

**Приложение 2**  
к Положению о Тринадцатом  
Санкт-Петербургском конкурсе  
молодых переводчиков «Sensum de sensu»

**Конкурсные задания**  
**Тринадцатого Санкт-Петербургского конкурса молодых переводчиков**  
**«SENSUM DE SENSU»**

**2013**

**Раздел «Английский язык»**

*Работая с английским языком, береги русский язык.*

**Номинация I. «Перевод специального текста с английского языка на русский язык».**

**Задание.** Перевести с английского языка на русский язык раздел «What is claimed is:» из описания к патенту US4320997 (A) «Spindle holder guide member for multiple spindle attachment», автор изобретения MIYAKAWA EIJI.

**Пояснения к заданию и рекомендации.**

Текст патентного описания относится к регламентированным текстам. При переводе текста на русский язык целесообразно ознакомиться с указаниями Федеральной службы по интеллектуальной собственности, патентам и товарным знакам (Роспатент) и руководствоваться ими:

Административный регламент исполнения Федеральной службой по интеллектуальной собственности, патентам и товарным знакам государственной функции по организации приема заявок на изобретение и их рассмотрения, экспертизы и выдачи в установленном порядке патентов Российской Федерации на изобретение

(Утвержден приказом Минобрнауки России от 29 октября 2008 года № 327)

## Раздел «Английский язык»

### **Номинация II. «Художественный перевод прозы с английского языка на русский язык».**

#### **Задание. Перевести с английского языка на русский язык:**

**Phyllis Dorothy James  
“Death in Holy Orders”**

He made good time and in under three hours had reached Lowestoft. He hadn't driven through the town for years and on the previous visit had been struck by its depressing air of deterioration and poverty. The sea-front hotels, which in more prosperous times had catered for the summer holidays of the middle classes, now advertised bingo sessions. Many of the shops were boarded up and the people walked grey-faced with discouraged steps. But now there seemed to be something of a renaissance. Roofs had been replaced, houses were being repainted. He felt that he was entering a town which was looking with some confidence to its future. The bridge leading to the docks was familiar to him and he drove across it with a lifting of the heart. Along this road he had cycled in boyhood to buy the freshly-landed herrings on the quay. He could recall the smell of the glistening fish as they slid from the buckets into his rucksack, the heaviness of it bumping his shoulders as he cycled back to St Anselm's with his gift of supper or breakfast for the fathers. He smelled the familiar tang of water and tar, and gazed with remembered pleasure at the boats in the harbour, wondering whether it were still possible to buy fish on the quay. Even if it were, he would never again carry a gift back to St Anselm's with the same excitement and sense of achievement as in those boyhood days.

He had rather expected the police station to be similar to those remembered from childhood, a detached or terraced house adapted for police use, its metamorphosis marked by the blue lamp mounted outside. Instead he saw a low modern building, the façade broken by a line of dark windows, a radio mast rising with impressive authority from the roof, and the Union flag flying from a pole at the entrance.

He was expected. The young woman at the reception desk greeted him in her attractive Suffolk voice as if it only needed his arrival to complete her day.

'Sergeant Jones is expecting you, sir. I'll give him a ring and he'll be right down.'

Sergeant Irfon Jones was dark, lean-featured, his sallow skin, only lightly tanned by wind and sun, contrasting with hair that was almost black. His first words of greeting immediately established his nationality.

'Mr Dalgliesh is it? I'm expecting you, sir. Mr Williams thought we could use his office, if you'll come this way. He was sorry to miss you, and the chief is in London at an ACPO meeting, but you'll know that. If you'll just sign in, sir.'

Following him through the side door with its opaque glass panel and down a narrow corridor, Dalgliesh said, 'You're a long way from home, Sergeant.'

'I am that, Mr Dalgliesh. Four hundred miles to be exact. I married a Lowestoft girl, see, and she's an only child. Her mam's none too good so Jenny's best near home. When I got a chance I transferred from the Gower. It suits me well enough, as long as I'm by the sea,'

'A very different sea,'

'A very different coast, and both of them just as dangerous. Not that we get many fatalities. The poor lad is the first for three and a half years. Well, there are signs up and people hereabouts know the cliffs are dangerous. They should do by now. And the coast's isolated enough. It's not as if you get families with children. In here, sir. Mr Williams has cleared his desk. Not that there's much in the way of vital evidence to look at, you might say. You'll have coffee? It's here, see. I'll just have to switch it on.'

There was a tray with two cups, their handles neatly aligned, a cafetière, a tin labeled 'coffee', a jug of milk and an electric kettle.

Sergeant Jones was quickly competent if a little fussy over the procedure, and the coffee was excellent. They seated themselves in two low bureaucratic chairs placed before the window.

Dalgliesh said, 'You were called out to the beach, I believe. What exactly happened?'

'I wasn't the first on the scene. That was young Brian Miles. He's the local PC. Father Sebastian telephoned from the college and he got there as soon as he could. He didn't take long, not more than half an hour. When he arrived there were only two people by the body, Father Sebastian and Father Martin. The poor lad was dead all right, anyone could see that. But he's a good boy, is Brian, and he didn't like the look of it. I'm not saying he thought it was a suspicious death, but there's no denying it was an odd one. I'm his supervisory officer so he got on to me. I was here when the call came through just before three, and as Doc Mallinson - he's our police surgeon - happened to be in the station, we went to the scene together.'

Dalgliesh said, 'With the ambulance?'

'No, not at that time. I believe in London the Coroner has his own ambulance, but here we have to use the local service when we want to move a body. It was out on a call so it took maybe an hour and a half to get him moved. When we got him to the mortuary I had a word with the Coroner's officer and he thought the Coroner would almost certainly ask for forensics. He's a very careful gentleman is Mr Mellish. That's when it was decided to treat it as a suspicious death.'

'What exactly did you find at the scene?'

'Well, he was dead, Mr Dalgliesh. Doc Mallinson certified that at once. But it didn't need a doctor to tell you he was gone. Dead about five to six hours, Doc Mallinson thought. Of course, he was still pretty well buried when we got there. Mr Gregory and Mrs Munroe had uncovered most of the body and the top of his head, but his face and arms weren't visible. Father Sebastian and Father Martin stayed at the scene. There was nothing either of them could do but Father Sebastian insisted on staying until we'd uncovered the body. I think he was wanting to pray. So we dug the poor lad out, turned him over, got him on a stretcher and Doc Mallinson had a closer look at him. Not that there was anything really to see. He was caked with sand and he was dead. That was about it.'

## Раздел «Английский язык»

**Номинация III.** «Художественный перевод поэзии с английского языка на русский язык».

**Задание.** Перевести с английского языка на русский язык:

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM  
(1824 – 1889)

### THE WITCH-BRIDE

A fair witch crept to a young man's side,  
And he kiss'd her and took her for his bride.

But a Shape came in at the dead of night,  
And fill'd the room with snowy light.

And he saw how in his arms there lay  
A thing more frightful than mouth may say.

And he rose in haste, and follow'd the Shape  
Till morning crown'd an eastern cape.

And he girded himself and follow'd still,  
When sunset sainted the western hill.

But, mocking and thwarting, clung to his side,  
Weary day! – the foul Witch-Bride.