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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 среди обучающихся государственных общеобразовательных учреждений «Smart Start 2025»**  **ЗАЯВКА ДЛЯ УЧАСТИЯ** | |
| ФИО |  |
| № школы, адрес |  |
| Класс |  |
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*Приложение*

**PROSE GENGRE**

**Text 1**

**LIFE ADVICE WITH ANIMAL ANALOGIES** by Viktoria Shulevich

* Go with the flow like a dead fish. If you don’t like where the flow is going, stop the flow like a beaver does with wood.
* Laughter is the best medicine, unless you laugh like a hyena, in which case you should laugh like a hamster. (Hamsters don’t laugh.)
* Pursue your goals with passion and determination like a mountain lion stalking a household pet.
* Remember that it’s all about the journey, not the destination. So enjoy the views along the way like a mountain lion watching a household pet’s owner heading off to work.
* No matter what life throws at you, always keep one foot on the ground like a pink flamingo and your head buried in the sand like an ostrich. This may sound impossible, but you can do it if you practice Pilates.
* When life gives you lemons, eat the lemons off the ground under the cover of night like a possum.
* Patience is a virtue. Be patient like a mountain lion when the household pet’s owner returns home because she forgot her phone.
* Take big swings like a howler monkey, and don’t be afraid of crashing into a tree like a howler monkey that is bad at judging distance.
* Visualize your future self emerging from a cocoon as a beautiful butterfly. Then lower your expectations, because butterflies emerge from a chrysalis, not a cocoon, so you are actually a moth. Accept your moth identity and fly toward a flame.
* Love what you do like a bear hunting salmon. Do what you love like a salmon futilely attempting to thrash upstream away from a bear.
* Follow your gut like a cow with four stomachs, but don’t always trust your gut. It could be indigestion.

(*from The New Yorker November 11, 2024)*

**Text 2**

**THE HONEST ISLAND by Greg Jackson**

Craint did not know when he had come to the island or why he had come. He had ransacked his mind but he could not remember and he could not recall many other things besides. The period before his arrival, for instance. He knew he came from elsewhere. His appearance made that abundantly clear, and he did not speak the islanders’ language, although between gestures and the few words of his own language the islanders knew, he could communicate most of his basic needs.

The island was small. If one cared to, one could walk from one end to the other in a matter of hours. To reach the southern tip, where there was a swimming beach, he sometimes took one of the small buses that circulated throughout the day. […]

The problems with his memory made Craint reluctant to ask questions that might cause him to appear foolish. At his hotel he refrained from asking how many nights he had stayed, afraid such an inquiry might call attention to the bill he had no means of paying. For now, at least, the proprietors seemed unconcerned about their guest’s ability to meet his obligations.

Every morning at quarter past eight they served him the same breakfast with the cheerful, deferential hospitality common on the island […]

It was not the case that Craint had no dealings with the islanders. It was a small community, and he recognized many people and they recognized him. Passing, they often greeted one another. At the cafés and restaurants, the waiters knew enough to seat him by himself.

And then there was the girl. As with so much else, he did not remember how they had settled on their routine, but every few days, in the evening, he would call at the house she and her father shared. Her father, a little frail in an ageless way, would greet him each time with the same question: “Happy?” Always this, as if to say, “And you are well?” And Craint would smile and nod, even if deciding whether he was happy or not seemed as impossible and meaningless as determining the precise color of the sea.

The girl would gently incline her head in greeting, and then they would walk together through the village, past the brimming lotus pond and along the narrow drainage canals to where steps descended to an empty beach. No one swam here. He had, in fact, never seen another person on the beach, just a few skinny cats, whose curious eyes followed them as their footfalls imprinted the coarse ochre sand.[…]

(*From The New Yorker November 11, 2024*)

**POETRY GENRE**

**1**

**Lester** by Shel Silverstein

Lester was given a magic wish

By the goblin who lives in the banyan tree,

And with his wish he wished for two more wishes-

So now instead of just one wish, he cleverly had three.

And with each one of these

He simply wished for three more wishes,

Which gave him three old wishes, plus nine new.

And with each of these twelve

He slyly wished for three more wishes,

Which added up to forty-six -- or is it fifty-two?

Well anyway, he used each wish

To wish for wishes 'til he had

Five billion, seven million, eighteen thousand thirty-four.

And then he spread them on the ground

And clapped his hands and danced around

And skipped and sang, and then sat down

And wished for more.

And more...and more...they multiplied

While other people smiled and cried

And loved and reached and touched and felt.

Lester sat amid his wealth

Stacked mountain-high like stacks of gold,

Sat and counted -- and grew old.

And then one Thursday night they found him

Dead -- with his wishes piled around him.

And they counted the lot and found that not

A single one was missing.

All shiny and new -- here, take a few

And think of Lester as you do.

In a world of apples and kisses and shoes

He wasted his wishes on wishing.

**2**

**Фрида Полак**

Не все решает красота.

…Не всё решает в жизни красота,

Не все по внешности о человеке судят.

Как больно, если рушится мечта:

«Красивой будь – тогда проблем не будет!»

Есть истинный, другой закон вещей.

И плохо, если с детства приучают

Лишь оболочке кланяться своей…

Быть может, здесь подвох,– кто угадает?

И если мысли лишь о красоте,

Не можешь отойти от этой темы –

Споткнёшься вдруг, забыв о доброте,–

Вот тут и начинаются проблемы.

Кто знает, как распорядится жизнь:

Кому-то – внешний блеск, кому-то – счастье.

Ты красотой Души своей гордись –

Тогда, быть может, избежишь напастей.

У зеркала вертеться круглый год,

Собой любуясь, – чистое безумье.

…Не только Красота наш мир спасёт,

Ещё и Мудрость, и Благоразумье!