
9. A penny saved is a penny earned
10. Easy come, easy go
11. God helps those who help themselves
12. Old friends and old wine are the best
13. It's a small world
14. Actions speak louder than words
15. When it rains it pours
16. Save it for a rainy day
17. Do what's true – and say it, too!
18. The first health is wealth
19. Keep kind in mind
20. It's not whether you win or lose that matters, it's how you play the game
21. Bald as an eagle
22. Stubborn as a mule
23. The early bird catches the worm
24. Take the bull by the horns
25. An oak is not felled with one stroke
26. Rome was not built in a day
27. Strike while the iron is hot
28. Time and tide wait for no man
29. Time is a great healer
30. Time is money

31. When at Rome, do as the Romans do
32. He laughs best who laughs last
33. Too many cooks spoil the broth
34. East or West, home is best
35. Lightning never strikes the same place twice
36. The best part of living is loving and giving

СТРУКТУРА И МЕТОДИЧЕСКИЕ УКАЗАНИЯ ПО ВЫПОЛНЕНИЮ САМОСТОЯТЕЛЬНОЙ РАБОТЫ СТУДЕНТА

Тема 1. ПЕРЕВОД ХУДОЖЕСТВЕННОЙ ПРОЗЫ И ХУДОЖЕСТВЕННОЙ ПУЛИЦИСТИКИ. Основы художественной публицистики, художественной прозы, поэзии.

Задание №1: перевод текста 1893 A WOMAN OF NO IMPORTANCE **by Oscar Wilde**

Цель самостоятельной работы: Освоить теоретический минимум, раскрывающий суть проблемы перевода. Самостоятельное выполнение перевода художественного текста в письменной форме.

Методические рекомендации по выполнению задания:

- изучить рекомендованную литературу;
- выполнить полный письменный перевод предлагаемого художественного текста;
- Подготовить предпереводческий анализ текста;
- воспользоваться глоссарием по данной теме;
- выполнить упражнения и перевод текста;
- Установления эквивалентности при переводе на русский язык разных текстов художественного стиля (художественная проза, поэзия, пьеса, публицистика, фольклор, а именно сказки, пословицы и поговорки)

Требования преподавателя к выполнению задания: студенты должны выполнить перевод текста, подготовить предпереводческий анализ переводимого текста. СРС выполняется в письменном виде в формате А4, объемом 5-8 стр. Выполняется также предпереводческий анализ художественного текста как оригинала, так и перевода;

Критерии оценки выполнения задания (указать какие условия повлияют на оценочный балл): сдача задания в указанный срок, тщательность проведения анализа, четкость формулировок и ясность выражения мыслей, адекватный перевод, аргументированность выводов.

Форма контроля: письменный перевод

Оценочный балл выполнения задания: 5

Список рекомендуемой литературы:

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3. Казакова О.В. Особенности художественного перевода. Изд-во «Феникс», 2006г.
4. Брандес М.П., Провоторов В.И. Предпереводческий анализ текста. Курск. Изд-во РОСИ 1999г.

Задание №2: прочитайте текст, осуществите ее предпереводческий анализ и сделайте ее перевод в письменной форме. В каких трансформациях возникла необходимость? Выявите особенности перевода текста данного художественного стиля.

Цель самостоятельной работы: Освоить теоретический минимум, раскрывающий суть проблемы перевода. Самостоятельное выполнение перевода художественного текста в письменной форме.

Методические рекомендации по выполнению задания:

- изучить рекомендованную литературу;
- выполнить полный письменный перевод предлагаемого художественного текста;
- Подготовить предпереводческий анализ текста;
- воспользоваться глоссарием по данной теме;

- выполнить упражнения и перевод текста;
- Установления эквивалентности при переводе на русский язык разных текстов художественного стиля (художественная проза, поэзия, пьеса, публицистика, фольклор, а именно сказки, пословицы и поговорки)

Требования преподавателя к выполнению задания: студенты должны выполнить перевод текста, подготовить предпереводческий анализ переводимого текста. СРС выполняется в письменном виде в формате А4, объемом 5-8 стр. Выполняется также предпереводческий анализ художественного текста как оригинала, так и перевода;

Критерии оценки выполнения задания (указать какие условия повлияют на оценочный балл): сдача задания в указанный срок, тщательность проведения анализа, четкость формулировок и ясность выражения мыслей, адекватный перевод, аргументированность выводов.

Форма контроля: письменный перевод

Оценочный балл выполнения задания: 5

Список рекомендуемой литературы:

Гачечиладзе Г.Р. «Введение в теорию художественного перевода», Тбилиси, 1970г.
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Брандес М.П., Провоторов В.И. Предпереводческий анализ текста. Курск. Изд-во РОСИ 1999г.

Тема 2. ПРЕДПЕРЕВОДЧЕСКИЙ АНАЛИЗ ТЕКСТА И ВЫБОРКА ОБЩЕЙ СТРАТЕГИИ ПЕРЕВОДА

Подготовка к переводу и основы переводческого анализа текста оригинала.

Задание №1: перевод текста **« The cop and the anthem** *By O. Henry*

Цель самостоятельной работы: Освоить теоретический минимум, раскрывающий суть проблемы перевода. Самостоятельное выполнение перевода художественного текста в письменной форме.

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- воспользоваться глоссарием по данной теме;
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Форма контроля: письменный перевод

Оценочный балл выполнения задания: 5

Список рекомендуемой литературы:

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Цель самостоятельной работы: Освоить теоретический минимум, раскрывающий суть проблемы перевода. Самостоятельное выполнение перевода художественного текста в письменной форме.

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- изучить рекомендованную литературу;
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Форма контроля: письменный перевод

Оценочный балл выполнения задания: 5

Список рекомендуемой литературы:

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Тема 3. ПРЕДПЕРЕВОДЧЕСКИЙ АНАЛИЗ ТЕКСТА И ВЫБОРКА ОБЩЕЙ СТРАТЕГИИ ПЕРЕВОДА

Терминологический и логический анализ исходного текста.

Задание №1: перевод текста **The Cactus** *O. Henry*

Цель самостоятельной работы: Освоить теоретический минимум, раскрывающий суть проблемы перевода. Самостоятельное выполнение перевода художественного текста в письменной форме.

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- изучить рекомендованную литературу;
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- воспользоваться глоссарием по данной теме;
- выполнить упражнения и перевод текста;
- Установления эквивалентности при переводе на русский язык разных текстов художественного стиля (художественная проза, поэзия, пьеса, публицистика, фольклор, а именно сказки, пословицы и поговорки)

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Критерии оценки выполнения задания (указать какие условия повлияют на оценочный балл): сдача задания в указанный срок, тщательность проведения анализа, четкость формулировок и ясность выражения мыслей, адекватный перевод, аргументированность выводов.

Форма контроля: письменный перевод

Оценочный балл выполнения задания: 5

Список рекомендуемой литературы:

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Задание №2: прочитайте текст, осуществите ее предпереводческий анализ и сделайте ее перевод в письменной форме. В каких трансформациях возникла необходимость? Выявите особенности перевода текста данного художественного стиля.

Цель самостоятельной работы: Освоить теоретический минимум, раскрывающий суть проблемы перевода. Самостоятельное выполнение перевода художественного текста в письменной форме.

Методические рекомендации по выполнению задания:

- изучить рекомендованную литературу;
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- воспользоваться глоссарием по данной теме;
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- Установления эквивалентности при переводе на русский язык разных текстов художественного стиля (художественная проза, поэзия, пьеса, публицистика, фольклор, а именно сказки, пословицы и поговорки)

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четкость формулировок и ясность выражения мыслей, адекватный перевод, аргументированность выводов.

