

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

Конкурсные задания  
Двадцать пятого Санкт-Петербургского конкурса молодых переводчиков  
«SENSUM DE SENSU»  
2025

Английский раздел

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*Работая с английским языком, береги русский язык.*

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

ЗАДАНИЕ:

1. Выполнить перевод «Painter Safety and Health Issues» (<https://ecopainting.ca/employment/painter-safety/>).
2. Отредактировать и оформить перевод в соответствии с требованиями ГОСТ Р 2.105-2019 «Общие требования к текстовым документам».

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

В 2025 юбилейном году *Sensum de Sensu* конкурсантам предлагается попробовать свои силы в переводе рассказа, входящего в авторский сборник Стивена Кинга *You like it darker*, объединивший как старые, так и новые произведения писателя. Стивен Кинг уже пятьдесят лет радует поклонников жанра произведениями, которые не только пугают и развлекают, но и заставляют задуматься о природе добра и зла, возможности преодолеть собственные страхи и оставаться человеком в любых условиях.

Предлагаемый к переводу фрагмент взят из рассказа, задуманного Кингом тридцать лет назад, однако дописанного лишь в 2023 году. Рассказ впервые увидел свет в 2024 году, был переведен на русский язык и опубликован без указания переводчика.

**Stephen King**

**The Answer Machine**

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On a windy October day in the fall of 1995, Phil slid behind the wheel of his car for the last time. Not a Chevrolet jalopy or a Buick these days but a Cadillac Seville equipped with all the bells and whistles.

“I hope to Christ I don’t kill anybody, Frank,” he said to the dog that wasn’t there. He was headache free for the time being, but a coldness—sort of a *distantness*—had begun to inhabit his fingers and toes.

He drove through town at twenty miles an hour, increasing his speed to thirty when he left downtown. Several cars swerved around him, horns blaring. “Eat shit and die,” Phil told each of them. “Bark if you agree, Frank.”

On Route 111 the traffic thinned away to almost nothing, and was he surprised when he passed the bright yellow sign reading 2 MILES TO THE ANSWER MAN? He was not. Why else was he risking his life and the lives

of anyone he happened to meet going the other way? Nor did he believe it was the spreading black rot in his brain sending out false information. He came to the next one soon after: bright blue, ANSWER MAN 1 MILE. And there, just over a rise on the outskirts of Curry Township, was the table and the bright red umbrella. Phil pulled over and turned on the engine. He grabbed his cane and struggled out from behind the wheel.

“You stay there, Frank. This won’t take long.”

Was he surprised to see the Answer Man looked just the same? Same bright eyes, same thinning hair, same clothes? He was not. There was just one change Phil could see, although it was hard to be sure with his vision doubling and sometimes trebling. There was only a single sign on the Answer Man’s table. It read

ALL ANSWERS FREE

He sat down in the client’s chair with a grunt and a grimace. “You’re just the same.”

“So are you, Just Phil.”

Phil laughed. “Pull the other one, why don’t you?” A stupid question, he supposed, but why not? Today all the answers were free.

“It’s true. Inside, you are just the same.”

“If you say so, but I have my doubts. Have you still got your big clock in your bag?”

“Yes, but today I won’t need it.”

“Freebie Friday, is it?”

The Answer Man smiled. “It’s Tuesday, Just Phil.”

“I know that. It was an impotent question. Are you familiar with those?”

“I’m familiar with every kind of question. What’s yours?”

Phil decided he no longer wanted to ask why me; it was, the Answer Man would have said, another impotent question. It was him because he was him. There was no other reason. Nor was he curious about how long he would live. He might see the snow fly, but it was a sure thing he wasn’t going to be around for the spring melt. There was only one thing he was curious about.

“Do we go on? After we die, do we go on?”

“Yes.”

The grayness started to come, closing in around them very slowly. At the same time, the Answer Man began to recede. Also very slowly. Phil didn’t mind. There was no headache, that was a relief, and the foliage—what he could still see of it—was very beautiful. In fall the trees burned so bright at the end of the cycle. And since all the answers were free...

“Is it heaven we go to? Is it hell? Is it reincarnation? Are we still ourselves? Do we remember? Will I see my wife and son? Will it be good? Will it be awful? Are there dreams? Is there sorrow or joy or any emotion?”

