**☺ КОНКУРС ПЕРЕВОДОВ! ☺**

**☺ TRANSLATION CONTEST! ☺**

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**Поволжский Православный Институт** приглашает студентов и школьников принять участие в  ***РЕГИОНАЛЬНОМ КОНКУРСЕ ПЕРЕВОДОВ***  произведений на материале английского, немецкого, итальянского и русского языков (тексты прилагаются к приглашению);

**🕮 *Материал:***

для перевода предлагаются оригинальные произведения современных английских, итальянских и немецких авторов, публицистические тексты. Участник конкурса имеет право выбора количества текстов – на конкурс можно представить от 1 до 7 переводов.

**🖂 *Требования к* *оформлению:***

переводы и сочинения должны быть набраны на компьютере с
указанием автора работы и учебного заведения. Каждое произведение печатается на отдельном листе. Необходимо указать свои ФИО, контактный телефон, ФИО учителя (на каждом переводе!!!) Работы высылаются на электронную почту ppi-lingvo@mail.ru. Формат текста: Word for Windows, шрифт: размер -14; интервал - 1,5, тип - Times New Roman.

**🕑 *Сроки выполнения работ*:**

переводы и сочинения должны быть предоставлены не позднее 25 декабря 2019 г. на E-mail ppi-lingvo@mail.ru. По результатам вышеназванных конкурсов будут определены победители и выданы дипломы, сертификаты и благодарственные письма.

**🎖*Награждение***

состоится в феврале 2020 г. по адресу Юбилейная 4А.

**YOU ARE WELCOME!!!**

**WIR WARTEN AUF SIE!!!**

**МЫ ЖДЕМ ВАС!!!**

**VI ASPETTIAMO!!!**

**Приложение**

**Text 1. Перевод художественного произведения с английского языка на русский**

S. Maugham.

He thought only of the future. He had written to Mrs. Otter, the massiere to whom Hayward had given him an introduction, and had in his pocket an invitation to tea on the following day. When he arrived in Paris he had his luggage put on a cab and trundled off slowly through the gay streets, over the bridge, and along the narrow ways of the Latin Quarter. He had taken a room at the Hotel des Deux Ecoles, which was in a shabby street off the Boulevard du Montparnasse; it was convenient for Amitrano's School at which he was going to work. A waiter took his box up five flights of stairs, and Philip was shown into a tiny room, fusty from unopened windows, the greater part of which was taken up by a large wooden bed with a canopy over it of red rep; there were heavy curtains on the windows of the same dingy material; the chest of drawers served also as a washing-stand; and there was a massive wardrobe of the style which is connected with the good King Louis Philippe. The wall-paper was discoloured with age; it was dark gray, and there could be vaguely seen on it garlands of brown leaves. To Philip the room seemed quaint and charming.

Though it was late he felt too excited to sleep and, going out, made his way into the boulevard and walked towards the light. This led him to the station; and the square in front of it, vivid with arc-lamps, noisy with the yellow trams that seemed to cross it in all directions, made him laugh aloud with joy. There were cafes all round, and by chance, thirsty and eager to get a nearer sight of the crowd, Philip installed himself at a little table outside the Cafe de Versailles. Every other table was taken, for it was a fine night; and Philip looked curiously at the people, here little family groups, there a knot of men with odd-shaped hats and beards talking loudly and gesticulating; next to him were two men who looked like painters with women who Philip hoped were not their lawful wives; behind him he heard Americans loudly arguing on art. His soul was thrilled. He sat till very late, tired out but too happy to move, and when at last he went to bed he was wide awake; he listened to the manifold noise of Paris.

Next day about tea-time he made his way to the Lion de Belfort, and in a new street that led out of the Boulevard Raspail found Mrs. Otter. She was an insignificant woman of thirty, with a provincial air and a deliberately lady-like manner; she introduced him to her mother. He discovered presently that she had been studying in Paris for three years and later that she was separated from her husband. She had in her small drawing-room one or two portraits which she had painted, and to Philip's inexperience they seemed extremely accomplished.

"I wonder if I shall ever be able to paint as well as that," he said to her.

"Oh, I expect so," she replied, not without self-satisfaction. "You can't expect to do everything all at once, of course."

She was very kind. She gave him the address of a shop where he could get a portfolio, drawing-paper, and charcoal.

