

## Приложение 2

к Положению о Восемнадцатом Санкт-Петербургском конкурсе  
молодых переводчиков «Sensum de sensu»

### Конкурсные задания Восемнадцатого Санкт-Петербургского конкурса молодых переводчиков «SENSUM DE SENSU» 2018

### Английский раздел

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*Работа с английским языком, береги русский язык.*

### **Номинация I. «Перевод специального текста с английского языка на русский язык и редактирование перевода».**

***Внимание.** В качестве конкурсного задания предлагается перевести раздел руководства по эксплуатации для промышленного оборудования. Такие документы являются частью эксплуатационной конструкторской документации и, в отличие от зарубежных государств, в Российской Федерации и странах ближнего зарубежья требования к тексту таких документов регламентированы ГОСТами Единой системы конструкторской документации (ЕСКД). Задаaniem предлагается, во-первых, выполнить перевод текста и, во-вторых, изложить/оформить его в соответствии с требованиями ГОСТ ЕСКД. Конкурсное задание, приведенное ниже, представляет собой один из разделов документа, а именно «Chapter 2: Storage & Installation». Рекомендуется ознакомиться с полным текстом документа.*

Адрес в Интернете:

<http://www.rigmanufacturing.com/wp-content/uploads/2012/04/Weatherford-Model-MP-16-Triplex-Pump-Operations-Maintenance-Manual.pdf>

## **Chapter 2: Storage & Installation**

### **2.2 Storage**

Storage While the MP-16 pump is a sturdy piece of equipment, it is vulnerable to damage at certain times, especially when inactive. Over time, environmental forces can wear down even the strongest materials, and cause subtle but significant damage to vital components and systems. Unlike equipment that is in use, stored units generally do not receive regular maintenance, and even small problems can become significant if not caught.

By storing the pump in accordance with the following guidelines, users may protect it from environmental wear and tear.

2.2.1 General Storage Guidelines If the MP-16 pump is to be idle for longer than a month, it should be prepared for storage. Pumps should always be stored in a dry, temperature controlled environment to minimize environmental effects and help to prevent equipment degradation. Pumps should never be stored directly on the floor or ground, but elevated to avoid potential problems.

Fluid End

Remove the fluid end valves, pistons & liners. Clean the inside of the fluid end, including all valves and parts, and coat all components in rust inhibiting oil. Then clean the liner wash system and settling

tank, and put clean oil into the liner wash system to prevent rusting. Finally, coat the liner wash tank and inner spray parts with a rust inhibiting oil.

If the pump is expected to remain in storage for six (6) months or more, the fluid end should be cleaned and flushed with water which has had its pH raised to 10 or more in order to kill any sulfide reducing bacteria in the pump. Over time, these bacteria can create sufficient Hydrogen Sulfide to attack the hardened steel parts in the fluid end and harm or even kill personnel when the pump is reopened.

Once the fluid end has been cleaned, 1 quart of internal rust inhibitor should be poured into the suction and discharge ports of the fluid end, and pipe plugs should be installed in any openings. Cover the entire pump with a plastic or canvas tarp to prevent exposure.

#### Power End

Remove the power end covers. Drain and clean the main sump and settling tank. Then clean and coat all bearings and finished surfaces with rust inhibiting oil, rotating the driveshaft during coating to ensure even coverage. Then coat all exposed metallic surfaces and the entire inside surface of the power end with rust inhibiting oil, and replace all covers.

Raise the fluid end of the pump so the pump slopes downwards towards the power end and secure in place. Replace the main sump drain with a 90° elbow pointed down, and cover the opening with a wire mesh screen to permit air circulation and prevent condensation buildup. In addition, a 100 watt light bulb burning continuously will also help prevent atmospheric water condensation.

**WARNING** A falling MP-16 pump can do significant damage to itself and has sufficient mass to crush most anything in its path, causing catastrophic equipment failures, severe injury and death. When raising a pump, be sure that it is firmly secured and supported, and all personnel should always give suspended units a wide berth.