Форма контроля: письменный перевод

Оценочный балл выполнения задания: 5

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Тема 4. ВИДЫ ПРЕОБРАЗОВАНИЯ В ХУДОЖЕСТВЕННОМ ПЕРЕВОДЕ

Лексико-грамматический аспект перевода. Лексические, стилистические приемы.

Задание №1: перевод текста **The Twelve Dancing Princesses** *Brothers Grimm*

Цель самостоятельной работы: Освоить теоретический минимум, раскрывающий суть проблемы перевода. Самостоятельное выполнение перевода художественного текста в письменной форме.

Методические рекомендации по выполнению задания:

- изучить рекомендованную литературу;
- выполнить полный письменный перевод предлагаемого художественного текста;
- Подготовить предпереводческий анализ текста;
- воспользоваться глоссарием по данной теме;
- выполнить упражнения и перевод текста;
- Установления эквивалентности при переводе на русский язык разных текстов художественного стиля (художественная проза, поэзия, пьеса, публицистика, фольклор, а именно сказки, пословицы и поговорки)

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Форма контроля: письменный перевод

Оценочный балл выполнения задания: 5

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Задание №2: прочитайте текст, осуществите ее предпереводческий анализ и сделайте ее перевод в письменной форме. В каких трансформациях возникла необходимость? Выявите особенности перевода текста данного художественного стиля.

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Форма контроля: письменный перевод

Оценочный балл выполнения задания: 5

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Тема 5. СТРУКТУРА ПЕРЕВОДНОГО ТЕКСТА. ИНВАРИАНТ ЗНАЧЕНИЕ И СТИЛИСТИЧЕСКИЕ ТРАНСФОРМАЦИИ В ПЕРЕВОДЕ.

Несовпадение вариантных элементов во всех переводах одного и того же произведения.

Задание №1: перевод текста **The Elephant's Child** *RUDYARD KIPLING*

Цель самостоятельной работы: Освоить теоретический минимум, раскрывающий суть проблемы перевода. Самостоятельное выполнение перевода художественного текста в письменной форме.

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выполняется в письменном виде в формате А4, объемом 5-8 стр. Выполняется также предпереводческий анализ художественного текста как оригинала, так и перевода;

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Форма контроля: письменный перевод

Оценочный балл выполнения задания: 5

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3. Казакова О.В. Особенности художественного перевода. Изд-во «Феникс», 2006г.
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Задание №2: прочитайте текст, осуществите ее предпереводческий анализ и сделайте ее перевод в письменной форме. В каких трансформациях возникла необходимость? Выявите особенности перевода текста данного художественного стиля.

Цель самостоятельной работы: Освоить теоретический минимум, раскрывающий суть проблемы перевода. Самостоятельное выполнение перевода художественного текста в письменной форме.

Методические рекомендации по выполнению задания:

- изучить рекомендованную литературу;
- выполнить полный письменный перевод предлагаемого художественного текста;
- Подготовить предпереводческий анализ текста;
- воспользоваться глоссарием по данной теме;
- выполнить упражнения и перевод текста;
- Установления эквивалентности при переводе на русский язык разных текстов художественного стиля (художественная проза, поэзия, пьеса, публицистика, фольклор, а именно сказки, пословицы и поговорки)

Требования преподавателя к выполнению задания: студенты должны выполнить перевод текста, подготовить предпереводческий анализ переводимого текста. СРС выполняется в письменном виде в формате А4, объемом 5-8 стр. Выполняется также предпереводческий анализ художественного текста как оригинала, так и перевода;

Критерии оценки выполнения задания (указать какие условия повлияют на оценочный балл): сдача задания в указанный срок, тщательность проведения анализа, четкость формулировок и ясность выражения мыслей, адекватный перевод, аргументированность выводов.

Форма контроля: письменный перевод

Оценочный балл выполнения задания: 5

Список рекомендуемой литературы:

1. Гачечиладзе Г.Р. «Введение в теорию художественного перевода», Тбилиси, 1970г.
2. Казакова Т.А. «Практикум по художественному переводу», С.-П., 2006г.
3. Казакова О.В. Особенности художественного перевода. Изд-во «Феникс», 2006г.
4. Брандес М.П., Провоторов В.И. Предпереводческий анализ текста. Курск. Изд-во РОСИ 1999г.

Тема 6. ЯЗЫКОВОЕ ПОСТРОЕНИЕ ТЕКСТА И ТИПОЛОГИЯ ПЕРЕВОДА

Перекодирование языковых уровней с текста оригинала в текст перевода.

Задание №1: перевод текста **The Darling by Anton Pavlovich Chekhov**

Цель самостоятельной работы: Освоить теоретический минимум, раскрывающий суть проблемы перевода. Самостоятельное выполнение перевода художественного текста в письменной форме.

Методические рекомендации по выполнению задания:

- изучить рекомендованную литературу;
- выполнить полный письменный перевод предлагаемого художественного текста;
- Подготовить предпереводческий анализ текста;
- воспользоваться глоссарием по данной теме;
- выполнить упражнения и перевод текста;
- Установления эквивалентности при переводе на русский язык разных текстов художественного стиля (художественная проза, поэзия, пьеса, публицистика, фольклор, а именно сказки, пословицы и поговорки)

Требования преподавателя к выполнению задания: студенты должны выполнить перевод текста, подготовить предпереводческий анализ переводимого текста. СРС выполняется в письменном виде в формате А4, объемом 5-8 стр. Выполняется также предпереводческий анализ художественного текста как оригинала, так и перевода;

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Форма контроля: письменный перевод

Оценочный балл выполнения задания: 5

Список рекомендуемой литературы:

1. Гачечиладзе Г.Р. «Введение в теорию художественного перевода», Тбилиси, 1970г.
2. Казакова Т.А. «Практикум по художественному переводу», С.-П., 2006г.
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4. Брандес М.П., Провоторов В.И. Предпереводческий анализ текста. Курск. Изд-во РОСИ 1999г.

Задание №2: прочитайте текст, осуществите ее предпереводческий анализ и сделайте ее перевод в письменной форме. В каких трансформациях возникла необходимость? Выявите особенности перевода текста данного художественного стиля.

Цель самостоятельной работы: Освоить теоретический минимум, раскрывающий суть проблемы перевода. Самостоятельное выполнение перевода художественного текста в письменной форме.

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- изучить рекомендованную литературу;
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Форма контроля: письменный перевод

Оценочный балл выполнения задания: 5

Список рекомендуемой литературы:

1. Гачечиладзе Г.Р. «Введение в теорию художественного перевода», Тбилиси, 1970г.
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4. Брандес М.П., Провоторов В.И. Предпереводческий анализ текста. Курск. Изд-во РОСИ 1999г.

Тема 7. ПЕРЕВОД И СТИЛЬ

Стилистическая интерпретация эквивалентности в переводе

Задание №1: перевод текста «**A Telephone Call by Dorothy Parker»**

Цель самостоятельной работы: Освоить теоретический минимум, раскрывающий суть проблемы перевода. Самостоятельное выполнение перевода художественного текста в письменной форме.

Методические рекомендации по выполнению задания:

- изучить рекомендованную литературу;
- выполнить полный письменный перевод предлагаемого художественного текста;
- Подготовить предпереводческий анализ текста;
- воспользоваться глоссарием по данной теме;
- выполнить упражнения и перевод текста;
- Установления эквивалентности при переводе на русский язык разных текстов художественного стиля (художественная проза, поэзия, пьеса, публицистика, фольклор, а именно сказки, пословицы и поговорки)

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Форма контроля: письменный перевод

Оценочный балл выполнения задания: 5

Список рекомендуемой литературы:

1. Гачечиладзе Г.Р. «Введение в теорию художественного перевода», Тбилиси, 1970г.
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4. Брандес М.П., Провоторов В.И. Предпереводческий анализ текста. Курск. Изд-во

РОСИ 1999г.