"I shall be going to Amitrano's about nine tomorrow, and if you'll be there then I'll see that you get a good place and all that sort of thing."

She asked him what he wanted to do, and Philip felt that he should not let her see how vague he was about the whole matter.

"Well, first I want to learn to draw," he said.

"I'm so glad to hear you say that. People always want to do things in such a hurry. I never touched oils till I'd been here for two years, and look at the result."

She gave a glance at the portrait of her mother, a sticky piece of painting that hung over the piano.

"And if I were you, I would be very careful about the people you get to know. I wouldn't mix myself up with any foreigners. I'm very careful myself."

Philip thanked her for the suggestion, but it seemed to him odd. He did not know that he particularly wanted to be careful.

"We live just as we would if we were in England," said Mrs. Otter's mother, who till then had spoken little. "When we came here we brought all our own furniture over."

Philip looked round the room. It was filled with a massive suite, and at the window were the same sort of white lace curtains which Aunt Louisa put up at the vicarage in summer. The piano was draped in Liberty silk and so was the chimney-piece. Mrs. Otter followed his wandering eye.

"In the evening when we close the shutters one might really feel one was in England."

"And we have our meals just as if we were at home," added her mother. "A meat breakfast in the morning and dinner in the middle of the day."

When he left Mrs. Otter Philip went to buy drawing materials; and next morning at the stroke of nine, trying to seem self-assured, he presented himself at the school. Mrs. Otter was already there, and she came forward with a friendly smile. He had been anxious about the reception he would have as a nouveau, for he had read a good deal of the rough joking to which a newcomer was exposed at some of the studios; but Mrs. Otter had reassured him.

"Oh, there's nothing like that here," she said. "You see, about half our students are ladies, and they set a tone to the place."

**Text 2. Перевод поэтического произведения с английского языка на русский**

**Kate Lawrence**

**QUESTIONS**

Can you put the spider's web back in its place, that once has been swept away?

Can you put the apple again on the bough, which fell at our feet today?

Can you put the lily-cup back on the stem, and cause it to live and grow?

Can you mend the butterfly’s broken wing, that you crushed with a hasty blow?

Can you put the bloom again on the grape, or the grape again on the vine?

Can you put the dewdrops back on the flowers, and make them sparkle and shine?

Can you put the petals back on the rose? If you could, would it smell as sweet?

Can you put the flour again in the husk, and show me the ripened wheat?

Can you put the kernel back in the nut, or the broken egg in its shell?

Can you put the honey back in the comb, and cover with wax each cell?

Can you put the perfume back in the vase, when once it has sped away?

Can you put the corn-silk back on the corn, or the down on the catkins - say?

You think that my questions are trifling, dear? Let me ask you another one:

Can a hasty word ever be unsaid, or a deed unkind, undone?

**Text 3. Перевод поэтического произведения с русского языка на английский**

Друнина Юлия

Полжизни мы теряем из-за спешки

Полжизни мы теряем из-за спешки.

Спеша, не замечаем мы подчас

Ни лужицы на шляпке сыроежки,

Ни боли в глубине любимых глаз...

И лишь, как говорится, на закате,

Средь суеты, в плену успеха, вдруг,

Тебя безжалостно за горло схватит

Холодными ручищами испуг:

Жил на бегу, за призраком в погоне,

В сетях забот и неотложных дел...

А может главное - и проворонил...

А может главное - и проглядел...

**Text 4. Публицистический текст для перевода с английского языка на русский.**

**Red is for winners**

When competitors in sport are equally matched, the team dressed in red is more likely to win, according to a new study.

That is the conclusion of British anthropologists Russell Hill and Robert Barton of the University of Durham, after studying the results of one-on-one boxing, tae kwon do, Greco-Roman wrestling and freestyle wrestling matches at the Olympic Games. Their study shows that when a competitor is equally matched with an opponent in fitness and skill, the athlete wearing red is more likely to win.

Hill and Barton report that when one contestant is much better than the other, colour has no effect on the result. However, when there is only a small difference between them, the effect of colour is sufficient to tip the balance. The anthropologists say that the number of times red wins is not simply by chance, but that these results are statistically significant.