### 2.2.2 Special Conditions & Procedures

#### Corrosive Fluids

If the fluids used in the pump are potentially corrosive, it is important to flush the fluid end with clean water or another non-corrosive cleaner, and then blow dry with compressed air. This will ensure that the majority of the flushing fluid residue has been removed.

#### New Pumps

Pumps come from the factory without any crankcase oil and are prepared for short term storage without any preparation. If users expect to store the unit for longer than this or in a severe environment, they should use the procedures as indicated below.

#### Precautions for Freezing Weather

Freezing weather can cause problems for equipment when pumping water-based fluids, or when water used to flush prior to storage is not properly dried. In environments with freezing or near-freezing temperatures, it is vital to ensure that a pump is dry prior to storage, and to thoroughly inspect the pump prior to use.

#### Severe Environment Precautions

In severe environments, take the following additional steps. The oil in the power end should be drained and the fill cap removed, and then refilled with 8 quarts of internal rust inhibitor vapor emitting oil.

Replace the fill cap before storing.

In addition, pour 1 quart of internal rust inhibitor into both the suction and discharge ports of the fluid end, then install pipe plugs in any opening. Coat all exposed, unpainted metal surfaces with preservative oil, and cover the entire pump with a weather resistant coating, such as plastic or a canvas tarp.

### 2.2.3 Upkeep

Once per month, pumps in storage should be inspected and the gears rotated to ensure that there is no rust or corrosion. During the inspection, the crankshaft should be rotated by hand at least 4 turns. Then re-coat all surfaces and components with rust-inhibiting oil.

Drain and replace the rust inhibiting oil in the crankcase every six (6) months.

### 2.2.4 Returning to Service

The first step in returning to service is to remove all covers on both the power end and the fluid end and to clean and inspect all finished surfaces. Replace any significantly damaged, rusted or corroded components.

CAUTION Any pump that has been in storage for any reason, including unused units shipped straight from the plant, should receive a full inspection to make sure it has not suffered damage and that all parts are properly set in place. Failure to do so can result in serious equipment damage and injury to personnel upon startup.

#### Power End

Check all bearings to ensure that they are clean and in good condition. Check the oil reservoir for the possible accumulation of condensation, and drain and flush by removing the pipe plugs on either side. Fill the power end with lubricant to the proper level with a clean EP gear oil of the proper viscosity (see 4.3: Lubrication on page 31). Make sure the oil is poured into the crosshead reservoir and worked into all of the bearings.

#### Fluid End

The valves, pistons, liners and all fluid end parts must be properly installed and in good working condition. Carefully tighten all of the bolts, nuts, studs, working connections and covers, and fill the liner wash system with fresh water containing either water-soluble oils or detergents in order to keep the pistons properly lubricated.

Local weather conditions may require varying concentrations of coolants for optimal operation. Some trial and error may be required to get the best concentration of coolants for local conditions.

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

*В качестве задания в номинации «Художественный перевод с английского на русский» в 2018 году конкурсантам предлагаются на выбор два фрагмента из произведений английской и американской литературы начала XX века. Это отрывок из романа Ивлины Во «Возвращение в Брайдсхед» (Evelyn Waugh, *Brideshead Revisited*, 1945) и романа Маргарет Митчелл «Унесенные ветром» (Margaret Mitchell, *Gone with the Wind*, 1936). Оба романа относятся к жанру семейной саги и представляют собой классические образцы литературной традиции. С момента первой публикации романы пользуются колоссальной популярностью у широкого круга читателей, были неоднократно экранизированы. Помимо того, что в обоих романах затронуты вечные философские вопросы, они также касаются неизменно актуальных тем религии и политики.*

*На русском языке роман И.Во знаком читателю в переводе Инны Максимовны Бернштейн. Роман Митчелл до недавнего времени издавался в переводе Татьяны Алексеевны Кудрявцевой и Татьяны Алексеевны Озёрской, но в начале 2000-х годов 4 и 5 части романа вышли в новом переводе Екатерины Диденко, вызвавшем критические замечания читателей.*

*С точки зрения переводческих задач романы Во и Митчелл представляют собой красочные историко-семейные полотна с насыщенными описаниями и огромным разнообразием речевых характеристик – именно эти особенности конкурсанты и найдут в предлагаемых отрывках.*

## **Вариант I**

**Evelyn Waugh**

**Brideshead revisited**

**The Sacred and Profane Memories of Captain Charles Ryder**

That day was the beginning of my friendship with Sebastian, and thus it came about, that morning in June, that I was lying beside him in the shade of the high elms, watching the smoke from his lips drift up into the branches.