Задание №2: прочитайте текст, осуществите ее предпереводческий анализ и сделайте ее перевод в письменной форме. В каких трансформациях возникла необходимость? Выявите особенности перевода текста данного художественного стиля.

Цель самостоятельной работы: Освоить теоретический минимум, раскрывающий суть проблемы перевода. Самостоятельное выполнение перевода художественного текста в письменной форме.

Методические рекомендации по выполнению задания:

- изучить рекомендованную литературу;
- выполнить полный письменный перевод предлагаемого художественного текста;
- Подготовить предпереводческий анализ текста;
- воспользоваться глоссарием по данной теме;
- выполнить упражнения и перевод текста;
- Установления эквивалентности при переводе на русский язык разных текстов художественного стиля (художественная проза, поэзия, пьеса, публицистика, фольклор, а именно сказки, пословицы и поговорки)

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Форма контроля: письменный перевод

Оценочный балл выполнения задания: 5

Список рекомендуемой литературы:

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4. Брандес М.П., Провоторов В.И. Предпереводческий анализ текста. Курск. Изд-во РОСИ 1999г.

Тема 8. ПЕРЕВОД И СТИЛЬ

Эквивалентность в переводе. Типология стилистических изменений в переводе.

Задание №1: перевод текста **«The Inn»**

Цель самостоятельной работы: Освоить теоретический минимум, раскрывающий суть проблемы перевода. Самостоятельное выполнение перевода художественного текста в письменной форме.

Методические рекомендации по выполнению задания:

- изучить рекомендованную литературу;
- выполнить полный письменный перевод предлагаемого художественного текста;
- Подготовить предпереводческий анализ текста;
- воспользоваться глоссарием по данной теме;
- выполнить упражнения и перевод текста;

- Установления эквивалентности при переводе на русский язык разных текстов художественного стиля (художественная проза, поэзия, пьеса, публицистика, фольклор, а именно сказки, пословицы и поговорки)

Требования преподавателя к выполнению задания: студенты должны выполнить перевод текста, подготовить предпереводческий анализ переводимого текста. СРС выполняется в письменном виде в формате А4, объемом 5-8 стр. Выполняется также предпереводческий анализ художественного текста как оригинала, так и перевода;

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Форма контроля: письменный перевод

Оценочный балл выполнения задания: 5

Список рекомендуемой литературы:

1. Гачечиладзе Г.Р. «Введение в теорию художественного перевода», Тбилиси, 1970г.
2. Казакова Т.А. «Практикум по художественному переводу», С.-П., 2006г.
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Задание №2: прочитайте текст, осуществите ее предпереводческий анализ и сделайте ее перевод в письменной форме. В каких трансформациях возникла необходимость? Выявите особенности перевода текста данного художественного стиля.

Цель самостоятельной работы: Освоить теоретический минимум, раскрывающий суть проблемы перевода. Самостоятельное выполнение перевода художественного текста в письменной форме.

Методические рекомендации по выполнению задания:

- изучить рекомендованную литературу;
- выполнить полный письменный перевод предлагаемого художественного текста;
- Подготовить предпереводческий анализ текста;
- воспользоваться глоссарием по данной теме;
- выполнить упражнения и перевод текста;
- Установления эквивалентности при переводе на русский язык разных текстов художественного стиля (художественная проза, поэзия, пьеса, публицистика, фольклор, а именно сказки, пословицы и поговорки)

Требования преподавателя к выполнению задания: студенты должны выполнить перевод текста, подготовить предпереводческий анализ переводимого текста. СРС выполняется в письменном виде в формате А4, объемом 5-8 стр. Выполняется также предпереводческий анализ художественного текста как оригинала, так и перевода;

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Форма контроля: письменный перевод

Оценочный балл выполнения задания: 5

Список рекомендуемой литературы:

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4. Брандес М.П., Провоторов В.И. Предпереводческий анализ текста. Курск. Изд-во РОСИ 1999г.

Тема 9. СТИЛИСТИЧЕСКИЕ НОРМЫ ВОСПРИНИМАЮЩЕЙ ЛИТЕРАТУРЫ И ТЕКСТ ПЕРЕВОДА

Стратификация литературных норм в переводе;

Задание №1: перевод текста **A Haunted House**

Цель самостоятельной работы: Освоить теоретический минимум, раскрывающий суть проблемы перевода. Самостоятельное выполнение перевода художественного текста в письменной форме.

Методические рекомендации по выполнению задания:

- изучить рекомендованную литературу;
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Критерии оценки выполнения задания (указать какие условия повлияют на оценочный балл): сдача задания в указанный срок, тщательность проведения анализа, четкость формулировок и ясность выражения мыслей, адекватный перевод, аргументированность выводов.

Форма контроля: письменный перевод

Оценочный балл выполнения задания: 5

Список рекомендуемой литературы:

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Задание №2: прочитайте текст, осуществите ее предпереводческий анализ и сделайте ее перевод в письменной форме. В каких трансформациях возникла необходимость? Выявите особенности перевода текста данного художественного стиля.

Цель самостоятельной работы: Освоить теоретический минимум, раскрывающий суть проблемы перевода. Самостоятельное выполнение перевода художественного текста в письменной форме.

Методические рекомендации по выполнению задания:

- изучить рекомендованную литературу;
- выполнить полный письменный перевод предлагаемого художественного текста;
- Подготовить предпереводческий анализ текста;
- воспользоваться глоссарием по данной теме;
- выполнить упражнения и перевод текста;
- Установления эквивалентности при переводе на русский язык разных текстов художественного стиля (художественная проза, поэзия, пьеса, публицистика, фольклор, а именно сказки, пословицы и поговорки)

Требования преподавателя к выполнению задания: студенты должны выполнить перевод текста, подготовить предпереводческий анализ переводимого текста. СРС выполняется в письменном виде в формате А4, объемом 5-8 стр. Выполняется также предпереводческий анализ художественного текста как оригинала, так и перевода;

Критерии оценки выполнения задания (указать какие условия повлияют на оценочный балл): сдача задания в указанный срок, тщательность проведения анализа, четкость формулировок и ясность выражения мыслей, адекватный перевод, аргументированность выводов.

Форма контроля: письменный перевод

Оценочный балл выполнения задания: 5

Список рекомендуемой литературы:

1. Гачечиладзе Г.Р. «Введение в теорию художественного перевода», Тбилиси, 1970г.
2. Казакова Т.А. «Практикум по художественному переводу», С.-П., 2006г.
3. Казакова О.В. Особенности художественного перевода. Изд-во «Феникс», 2006г.
4. Брандес М.П., Провоторов В.И. Предпереводческий анализ текста. Курск. Изд-во РОСИ 1999г.

Тема 10. ПРОБЛЕМЫ СЕМИОТИКИ ПЕРЕВОДА

Существование исходного текста как материального знака в процессе перевода.

Задание №1: перевод текста **JOSEPH JACOBS «CONNLA AND THE FAIRY MAIDEN»**

Цель самостоятельной работы: Освоить теоретический минимум, раскрывающий суть проблемы перевода. Самостоятельное выполнение перевода художественного текста в письменной форме.