Joanna Setchell, a primate researcher at the University of Cambridge, has found similar results in nature. She studies the large African monkeys known as mandrills. Mandrills have bright red noses that stand out against their white faces. Setchell’s work shows that the dominant males – the ones who are more successful with females – have a brighter red nose than other males.

Setchell says that the finding that red also has an advantage in human sporting events does not surprise her and she adds that ‘the idea of the study is very clever.’

Hill and Barton got the idea for their research because of the role that the colour red plays in the animal world. ‘Red seems to be the colour, across species, that signals male dominance,’ Barton says. They thought that ‘there might be a similar effect in humans.’ Setchell, the primatologist, agrees: ‘As Hill and Barton say, humans redden when we are angry and go pale when we’re scared. These are very important signals to other individuals.’

As well as the studies on primates by Setchell, another study demonstrates the effect of red among birds. In an experiment, scientists put red plastic rings on the legs of male zebra finches and this increased the birds’ success with female zebra finches. Zebra finches already have bright red beaks, so this study suggests that, as with Olympic athletes, an extra flash of red is significant. In fact, researchers from the University of Glasgow say that the birds’ brightly coloured beaks are an indicator of health. Jonathan Blount, a biologist, says that females of many species choose to mate with the flashiest males. Now, Blount and his colleagues think they have found proof that bright red or orange beaks attract females because they mean that the males are healthier. Nothing in nature is simple, however, because in species such as the blue footed booby, a completely different colour seems to give the male birds the same advantage with females.

Meanwhile, what about those athletes who win in their events while wearing red? Do their clothes give them an unintentional advantage? Robert Barton accepts that ‘that is the implication’ of their findings. Is it time for sports authorities to consider new regulations on sports clothing?

**Text 5. Текст для перевода с русского языка на английский.**

Антон Павлович Чехов — великий классик литературы и великий гуманист. «Берегите в себе Человека» — вот, пожалуй, основной лейтмотив его творчества. И сегодня мы часто обращаемся к Чехову в поисках ответа на самые животрепещущие вопросы. Представляем его бессмертные цитаты:

\* \* \*
Жизнь, по сути, очень простая штука и человеку нужно приложить много усилий, чтобы её испортить.

\* \* \*
Только в беде люди могут понять, как нелегко быть хозяином своих чувств и мыслей.

\* \* \*
Мы были молодые и глупые. Мы верили в магическое слово «потом». Никогда, никогда это «потом» не наступает.

\* \* \*
Самое главное, самое главное — не унижай своего близкого. Лучше сказать: «Ангел мой!», а не «Дурак»

\* \* \*
Никакой красотой женщина не может заплатить мужу за свою пустоту.

\* \* \*
Женщины мечтают иметь узкую ступню, но жить на широкую ногу.

\* \* \*
Посмотришь на иное создание — миллион восторгов, а заглянешь в душу — обыкновенный крокодил.

\* \* \*
Если не знаешь, что испытываешь к человеку — закрой глаза и представь: его нет. Нигде. Не было и не будет. Тогда всё станет ясно.

\* \* \*
Серьёзность человека, обладающего чувством юмора, в сто раз серьёзней серьёзности серьёзного человека.

\* \* \*
Нельзя требовать от грязи, чтобы она не была грязью.

\* \* \*
Для того, чтобы ощущать в себе счастье без перерыва, даже в минуты скорби и печали, нужно: а) уметь довольствоваться настоящим и б) радоваться сознанию, что могло бы быть и хуже.

\* \* \*
Одна боль всегда уменьшает другую. Наступите вы на хвост кошке, у которой болят зубы, и ей станет легче.

\* \* \*
Сотни верст пустынной, однообразной, выгоревшей степи не могут нагнать такого уныния, как один человек, когда он сидит, говорит и неизвестно, когда он уйдет.

\* \* \*
Если хочешь, чтобы у тебя было мало времени, — ничего не делай.

\* \* \*
Чем выше человек по умственному и нравственному развитию, тем больше удовольствия доставляет ему жизнь.

\* \* \*
Жизнь — это миг. Ее нельзя прожить сначала на черновике, а потом переписать на беловик.

\* \* \*
Доброму человеку бывает стыдно даже перед собакой.

\* \* \*
Хорошее воспитание не в том, что ты не прольешь соуса на скатерть, а в том, что ты не заметишь, если это сделает кто-нибудь другой.

