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**Практикум по переводу с английского языка
учебно-методическое пособие**

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Предисловие

Настоящее пособие содержит тексты и упражнения, направленные на овладение определенными умениями и навыками перевода. Примеры лексико-грамматических трудностей перевода взяты из английских грамматик и словарей, из художественных произведений английских и американских авторов.

Данное пособие не претендует на исчерпывающее изложение основ перевода. Авторы ограничиваются освещением определенного круга вопросов, которые, по их мнению, представляют наибольшую важность в теоретическом и практическом плане и вызывают наибольшие трудности у обучаемых.

Часть 1

Работа со словарем

«Французский лексикограф Алан Рей как-то метко заметил, что современная цивилизация – это цивилизация словарей. Тем самым он хотел подчеркнуть ту важную, пронизывающую все аспекты нашей жизни роль, которую играют в сегодняшнем мире словари самых различных типов. И действительно, словари – это наиболее часто употребляемые справочники. Их роль чрезвычайно велика, например, в развитии и совершенствовании культуры речи родного языка. При изучении же иностранного языка их важность трудно переоценить», пишет Л.П. Ступин. За последние годы значительно возрос интерес к многоязычным словарям. Это естественно, так как идет процесс взаимовлияния и взаимообогащения национальных культур народов мира, расширяются контакты между государствами и народами во всех областях человеческой деятельности. Немаловажную роль в осуществлении международных связей, научного и культурного обмена играют словари любого типа, отражающие материальную и духовную культуру того или иного народа, а также своеобразие языка.

Следует отметить, что как бы хорошо ни владел человек иностранным языком, его память не может удержать значения абсолютно всех слов. Как известно, в современных языках большинство слов многозначно. Если у переводчика возникают трудности с переводом, он, прежде всего, обращается к словарю.

Хотя словарь и не дает контекстуального значения слова, отталкиваясь от определенного нормативного значения, указанного в словаре, можно найти то значение, которое мы ищем. Знание алфавита и знакомство со структурой словаря обеспечивает быстрое пользование словарем.

Словари делятся на две большие группы: энциклопедические и лингвистические.

Энциклопедические словари бывают двух типов: общие и специальные и раскрывают объем и содержание понятий о предметах, событиях, явлениях.

К общим энциклопедическим словарям относятся, например, Большая Советская Энциклопедия, Большая Российская энциклопедия, The Encyclopedia Britannica.

Специальные энциклопедические словари посвящены определенным областям знаний: экономические, философские, исторические, литературные и др.

В лингвистических же словарях дается характеристика слова как единицы языка: приводятся значения слова (если оно многозначно), его грамматическая, орфографическая, орфоэпическая характеристики, указывается его стилевая принадлежность, в некоторых словарях - этимология. Затем идут примеры, иллюстрирующие реализацию значений слова в речи.

Следует отметить, что значения слова могут раскрываться в лингвистическом словаре двумя способами: средствами того же языка, из которого взято толкуемое слово, или средствами другого (других) языков, т.е. переводом. Следовательно, в зависимости от этого различаются одноязычные словари и переводные.

Одноязычные лингвистические словари различаются в зависимости от того, какой языковой материал подвергнут обработке и каковы способы этой обработки: толковые словари, этимологические словари, частотные, орфографические, орфоэпические.

Кроме словарей общего типа имеются также еще специальные лингвистические словари. Например: идеографические (условных письменных знаков), синонимические, фразеологические, словари сленга, диалектизмов, сокращений, терминологические, топонимические (т.е. географических названий) словари, словари цитат, американизмов и др.

Следует помнить, что для успешного пользования общими словарями надо знать алфавит; порядок размещения слов на одну букву в словаре по

принципу последовательности алфавита вплоть до последних букв слова; а также построение словаря: условные обозначения, расположение справочного материала, группировку слов в семантическое (смысловое) гнездо, исходные формы слов.

Упражнения

Упражнение 1.

Переведите следующие слова с помощью словаря и расположите их в алфавитном порядке:

Logging, insulation, hatch, gherkin, angle, buoyancy, grotto, necklace, paradise, presumption, redundancy, species, tranche, twinkle, pace, cause, data, exit, fuel, garbage, judge, kettle, liquid, machinery, occupation, population, queue, rent, soil, wing.

Упражнение 2.

Восстановите исходные формы слов: формы, которые можно найти в словаре:

Smallest, worst, taken, cries, flying, living, finished, analyses, women, worse, mice, fought, drank, spilt, swung.

Упражнение 3.

Найдите в словаре значение следующих сокращений:

Acft, AD, aff, AIDS, amt, APA, BC, c., bo, cc, def., dol., ecol, FBI, GM, LP, mi., m.p., Medit., n.s., pam, RP, sel, T.B., tn, yd.

Упражнение 4.