Методические рекомендации по выполнению задания:

- изучить рекомендованную литературу;
- выполнить полный письменный перевод предлагаемого художественного текста;
- Подготовить предпереводческий анализ текста;
- воспользоваться глоссарием по данной теме;
- выполнить упражнения и перевод текста;
- Установления эквивалентности при переводе на русский язык разных текстов художественного стиля (художественная проза, поэзия, пьеса, публицистика, фольклор, а именно сказки, пословицы и поговорки)

Требования преподавателя к выполнению задания: студенты должны выполнить перевод текста, подготовить предпереводческий анализ переводимого текста. СРС выполняется в письменном виде в формате А4, объемом 5-8 стр. Выполняется также предпереводческий анализ художественного текста как оригинала, так и перевода;

Критерии оценки выполнения задания (указать какие условия повлияют на оценочный балл): сдача задания в указанный срок, тщательность проведения анализа, четкость формулировок и ясность выражения мыслей, адекватный перевод, аргументированность выводов.

Форма контроля: письменный перевод

Оценочный балл выполнения задания: 5

Список рекомендуемой литературы:

1. Гачечиладзе Г.Р. «Введение в теорию художественного перевода», Тбилиси, 1970г.
2. Казакова Т.А. «Практикум по художественному переводу», С.-П., 2006г.
3. Казакова О.В. Особенности художественного перевода. Изд-во «Феникс», 2006г.
4. Брандес М.П., Провоторов В.И. Предпереводческий анализ текста. Курск. Изд-во РОСИ 1999г.

Задание №2: прочитайте текст, осуществите ее предпереводческий анализ и сделайте ее перевод в письменной форме. В каких трансформациях возникла необходимость? Выявите особенности перевода текста данного художественного стиля.

Цель самостоятельной работы: Освоить теоретический минимум, раскрывающий суть проблемы перевода. Самостоятельное выполнение перевода художественного текста в письменной форме.

Методические рекомендации по выполнению задания:

- изучить рекомендованную литературу;
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- Подготовить предпереводческий анализ текста;
- воспользоваться глоссарием по данной теме;
- выполнить упражнения и перевод текста;
- Установления эквивалентности при переводе на русский язык разных текстов художественного стиля (художественная проза, поэзия, пьеса, публицистика, фольклор, а именно сказки, пословицы и поговорки)

Требования преподавателя к выполнению задания: студенты должны выполнить перевод текста, подготовить предпереводческий анализ переводимого текста. СРС выполняется в письменном виде в формате А4, объемом 5-8 стр. Выполняется также предпереводческий анализ художественного текста как оригинала, так и перевода;

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Форма контроля: письменный перевод

Оценочный балл выполнения задания: 5

Список рекомендуемой литературы:

1. Гачечиладзе Г.Р. «Введение в теорию художественного перевода», Тбилиси, 1970г.
2. Казакова Т.А. «Практикум по художественному переводу», С.-П., 2006г.
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4. Брандес М.П., Провоторов В.И. Предпереводческий анализ текста. Курск. Изд-во РОСИ 1999г.

Тема 11. ПРОБЛЕМЫ СЕМИОТИКИ ПЕРЕВОДА

Порождающий (первичный) семиозис: авторская мысль. Воспринимающий (переводческий) семиозис: переводческая мысль

Задание №1: перевод текста **Simak, Clifford «Destiny Doll» (1971)**

Цель самостоятельной работы: Освоить теоретический минимум, раскрывающий суть проблемы перевода. Самостоятельное выполнение перевода художественного текста в письменной форме.

Методические рекомендации по выполнению задания:

- изучить рекомендованную литературу;
- выполнить полный письменный перевод предлагаемого художественного текста;
- Подготовить предпереводческий анализ текста;
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- выполнить упражнения и перевод текста;
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Требования преподавателя к выполнению задания: студенты должны выполнить перевод текста, подготовить предпереводческий анализ переводимого текста. СРС выполняется в письменном виде в формате А4, объемом 5-8 стр. Выполняется также предпереводческий анализ художественного текста как оригинала, так и перевода;

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Форма контроля: письменный перевод

Оценочный балл выполнения задания: 5

Список рекомендуемой литературы:

1. Гачечиладзе Г.Р. «Введение в теорию художественного перевода», Тбилиси, 1970г.
2. Казакова Т.А. «Практикум по художественному переводу», С.-П., 2006г.
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4. Брандес М.П., Провоторов В.И. Предпереводческий анализ текста. Курск. Изд-во РОСИ 1999г.

Задание №2: прочитайте текст, осуществите ее предпереводческий анализ и сделайте ее перевод в письменной форме. В каких трансформациях возникла необходимость? Выявите особенности перевода текста данного художественного стиля.

Цель самостоятельной работы: Освоить теоретический минимум, раскрывающий суть проблемы перевода. Самостоятельное выполнение перевода художественного текста в письменной форме.

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- изучить рекомендованную литературу;
- выполнить полный письменный перевод предлагаемого художественного текста;
- Подготовить предпереводческий анализ текста;
- воспользоваться глоссарием по данной теме;
- выполнить упражнения и перевод текста;

- Установления эквивалентности при переводе на русский язык разных текстов художественного стиля (художественная проза, поэзия, пьеса, публицистика, фольклор, а именно сказки, пословицы и поговорки)

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Форма контроля: письменный перевод

Оценочный балл выполнения задания: 5

Список рекомендуемой литературы:

1. Гачечиладзе Г.Р. «Введение в теорию художественного перевода», Тбилиси, 1970г.
2. Казакова Т.А. «Практикум по художественному переводу», С.-П., 2006г.
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4. Брандес М.П., Провоторов В.И. Предпереводческий анализ текста. Курск. Изд-во РОСИ 1999г.

Тема 12. ПЕРЕВОД ЛИТЕРАТУРНОЙ КОММУНИКАЦИИ.

Модель литературной коммуникации.

Задание №1: перевод текста **ALISTAIR MACLEAN «The Way to Dusty Death»**

Цель самостоятельной работы: Освоить теоретический минимум, раскрывающий суть проблемы перевода. Самостоятельное выполнение перевода художественного текста в письменной форме.

Методические рекомендации по выполнению задания:

- изучить рекомендованную литературу;
- выполнить полный письменный перевод предлагаемого художественного текста;
- Подготовить предпереводческий анализ текста;
- воспользоваться глоссарием по данной теме;
- выполнить упражнения и перевод текста;
- Установления эквивалентности при переводе на русский язык разных текстов художественного стиля (художественная проза, поэзия, пьеса, публицистика, фольклор, а именно сказки, пословицы и поговорки)

Требования преподавателя к выполнению задания: студенты должны выполнить перевод текста, подготовить предпереводческий анализ переводимого текста. СРС выполняется в письменном виде в формате А4, объемом 5-8 стр. Выполняется также предпереводческий анализ художественного текста как оригинала, так и перевода;

Критерии оценки выполнения задания (указать какие условия повлияют на оценочный балл): сдача задания в указанный срок, тщательность проведения анализа, четкость формулировок и ясность выражения мыслей, адекватный перевод, аргументированность выводов.

Форма контроля: письменный перевод

Оценочный балл выполнения задания: 5

Список рекомендуемой литературы:

1. Гачечиладзе Г.Р. «Введение в теорию художественного перевода», Тбилиси, 1970г.
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4. Брандес М.П., Провоторов В.И. Предпереводческий анализ текста. Курск. Изд-во РОСИ 1999г.

Задание №2: прочитайте текст, осуществите ее предпереводческий анализ и сделайте ее перевод в письменной форме. В каких трансформациях возникла необходимость? Выявите особенности перевода текста данного художественного стиля.