\* \* \*
Прав тот, кто искренен.

\* \* \*
Берегите в себе ЧЕЛОВЕКА!

**Text 6. Научно-технический текст для перевода с английского языка на русский.**

Tourism Economics

Tourism Economics operates with a singular objective: combines a deep understanding of the tourism sector with proven economic tools to answer the most important questions facing destinations, strategic planners, and investors. Tourism Economics designs market strategy models, tourism policy recommendations, tourism forecasting models, and tourism economic impact studies. Our vast experience and partnership with Oxford Economics have formed a powerful resource to assist our clients with their most important decisions.

Market Strategies. Tourism Economics tracks travel trends and prospects for over 180 countries on an ongoing basis. Our customized tourism opportunity models inform our clients’ global investment and marketing decisions. Our flagship product, Tourism Decision Metrics, delivers detailed market data and reports to our clients’ desktops for dynamic, real-time analysis of global travel markets.

Public Policy. Governments are faced with difficult economic development decisions. Tourism Economics helps to raise the profile of tourism through credible analysis of its economic impact. We also assess destinations’ tax, entry, investment, and funding policies based on empirical analysis and international best practices.

Finally, Tourism Economics has vast experience quantifying the economic impact of new tourism attractions and evaluating the merits of proposed tax concessions.

Tourism Forecasting. Our economists have developed tourism forecasting models with proven track records. The reason is straightforward; our models are firmly-rooted in the economic drivers of origin markets along with the changing profiles of destinations and travelers. These forecasts are used to inform the investment and marketing decisions of our clients.

What We Do. Applying cutting-edge economic and quantitative tools to our analysis, we draw on the latest research, an investment in global data collection and a suite of time-tested models to assemble the facts and findings for your decisions. We help you interpret this knowledge and present you with clear messages in clear language.

Tourism Decision Metrics. Tourism Decision Metrics is a desktop market intelligence software developed for market strategists, scenario planners, tourism analysts and capital investors within both public and private sector organizations.

Tourism Economic Impact. The economic importance of tourism to a destination is commonly underappreciated and extends well beyond core hospitality and transportation sectors. Tourism Economics offers a solution to destination marketing organizations (DMOs) and to industry associations that marries rigorous methodology and compelling communication to raise the profile of tourism as an economic engine.

Our approach combines visitor survey and industry data to provide maximum credibility and to ensure no component of tourism activity is overlooked. Tourism Economics' impact models also capture the critical secondary benefits to the tourism supply chain and the economic gains through the local spending of tourism wages.

This provides a comprehensive view of tourism-generated sales, production, employment, wages, and taxes. But the best research is only as good as its communication. Our clients enjoy a presentation style of clear and compelling narrative, charts, tables, and maps. In this way, the message of tourism's importance is clearly conveyed and our clients' objectives are realized.

**Text 7. Научно-популярный текст для перевода с немецкого языка на русский.**

**Jetzt muss gehandelt werden**

* EIN KOMMENTAR VON [JOACHIM MÜLLER-JUNG](https://www.faz.net/redaktion/joachim-mueller-jung-11104385.html)
* -AKTUALISIERT AM 23.09.2019-08:12
* Frankfurter Allgemeine

**Angela Merkel und ihre Regierung reisen mit einem Plan nach New York, mit dem sie nicht als Vorkämpfer fürs Klima zurückkehren werden. Nur guten Willen zeigen – das genügt nicht mehr. Die neuen Klimaberichte sind alarmierend.**

Nun also Sprechstunde bei den [Vereinten Nationen](https://www.faz.net/aktuell/politik/thema/vereinte-nationen). Es tagt der „Klimaaktionsgipfel“ drei Tage lang, beginnend mit dem Treffen einer traumatisierten Weltjugend am Sonntag. Traut euch nicht nach New York, hatte UN-Generalsekretär Antonio Guterres schon vor Monaten die Staats- und Regierungschefs gewarnt, wenn ihr nicht substantielle Angebote für höhere Klimaschutz-Ambitionen mitbringt.