Найдите словарную статью глагола *break* и переведите сочетания с данным глаголом:

break a habit, break a record, break a journey, break sb's heart, break a strike, break a link/tie/connection, break the skin, break the back of smth, break the bank,

break sb's concentration, break the silence, break sb's spirit, break sb's power, break the ice, break a code, break wind, break (sb's) serve, break a leg.

Упражнение 5.

Обратите внимание на орфографию нижеперечисленных слов.

Протранскрибируйте и переведите:

1. *Alive, live, lively;*
2. *Alone, lonely;*
3. *Childish, childlike;*
4. *Cloth, cloths, clothes;*
5. *Comprehensive, comprehensible;*
6. *Concert, concerto;*
7. *Considerable, considerate;*
8. *Contemptuous, contemptible;*
9. *Distinct, distinctive;*
10. *Elementary, elemental;*
11. *Incredible, incredulous;*
12. *Industrial, industrious;*
13. *Lie, lay;*
14. *Literal, literate*
15. *Politics, policy;*
16. *Sensible, sensitive*
17. *Successful, successive.*

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Часть 2 Практика перевода

Упражнения на перевод

Упражнение 1

Переведите предложения, обращая внимание на употребление

числительных и существительных:

1. *She gave me another five hundred dollars and the name and phone number of a woman in New York through whom I could get work (R. Foster).*
2. *Jones rose from the table two thousand dollars the richer. Even then he was moderate in victory. He offered his opponent his revenge and lost five hundred and a few odd dollars (Gr. Greene).*
3. *There are twenty-one thousand francs for you (J.D. Carr)*
4. *You have blamed me a million times because I can't give you a child (G. Gordon).*
5. *Nora was giving her first showing of the work she had done in the twenty one months since we had been at war (H. Robbins).*
6. *If she wanted to marry just to be married there were a dozen boys who would jump at the chance (W.S. Maugham).*
7. *On a chicken farm where hundreds and even thousands of chickens come out of eggs surprising things sometimes happen (Sh. Anderson).*
8. *That is one of the most interesting parts of the story (A. Christie).*
9. *A couple of constables were examining the windows and the geranium beds (A.C. Doyle).*
10. *The number of rooms was alarming. The both perceived instantly, though neither of them mentioned it, that Christine's few pieces would barely furnish two of these apartments (A. Cronin).*
11. *"How many of these places have you seen?" he demanded. "All of them – a thousand times" (M. Wilson).*
12. *When he's finished his chorus and the band's having a turn Conroy starts to prance about the stage, twisting and shaking himself as though he's got half a dozen scorpions up his vest (St. Barstow).*

EXPLANATORY NOTES

- Remember that in English, unlike Russian, nouns modified by the numerals *twenty-three*, *thirty-five*, etc are used in the plural. Compare: *twenty-one books* – *двадцать одна книга*, *forty one years* – *сорок один год*.
- The word *couple* is always followed by an *of* – phrase.
- Remember not to use the preposition *of* after forms like *a dozen*, *three hundred*, *four thousand*, *sixteen million* and others, where the words *dozen*, *hundred*, *thousand*, *million* are in the singular.
- Remember to use preposition *of* after the plural forms of the same words: *dozens of*, *hundreds of*, *thousand of*, *millions of*.

Упражнение 2

Переведите предложения, обращая внимание на употребление (*the*) *other(s)*, *another*:

1. *We sat there in silence for maybe another five minutes and then a cab stopped up on Alton Road (R. Foster).*
2. *Andrew couldn't utter another word (A. Cronin).*
3. *Life itself had come to have no other meaning (K. Mansfield).*
4. *You'll marry again. You'll have other children, too. You have had one success with Pip. You'll have no others (M. Dickens).*
5. *Another minute and they were there (A. Cronin).*
6. *Rain, rain, go away, come again another day (A nursery rhyme).*
7. *All the other candidates looked far more likely to be successful than himself (A. Cronin).*
8. *Oh, dear how hard it was it was to be indifferent like the others (K. Mansfield).*
9. *Oh, don't mind me. I've got other plans for Sunday (M. Dickens).*
10. *If he couldn't find another job, how was he to live (A. Cronin).*

EXPLANATORY NOTES

- Remember that *another* generally modifies nouns in the singular (with the exception of *another four days*, and the like).
- *The other* (*some other, any other, no other*) may apply to nouns both in the singular and in the plural while *other* is used only with nouns in the plural.