Цель самостоятельной работы: Освоить теоретический минимум, раскрывающий суть проблемы перевода. Самостоятельное выполнение перевода художественного текста в письменной форме.

Методические рекомендации по выполнению задания:

- изучить рекомендованную литературу;
- выполнить полный письменный перевод предлагаемого художественного текста;
- Подготовить предпереводческий анализ текста;
- воспользоваться глоссарием по данной теме;
- выполнить упражнения и перевод текста;
- Установления эквивалентности при переводе на русский язык разных текстов художественного стиля (художественная проза, поэзия, пьеса, публицистика, фольклор, а именно сказки, пословицы и поговорки)

Требования преподавателя к выполнению задания: студенты должны выполнить перевод текста, подготовить предпереводческий анализ переводимого текста. СРС выполняется в письменном виде в формате А4, объемом 5-8 стр. Выполняется также предпереводческий анализ художественного текста как оригинала, так и перевода;

Критерии оценки выполнения задания (указать какие условия повлияют на оценочный балл): сдача задания в указанный срок, тщательность проведения анализа, четкость формулировок и ясность выражения мыслей, адекватный перевод, аргументированность выводов.

Форма контроля: письменный перевод

Оценочный балл выполнения задания: 5

Список рекомендуемой литературы:

1. Гачечиладзе Г.Р. «Введение в теорию художественного перевода», Тбилиси, 1970г.
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4. Брандес М.П., Провоторов В.И. Предпереводческий анализ текста. Курск. Изд-во РОСИ 1999г.

Тема 13. ПЕРЕВОД В ЛИТЕРАТУРНОЙ КОММУНИКАЦИИ

Межкультурные осложнения как фактор перевода

Задание №1: translation of Proverbs and sayings

Цель самостоятельной работы: Освоить теоретический минимум, раскрывающий суть проблемы перевода. Самостоятельное выполнение перевода художественного текста в письменной форме.

Методические рекомендации по выполнению задания:

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Критерии оценки выполнения задания (указать какие условия повлияют на оценочный балл): сдача задания в указанный срок, тщательность проведения анализа, четкость формулировок и ясность выражения мыслей, адекватный перевод, аргументированность выводов.

Форма контроля: письменный перевод

Оценочный балл выполнения задания: 5

Список рекомендуемой литературы:

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Задание №2: прочитайте пословицы и поговорки, осуществите их перевод. Найдите эквивалент перевода на русском языке.

Цель самостоятельной работы: Освоить теоретический минимум, раскрывающий суть проблемы перевода. Самостоятельное выполнение перевода художественного текста в письменной форме.

Методические рекомендации по выполнению задания:

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- выполнить упражнения и перевод текста;
- Установления эквивалентности при переводе на русский язык разных текстов художественного стиля (художественная проза, поэзия, пьеса, публицистика, фольклор, а именно сказки, пословицы и поговорки)

Требования преподавателя к выполнению задания: студенты должны выполнить перевод текста, подготовить предпереводческий анализ переводимого текста. СРС выполняется в письменном виде в формате А4, объемом 5-8 стр. Выполняется также предпереводческий анализ художественного текста как оригинала, так и перевода;

Критерии оценки выполнения задания (указать какие условия повлияют на оценочный балл): сдача задания в указанный срок, тщательность проведения анализа,

четкость формулировок и ясность выражения мыслей, адекватный перевод, аргументированность выводов.

Форма контроля: письменный перевод

Оценочный балл выполнения задания: 5

Список рекомендуемой литературы:

1. Гачечиладзе Г.Р. «Введение в теорию художественного перевода», Тбилиси, 1970г.
2. Казакова Т.А. «Практикум по художественному переводу», С.-П., 2006г.
3. Казакова О.В. Особенности художественного перевода. Изд-во «Феникс», 2006г.
4. Брандес М.П., Провоторов В.И. Предпереводческий анализ текста. Курск. Изд-во РОСИ 1999г.

СТРУКТУРА И МЕТОДИЧЕСКИЕ УКАЗАНИЯ ПО ВЫПОЛНЕНИЮ САМОСТОЯТЕЛЬНОЙ РАБОТЫ СТУДЕНТЫ ПОД РУКОВОСТВОМ ПРЕПОДАВАТЕЛЯ

Тема 1. ПЕРЕВОД ХУДОЖЕСТВЕННОЙ ПРОЗЫ И ХУДОЖЕСТВЕННОЙ ПУЛИЦИСТИКИ.

Основы художественной публицистики, художественной прозы, поэзии.

Задание №1 Полный перевод текста. Студенты выполняют перевод художественной публицистики, прозы, поэзии. Обсуждают принципы, приемы и методы художественного перевода.

Цель самостоятельной работы: Освоить теоретический минимум, раскрывающий суть проблемы перевода. Самостоятельное выполнение художественного перевода в письменно, , либо в устной форме.

Методические рекомендации по выполнению задания:

- изучить рекомендованную литературу
- выполнить полный письменный перевод предлагаемого художественного текста.
- Подготовить предпереводческий анализ текста
- Установления эквивалентности при переводе на русский язык разных жанрово-стилистических текстов (художественная проза, поэзия, публицистика; фольклор (сказки) и т.д.)
- найти дополнительную информацию, используя интернет источники
- воспользоваться глоссарием по указанной теме по художественному переводу;
- раскрыть содержание проблемы по следующей схеме: а) исторический аспект вопроса; б) содержание; в) существующие точки зрения; г) вывод.
- Работа с основными особенностями текста разного жанра, характерных для таких текстов;
- Быстрое осмысление оригинала на основе хорошего овладения лексикой и грамматикой;

Требования преподавателя к выполнению задания: студенты должны выполнить письменный перевод художественного текста, подготовить предпереводческий анализ переводимого текста. Быть готовым обсудить и проанализировать выполненные переводы. Диспут о разных переводах одного итого же текста, изложение свей точки зрения, аргументируя ее точными фактами и примерами.

Критерии оценки выполнения задания (указать какие условия повлияют на оценочный балл): сдача задания в указанный срок, тщательность проведения анализа, четкость формулировок и ясность выражения мыслей, адекватный перевод, аргументированность выводов.

Форма контроля: письменный перевод художественного текста

Оценочный балл выполнения задания: 10

Список рекомендуемой литературы:

1. Алимов А.К. «Проблемы художественного перевода в Казахстане в 20-30 годы», С.-П., 2004г.
2. Альмуратова А.Н. «Теоретические проблемы литературного перевода», Алматы 1998г.
3. Гачечиладзе Г.Р. «Введение в теорию художественного перевода», Тбилиси, 1970г.
4. Задорнова В.Я. «Восприятие и интерпретация художественного текста», М., 1984г.
5. Казакова Т.А. «Практикум по художественному переводу», С.-П., 2006г.
6. Казакова О.В. Особенности художественного перевода. Изд-во «Феникс», 2006г.
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8. Кереева-Канафиева К.Ш «Практикум по теории и практике художественного перевода», Алматы, 1984г.
9. Попович А. «Проблемы художественного перевода», М., 1990г.

Тема 2. ПРЕДПЕРЕВОДЧЕСКИЙ АНАЛИЗ ТЕКСТА И ВЫБОРКА ОБЩЕЙ СТРАТЕГИИ ПЕРЕВОДА

Подготовка к переводу и основы переводческого анализа текста оригинала.

Задание №1: Абзацно-фразовый перевод. Выполнение предпереводческого анализа текста;

Цель самостоятельной работы: Освоить теоретический минимум, раскрывающий суть проблемы перевода. Самостоятельное выполнение художественного перевода в письменно, , либо в устной форме.