Was [Angela Merkel](https://www.faz.net/aktuell/politik/thema/angela-merkel) im Gepäck hat, [wissen wir inzwischen](https://www.faz.net/aktuell/wirtschaft/klimakabinett-das-experiment-von-kanzlerin-merkel-16396877.html). Es entspricht in etwa dem Fortschritt, den die Klimapolitik seit den weltrettungsbeseelten Tagen von Paris vor vier Jahren insgesamt zu bieten hat: Klimaschutz in homöopathischer Dosierung. Früher, vor ein paar Jahren noch, hätte man damit noch auf einen diplomatischen Plazeboeffekt hoffen und auf der großen Bühne der Vereinten Nationen sogar Eindruck schinden können. Heute geht das nicht mehr. New York wird Merkel nicht als Vorkämpferin begrüßen, und sie wird auch kaum als solche aus Amerika zurückkehren.

Denn es genügt nicht mehr, wenn nur die Richtung stimmt und der Wille da ist. Die Wirkung muss garantiert sein. Warum der UN-Generalsekretär darauf besteht, lässt sich an den Entwicklungen seit Paris gut zeigen, politisch wie physikalisch. Anspruch und Wirklichkeit driften immer weiter auseinander. Beispielhaft für das politische Gebrechen der Klimapolitik war der [Tweet des amerikanischen Ölkonzerns](https://twitter.com/exxonmobil/status/1173632149821505537)[Exxon](https://www.faz.net/aktuell/wirtschaft/thema/exxon-mobil), der zum Start in die Klimawoche provozierend selbstbewusst seine Erfolgsmeldung plazierte: Wir haben neues Öl in Guayana entdeckt, ließ der wichtigste Erdölpartner der amerikanischen Regierung triumphierend wissen, und: „Was für eine aufregende Energie-Zukunft Guayana hat“. Einerseits also werden Fakten geschaffen. Auf der anderen Seite gehen [weltweit Millionen Menschen auf die Straße](https://www.faz.net/aktuell/politik/inland/fridays-for-future-treibt-weltweit-hunderttausende-auf-die-strassen-16395465.html), angetrieben von der Zukunftsangst der Jugend, und fordern ein möglichst schnelles Ende eben jener Öl- und Kohleeuphorie der Vergangenheit.

### Klimabericht fordert Halbierung von Emissionen – für jedes Jahrzehnt

Der Sprengstoff, der in dieser gesellschaftlichen wie politischen Polarisierung steckt, lässt sich in den sozialen Medien dieser Tage leicht nachzeichnen. Die Situation wird noch dadurch verschärft, dass die Physik seit den Tagen von Paris eine immer deutlichere Sprache spricht. Die Treibhausgasemissionen nehmen nicht etwa ab, wie es das erklärte Ziel aller Staaten im Pariser Abkommen war, sie haben zuletzt neue Höchstwerte erreicht. Um das Fünffache müssten die mit den nationalen Klimazielen hinterlegten Ambitionen erhöht werden, soll die Erwärmung unter dem 1,5-Grad-Ziel von Paris bleiben, so konnte es der UN-Generalsekretär am Wochenende in einem zusammenfassenden [Klimabericht](https://www.de-ipcc.de/index.php) der höchsten umweltpolitischen Instanzen der Vereinten Nationen nachlesen. Konkret: Von 2020 an müssten die weltweiten Emissionen eigentlich jedes Jahrzehnt halbiert werden, damit die Überhitzung der Erde und die in die Billionen gehenden Folgekosten verhindert werden könnten. Die globalen Klimaziele sind noch viel dramatischer als die deutschen gefährdet. Nach dem Stand der Dinge werden die Kohlendioxidemissionen nicht einmal 2030 ihren Höhepunkt erreichen können, wie man sich auf allen Klimagipfeln der jüngsten Zeit eingeredet hat.

**Text 8. Поэтическое произведение для перевода с немецкого языка на русский.**

*Johann Wolfgang von Goethe*

**Weihnachten**

Bäume leuchtend, Bäume blendend,

Überall das Süße spendend,

In dem Glanze sich bewegend,

Alt und junges Herz erregend -

Solch ein Fest ist uns bescheret,

Mancher Gaben Schmuck verehret;

Staunend schaun wir auf und nieder,

Hin und her und immer wieder.

Aber, Fürst, wenn dir′s begegnet

Und ein Abend so dich segnet,

Daß als Lichter, daß als Flammen

Vor dir glänzten allzusammen

Alles, was du ausgerichtet,

Alle, die sich dir verpflichtet:

Mit erhöhten Geistesblicken

Fühltest herrliches Entzücken.

