

Приложение 2

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

Конкурсные задания Двадцать второго Санкт-Петербургского конкурса молодых переводчиков «SENSUM DE SENSU» 2022

• Английский раздел

Работая с английским языком, береги русский язык.

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

В качестве конкурсного задания предлагается:

- *перевести текст «21 Safety Rules for Working with Electrical Equipment»;*
- *отредактировать текст перевода, обратив особое внимание на его изложение и стилистику в соответствии с «ГОСТ Р 2.105-2019 Единая система конструкторской документации. Общие требования к текстовым документам».*

21 Safety Rules for Working with Electrical Equipment

Rule no. 1

Avoid contact with energized electrical circuit. Please don't make fun of this rule if you already know this (*and you probably already know if you are reading these lines*) and remember that if something bad occurs – you probably won't have second chance. That's not funny.

Rule no. 2

Treat all electrical devices as if they are live or energized. ***You never know.***

Rule no. 3

Disconnect the power source before servicing or repairing electrical equipment.

The only way to be sure.

Rule no. 4

Use only tools and equipment with non-conducting handles when working on electrical devices.

Easy to check.

Rule no. 5

Never use metallic pencils or rulers, or wear rings or metal watchbands when working with electrical equipment. This rule is very easy to forget, especially when you are showing some electrical part pointing with metallic pencil.

Always be aware.

Rule no. 6

When it is necessary to handle equipment that is plugged in, be sure hands are dry and, when possible, wear nonconductive gloves, protective clothes and shoes with insulated soles.

Remember: gloves, clothes and shoes.

Rule no. 7

If it is safe to do so, work with only one hand, keeping the other hand at your side or in your pocket, away from all conductive material. This precaution reduces the likelihood of accidents that result in current passing through the chest cavity.

If you ever read about current passing through human body you will know, so remember – work with one hand only.

If you don't clue about electric current path through human body, read more in special technical articles.

Rule no. 8

Minimize the use of electrical equipment in ***cold rooms*** or other areas where ***condensation*** is likely. If equipment must be used in such areas, mount the equipment on a wall or vertical panel.

Rule no. 9

If water or a chemical is spilled onto equipment, shut off power at the main switch or [circuit breaker](#) and unplug the equipment.

Very logical. NEVER try to remove water or similar from equipment while energized. Afterall, it's stupid to do so.

Rule no. 10

If an individual comes in contact with a live electrical conductor, do not touch the equipment, cord or person. Disconnect the power source from the circuit breaker or pull out the plug using a leather belt.

Tricky situation, and you must be very calm in order not to make the situation even worse.

***Like in previous rules – Always disconnect the power FIRST.
Always disconnect the power FIRST***

Rule no. 11

Equipment producing a “tingle” should be disconnected and reported promptly for repair.

Rule no. 12

Do not rely on grounding to mask a defective circuit nor attempt to correct a fault by insertion of another fuse or breaker, particularly one of larger capacity.

Rule no. 13

Drain capacitors before working near them and keep the short circuit on the terminals during the work to prevent electrical shock.

Rule no. 14

Never touch another person’s equipment or electrical control devices unless instructed to do so.

Don’t be too smart. Don’t try your luck.

Rule no. 15

Enclose all electric contacts and conductors so that no one can accidentally come into contact with them.

If applicable do it always, if not be very carefull.

Rule no. 16

Never handle electrical equipment when hands, feet, or body are wet or perspiring, or when standing on a wet floor.

Remember: Gloves and shoes

Rule no. 17

When it is necessary to touch electrical equipment (*for example, when checking for overheated motors*), use the back of the hand. Thus, if accidental shock were to cause muscular contraction, you would not “**freeze**” to the conductor.

Rule no. 18

Do not store **highly flammable liquids** near electrical equipment.

Rule no. 19

Be aware that interlocks on equipment disconnect the high voltage source when a cabinet door is open but power for control circuits may remain on.

Read the single line diagram and wiring schemes – know your switchboard.

Rule no. 20

De-energize open experimental circuits and equipment to be left unattended.

Rule no. 21

Do not wear loose clothing or ties near electrical equipment.

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

В 2022 году конкурсантам предлагается попробовать свои силы в переводе фрагмента детской книги Джулии Дональдсон “The Troll” (2009). Джулия Дональдсон хорошо известна маленьким читателям как создательница Груффало, сердитого зверя, живущего в лесу, однако другие персонажи, придуманные писательницей, пользуются (весьма незаслуженно) куда меньшей славой.

История тролля-из-под-моста, который повстречался с пиратами, написана просто и безыскусно, однако ярко и увлекательно. Дополняют текст замечательные иллюстрации, выполненные Дэвидом Робертсом, которые составляют единое целое с текстом. Перед конкурсантами стоит нелегкая, хотя и увлекательная задача: сказать почти то же самое, учитывая оригинальный визуальный ряд, однако не забывая о возрасте потенциального читателя.