Методические рекомендации по выполнению задания:

- изучить рекомендованную литературу
- выполнить полный письменный перевод предлагаемого художественного текста.
- Подготовить предпереводческий анализ текста
- Установления эквивалентности при переводе на русский язык разных жанрово-стилистических текстов (художественная проза, поэзия, публицистика; фольклор (сказки) и т.д.)
- найти дополнительную информацию, используя интернет источники
- воспользоваться глоссарием по указанной теме по художественному переводу;
- раскрыть содержание проблемы по следующей схеме: а) исторический аспект вопроса; б) содержание; в) существующие точки зрения; г) вывод.
- Работа с основными особенностями текста разного жанра, характерных для таких текстов;
- Быстрое осмысление оригинала на основе хорошего овладения лексикой и грамматикой;

Требования преподавателя к выполнению задания: студенты должны выполнить письменный перевод художественного текста, подготовить предпереводческий анализ переводимого текста. Быть готовым обсудить и проанализировать выполненные переводы. Диспут о разных переводах одного итого же текста, изложение свей точки зрения, аргументируя ее точными фактами и примерами.

Критерии оценки выполнения задания (указать какие условия повлияют на оценочный балл): сдача задания в указанный срок, тщательность проведения анализа, четкость формулировок и ясность выражения мыслей, адекватный перевод, аргументированность выводов.

Форма контроля: письменный перевод художественного текста

Оценочный балл выполнения задания: 10

Список рекомендуемой литературы:

1. Алимов А.К. «Проблемы художественного перевода в Казахстане в 20-30 годы», С.-П., 2004г.
2. Альмуратова А.Н. «Теоретические проблемы литературного перевода», Алматы 1998г.
3. Гачечиладзе Г.Р. «Введение в теорию художественного перевода», Тбилиси, 1970г.
4. Задорнова В.Я. «Восприятие и интерпретация художественного текста», М., 1984г.
5. Казакова Т.А. «Практикум по художественному переводу», С.-П., 2006г.
6. Казакова О.В. Особенности художественного перевода. Изд-во «Феникс», 2006г.
7. Капанев В.И. «Вопросы теории и истории художественного перевода», Минск, 1972г.
8. Кереева-Канафиева К.Ш «Практикум по теории и практике художественного перевода», Алматы, 1984г.
9. Попович А. «Проблемы художественного перевода», М., 1990г.

Тема 3. ПРЕДПЕРЕВОДЧЕСКИЙ АНАЛИЗ ТЕКСТА И ВЫБОРКА ОБЩЕЙ СТРАТЕГИИ ПЕРЕВОДА. Терминологический и логический анализ исходного текста.

Задание №1: Реальный последовательный перевод (профессиональный). Выполнение терминологического и логического анализа исходного текста.

Цель самостоятельной работы: Освоить теоретический минимум, раскрывающий суть проблемы перевода. Самостоятельное выполнение художественного перевода в письменно, , либо в устной форме.

Методические рекомендации по выполнению задания:

- изучить рекомендованную литературу
- выполнить полный письменный перевод предлагаемого художественного текста.
- Подготовить предпереводческий анализ текста
- Установления эквивалентности при переводе на русский язык разных жанрово-стилистических текстов (художественная проза, поэзия, публицистика; фольклор (сказки) и т.д.)
- найти дополнительную информацию, используя интернет источники
- воспользоваться глоссарием по указанной теме по художественному переводу;
- раскрыть содержание проблемы по следующей схеме: а) исторический аспект вопроса; б) содержание; в) существующие точки зрения; г) вывод.
- Работа с основными особенностями текста разного жанра, характерных для таких текстов;
- Быстрое осмысление оригинала на основе хорошего овладения лексикой и грамматикой;

Требования преподавателя к выполнению задания: студенты должны выполнить письменный перевод художественного текста, подготовить предпереводческий анализ переводимого текста. Быть готовым обсудить и проанализировать выполненные переводы. Диспут о разных переводах одного итого же текста, изложение свей точки зрения, аргументируя ее точными фактами и примерами.

Критерии оценки выполнения задания (указать какие условия повлияют на оценочный балл): сдача задания в указанный срок, тщательность проведения анализа, четкость формулировок и ясность выражения мыслей, адекватный перевод, аргументированность выводов.

Форма контроля: письменный перевод художественного текста

Оценочный балл выполнения задания: 10

Список рекомендуемой литературы:

1. Алимов А.К. «Проблемы художественного перевода в Казахстане в 20-30 годы», С.-П., 2004г.
2. Альмуратова А.Н. «Теоретические проблемы литературного перевода», Алматы 1998г.
3. Гачечиладзе Г.Р. «Введение в теорию художественного перевода», Тбилиси, 1970г.
4. Задорнова В.Я. «Восприятие и интерпретация художественного текста», М., 1984г.
5. Казакова Т.А. «Практикум по художественному переводу», С.-П., 2006г.
6. Казакова О.В. Особенности художественного перевода. Изд-во «Феникс», 2006г.
7. Капанев В.И. «Вопросы теории и истории художественного перевода», Минск, 1972г.
8. Кереева-Канафиева К.Ш «Практикум по теории и практике художественного перевода», Алматы, 1984г.
9. Попович А. «Проблемы художественного перевода», М., 1990г.

Тема 4. ВИДЫ ПРЕОБРАЗОВАНИЯ В ХУДОЖЕСТВЕННОМ ПЕРЕВОДЕ

Лексико-грамматический аспект перевода. Лексические, стилистические приемы.

Задание №1: Устный перевод художественного текста. Обсуждение лексико-грамматических аспектов перевода.

Цель самостоятельной работы: Освоить теоретический минимум, раскрывающий суть проблемы перевода. Самостоятельное выполнение художественного перевода в письменно, , либо в устной форме.

Методические рекомендации по выполнению задания:

- изучить рекомендованную литературу
- выполнить полный письменный перевод предлагаемого художественного текста.
- Подготовить предпереводческий анализ текста
- Установления эквивалентности при переводе на русский язык разных жанрово-стилистических текстов (художественная проза, поэзия, публицистика; фольклор (сказки) и т.д.)
- найти дополнительную информацию, используя интернет источники
- воспользоваться глоссарием по указанной теме по художественному переводу;
- раскрыть содержание проблемы по следующей схеме: а) исторический аспект вопроса; б) содержание; в) существующие точки зрения; г) вывод.
- Работа с основными особенностями текста разного жанра, характерных для таких текстов;
- Быстрое осмысление оригинала на основе хорошего овладения лексикой и грамматикой;

Требования преподавателя к выполнению задания: студенты должны выполнить письменный перевод художественного текста, подготовить предпереводческий анализ переводимого текста. Быть готовым обсудить и проанализировать выполненные переводы. Диспут о разных переводах одного итого же текста, изложение свей точки зрения, аргументируя ее точными фактами и примерами.

Критерии оценки выполнения задания (указать какие условия повлияют на оценочный балл): сдача задания в указанный срок, тщательность проведения анализа, четкость формулировок и ясность выражения мыслей, адекватный перевод, аргументированность выводов.

Форма контроля: письменный перевод художественного текста

Оценочный балл выполнения задания: 10

Список рекомендуемой литературы:

1. Алимов А.К. «Проблемы художественного перевода в Казахстане в 20-30 годы», С.-П., 2004г.
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9. Попович А. «Проблемы художественного перевода», М., 1990г.

Тема 5. СТРУКТУРА ПЕРЕВОДНОГО ТЕКСТА. ИНВАРИАНТ ЗНАЧЕНИЕ И СТИЛИСТИЧЕСКИЕ ТРАНСФОРМАЦИИ В ПЕРЕВОДЕ.