**Text 9. Художественное произведение для перевода с немецкого языка на русский.**

*Siegfried Lenz* **Deutschstunde**

(Auszug)

Das Guckloch in der Tür war besetzt. Ich spürte es gleich, brauchte nur den rinnenden, nadelfeinen Schmerz im Rücken zu deuten, um zu wissen, daß ein forschendes, sagen wir: kalt forschendes Auge sich hinter das Guckloch geklemmt hatte und mich beobachtete, während ich schrieb und schrieb. Zum ersten Mal fühlte ich mich beobachtet, als mein Vater und der Maler sich gerade zutranken; der lange, quälende Blick im Nacken wollte mich von da ab nicht mehr loslassen, lief prickelnd wie feiner Flugsand über meine Haut; dazu hörte ich vor meiner Zellentür tappende Schritte, Warnungen, auch halb erstickte Freudenrufe, so daß ich annehmen mußte, nicht weniger als zweihundertzwanzig Psychologen hätten sich auf dem zugigen Korridor eingefunden, um sich ungeduldig Aufschluß zu holen über mich und meine Strafarbeit.

Der Anblick, den ich ihnen vom Guckloch aus bot, muß sie so erregt haben, daß einige sich zu spontanen, unbeherrschten Ausrufen wie »Bulzer Symptom« oder »objektive Simultanschwelle« hinreißen ließen, und vielleicht, wer weiß, würde sich die Schlange auch jetzt noch am Guckloch vorbeischieben, wenn ich nicht den Auftritt gewaltsam beendet hätte: die Beunruhigung im Nacken, im Rücken den klopfenden Schmerz, sammelte ich in meinem Taschenspiegel das Licht der elektrischen Birne und warf es überraschend gegen das Guckloch. Der Strahl reinigte das Guckloch. Ein verstümmelter Ausruf war draußen zu hören, eine verstümmelte Warnung, dann ein Wogen und Trappeln und die Schritte einer Kolonne, die sich mit zunehmender Unachtsamkeit entfernte: mein Rücken war wieder entspannt, schmerzfrei. Ich strich zufrieden über mein Aufsatzheft, machte neben dem Tisch einige Lockerungsübungen; da fuhr ein Schlüssel ins Schloß, die Tür sprang auf, und Joswig, immer noch gekränkt, trat wortlos, doch mit offener, fordernder Hand ein. Er forderte den Aufsatz, er verlangte den Tribut der Deutschstunde, den Himpel oder Korbjuhn, vermutlich aber Direktor Himpel ihn gebeten hatte einzutreiben. Ich tat erstaunt, ich tat erschrocken, und ich konnte ihm einen zurechtweisenden Blick nicht ersparen, doch unser Lieblingswärter lenkte nur meine Aufmerksamkeit in die beginnende Morgendämmerung über der Elbe und sagte: Her mit dem Zeug, damit du hier rauskommst; gleichzeitig griff er sich mein Heft, bog es, ließ die Seiten surrend am Daumen vorbeilaufen und überzeugte sich dabei, daß ich nicht untätig gewesen war.

Ich meine, es lag väterliche Zufriedenheit in seiner Stimme, als er sodann feststellte: Na also, Siggi, was sein muß, gelingt auch, selbst wenn es sich um einen Aufsatz handelt. Anerkennend legte er mir eine Hand auf die Schulter, lächelte, nickte. Er wies mich darauf hin, daß ich die ganze Nacht geschrieben hatte. Er stellte mir eine Belobigung des Direktors in Aussicht. Dankbar sah er mich an und erbot sich, mein Heft in das Direktionsgebäude hinüberzutragen, wollte sich auch schon zur Tür entfernen, als ich ihn anrief und mein Heft zurückforderte. Unser Lieblingswärter blickte verständnislos, auch mißtrauisch, preßte das eingerollte Heft zusammen, hob es hoch und sagte: Aber die Strafe, Siggi, sie ist doch hiermit verbüßt.

**Text 10. Текст для перевода с итальянского языка**

(da: Gianni Rodari, *C’era due volte il barone Lamberto*).