Presently we drove on and in another hour were hungry. We stopped at an inn, which was half farm also, and ate eggs and bacon, pickled walnuts and cheese, and drank our beer in a sunless parlour where an old clock ticked in the shadows and a cat slept by the empty grate.

We drove on and in the early afternoon came to our destination: wrought-iron gates and twin, classical lodges on a village green, an avenue, more gates, open parkland, a turn in the drive; and suddenly a new and secret landscape opened before us. We were at the head of a valley and below us, half a mile distant, prone in the sunlight, grey and gold amid a screen of boskage, shone the dome and columns of an old house.

"Well?" said Sebastian, stopping the car. Beyond the dome lay receding steps of water and round it, guarding and hiding it, stood the soft hills.

"Well?"

"What a place to live in!" I said.

"You must see the garden front and the fountain." He leaned forward and put the car into gear. "It's where my family live." And even then, rapt in the vision, I felt, momentarily, like a wind stirring the tapestry, an ominous chill at the words he used -- not "That is my home," but "It's where my family live."

"Don't worry," he continued, "they're all away. You won't have to meet them."

"But I should like to."

"Well, you can't. They're in London, dancing."

We drove round the front into a side court -- "Everything's shut up. We'd better go in this way"--and entered through the fortress-like, stone-flagged, stone-vaulted passages of the servants' quarters -- "I want you to meet Nanny Hawkins. That's what we've come for" -- and climbed uncarpeted, scrubbed elm stairs, followed more passages of wide boards covered in the centre by a thin strip of drugget, through passages covered by linoleum, passing the wells of many minor staircases and many rows of crimson and gold fire buckets, up a final staircase, gated at the head, where at last we reached the nurseries, high in the dome in the centre of the main block.

Sebastian's Nanny was seated at the open window; the fountain lay before her, the lakes, the temple, and, far away on the last spur, a glittering obelisk; her hands lay open in her lap and, loosely between them, a rosary; she was fast asleep. Long hours of work in her youth, authority in middle life, repose and security in her age, had set their stamp on her lined and serene face.

"Well," she said, waking; "this *is* a surprise."

Sebastian kissed her.

"Who's this?" she said, looking at me. "I don't think I know him."

Sebastian introduced us.

"You've come just the right time. Julia's here for the day. She was up with me nearly all the morning telling me about London. Such a time they're all having. It's dull without them. Just Mrs. Chandler and two of the girls and old Bert. And then they're all going on holidays and the boiler's being done out in

August and you going, to see his Lordship in Italy, and the rest on visits, it'll be October before we're settled down again. Still, I suppose Julia must have her enjoyment the same as other young ladies, though what they always want to go to London for in the best of the summer and the gardens all out, I never have understood. Father Phipps was here on Thursday and I said exactly the same to him," she added as though she had thus acquired sacerdotal authority for her opinion.

"D'you say Julia's here?"

"Yes, dear, you must have just missed her. It's the Conservative Women.

Her Ladyship was to have done them, but she's poorly. Julia won't be long; she's leaving immediately after her speech, before the tea."

"I'm afraid we may miss her again."

"Don't do that, dear, it'll be such a surprise to her seeing you, though she ought to wait for the tea, I told her, it's what the Conservative Women come for. Now what's the news? Are you studying hard at your books?"

"Not very, I'm afraid, Nanny."