Несовпадение вариантных элементов во всех переводах одного и того же произведения.

Задание №1: Описательный перевод. Обсуждение несовпадений вариантных элементов во всех переводах одного и того же произведения.

Цель самостоятельной работы: Освоить теоретический минимум, раскрывающий суть проблемы перевода. Самостоятельное выполнение художественного перевода в письменно, , либо в устной форме.

Методические рекомендации по выполнению задания:

- изучить рекомендованную литературу
- выполнить полный письменный перевод предлагаемого художественного текста.
- Подготовить предпереводческий анализ текста
- Установления эквивалентности при переводе на русский язык разных жанрово-стилистических текстов (художественная проза, поэзия, публицистика; фольклор (сказки) и т.д.)
- найти дополнительную информацию, используя интернет источники
- воспользоваться глоссарием по указанной теме по художественному переводу;
- раскрыть содержание проблемы по следующей схеме: а) исторический аспект вопроса; б) содержание; в) существующие точки зрения; г) вывод.
- Работа с основными особенностями текста разного жанра, характерных для таких текстов;
- Быстрое осмысление оригинала на основе хорошего овладения лексикой и грамматикой;

Требования преподавателя к выполнению задания: студенты должны выполнить письменный перевод художественного текста, подготовить предпереводческий анализ переводимого текста. Быть готовым обсудить и проанализировать выполненные переводы. Диспут о разных переводах одного итого же текста, изложение свей точки зрения, аргументируя ее точными фактами и примерами.

Критерии оценки выполнения задания (указать какие условия повлияют на оценочный балл): сдача задания в указанный срок, тщательность проведения анализа, четкость формулировок и ясность выражения мыслей, адекватный перевод, аргументированность выводов.

Форма контроля: письменный перевод художественного текста

Оценочный балл выполнения задания: 10

Список рекомендуемой литературы:

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9. Попович А. «Проблемы художественного перевода», М., 1990г.

Тема 6. ЯЗЫКОВОЕ ПОСТРОЕНИЕ ТЕКСТАИ ТИПОЛОГИЯ ПЕРЕВОДА

Перекодирование языковых уровней с текста оригинала в текст перевода.

Задание №1: Реферативный перевод. Студенты выполняют переводы на лексическом уровне, не уровне предложения.

Цель самостоятельной работы: Освоить теоретический минимум, раскрывающий суть проблемы перевода. Самостоятельное выполнение художественного перевода в письменно, , либо в устной форме.

Методические рекомендации по выполнению задания:

- изучить рекомендованную литературу
- выполнить полный письменный перевод предлагаемого художественного текста.
- Подготовить предпереводческий анализ текста
- Установления эквивалентности при переводе на русский язык разных жанрово-стилистических текстов (художественная проза, поэзия, публицистика; фольклор (сказки) и т.д.)
- найти дополнительную информацию, используя интернет источники
- воспользоваться глоссарием по указанной теме по художественному переводу;
- раскрыть содержание проблемы по следующей схеме: а) исторический аспект вопроса; б) содержание; в) существующие точки зрения; г) вывод.
- Работа с основными особенностями текста разного жанра, характерных для таких текстов;
- Быстрое осмысление оригинала на основе хорошего овладения лексикой и грамматикой;

Требования преподавателя к выполнению задания: студенты должны выполнить письменный перевод художественного текста, подготовить предпереводческий анализ переводимого текста. Быть готовым обсудить и проанализировать выполненные переводы. Диспут о разных переводах одного итого же текста, изложение свей точки зрения, аргументируя ее точными фактами и примерами.

Критерии оценки выполнения задания (указать какие условия повлияют на оценочный балл): сдача задания в указанный срок, тщательность проведения анализа, четкость формулировок и ясность выражения мыслей, адекватный перевод, аргументированность выводов.

Форма контроля: письменный перевод художественного текста

Оценочный балл выполнения задания: 10

Список рекомендуемой литературы:

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9. Попович А. «Проблемы художественного перевода», М., 1990г.

Тема 7. ПЕРЕВОД И СТИЛЬ

Стилистическая интерпретация эквивалентности в переводе.

Задание №1: Стилистический анализ текста художественного произведения.

Ведется поисковая работа и выбор стилистических эквивалентов в тексте оригинала.

Цель самостоятельной работы: Освоить теоретический минимум, раскрывающий суть проблемы перевода. Самостоятельное выполнение художественного перевода в письменно, , либо в устной форме.

Методические рекомендации по выполнению задания:

- изучить рекомендованную литературу
- выполнить полный письменный перевод предлагаемого художественного текста.
- Подготовить предпереводческий анализ текста
- Установления эквивалентности при переводе на русский язык разных жанрово-стилистических текстов (художественная проза, поэзия, публицистика; фольклор (сказки) и т.д.)
- найти дополнительную информацию, используя интернет источники
- воспользоваться глоссарием по указанной теме по художественному переводу;
- раскрыть содержание проблемы по следующей схеме: а) исторический аспект вопроса; б) содержание; в) существующие точки зрения; г) вывод.
- Работа с основными особенностями текста разного жанра, характерных для таких текстов;
- Быстрое осмысление оригинала на основе хорошего овладения лексикой и грамматикой;

Требования преподавателя к выполнению задания: студенты должны выполнить письменный перевод художественного текста, подготовить предпереводческий анализ переводимого текста. Быть готовым обсудить и проанализировать выполненные переводы. Диспут о разных переводах одного итого же текста, изложение свей точки зрения, аргументируя ее точными фактами и примерами.

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Форма контроля: письменный перевод художественного текста

Оценочный балл выполнения задания: 10

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Тема 8. ПЕРЕВОД И СТИЛЬ

Эквивалентность в переводе. Типология стилистических изменений в переводе.

Задание №1: Письменный перевод художественного текста. Презентация.

Студенты готовят презентацию и выявляют эквивалентность в переводе.

Цель самостоятельной работы: Освоить теоретический минимум, раскрывающий суть проблемы перевода. Самостоятельное выполнение художественного перевода в письменно, , либо в устной форме.

Методические рекомендации по выполнению задания:

- изучить рекомендованную литературу
- выполнить полный письменный перевод предлагаемого художественного текста.
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Требования преподавателя к выполнению задания: студенты должны выполнить письменный перевод художественного текста, подготовить предпереводческий анализ переводимого текста. Быть готовым обсудить и проанализировать выполненные переводы. Диспут о разных переводах одного итого же текста, изложение свей точки зрения, аргументируя ее точными фактами и примерами.

Критерии оценки выполнения задания (указать какие условия повлияют на оценочный балл): сдача задания в указанный срок, тщательность проведения анализа, четкость формулировок и ясность выражения мыслей, адекватный перевод, аргументированность выводов.

Форма контроля: письменный перевод художественного текста

Оценочный балл выполнения задания: 10

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9. Попович А. «Проблемы художественного перевода», М., 1990г.

Тема 9. СТИЛИСТИЧЕСКИЕ НОРМЫ ВОСПРИНИМАЮЩЕЙ ЛИТЕРАТУРЫ И ТЕКСТ ПЕРЕВОДА

Стратификация литературных норм в переводе;

Задание №1: Фрагментарный перевод художественного текста. Обсуждение стилистического кода и изобразительных норм в структуре перевода. Дифференцированность и принцип обусловленности выбора изобразительных средств.

Цель самостоятельной работы: Освоить теоретический минимум, раскрывающий суть проблемы перевода. Самостоятельное выполнение художественного перевода в письменно, , либо в устной форме.