Познакомиться с иллюстрациями к книге можно по ссылкам:
<https://www.labirint.ru/books/681598/> или
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=dZxWt4cFAyE&ab_channel=MissThomas

The Troll. By Julia Donaldson

There was once a troll who lived under a bridge. (That's where trolls are supposed to live.)

Meanwhile, far out at sea, there were some pirates who lived in a ship. (That's where pirates I supposed to live).

Trolls are supposed to eat goats, but no goats ever came trip-trapping over this troll's little bridge.

So he ate fish instead.

But one morning he heard a faint noise on his bridge. Up he popped, and he said what trolls are supposed to say, which is...

"Who's that trip-trapping over my bridge?"

"I'm not trip-trapping, I'm scuttling," said a tiny black creature. "And I'm a spider."

"Oh, bother, I thought you were a goat," said the troll.

"No – goats have fur," said the spider.

"Never mind, I'll eat you anyway," said the troll. "You'll make a nice change from fish."

"Oh, please don't eat me!" said the spider. "Why don't you go further down the river to the next bridge? It's a much better bridge for goats."

“Alright then,” said the troll. So he packed up his frying pan and his cookery book, and off he strode.

Pirates are supposed to dig for treasure, and these pirates had a treasure map with a rhyme on it.

*Between the palm tree and the rocks,
Six foot deep lies a treasure box.*

They sailed and the sailed until they reached an island.

“This is the sport,” said Hank Chief. “Start digging!”

The pirates dug and they dug, but all that they found was a grumpy mole.

“It must be the wrong island,” they said.

All that digging had made them hungry.

It was Ben Buckle’s turn to do the cooking. He cooked fish pie.

“It’s soggy,” said Percy Patch.

“It’s slimy,” said Peg Polkadot.

“When we find the gold we can buy a decent cookery book,” sent Hank Chief.

And they set to sail again.

The troll was sitting under his new, middling-sized bridge, reading his cookery book. Suddenly he heard a sound above his head. Up he popped.

“Who’s that trip-trapping over my bridge?” he roared.

“I’m not trip-trapping, I’m pattering,” said a furry creature. “And I’m a mouse”.

“Oh, bother, I thought you were a goat,” said the troll.

“No – goats have longer ears,” said the mouse.

“Never mind, I’ll eat you anyway,” said the troll. “I’m getting sick of Fish.”

“Oh, please don’t eat me!” said the Mouse. “Why don’t you go down to the next bridge? “There are goats trip-trapping over that one all the time.”

“Very well,” said the troll, and he picked up his things again and off he strode.

Meanwhile the pirates had discovered another island. They dug and they dug, but all that they found was a rusty old bucket with a crab in it.

“It’s the wrong island again,” they said.

That night Percy patch did the cooking. He cooked fish soup.

“It’s bony,” said Ben buckle.

“It’s briny,” said Peg Polkadot.

“If only we could find the gold, we could pay for a proper cook,” said Hank Chief.

The troll was frying fish under his new, big bridge when he heard a sound above his head. Up he popped.

“Who’s that trip-trapping over my bridge?” he bellowed.

“I’m not trip-trapping, I’m lolloping,” said a creature with long ears. “And I’m a rabbit”.

“Oh, bother, I thought you were a goat,” said the troll.

“No – goats have hoofs,” said the rabbit.

“Never mind, I’ll eat you anyway,” said the troll. “Anything’s better than fish.”

“Oh, please don’t eat me!” said the rabbit. “Why don’t you walk down to the next bridge? There are herds of goats trip-trapping over that one.”

“Are you sure?” Asked the troll. Once again he packed up, and off he strode.

Meanwhile the pirates were digging on a new island. They dug and they dug, but all that they found was an old wellington boot with a nest of centipedes in it.

“We’ll never find the right island,” they said.

That night it was peg polkadot’s turn to do the cooking. She cooked fishcakes.

“They’re sticky,” said Ben Buckle.

“They are sandy,” said Percy Patch.

Hank Chief said nothing. He was too busy being sick over the side of the ship.

The troll's river grew wider and wider. Then it stopped being a river and it flowed into the sea. The troll found himself on a sandy beach.

“There isn't another bridge,” he said. “That rabbit was tricking me.”

But then he spotted some hoofprints in the sand.

“A goat at last!” He cried. he looked around, but he couldn't see any goats. “Never mind - it will probably come back tomorrow,” he said.

The troll followed the hoofprints... they led him to a spot between a tall palm three and two big rocks.

“I know!” He thought. “I'll dig a pit. Then tomorrow the goat will fall into it and I can eat it.”

Номинация III. «IN MEMORIA»

Номинация IN MEMORIA посвящена памяти замечательного американского писателя Курта Воннегута, чей столетний юбилей отмечается в 2022 году.

