

Приложение 1. Форма заявки на участие в конкурсе

ФИО участника (полностью)

Населенный пункт

Номер школы / гимназии

Класс

Телефон

E-mail

Фамилия, имя, отчество учителя английского языка (полностью)

Приложение 2. Требования к оформлению выполненного конкурсного задания

Выполненное конкурсное задание вместе с заполненной заявкой на участие высылаются прикрепленным файлом на адрес электронной почты:

konkurs_fia@mail.ru.

Конкурсные работы должны быть оформлены в соответствии со следующими требованиями:

Шрифт Times New Roman 14 кегль, интервал 1,5

Указание Ф.И.О. участника и номера школы в колонтитулах

Оргкомитет конкурса просит Вас указывать тему письма (Конкурс переводов) и НЕ ПРИСЫЛАТЬ более одной заявки и выполненного задания в одном электронном сообщении.

Приложение 3. Конкурсные задания

ВНИМАНИЕ! К участию в конкурсе принимаются только те работы, в которых переведены ОБА ТЕКСТА.

Текст 1. Scott Westerfeld ‘Uglies’

Scott Westerfeld ‘Uglies’

As the light faded, deep blue gaps of night peered through like an upside-down ocean, bottomless and cold.

Any other summer, a sunset like this would have been beautiful. But nothing had been beautiful since Peris turned pretty. Losing your best friend sucks, even if it’s only for three months and two days.

Tally Youngblood was waiting for darkness. She could see New Pretty Town through her open window. The party towers were already lit up, and snakes of burning torches marked flickering pathways through the pleasure gardens. A few hot-air balloons pulled at their tethers against the darkening pink sky, their passengers shooting safety fireworks at other balloons and passing parasailers. Laughter and music skipped across the water like rocks thrown with just the right spin, their edges just as sharp against Tally’s nerves. Around the outskirts of the city, cut off from town by the black oval of the river, everything was in darkness. Everyone ugly was in bed by now.

Tally took off her interface ring and said, “Good night.”

“Sweet dreams, Tally,” said the room.

She chewed up a toothbrush pill, punched her pillows, and shoved an old portable heater—one that produced about as much warmth as a sleeping, Tally-size human being—under the covers.

Then she crawled out the window.

Outside, with the night finally turning coal black above her head, Tally instantly felt better. Maybe this was a stupid plan, but anything was better than another night awake in bed feeling sorry for herself. On the familiar leafy path down to the water’s edge, it was easy to imagine Peris stealing silently behind her, stifling laughter, ready for a night of spying on the new pretties. Together. She and Peris had figured out how to trick the house minder back when they were twelve, when the three-month difference in their ages seemed like it would never matter.

“Best friends for life,” Tally muttered, fingering the tiny scar on her right palm.

The water glistened through the trees, and she could hear the wavelets of a passing river skimmer’s wake slapping at the shore. She ducked, hiding in the reeds. Summer was always the best time for spying expeditions. The grass was high, it was never cold, and you didn’t have to stay awake through school the next day.

Of course, Peris could sleep as late as he wanted now. Just one of the advantages of being pretty.

The old bridge stretched massively across the water, its huge iron frame as black as the sky. It had been built so long ago that it held up its own weight, without any support from hoverstruts. A million years from now, when the rest of the city had crumbled, the bridge would probably remain like a fossilized bone.

Unlike the other bridges into New Pretty Town, the old bridge couldn't talk—or report trespassers, more importantly. But even silent, the bridge had always seemed very wise to Tally, as quietly knowing as some ancient tree.

Her eyes were fully adjusted to the darkness now, and it took only seconds to find the fishing line tied to its usual rock. She yanked it, and heard the splash of the rope tumbling from where it had been hidden among the bridge supports. She kept pulling until the invisible fishing line turned into wet, knotted cord.

The other end was still tied to the iron framework of the bridge. Tally pulled the rope taut and lashed it to the usual tree.

Текст 2. A Changing City

Foreigners seem to enjoy Beijing since the city offers so much to see and do. Things have changed drastically in the last ten years or so. The Beijing of today is a forest of construction cranes, bulldozers and 24-hour work crews scrambling to build the new China. Plush shopping malls and five-star hotels rise from the rubble. A good number of the road signs and advertising billboards are now in English. Whatever one says about Beijing today, it probably won't be true tomorrow. The city is changing so rapidly it makes you dizzy. Travellers of the 1980s remember Beijing as a city of narrow lanes with single-storey homes built around courtyards. These have given way to the high-rise housing estates of the 1990s. TV sets and washing machines – unimaginable luxuries in the 1980s – are now commonplace. Whereas bicycles and ox carts used to be the main form of transport, both are prohibited on the new freeways and toll roads that now encompass the city. Not so long ago every one wore the Chairman Mao suit, now jeans and T-shirts are the norm. Whatever impression you come away with, Beijing is one of the most fascinating places in China. It may be something of a showcase, but what capital isn't?