1. **ФЕДЕРАЛЬНОЕ ГОСУДАРСТВЕННОЕ БЮДЖЕТНОЕ ОБРАЗОВАТЕЛЬНОЕ УЧРЕЖДЕНИЕ ВЫСШЕГО ОБРАЗОВАНИЯ «ЛУГАНСКАЯ ГОСУДАРСТВЕННАЯ АКАДЕМИЯ КУЛЬТУРЫ И ИСКУССТВ ИМЕНИ МИХАИЛА МАТУСОВСКОГО»**
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На конкурс предоставляются **самостоятельно** выполненные переводы.

Конкурсная работа включает перевод отрывка оригинального произведения современной англоязычной художественной прозы, перевод электронного письма как функционально-стилевой разновидности эпистолярного жанра в пространстве современной коммуникации, также перевод поэтического произведения (*Приложение*).

Жюри определяет победителей в трёх **номинациях**:

* Стихи и проза (OverallWinners, победители в общем зачёте, выполняется перевод ДВУХ текстов прозы и стихотворения).
* Проза (Prose Genre Winners, выполняется перевод ТОЛЬКО ДВУХ текстов прозы)
* Поэзия (Poetry Genre Winners, выполняется перевод стихотворения )

Победители в каждой номинации (по три участника) будут награждены грамотами и памятными призами.

О дате и форме проведения церемонии подведения итогов и награждения победителей оргкомитет Конкурса сообщит дополнительно.

Для участия в конкурсе необходимо прислать заявку вместе с конкурсными работами в электронном виде до **12 апреля 2024** года по адресу: [*kaf407@mail.ru*](mailto:kaf407@mail.ru)

Форму заявки и задания для конкурса вы можете найти на нашем сайте:<https://lgaki.info/konkursy/v-respublikanskij-konkurs-perevodov-sredi-uchashhihsya-srednih-uchebnyh-zavedenij-smart-start/> , <https://lgaki.info/>

*Оргкомитет конкурса: Луганская государственная академия им. М. Матусовского, Красная площадь,4, г. Луганск, 91047; тел.+79591705840*

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| **ФЕДЕРАЛЬНОЕ ГОСУДАРСТВЕННОЕ БЮДЖЕТНОЕ**  **ОБРАЗОВАТЕЛЬНОЕ УЧРЕЖДЕНИЕ ВЫСШЕГО ОБРАЗОВАНИЯ**  **«ЛУГАНСКАЯ ГОСУДАРСТВЕННАЯ АКАДЕМИЯ**  **КУЛЬТУРЫ И ИСКУССТВ ИМЕНИ МИХАИЛА МАТУСОВСКОГО»**    **КАФЕДРА МЕЖКУЛЬТУРНОЙ КОММУНИКАЦИИ И ИНОСТРАННЫХ ЯЗЫКОВ**  **Всероссийский конкурс художественного перевода серди обучающихся государственных общеобразовательных учреждений «Smart Start 2024»**  **ЗАЯВКА ДЛЯ УЧАСТИЯ** | |
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| Класс |  |
| Учитель английского языка |  |
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(кафедра межкультурной коммуникации и иностранных языков)

*Приложение*

**DEAR parents (e-mails from kindergarten)**

**by Claire Friedman and Max Feldman**

Dear Parents,

Welcome to Kinderkids Nursery School! We so loved meeting you all at orientation. Also, we regret to inform you that your children were exposed to lice at orientation. Consider the “getting sick at school” Band-Aid to be hereby ripped off! Fear not – we have lice checkers coming tomorrow, and we’ll make sure to let you know if your child is a carrier and thus not welcome back at school for a week.

Dear Parents,

We have a theory here at Kinderkids, and that theory is: Everyone is going to get pink eye eventually, so why not now? In other words, all your children now have pink eye. It looks sort of cool, though – like they’re all Shredder from the new “Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles”? We’ll try to get a pic and send it via the Brightwheel app.

Dear Parents,

How’s spring break going? Good?

We know that you’re on week two of vacation and that you’re thinking: “How could my child have been exposed to an illness at school when we haven’t even been at school for more than seven days?” Here’s the thing. Back in September, in between the Covid outbreak andthe eleven cases of strep throat that we didn’t even bother to write to you about, the children passed around a rock that someone picked up in Central Park. We now know that the rock was harboring a very rare bacteria that causes illness exactly a hundred and seventy-nine days after contact. We did the math for you, and it turns out that that’s tomorrow. Right in the middle of spring break! What are the odds? (One in 2.5 million.) So if your child’s ears start to get crusty tomorrow, and they will, don’t be alarmed. It should resolve itself by the end of the break.

More important, enjoy the rest of your vacation!

P.S. Still looking for volunteers for the bake sale!

Dear Parents,

Congratulations on a successful school year! Your immune systems have all been bolstered in ways that you couldn’t have possibly imagined. Andwe’re pleased to send your darlings offto kindergarten with newfound confidence, a love of play, and six months of immunity to pirate’s gastroenteritis. Which we’re sure you’ll all agree is more important than learning how to read. Oh, and try not to breathe near your children’s rashes.

Have a great summer!

*(From The New Yorker Nov.20, 2023)*

**Incoming**

**by Teju Cole**

From the moment you arrived, I had to use my intuition. I suppose that’s the word, intuition. That first day, I had returned from work about an hour earlier than my husband. Our son was at camp. When you turned up at the door, I was home alone. It took me only a moment to rid myself of the offensive thought that you were *sans papiers*, that you had managed to break free. I invited you in, and the way you walked in and sat down confirmed that you had been expecting to do so. As would later prove to be the norm, the conversation between us was extremely onesided, me doing almost all the talking. I had the increasing feeling that everything I was telling you was something you already knew. When my husband came in to find us drinking tea, I stood up in haste and said, This is Mirra. I have no idea where the name came from. It just popped into my head. You smiled, and I knew that I had said the right thing, or that what I had said was right enough. That evening, after supper, when I had made your bed and showed you the guest room, again you smiled. I felt in that moment that I was passing a series of tests. That night, as we settled into our bed, my husband and I did not discuss your arrival. We talked instead about what we always talk about: work, the upkeep of the house, our plans for our son. The last thing we spoke about before drifting off was the overladen orange trees and what to do about them.

In the days that followed, we carried on with our lives. You were rarely awake when we left in the mornings, but were always there when we returned in the evenings. You were usually sitting in the living room, not occupied with anything, almost as if you were waiting for us to return, though no purpose would be served by implying that you were waiting for us toreturn. You ate supper with us every night. We usually thanked you after the meal for joining us. You never asked for anything. It was for us to anticipate and meet your needs. This was something we learned very quickly. I think we really tried to do our best in this area. More often than not, you ended the night watching a TV series or a movie with us.

*From The New Yorker Dec.4, 2023*

**NOVEMBER**

Nine swallows on the stripped beech tree,

the ragged leaves on the topmost branch

just holding on,

bruised clouds swarming

over the rutted field,

day almost/finished but

for a smear of blue near the ridge,

dusk’s smoke stains

smiting the stiff fingers of the cattails.

Night’s black bell settles

on the shut house, the brindle-

backed hedge.

Because I knew

I was meant for loneliness,

you were whom I chose to love: ghost, pursuer—

both of us caught in a dream.

One day you came with a load

of kindling, each twig encased in ice.

Or was that also a dream, that too—

I know you never meant to do me harm,

the swallows jet on my bare arms.

*by Cynthia Zarin (from The New Yorker Dec.4, 2023)*