"Ah, cricketing all day long I expect, like your brother. He found time to study, too, though. He's not been here since Christmas, but he'll be here for the Agricultural I expect. Did you see this piece about Julia in the paper? She brought it down for me. Not that it's nearly good enough of her, but what it says is *very* nice. 'The lovely daughter whom Lady Marchmain is bringing out this season ... witty as well as ornamental ... the most popular debutante,' well that's no more than the truth, though it was a shame to cut her hair; such a lovely head of hair she had just like her Ladyship's. I said to Father Phipps it's not natural He said, 'Nuns do it,'

and I said, 'Well, surely, Father, you aren't going to make a nun out of Lady Julia? The very idea!'"

Sebastian and the old woman talked on. It was a charming room, oddly shaped to conform with the curve of the dome. The walls were papered in a pattern of ribbon and roses. There was a rocking horse in the corner and an oleograph of the Sacred Heart over the mantelpiece; the empty grate was hidden by a bunch of pampas grass and bulrushes; laid out on the top of the chest of drawers and carefully dusted were the collection of small presents which had been brought home to her at various times by her children, carved shell and lava, stamped leather, painted wood, china, bog oak, damascened silver, blue-John, alabaster, coral, the souvenirs of many holidays.

Presently Nanny said: "Ring the bell, dear, and we'll have some tea. I usually go down to Mrs. Chandler, but we'll have it up here to-day. My usual girl has gone to London with the others. The new one is just up from the village. She didn't know anything at first, but she's coming along nicely. Ring the bell."

But Sebastian said we had to go.

"And Miss Julia? She *will* be upset when she hears. It would have been *such* a surprise for her."

"Poor Nanny," said Sebastian when we left the nursery. "She does have such a dull life. I've a good mind to bring her to Oxford to live with me, only she'd always be trying to send me to church. We must go quickly before my sister gets back."

"Which are you ashamed of, her or me?"

"I'm ashamed of myself," said Sebastian gravely. "I'm not going to have you get mixed up with my family. They're so madly charming. All my life they've been taking things away from me. If they once got hold of you with their charm, they'd make you *their* friend, not mine, and I won't let them."

"All right," I said. "I'm perfectly content. But am I not going to be allowed to see any more of the house?"

"It's all shut up. We came to see Nanny. On Queen Alexandra's Day it's all open for a shilling. Well, come and look if you want to. ..."

He led me through a baize door into a dark corridor; I could dimly see a gilt cornice and vaulted plaster above; then, opening a heavy, smooth-swinging, mahogany door, he led me into a darkened hall. Light streamed through the cracks in the shutters. Sebastian unbarred one, and folded it back; the mellow afternoon sun flooded in, over the bare floor, the vast, twin fireplaces of sculptured marble, the coved ceiling frescoed with classic deities and heroes, the gilt mirrors and scagliola pilasters, the islands of sheeted furniture. It was a glimpse only, such as might be had from the top of an omnibus into a lighted ballroom; then Sebastian quickly shut out the sun.

"You see," he said; "it's like this."

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## **Вариант II**

**Margaret Mitchell**

### **Gone with the Wind**

"Ashley, you have not favored us with your opinion," said Jim Tarleton, turning from the group of shouting men, and with an apology Ashley excused himself and rose. There was no one there so handsome, thought Scarlett, as she marked how graceful was his negligent pose and how the sun gleamed on his gold hair and mustache. Even the older men stopped to listen to his words.

"Why, gentlemen, if Georgia fights, I'll go with her. Why else would I have joined the Troop?" he said. His gray eyes opened wide and their drowsiness disappeared in an intensity that Scarlett had never seen before. "But, like Father, I hope the Yankees will let us go in peace and that there will be no fighting--" He held up his hand with a smile, as a babel of voices from the Fontaine and Tarleton boys began. "Yes, yes, I know we've been insulted and lied to--but if we'd been in the Yankees' shoes and they were trying to leave the Union, how would we have acted? Pretty much the same. We wouldn't have liked it."

"There he goes again," thought Scarlett. "Always putting himself in the other fellow's shoes." To her, there was never but one fair side to an argument. Sometimes, there was no understanding Ashley.

"Let's don't be too hot headed and let's don't have any war. Most of the misery of the world has been caused by wars. And when the wars were over, no one ever knew what they were all about."

