Английский язык\_тексты\_конкурс переводов 2022 – 2023 уч г

**5 – 8 классы**

1.

# **Time Management**

**Tick, tick, tick ...** No, it's not the beginning to 60 MINUTES nor is it the dreaded crocodile coming to get Captain Hook. It's time moving on. Time management is a skill few people master, but it is one that most people need.

Time really can't be managed. You can't slow it down or speed it up or manufacture it. It just IS. Time management is MANAGING YOURSELF when following some basic time management principles.

Make peace with yourself. Find the schedule that fits you best and make it work, whether it means working through the night with a stereo blaring or at 5am in total silence. Schedule your toughest work during your most productive hours.

Utilize a schedule (with set activities written in), a planner with sections for different projects (helpful for jotting ideas that pertain to a specific project), and a Things-To-Do-List where you record each item that requires your attention. But most importantly, prioritize your tasks so that you are working on the higher priority issues first.

Lord Chesterfield stated, "If you watch the minutes carefully, the hours will take care of themselves." It is most productive if you are able to utilize your time twice. Use the "Twofer" concept. This might mean having a journal with you while riding the bus, balancing your checkbook during slow office hours, or listening to tapes during drive time.

There is great benefit in handling things only once. If it doesn't require immediate attention but can't be thrown away, put it out of your sight or off your desk in a file or drawer for later attention. But don't put off the challenging tasks just because they feel overwhelming. The Swiss Cheese Technique calls for breaking major projects into smaller steps that can be handled in shorter time slots. You may not have five hours to work on a paper but in 20 minutes you can outline a section.

One way to assess how you are doing in your planning is to keep a record for one week of how you spent your time. This journal could also be a means to chronicle your thoughts and feelings from a week under pressure. Over time, a personal journal is a great asset for showing your progress in research, improved time management, and other personal goals.

2.

**Sara Baume. A Line Made By Walking.**

I have been here in my grandmother’s bungalow a full three weeks now. All on my own. Except for the creatures.

My grandmother died during a gloomy October, as one ought, three Octobers ago.

On the night she died the tail of a hurricane made landfall. It was called Antonio and had travelled all the way from Bermuda. It felled a tree which dragged down a wire and put out the lights across half the parish. Then the tree lay wretched on the ground, strangled by electric cable and blocking the road which led up the hill to her bungalow. My mother and aunts were trapped inside, but I wasn’t there and Mum didn’t phone until a couple of hours later. I was at work in a contemporary art gallery in Dublin. Painting over the previous day’s scuff marks as I did every morning. Transforming the tarnished white into brilliant again.

Even though I had been expecting the call, I didn’t pick up immediately.

Even though I had been expecting my mother to die, I couldn’t believe it might happen in the morning.

For several rings my polyphonic ‘Radetzky March’ echoed irreverently around the exhibition space. When at last I answered, my mother confessed she hadn’t called me straight away. And so my grandmother died in the night after all, as one should.

No change in the light. A temporary sleep becomes permanent.

Antonio passed on and men from County Council came in the dump track to clear the road. By the time my Fiesta climbed her hill there were only broken bits of tree scattered and a great wiggly hole in the earth where it had stood. I stole a branch because I loved that tree; I loved that tree because it had acknowledged the ending of my grandmother’s radiant yet under-celebrated life by momentously uprooting itself.

‘When exactly did it fall?’ I asked my mother. ‘When she died, or while she was dying, or after?’

‘I don’t know’, she said.

‘But didn’t you hear?’

The sound of the only tree I’ve ever heard falling began with a thunderous crack, the snapping of a monolith. The fall itself was unspectacular in comparison; it sounded like a thousand softer cracks in a tuneless concord. There was no rustle and brush of leaves because it was winter and there were no leaves, because trees know in their heartwood that they don’t surrender their foliage in autumn, high winds will sail them to the ground. They know they must expose their timber bones to increase the chance of remaining upstanding through another spring.

The only tree I ever heard falling I also saw falling. It was in the Phoenix Park beyond the place where elephants and tigers and oryxes are enclosed, before the place where deer rove, and I was roving too. It was an ash and it had dieback. It was felled not by high wind but by men in helmets and luminescent overalls.

‘No’, my mother said, ‘I didn’t hear a thing’. And when I asked my aunts the same question, they also said no.

**Nurse’s Song**

When voices of children are heard on the green,
And laughing is heard on the hill,
My heart is at rest within my breast,
And everything else is still.

‘Then come home, my children, the sun is gone down,
And the dews of night arise;
Come, come, leave off play, and let us away,
Till the morning appears in the skies.’

‘No, no, let us play, for it is yet day,
And we cannot go to sleep;
Besides, in the sky the little birds fly,
And the hills are all covered with sheep.’