Методические рекомендации по выполнению задания:

- изучить рекомендованную литературу
- выполнить полный письменный перевод предлагаемого художественного текста.
- Подготовить предпереводческий анализ текста
- Установления эквивалентности при переводе на русский язык разных жанрово-стилистических текстов (художественная проза, поэзия, публицистика; фольклор (сказки) и т.д.)
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- Работа с основными особенностями текста разного жанра, характерных для таких текстов;
- Быстрое осмысление оригинала на основе хорошего овладения лексикой и грамматикой;

Требования преподавателя к выполнению задания: студенты должны выполнить письменный перевод художественного текста, подготовить предпереводческий анализ переводимого текста. Быть готовым обсудить и проанализировать выполненные переводы. Диспут о разных переводах одного итого же текста, изложение свей точки зрения, аргументируя ее точными фактами и примерами.

Критерии оценки выполнения задания (указать какие условия повлияют на оценочный балл): сдача задания в указанный срок, тщательность проведения анализа, четкость формулировок и ясность выражения мыслей, адекватный перевод, аргументированность выводов.

Форма контроля: письменный перевод художественного текста

Оценочный балл выполнения задания: 10

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Тема 10. ПРОБЛЕМЫ СЕМИОТИКИ ПЕРЕВОДА

Существование исходного текста как материального знака в процессе перевода.

Задание №1: Полный (сплошной) перевод художественного текста;

Обсуждение текста как сложно структурированной знаковой системы;

Цель самостоятельной работы: Освоить теоретический минимум, раскрывающий суть проблемы перевода. Самостоятельное выполнение художественного перевода в письменно, , либо в устной форме.

Методические рекомендации по выполнению задания:

- изучить рекомендованную литературу
- выполнить полный письменный перевод предлагаемого художественного текста.
- Подготовить предпереводческий анализ текста
- Установления эквивалентности при переводе на русский язык разных жанрово-стилистических текстов (художественная проза, поэзия, публицистика; фольклор (сказки) и т.д.)
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Требования преподавателя к выполнению задания: студенты должны выполнить письменный перевод художественного текста, подготовить предпереводческий анализ переводимого текста. Быть готовым обсудить и проанализировать выполненные переводы. Диспут о разных переводах одного итого же текста, изложение свей точки зрения, аргументируя ее точными фактами и примерами.

Критерии оценки выполнения задания (указать какие условия повлияют на оценочный балл): сдача задания в указанный срок, тщательность проведения анализа, четкость формулировок и ясность выражения мыслей, адекватный перевод, аргументированность выводов.

Форма контроля: письменный перевод художественного текста

Оценочный балл выполнения задания: 10

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Тема 11. ПРОБЛЕМЫ СЕМИОТИКИ ПЕРЕВОДА

Порождающий (первичный) семиозис: авторская мысль. Воспринимающий (переводческий) семиозис: переводческая мысль.

Задание №1: аспектный перевод художественно текста. Студенты обсуждают первичный и вторичный семиозис – авторскую и переводческую мысль

Цель самостоятельной работы: Освоить теоретический минимум, раскрывающий суть проблемы перевода. Самостоятельное выполнение художественного перевода в письменно, , либо в устной форме.

Методические рекомендации по выполнению задания:

- изучить рекомендованную литературу
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- воспользоваться глоссарием по указанной теме по художественному переводу;
- раскрыть содержание проблемы по следующей схеме: а) исторический аспект вопроса; б) содержание; в) существующие точки зрения; г) вывод.
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- Быстрое осмысление оригинала на основе хорошего овладения лексикой и грамматикой;

Требования преподавателя к выполнению задания: студенты должны выполнить письменный перевод художественного текста, подготовить предпереводческий анализ переводимого текста. Быть готовым обсудить и проанализировать выполненные переводы. Диспут о разных переводах одного итого же текста, изложение свей точки зрения, аргументируя ее точными фактами и примерами.

Критерии оценки выполнения задания (указать какие условия повлияют на оценочный балл): сдача задания в указанный срок, тщательность проведения анализа, четкость формулировок и ясность выражения мыслей, адекватный перевод, аргументированность выводов.

Форма контроля: письменный перевод художественного текста

Оценочный балл выполнения задания: 10

Список рекомендуемой литературы:

1. Алимов А.К. «Проблемы художественного перевода в Казахстане в 20-30 годы», С.-П., 2004г.
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Тема 12. ПЕРЕВОД В ЛИТЕРАТУРНОЙ КОММУНИКАЦИИ

Модель литературной коммуникации.

Задание №1: Полный перевод художественного текста.

Студенты обсуждают акты первичной и вторичной литературной коммуникации.

Цель самостоятельной работы: Освоить теоретический минимум, раскрывающий суть проблемы перевода. Самостоятельное выполнение художественного перевода в письменно, , либо в устной форме.

Методические рекомендации по выполнению задания:

- изучить рекомендованную литературу
- выполнить полный письменный перевод предлагаемого художественного текста.
- Подготовить предпереводческий анализ текста
- Установления эквивалентности при переводе на русский язык разных жанрово-стилистических текстов (художественная проза, поэзия, публицистика; фольклор (сказки) и т.д.)
- найти дополнительную информацию, используя интернет источники
- воспользоваться глоссарием по указанной теме по художественному переводу;
- раскрыть содержание проблемы по следующей схеме: а) исторический аспект вопроса; б) содержание; в) существующие точки зрения; г) вывод.
- Работа с основными особенностями текста разного жанра, характерных для таких текстов;
- Быстрое осмысление оригинала на основе хорошего овладения лексикой и грамматикой;

Требования преподавателя к выполнению задания: студенты должны выполнить письменный перевод художественного текста, подготовить предпереводческий анализ переводимого текста. Быть готовым обсудить и проанализировать выполненные переводы. Диспут о разных переводах одного итого же текста, изложение свей точки зрения, аргументируя ее точными фактами и примерами.

Критерии оценки выполнения задания (указать какие условия повлияют на оценочный балл): сдача задания в указанный срок, тщательность проведения анализа, четкость формулировок и ясность выражения мыслей, адекватный перевод, аргументированность выводов.

Форма контроля: письменный перевод художественного текста

Оценочный балл выполнения задания: 10

Список рекомендуемой литературы:

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Тема 13. ПЕРЕВОД В ЛИТЕРАТУРНОЙ КОММУНИКАЦИИ

Межкультурные осложнения как фактор перевода

Задание №1: Неполный перевод художественного текста. Студенты обсуждают проблемы перевода реалий, а также экзотизацию в переводном тексте.

Цель самостоятельной работы: Освоить теоретический минимум, раскрывающий суть проблемы перевода. Самостоятельное выполнение художественного перевода в письменно, , либо в устной форме.

Методические рекомендации по выполнению задания:

- изучить рекомендованную литературу
- выполнить полный письменный перевод предлагаемого художественного текста.
- Подготовить предпереводческий анализ текста
- Установления эквивалентности при переводе на русский язык разных жанрово-стилистических текстов (художественная проза, поэзия, публицистика; фольклор (сказки) и т.д.)
- найти дополнительную информацию, используя интернет источники
- воспользоваться глоссарием по указанной теме по художественному переводу;
- раскрыть содержание проблемы по следующей схеме: а) исторический аспект вопроса; б) содержание; в) существующие точки зрения; г) вывод.
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Форма контроля: письменный перевод художественного текста

Оценочный балл выполнения задания: 10

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(в соответствии со спецификой предмета)

1. Типовая учебная программа по специальности 5В020700 – Переводческое дело, дисциплина «Практика художественного перевода», Алматы, 2007 г.

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Ш.А. Хамраева

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