The Answer Man, almost lost in the gray, said: “Yes.” <...>

### **Номинация III. «IN MEMORIA»**

В 2025 году исполняется 250 лет со дня рождения непревзойденной Джейн Остен (1775—1817), по праву занимающей место в ряду крупнейших британских писателей всех времен. Совершенный стиль, смелый синтаксис, острая наблюдательность, отсутствие морализаторства, свойственного писательницам-викторианкам, младшим современницам Остен, – все это заставляет читателей, переводчиков и издателей снова и снова обращаться к ее произведениям. Свидетельством сохраняющегося интереса к творчеству Остен могут служить и постоянно появляющиеся фанфики и пародии на ее произведения. Одним из таких пародий стал роман Сета Грэма-Смита «Гордость и предубеждение и зомби», уводивший свет в 2009 году. Текст романа представляет собой комбинацию романа «Гордость и предубеждение» (1813) с элементами зомби-триллера, что привело к изменению не только сюжетной стороны, но и языка произведения.

Предлагаем конкурсантам провести «слепое тестирование», другими словами, - проанализировать тексты, определить, принадлежит ли фрагмент Джейн Остен или Сету Грэму-Смиту, и перевести его с учетом особенностей оригинала так, чтобы пародия оставалась пародией, а текст Джейн Остен не пострадал.

Конкурсанты должны выбрать один из предложенных текстов, указав в конкурсной работе Text 1 или Text 2 в зависимости от сделанного выбора.

Конкурсная комиссия напоминает, что оба текста переводились на русский язык, причем роман «Гордость и предубеждение» – не менее пяти раз, не считая любительских переводов.

**Jane Austen/ Seth Grahame-Smith**

**Pride and Prejudice/Pride and Prejudice and Zombies**

**CHAPTER 13**

**Text 1**

I HOPE, MY DEAR,” said Mr. Bennet to his wife, as they were at breakfast the next morning, “that you have ordered a good dinner to-day, because I have reason to expect an addition to our family party.”

“Who do you mean, my dear? I know of nobody that is coming, I am sure, unless Charlotte Lucas should happen to call in-and I am sure my dinners are good enough for her, since she is an unmarried woman of seven-and-twenty, and as such should expect little more than a crust of bread washed down with a cup of loneliness.”

“The person of whom I speak is a gentleman, and a stranger.”

Mrs. Bennet’s eyes sparkled. “A gentleman and a stranger! It is Mr. Bingley, I am sure! I shall be extremely glad to see Mr. Bingley. But – good Lord! How unlucky! There is not a bit of fish to be got today. Lydia, my love, ring the bell-I must speak to Hill this moment.”

“It is not Mr. Bingley, you senseless old cur,” said her husband; “it is a person whom I never saw in the whole course of my life.”

After amusing himself some time with their curiosity, he thus explained:

“About a month ago I received this letter; and about a fortnight ago I answered it. It is from my cousin, Mr. Collins, who, when I am dead, may turn you all out of this house as soon as he pleases.”

“Oh! My dear,” cried his wife, “Pray do not talk of that odious man. I do think it is the hardest thing in the world that your estate should be entailed away from your own children!”

Jane and Elizabeth tried to explain that all five of them were capable of fending for themselves; that they could make tolerable fortunes as bodyguards, assassins, or mercenaries if need be. But it was a subject on which Mrs. Bennet was beyond the reach of reason, and she continued to rail bitterly against the cruelty of settling an estate away from a family of five daughters, in favour of a man whom nobody cared anything about.

“It certainly is a most iniquitous affair,” said Mr. Bennet, “and nothing can clear Mr. Collins from the guilt of inheriting Longbourn. But if you will listen to his letter, you may perhaps be a little softened by his manner of expressing himself.”

Hunsford, near Westerham, Kent,  
15th October

DEAR SIR,

The disagreement subsisting between yourself and my late honoured father always gave me much uneasiness. He was a great warrior, as you once were, and I know he looked with fondness upon the days when both of you fought side by side-back when the strange plague was but an isolated inconvenience. Since his passing, I have frequently wished to heal the breach; but for some time I was kept back by my own doubts, fearing lest it might seem disrespectful to his memory for me to be on good terms with anyone with whom my father had once vowed to castrate. My mind, however, is now made up on the subject, for having entered the priesthood, I have been so fortunate as to be distinguished by the patronage of the Right Honourable Lady Catherine de Bourgh ...

“Heavens!” cried Elizabeth, “He works for Lady Catherine!”

“Let me finish,” said Mr. Bennet, sternly.