Классик американской литературы, культовый писатель советской интеллигенции времен застоя, «сверхчувствительная клетка в общественном организме», как называл себя он сам, Воннегут не нуждался в представлении читателю еще каких-то двадцать лет назад, однако сегодня слава его среди молодого читателя значительно померкла, а недавно вышедшие переводы двух его романов и полного собрания рассказов остались почти незамеченными. Возможно, причина тому – быстроменяющаяся мода, возможно, – дело в переводе. Американскому писателю Гору Видалу приписывают фразу, что Воннегут пишет по-русски куда лучше, чем на родном языке.

Конкурсантам предлагается перевести отрывок повести Курта Воннегута (1922-2007) “Basic Training”, предположительно созданной в 1940-х, но увидевшей свет только через пять лет после смерти писателя и никогда не публиковавшейся

на русском языке. Повесть относится к раннему периоду творчества писателя и во многом является пробой пера, поиском своего голоса и интонации.

Kurt Vonnegut. Basic Training (2012)

In his dreams Haley felt again the quake of the toppling bales and the sensation of falling. The image ended with a solid thump, and he awakened to find himself on the automobile floor, whence a sudden stop had rolled him.

“All right back there?” called the driver. “Sorry, the light turned red just as we got to it.”

“Yep, I’m O.K.,” yawned Haley, lifting himself back to the seat. “Where are we, and what time is it?” He looked out of the window, and was surprised to see crowds and blinking neon, and the window-checked walls of a city rising on either side. The fragrance of a nearby bakery filled his soul, and his stomach growled hungrily.

“It’s late afternoon, and you’re in Chicago,” said the driver. “What part of town do you want to go to?”

“Right along here will be just fine,” said Mr. Banghart in an offhand tone. “The boy and I might just as well start looking for jobs along here as anywhere.”

The driver looked with curiosity from Haley to Mr. Banghart. “It’s Sunday, you know. What kind of jobs are you looking for?”

“Oh, preferably some sort of entertainment work,” said Mr. Banghart airily. “I sing.”

The driver laughed incredulously. “Are those the only clothes you’ve got?”

Haley looked down at his faded denim trousers and clay-caked workshoes. Mr. Banghart’s shirt, he remembered, was rent up the back, revealing a bright pink strip of sunburn.

“What, these?” said Mr. Banghart; “Heavens, no. These old things are just for traveling. Our good clothes are at a relative’s house here in Chicago.”

“What part of Chicago?”

“Oh, just about here,” said Mr. Banghart, opening the car door and stepping onto the sidewalk. Haley followed, forgetting to thank the bemused driver, and pursued his companion, who disappeared into the tight currents of the city’s Sunday strollers.

He caught up with him at an intersection, in the bizarre shadows of the elevated overhead. Mr. Banghart was talking earnestly with a policeman, who pointed down the street and shouted above the rumble of trains. “The employment office opens at 8 in the morning,” the policeman said. “Got any money for food and a bed tonight?” Mr. Banghart shrugged and grinned sheepishly. “Then hurry up and get over to the Mission before all the beds are gone,” said the policeman severely. He tapped Mr. Banghart’s shoulder lightly with his nightstick. “And keep out of trouble.”

Haley kept his distance until the policeman had finished his piece, then walked beside Mr. Banghart, who took no notice of him, but strode along, muttering to himself. Haley read his lips. “Keep out of trouble, keep out of trouble,” he was saying.

Haley nudged his arm to get his attention. His companion’s reaction was instant and violent. Haley felt himself seized by his gathered shirtfront and twisted to face Mr. Banghart. “Just let the others make sure *they* keep out of trouble, that’s all,” said Mr. Banghart fiercely. He relaxed his grip under the fascinated glances of passers-by eddying about them. “Sorry,” he said, “didn’t mean anything by it. I know you’re a friend.”

Haley’s impulse was to get away from Mr. Banghart, whose eyes grew more lunatic by the second, but the ranks of unfamiliar faces seemed the more ominous, so he continued to trudge, fearfully, by his side. Following the policeman’s directions, the two of them turned a corner and found themselves on a quiet side street, three blocks long. The city’s noises sounded like a distant surf behind them.

Warehouse walls banked the street’s left side, their blank brick faces daubed with posters — tattered reminders of a war bond drive, a musical comedy, a political campaign, of The Greatest Show on Earth. Haley looked from these to the buildings facing them, his eyes running from the twin green globes marking a police station, the worst of Victorian architecture patinated with soot, to a dozen narrow-fronted hotels, taverns, pawnshops, and, at the far end, the blinking cross of the Mission. As though in bas relief, the still, gray figures of silent men stood in doorways or napped on stone steps and the lower treads of fire escapes.

“Hey, buddy, give a pal a smoke, will you?” said a toothless man, stepping from the shadows of an alley.

“I’m sorry, I don’t smoke,” said Haley weakly.

“Trash,” said Mr. Banghart. “Ignore them.”

“Hey pal, lemme talk to you a minute... Buddy, got a cigarette?... Spare a dime?” whined 100 voices as Haley and Mr. Banghart picked their way to the Mission. Annie would be preparing dinner now, Haley thought wistfully.