‘Well, well, go and play till the light fades away,
And then go home to bed.’
The little ones leaped, and shouted, and laughed,
And all the hills echoed.

**William Blake**

**What Is Pink?** (by Christina Rossetti)

What is pink? a rose is pink
By a fountain's brink.
What is red? a poppy's red
In its barley bed.
What is blue? the sky is blue
Where the clouds float thro'.
What is white? a swan is white
Sailing in the light.
What is yellow? pears are yellow,
Rich and ripe and mellow.
What is green? the grass is green,
With small flowers between.
What is violet? clouds are violet
In the summer twilight.
What is orange? Why, an orange,
Just an orange!

**The Rhyme of Dorothy Rose** (by Pauline Frances Camp)

Dorothy Rose had a turned-up nose.
Did she worry about it, do you suppose?
Oh, no; but a plan she began to hatch,
To make the rest of her features match.

First of all, she trained her eyes,
Turning them up to the sunny skies.
Look at the mud and the dust? not she!
Nothing but sunshine would Dorothy see.

A flower that droops has become to wilt,
So up went her chin, with a saucy tilt.
An ounce of pluck’s worth a pound of sigh,
And courage comes with a head held high.

Lastly, her lips turned their corners up,
Brimming with smiles like a rosy cup.
Oh, a charming child is Dorothy Rose, -
And it all began with a turned-up nose!

**Mr. Coggs, Watchmaker** (by Edward Verrall Lucas)

A watch will tell the time of day,
Or tell it nearly, anyway,
Excepting when it's overwound,
Or when you drop it on the ground.

If any of our watches stop,
We haste to Mr. Coggs's shop;
For though to scold us he pretends
He's quite among our special friends.

He fits a dice box in his eye,
And takes a long and thoughtful spy,
And prods the wheels, and says: "dear, dear!
More carelessness I greatly fear."

And then he lays the dice box down
And frowns a most prodigious frown;
But if we ask him what's the time,
He'll make his gold repeater chime.

**The Times Are Nightfall**

*by Gerard Manley Hopkins*

The times are nightfall, look, their light grows less;
The times are winter, watch, a world undone:
They waste, they wither worse; they as they run
Or bring more or more blazon man’s distress.
And I not help. Nor word now of success:
All is from wreck, here, there, to rescue one—
Work which to see scarce so much as begun
Makes welcome death, does dear forgetfulness.

Or what is else? There is your world within.
There rid the dragons, root out there the sin.
Your will is law in that small commonweal…

**9 – 11 классы**

1.

 **Campaign to Reclaim Streets**

Only two out of 10 British children play in the streets and parks close to their homes each day, compared with seven out of 10 when their parents were growing up — even though campaigners have long maintained that outdoor play is essential to every child's upbringing.

Rising traffic levels, parked cars and fears of "stranger danger" and teenage gangs have driven young children off the streets and into their homes, according to four different studies by Play England, which will be published tomorrow.

Unlike their parents — who would gather to play "What's the time, Mr. Wolf", cops and robbers, hopscotch or British bulldog — researchers found that today's children prefer to stay indoors or go to organised sports sessions.

Play England concluded that childhood across the UK has been transformed over three decades. One piece of research shows that car owners are now unwilling to move their vehicles even 50 or so yards to give children somewhere to play with a ball.

It is little surprise then that, as school holidays began last week, streets once teeming with children were quiet.

In it an attempt to boost the numbers playing out, three major roads in the centre of Leeds will be closed down this week. They will be filled with children making dens with timber and fabrics, skipping and playing games.

"What used to be the norm for children starting at primary age is not any more," said Adrian Voce, director of Play England. "The theme for Play Day is "Our Streets Too", and we are trying to get across that there are increasing obstacles stopping children from playing out in their local neighbourhood.

Traffic is the number one barrier. "Play, argued Voce, helps children to develop their identity, gives them "downtime" and helps them make friends. "Children cooped up at home for long periods don't get the exercise, don't sleep as well and don't eat as well."

But for many the lure of computer games and addictive websites has overtaken the idea of getting outside. Jennie Jones, from Harrogate, said her 12-year-old daughter and friends loved spending time on the internet portal MSN messenger and the website, MySpace.

Many parents have become worried as a result of high-profile child abductions, but many argue this is irrational. "If these things were happening every day, no one would be reporting them," said Andy Hibberd, co-founder of the Parent Organisation, who has two sons aged nine and eight. Parents need to realise that if it makes it to the newspapers or television it is unusual, generally speaking. They should not feel so frightened.

"When we were young we would play out of the sight of the house — football, Frisbees. We would build carts and ride them down the hill. I think access to electronic entertainment is so easy and because of that most children would prefer to play indoors than go out and interact on the streets." It is a trend that campaigners are trying hard to reverse.

2.