... whose skill with blade and musket are unmatched, and who has slain more unmentionables than any woman known. As a clergyman, I feel it my duty to promote and establish the blessing of peace in all families. If you should have no objection to receive me into your house, I propose myself the satisfaction of waiting on you and your family, Monday, November 18th, by four o’clock, and shall probably trespass on your hospitality till the Saturday following. I remain, dear sir, with respectful compliments to your lady and daughters, your well-wisher and friend,

WILLIAM COLLINS

**Text 2**

I hope, my dear,” said Mr. Bennet to his wife, as they were at breakfast the next morning, “that you have ordered a good dinner to-day, because I have reason to expect an addition to our family party.”

“Who do you mean, my dear? I know of nobody that is coming, I am sure, unless Charlotte Lucas should happen to call in; and I hope *my* dinners are good enough for her. I do not believe she often sees such at home.”

“The person of whom I speak is a gentleman and a stranger.”

Mrs. Bennet's eyes sparkled. "A gentleman and a stranger! It is Mr. Bingley, I am sure. Why, Jane—you never dropped a word of this—you sly thing! Well, I am sure I shall be extremely glad to see Mr. Bingley. But—good Lord! how unlucky! there is not a bit of fish to be got to-day. Lydia, my love, ring the bell. I must speak to Hill this moment." "It is *not* Mr. Bingley," said her husband; "it is a person whom I never saw in the whole course of my life."

This roused a general astonishment; and he had the pleasure of being eagerly questioned by his wife and five daughters at once.

After amusing himself some time with their curiosity, he thus explained:—"About a month ago I received this letter, and about a fortnight ago I answered it; for I thought it a case of some delicacy, and requiring early attention. It is from my cousin, Mr. Collins, who, when I am dead, may turn you all out of this house as soon as he pleases."

"Oh, my dear," cried his wife, "I cannot bear to hear that mentioned. Pray do not talk of that odious man. I do think it is the hardest thing in the world, that your estate should be entailed away from your own children; and I am sure, if I had been you, I should have tried long ago to do something or other about it."

Jane and Elizabeth attempted to explain to her the nature of an entail. They had often attempted it before: but it was a subject on which Mrs. Bennet was beyond the reach of reason; and she continued to rail bitterly against the cruelty of settling an estate away from a family of five daughters, in favour of a man whom nobody cared anything about.

"It certainly is a most iniquitous affair," said Mr. Bennet; "and nothing can clear Mr. Collins from the guilt of inheriting Longbourn. But if you will listen to his letter, you may, perhaps, be a little softened by his manner of expressing himself."

"No, that I am sure I shall not: and I think it was very impertinent of him to write to you at all, and very hypocritical. I hate such false friends. Why could not he keep on quarrelling with you, as his father did before him?"

"Why, indeed, he does seem to have had some filial scruples on that head, as you will hear."

Hunsford, near Westerham, Kent, *15th October.*

Dear Sir,

The disagreement subsisting between yourself and my late honoured father always gave me much uneasiness; and, since I have had the misfortune to lose him, I have frequently wished to heal the breach: but, for some time, I was kept back by my own doubts, fearing lest it might seem disrespectful to his memory for me to be on good terms with anyone with whom it had always pleased him to be at variance."—"There, Mrs. Bennet."—"My mind, however, is now made up on the subject; for, having received ordination at Easter, I have been so fortunate as to be distinguished by the patronage of the Right Honourable Lady Catherine de Bourgh, widow of Sir Lewis de Bourgh, whose bounty and beneficence has preferred me to the valuable rectory of this parish, where it shall be my earnest endeavour to demean myself with grateful respect towards her Ladyship, and be ever ready to perform those rites and ceremonies which are instituted by the Church of England. As a clergyman, moreover, I feel it my duty to promote and establish the blessing of peace in all families within the reach of my influence; and on these grounds I flatter myself that my present overtures of good-will are highly commendable, and that the circumstance of my being next in the entail of Longbourn estate will be kindly overlooked on your side, and not lead you to reject the offered olive branch. I cannot be otherwise than concerned at being the means of injuring your amiable daughters, and beg leave to apologize for it, as well as to assure you of my readiness to make them every possible amends; but of this hereafter. If you should have no objection to receive me into your house, I propose myself the satisfaction of waiting on you and your family, Monday, November 18th, by four o'clock, and shall probably trespass on your hospitality till the Saturday se'nnight following, which I can do without any inconvenience, as Lady Catherine is far from objecting to my occasional absence on a Sunday, provided that some other clergyman is engaged to do the duty of the day. I remain, dear sir, with respectful compliments to your lady and daughters, your well-wisher and friend,

WILLIAM COLLINS