Scarlett sniffed. Lucky for Ashley that he had an unassailable reputation for courage, or else there'd be trouble. As she thought this, the clamor of dissenting voices rose up about Ashley, indignant, fiery.

Under the arbor, the deaf old gentleman from Fayetteville punched India.

"What's it all about? What are they saying?"

"War!" shouted India, cupping her hand to his ear. "They want to fight the Yankees!"

"War, is it?" he cried, fumbling about him for his cane and heaving himself out of his chair with more energy than he had shown in years. "I'll tell 'um about war. I've been there." It was not often that Mr. McRae had the opportunity to talk about war, the way his women folks shushed him.

He stumped rapidly to the group, waving his cane and shouting and, because he could not hear the voices about him, he soon had undisputed possession of the field.

"You fire-eating young bucks, listen to me. You don't want to fight. I fought and I know. Went out in the Seminole War and was a big enough fool to go to the Mexican War, too. You all don't know what war is. You think it's riding a pretty horse and having the girls throw flowers at you and coming home a hero. Well, it ain't. No, sir! It's going hungry, and getting the measles and pneumonia from sleeping in the wet. And if it ain't measles and pneumonia, it's your bowels. Yes sir, what war does to a man's bowels--dysentery and things like that--"

The ladies were pink with blushes. Mr. McRae was a reminder of a cruder era, like Grandma Fontaine and her embarrassingly loud belches, an era everyone would like to forget.

"Run get your grandpa," hissed one of the old gentleman's daughters to a young girl standing near by. "I declare," she whispered to the fluttering matrons about her, "he gets worse every day. Would you believe it, this very morning he said to Mary--and she's only sixteen: 'Now, Missy ...'" And the voice went off into a whisper as the granddaughter slipped out to try to induce Mr. McRae to return to his seat in the shade.

Of all the group that milled about under the trees, girls smiling excitedly, men talking impassionedly, there was only one who seemed calm. Scarlett's eyes turned to Rhett Butler, who leaned against a tree, his hands shoved deep in his trouser pockets. He stood alone, since Mr. Wilkes had left his side, and had uttered no word as the conversation grew hotter. The red lips under the close-clipped black mustache curled down and there was a glint of amused contempt in his black eyes--contempt, as if he listened to the braggings of children. A very disagreeable smile, Scarlett thought. He listened quietly until Stuart Tarleton, his red hair tousled and his eyes gleaming, repeated: "Why, we could lick them in a month! Gentlemen always fight better than rabble. A month-- why, one battle--"

"Gentlemen," said Rhett Butler, in a flat drawl that bespoke his Charleston birth, not moving from his position against the tree or taking his hands from his pockets, "may I say a word?"

There was contempt in his manner as in his eyes, contempt overlaid with an air of courtesy that somehow burlesqued their own manners.

The group turned toward him and accorded him the politeness always due an outsider.

"Has any one of you gentlemen ever thought that there's not a cannon factory south of the Mason-Dixon Line? Or how few iron foundries there are in the South? Or woolen mills or cotton factories or tanneries? Have you thought that we would not have a single warship and that the Yankee fleet could bottle up our harbors in a week, so that we could not sell our cotton abroad? But--of course--you gentlemen have thought of these things."

"Why, he means the boys are a passel of fools!" thought Scarlett indignantly, the hot blood coming to her cheeks.

Evidently, she was not the only one to whom this idea occurred, for several of the boys were beginning to stick out their chins. John Wilkes casually but swiftly came back to his place beside the speaker, as if to impress on all present that this man was his guest and that, moreover, there were ladies present.

"The trouble with most of us Southerners," continued Rhett Butler, "is that we either don't travel enough or we don't profit enough by our travels. Now, of course, all you gentlemen are well traveled. But what have you seen? Europe and New York and Philadelphia and, of course, the ladies have been to Saratoga" (he bowed slightly to the group under the arbor). "You've seen the hotels and the museums and the balls and the gambling houses. And you've come home believing that there's no place like the South. As for me, I was Charleston born, but I have spent the last few years in the North." His white teeth showed in a grin, as though he realized that everyone present knew just why he no longer lived in Charleston, and cared not at all if they did know. "I have seen many things that you all have not seen. The thousands of immigrants who'd be glad to fight for the Yankees for food and a few dollars, the factories, the foundries, the shipyards, the iron and coal mines--all the things we haven't got. Why, all we have is cotton and slaves and arrogance. They'd lick us in a month."