Joanne RAMOS   **The farm**

 “THE EKG DETECTED AN ABNORMALITY, SO WE ARE GOING TO ORDER AN echocardiogram,” the doctor tells Jane. It is at least an hour later, may be more. They stand in front of Ate’s cot in a makeshift room created by a green curtains hung from the ceiling. Behind the curtains Jane can hear Spanish being spoken and the bleep of machines. “Yes,” Jane says.

Moments earlier, Ate stared around the room with glazed eyes, but now she is alert. I do not need another test, Ate says. Her voice is weaker than usual, but sharp.

The doctor adopts a gentle tone. “You are almost seventy, Ms. Arroyo and your blood pressure is high. Your dizzy spells could mean---“

“I’m fine.”

Because the doctor does not know Ate, he continues to try to reason with her. But Jane knows he is wasting his breath.

When she is released, after hours of “observation,” it is the middle of the night. The nurses tried to convince Ate to stay longer, but she snapped that if they had not observed anything problematic after the day she had already wasted, then she was well enough to go home and rest there. Jane averted her gaze when Ate spoke this way, but Ate assured her afterwards: I’m doing them a favor; I cannot pay, and now they have a free bed.

One of the nurses insists on wheeling Ate down the street in a wheelchair. Jane ashamed of Ate’s earlier rudeness, tells the nurse she can push her cousin herself. Ate explains loudly that it is not the nurse’s kindness that prompts her to help with the wheelchair but a hospital rule.

This is the *protocol*, Ate utters, pronouncing the last word carefully. “If you push me, Jane, I might fall, and then I could sue the hospital for millions of dollars.”

But Ate smiles at the nurse when she says this, and Jane is surprised that the nurse smiles warmly back.

At the curb Jane hails a taxi, ignoring Ate’s grumbling that it is a waste of money and they should take the subway. The nurse helps Ate into the car and has barely begun clattering away with the empty wheelchair when Ate begins pestering Jane, as Jane knew she would. “Mrs. Carter will need help with the baby. You must replace me. Only temporarily. Will you do this?”

Of course Jane cannot leave Amalia, who is barely one month old. But she is too tired to quarrel with her cousin. It is the middle of the night, and Jane only wants to go home. She makes a show of searching for a seatbelt clasp, and by the time she is strapped in, Ate has dozed off.

The road, rutted under construction. The taxi hits a bump, and Ate’s head is jolted, landing in an angle so acute it looks as if her neck has snapped. Jane rights her cousin’s head, taking care not to wake her. She holds it gently against her shoulder as a car continues to lurch its way to the highway. In the sling Amalia squirms but does not fuss. She has been so good today, even after all the hours in the hospital, crying only when she was hungry.

It is late, the sky outside black beyond the reach of the city lights, the sidewalks empty of pedestrians. Jane would like to sleep. She tries, willing her eyes closed. But they only keep fluttering open.

JANE CALLED ANGEL. WHO IS IN BETWEEN JOBS FROM THE TAXI. SHE is one of Ate’s closest friends. She sits waiting on the front steps of the squat brown dormitory where they live. The street is dark except for the twenty-four-hour bodega where Ate sometimes buys her Lotto tickets. As the taxi nears, Jane sees Angel jump up and hurry to the curb.

“Ay, Ate, Evelyn,” Angel exclaims upon opening the taxi door. Her voice, normally loud, is muted. Her face folds into a tentative smile before she bursts into tears.

“*Nakapo*, Angel! Too old to be crying!” Ate shoos Angel’s outstretched hand. “I’m *fine.”* But Ate cannot get out of the taxi on her own.

Jane waits until her cousin is out of the car to pay the driver. Ate was right; the ride to Elmhurst is expensive. Jane watches Angel lead Ate into the dormitory—recalling suddenly that back in Philippines, Angel worked as a nurse’s aide. Jane is struck with the disorienting sense that she is seeing her silly Angel, with her dating schemes and ever-changing hair color—for the first time. They cut through the kitchen, where a new renter is playing a videogame on his phone at the table, past a bedroom in which three bunk beds are squeezed side by side so tightly that to get to the middle bunks you have to crawl over the outer ones, and into the living room. It is dark, filled with the soft rumbling of many people sleeping. The bunks Ate and Jane rent are on the third floor, but Ate is too weak now to climb so many stairs. Angel has arranged for Ate to borrow the first floor sofa rented by a friend who is on 24/7 baby-nursing job and will not return to the dorm until the weekend. “By then you will be strong,” Angel whispers to Ate, who grimaces and looks away.

“I’m thirsty,” Ate says, and Angel scurries to the kitchen to fetch a glass while Jane unties Ate’s shoelaces.

“Jane you did not answer me. Will you go to the Carters’?” Jane looks up at her cousin. It is difficult to disagree with someone so old without being disrespectful. “The problem is Mali. I do not trust Billy to care for her.” Only saying the name of her husband leaves Jane with a sour taste in her mouth.