In mezzo alle montagne c’è il lago d’Orta. In mezzo al lago d’Orta, ma non proprio a metà, c’è l’isola di San Giulio. Sull’isola di San Giulio c’è la villa del barone Lamberto, un signore molto vecchio (ha novantatré anni), assai ricco (possiede ventiquattro banche in Italia, Svizzera, Hong Kong, Singapore, eccetera), sempre malato. Le sue malattie sono ventiquattro. Solo il maggiordomo Anselmo se le ricorda tutte. Le tiene elencate in ordine alfabetico in un piccolo taccuino: asma, arteriosclerosi, artrite, artrosi, bronchite cronica, e così avanti fino alla zeta di zoppía. Accanto a ogni malattia Anselmo ha annotato le medicine da prendere, a che ora del giorno e della notte, i cibi permessi e quelli vietati, le raccomandazioni dei dottori: «Stare attenti al sale, che fa aumentare la pressione», «Limitare lo zucchero, che non va d’accordo con il diabete», «Evitare le emozioni, le scale, le correnti d’aria, la pioggia, il sole e la luna».

**Text 11. Текст для перевода с итальянского языка**

**Ammaniti Niccolo “Io non ho paura”**

Quell`anno il grano era alto. Ogni cosa era coperta di grano. Le colline, basse, si susseguivano come onde. Fino in fondo all’orizzonte grano, cielo, grilli, sole e caldo.

Quella maledetta estate del 1978 è rimasta famosa come una delle più calde del secolo. Il calore entrava nelle pietre, bruciava le piante e uccideva le bestie. Il sole ti levava il respiro, la forza, la voglia di giocare, tutto.

Ad Acqua Traverse gli adulti non uscivano di casa prima delle sei di sera. Solo noi ci avventuravamo nella campagna rovente e abbandonata.

Mia sorella Maria aveva cinque anni e mi seguiva con ostinazione. “Voglio fare quello che fai tu”, diceva sempre. Mamma le dava ragione. “Sei o non sei il fratello maggiore?” E mi toccava portarmela dietro.

Nessuno si era fermato ad aiutarla. Normale, era una gara.

- Dritti, su per la collina. Niente curve. È vietato stare uno dietro l’altro. E vietato fermarsi. Chi arriva ultimo paga penitenza - aveva deciso il Teschio e mi aveva concesso: - Va bene, tua sorella non gareggia. E troppo piccola.

- Non sono troppo piccola! - aveva protestato Maria - Voglio fare anch’io la gara! - E poi era caduta.

Peccato, ero terzo. Primo era Antonio. Come sempre.

Antonio Natale, detto il Teschio. Perché lo chiamavamo il Teschio non me lo ricordo. Il Teschio era il più grande della banda. Dodici anni. Ed era il capo. Gli piaceva comandare e se non ubbidivi diventava cattivo. Non era una cima, ma era grosso, forte e coraggioso.

Secondo era Salvatore.

Salvatore Scardaccione aveva nove anni, la mia stessa età. Eravamo in classe insieme. Era il mio migliore amico. Salvatore era più alto di me. Era un ragazzino solitario. A volte veniva con noi ma spesso se ne stava per i fatti suoi. Era più sveglio del Teschio, ma non gli interessava diventare capo. Il padre, l'avvocato Emilio Scardaccione, era una persona importante a Roma. E aveva un sacco di soldi in Svizzera. Questo si diceva.

Poi c'ero io, Michele. Michele Amitrano. E anche quella volta ero terzo, stavo salendo bene, ma per colpa di mia sorella adesso sono fermo.

Stavo decidendo se tornare indietro o lasciarla là, quando mi sono trovato quarto. Remo Marzano mi aveva superato. E se non mi rimettevo subito ad arrampicarmi, mi sorpassava pure Barbara Mura.

Sarebbe stato orribile. Sorpassato da una femmina. Barbara saliva a quattro zampe. Tutta sudata e coperta di terra.

- Che fai, non vai dalla sorellina? Non l'hai sentita? Si è fatta male, poverina. - Per una volta non sarebbe toccata a lei la penitenza. - Ci vado, ci vado... E ti batto pure -. Non potevo dargliela vinta così.

Non la vedevo. - Maria! Maria! Dove stai?

- Michele...

Eccola. Era lì. Piccola e infelice. Con una mano si massaggiava una caviglia e con l’altra si teneva gli occhiali.