

**Направление: «130. Литературное мастерство»**

**Треки:**

«Художественная проза»

**Код – 130.1**

«Художественный перевод»

**Код – 130.2**

**Время выполнения – 240 мин.**

**Максимальный балл – 150.**

**ИНВАРИАНТНАЯ ЧАСТЬ**

**Задание 1 (50 баллов).**

Напишите эссе на тему (между участниками случайным образом были распределены три темы):

- 1. Зачем люди читают книги?**
- 2. Можно ли научить человека писать прозу?**
- 3. Чем переводчик похож на писателя, а чем отличается от него?**

Объём текста – не более 6 000 знаков с пробелами (можно воспользоваться сторонним текстовым редактором, например, Word, для проверки текста и написания чернового варианта эссе)

**ВАРИАТИВНАЯ ЧАСТЬ**

**Трек 130.1. «Художественная проза»**

**Задание 2 (50 баллов).**

Напишите художественный прозаический текст на заданную тему. В тексте должно быть начало, основная часть повествования и логичный финал. Оцениваться будет выразительность и оригинальность использованных художественных средств, способность автора рассказать увлекательную и грамотно выстроенную историю.

**Тема** (между участниками случайным образом были распределены пять тем):

- 1. Ромашка**
- 2. Тишина**

3. Мой сосед – инопланетянин
4. Портрет моего врага
5. Добавьте солёный огурец, пожалуйста

Объём текста – не более 6 000 знаков с пробелами (можно воспользоваться сторонним текстовым редактором, например, Word, для проверки текста и написания чернового варианта эссе)

### Трек 130.2. «Художественный перевод»

Задание 3 (50 баллов).

Переведите предложенный фрагмент.

**Daniel Mason**  
**THE WINTER SOLDIER**

No, from the beginning he hadn't belonged among them, an accidental sixth child born years after the doctor told his mother she couldn't conceive again. Were he not the spitting image of his father—tall and big-pawed, with skin pale as alabaster, a shock of blond hair fit for an Icelander, and old man's ducktail eyebrows even as a little boy—he might have wondered if he was another's child. But the flushes of ruddiness that gave his father the hale glow of a knight who has just removed his jousting helmet, in Lucius looked more like blotches of an embarrassed blush. Watching his brothers and sisters glide through his mother's receptions, he could never understand their ease, their grace, their force. No matter what he tried—holding a stone in his pocket as a reminder to smile, writing lists of "Chatting Topics"—spontaneity eluded him. Before the parties, he would slink through the salon, attaching to each piece of artwork an idea for conversation: when he saw the portrait of Sobieski he was to speak of holidays; the bust of Chopin should spur him to ask about his guest. Yet, no matter how he prepared, it happened: there would be a moment, a pause—just a second—just a catch—before he—spoke. He could move easily through the shifting choreography of soft gowns and pressed field marshal trousers. But the moment that he approached a cluster of other children, their laughter stopped.

He wondered if he had grown up in another time or place—among a different, silent people—his discomfort would never have been noticed. But in Vienna, among the eloquent, where frivolity had been cultivated into a faith, he knew that others saw him falter. Lucius: the name, chosen by his father after the legendary kings of Rome, itself was mockery; he was anything but light. By his thirteenth birthday, so terrified by his mother's disapproval, so increasingly uncertain of anything to say at all, his unease began to appear in a quiver of his lip, a nervous twisting of his fingers, and at last, a stutter.

## **Олимпиада студентов и выпускников «Высшая лига», 2 этап, 2021 г.**

In the beginning, he had been accused of feigning. Stutters appear in childhood, his mother told him, not in a boy his age. He didn't stutter when he was alone, nor when he spoke of his science magazines or the bird's nest outside his window. Nor did it afflict him at the aquarium in the Imperial Zoological Collections, where he went to stare for hours at the Grottenolm, blind, translucent salamanders from the Southern Empire, in whom one could watch the magical pulsing of their blood.

But at last, conceding that something might be wrong, she hired a speech expert from Munich, famous for his Textbook of the Disorders of Speech and Language and a metal device called the Zungenapparat, which isolated the labial, palatal, and glottal movements from one another and so promised the repair of sound and speech.