I will take care of her. I will like that. I have not gotten enough time with Mali since the Carter job.” In the dimness, Ate smiles. “It is not easy to have a baby in a dorm.”

**THE TRUE MEANING OF LIFE** by Patricia A. Fleming

The years have passed by

In the blink of an eye,

Moments of sadness

And joy have flown by.

People I loved

Have come and have gone,

But the world never stopped,

And we all carried on.

Life wasn't easy,

And the struggles were there,

Filled with times that it mattered,

Times I just didn't care.

I stood on my own,

And I still found my way,

Through some nights filled with tears,

And the dawn of new days.

And now with old age,

It's become very clear;

Things I once found important

Were not why I was here.

And how many things

That I managed to buy

Were never what made me

Feel better inside.

And the worries and fears

That plagued me each day,

In the end of it all,

Would just fade away.

But how much I reached out

To others when needed,

Would be the true measure

Of how I succeeded.

And how much I shared

Of my soul and my heart

Would ultimately be

What set me apart.

And what's really important,

Is my opinion of me,

And whether or not

I'm the best I can be.

And how much more kindness

And love I can show

Before the Lord tells me

It's my time to go.

**Young and beautiful**

I’ve seen the world

Done it all

Had my cake now

Diamonds, brilliant

In bel air now

Hot summer nights, mid July

When you and I were forever wild

The crazy days, city lights

The way you’d play with me like a child

Will you still love me

When I’m no longer young and beautiful?

Will you still love me

When I’ve got nothing but my aching soul?

I know you will, I know you will

I know that you will

Will you still love me when I’m no longer beautiful?

I’ve seen the world, lit it up

As my stage now

Changeling angels in a new age now

Hot summer days, rock n roll

The way you play for me at your show

And all the ways I got to know

Your pretty face and electric soul

Will you still love me

When I’m no longer young and beautiful?

Will you still love me

When I’ve got nothing but my aching soul?

I know you will, I know you will

I know that you will

Will you still love me when I’m no longer beautiful?

Dear lord, when I get to heaven

Please let me bring my man

When he comes tell me that you’ll let him

Father tell me if you can

All that grace, all that body

All that face, makes me wanna party

He’s my sun, he makes me shine like diamonds

And will you still love me

When I’m no longer young and beautiful?

Will you still love me

When I’ve got nothing but my aching soul?

I know you will, I know you will

I know that you will

Will you still love me when I’m no longer beautiful?

Will you still love me when I’m no longer beautiful?

Will you still love me when I’m not young and beautiful?

**Skyfall**

This is the end
Hold your breath and count to ten
Feel the Earth move and then
Hear my heart burst again
For this is the end
I've drowned and dreamt this moment
So overdue, I owe them
Swept away, I'm stolen

Let the sky fall
When it crumbles
We will stand tall
Face it all together
Let the sky fall
When it crumbles
We will stand tall
Face it all together
At Skyfall
At Skyfall

Skyfall is where we start
A thousand miles and poles apart
Where worlds collide and days are dark
You may have my number, you can take my name
But you'll never have my heart

Let the sky fall (let the sky fall)
When it crumbles (when it crumbles)
We will stand tall (we will stand tall)
Face it all together
Let the sky fall (let the sky fall)
When it crumbles (when it crumbles)
We will stand tall (we will stand tall)
Face it all together
At Skyfall

Where you go, I go
What you see, I see
I know I'd never be me
Without the security
Of your loving arms
Keeping me from harm
Put your hand in my hand
And we'll stand

Let the sky fall (let the sky fall)
When it crumbles (when it crumbles)
We will stand tall (we will stand tall)
Face it all together
Let the sky fall (let the sky fall)
When it crumbles (when it crumbles)
We will stand tall (we will stand tall)
Face it all together
At Skyfall

Let the sky fall
We'll stand tall
At Skyfall

**You'll See**

You think that I can't live without your love?
You'll see
You think I can't go on another day?

You think I have nothing
Without you by my side?
You'll see, somehow, someway

You think that I can never laugh again?
You'll see
You think that you've destroyed my faith in love?

You think after all you've done
I'll never find my way back home?
You'll see, somehow, someday

All by myself
I don't need anyone at all
I know I'll survive
I know I'll stay alive

All on my own
I don't need anyone this time
It will be mine
No one can take it from me
You'll see

You think that you are strong? But you are weak
You'll see
It takes more strength to cry, admit defeat

I have truth on my side
You only have deceit
You'll see, somehow, someday

All by myself
I don't need anyone at all
I know I'll survive
I know I'll stay alive

I'll stand on my own
I won't need anyone this time
It will be mine
No one can take it from me
You'll see

You'll see
You'll see
You'll see