For a tense moment, there was silence. Rhett Butler removed a fine linen handkerchief from his coat pocket and idly flicked dust from his sleeve. Then an ominous murmuring arose in the crowd and from under the arbor came a humming as unmistakable as that of a hive of newly disturbed bees. Even while she felt the hot blood of wrath still in her cheeks, something in Scarlett's practical mind prompted the thought that what this man said was right, and it sounded like common sense. Why, she'd never even seen a factory, or known anyone who had seen a factory. But, even if it were true, he was no gentleman to make such a statement--and at a party, too, where everyone was having a good time.

Stuart Tarleton, brows lowering, came forward with Brent close at his heels. Of course, the Tarleton twins had nice manners and they wouldn't make a scene at a barbecue, even though tremendously

provoked. Just the same, all the ladies felt pleasantly excited, for it was so seldom that they actually saw a scene or a quarrel. Usually they had to hear of it third-hand.

"Sir," said Stuart heavily, "what do you mean?"

Rhett looked at him with polite but mocking eyes.

"I mean," he answered, "what Napoleon--perhaps you've heard of him?--remarked once, 'God is on the side of the strongest battalion!'" and, turning to John Wilkes, he said with courtesy that was unfeigned: "You promised to show me your library, sir. Would it be too great a favor to ask to see it now? I fear I must go back to Jonesboro early this afternoon where a bit of business calls me."

He swung about, facing the crowd, clicked his heels together and bowed like a dancing master, a bow that was graceful for so powerful a man, and as full of impertinence as a slap in the face. Then he walked across the lawn with John Wilkes, his black head in the air, and the sound of his discomfiting laughter floated back to the group about the tables.

There was a startled silence and then the buzzing broke out again. India rose tiredly from her seat beneath the arbor and went toward the angry Stuart Tarleton. Scarlett could not hear what she said, but the look in her eyes as she gazed up into his lowering face gave Scarlett something like a twinge of conscience. It was the same look of belonging that Melanie wore when she looked at Ashley, only Stuart did not see it. So India did love him. Scarlett thought for an instant that if she had not flirted so blatantly with Stuart at that political speaking a year ago, he might have married India long ere this. But then the twinge passed with the comforting thought that it wasn't her fault if other girls couldn't keep their men.

Finally Stuart smiled down at India, an unwilling smile, and nodded his head. Probably India had been pleading with him not to follow Mr. Butler and make trouble. A polite tumult broke out under the trees as the guests arose, shaking crumbs from laps. The married women called to nurses and small children and gathered their broods together to take their departure, and groups of girls started off, laughing and talking, toward the house to exchange gossip in the upstairs bedrooms and to take their naps.

All the ladies except Mrs. Tarleton moved out of the back yard, leaving the shade of oaks and arbor to the men. She was detained by Gerald, Mr. Calvert and the others who wanted an answer from her about the horses for the Troop.

Ashley strolled over to where Scarlett and Charles sat, a thoughtful and amused smile on his face.

"Arrogant devil, isn't he?" he observed, looking after Butler. "He looks like one of the Borgias."

Scarlett thought quickly but could remember no family in the County or Atlanta or Savannah by that name.

"I don't know them. Is he kin to them? Who are they?"

An odd look came over Charles' face, incredulity and shame struggling with love. Love triumphed as he realized that it was enough for a girl to be sweet and gentle and beautiful, without having an education to hamper her charms, and he made swift answer: "The Borgias were Italians."

"Oh," said Scarlett, losing interest, "foreigners."

She turned her prettiest smile on Ashley, but for some reason he was not looking at her. He was looking at Charles, and there was understanding in his face and a little pity.

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