Упражнение 3

Переведите предложения, обращая внимание на употребление *(a) few*, *(a) little*:

1. *The politeness with which she treated you was exasperating because you could not but feel how little interest she took in you (W.S. Maugham).*
2. *Yes he was here. He left a few minutes ago (I. Murdoch).*
3. *His dreams were so simple, his wants so few (Th. Dreiser).*
4. *In July there were fewer and fewer lectures, because everyone had to help with the haymaking (M. Dickens).*
5. *His hair was not grey at all, oh, there were a few white hairs on the temple, but they were becoming (W.S. Maugham).*
6. *I could catch only a few of the melancholy words (Gr. Greene).*
7. *She knew him very little then (W.S. Maugham).*
8. *Few people were about (A. Cronin).*
9. *There are few things better to eat than a potato baked in its skin, with plenty of butter, pepper and salt (W.S. Maugham).*
10. *Little of the conversation had much meaning for George (J. O'Hara).*

EXPLANATORY NOTES

- Remember that *few* (*fewer*) and *a few* may be used only with countable nouns in the plural, while *little* (*less*) and *a little* are used only with uncountable nouns in the singular.

- Remember that the use of the indefinite article before *few* or *little* makes their meanings different, for example: *Do you know many people who speak Spanish? Yes, I know a few. No, I know few.*

Few and *little* are used in the negative sense: *few* means “not many, a small number”; *little* means “not much, a small quantity, in a small degree”.

A few and *a little* are used in the positive sense: *a few* means “several”, *a little* means “some, but not much”.

- *Quite a few* means “a good many”, “a considerable number”.

Упражнение 4

Переведите предложения, обращая внимание на употребление *enough*:

1. *I suddenly thought for once in my life I shall have enough canna lilies (K. Mansfield).*
2. *Will you take the advice of a woman old enough to be your mother (A. Cronin).*
3. *There was just enough water to soak the sponge (K. Mansfield).*
4. *He isn't strong enough (E. O' Neill).*
5. *Isn't my work good enough for you, Doctor Manson (A. Cronin).*
6. *He wasn't well enough for visitors (M. Dickens).*
7. *Maybe you'll be kind enough to explain this (A. Cronin).*
8. *That's easy enough, in theory (J.D. Carr).*
9. *As if we hadn't enough worries of our own (A. Cronin).*
10. *“I don't fancy it,” he said. “Not conspicuous enough” (K. Mansfield).*
11. *“Yes”, she said, not quickly enough to please him (A. Cronin).*
12. *You could see your way well enough if you were sober (E. O' Neill).*

- Normally, the word *enough* precedes nouns and follows adjectives and nouns.

Упражнение 5

Переведите предложения, обращая внимание на употребление *there is* (*there are*) в отрицательных конструкциях:

1. *There's nothing to be done about what has already happened (E. Caldwell).*
2. *I obeyed, there wasn't anything else to do under the circumstances (R. Foster).*
3. *He was asking if there was any bacon, and there wasn't any (J.P. Marquand).*
4. *She was always the wife of George Lockwood, so much so that in the two towns there were not a dozen women and not a man who called her by her first name (J. O'Hara).*
5. *I went into the office and called my answering service. There were no messages (R. Foster).*
6. *We can't keep people from talking. There is no way in the world to put an end to such a talk (E. Caldwell).*
7. *There wasn't much else to say (H. Robbins)*
8. *He felt happy now. There was not anything that was irrevocable (E. Hemingway).*
9. *There was no time to find out what was going on (R. Foster).*
10. *"There aren't many things you really want, are there?" "Not many", she said (J. O'Hara).*
11. *There wasn't too much time, but this time I didn't hurry (R. Foster).*
12. *There are not many people who've had the experiences I have had in one way and another (W. S. Maugham).*

EXPLANATORY NOTES

- The negation *no* is never followed by a noun with an article; nor is it followed by the pronouns *any* (*anyone, anything, anybody*), *some* (*something, somebody*), *none* (*nothing, nobody*), *another*; by the adjectives *many, much, few, little, enough, single*. Normally, it is followed by a noun without any article. The noun may be modified by an adjective or the pronoun *other*.
- The negation *not* is not followed by the pronouns *other, some, something, somebody*. The negation *not* may be followed by the pronouns *any, any other, another, anything, anyone, anybody*; the adjectives *many, much, few, little, enough, (a) single*; the numerals *one, two, three*, etc. *Many, much, few, little* can be modified by *so* or *very*.
- If the negation *not* is followed by a noun with the indefinite article, it generally means “not a single”. Compare:
There are no clouds in the sky. На небе нет облаков.
There is not a cloud in the sky. На небе ни облака.

Упражнение 6

Переведите предложения, обращая внимание на употребление глагола *make*:

1. “*You can’t make me stay. Nobody can make me stay*” “*I am not trying to make you stay. Your life is your own, and all, or most of it, is still before you*” (E.Glasgow).
2. *It made her feel sad somehow. It made her feel old* (I. Murdoch).
3. *She did not seem able to make Charlie see how desperately grave the situation was. His airiness made her impatient* (W.S. Maugham).
4. *For the first time he felt they were speaking freely and frankly, and it made him happier* (G. Gordon).
5. *It made her angry* (W.S. Maugham).
6. *That was a thought. That made him feel better* (E. Hemingway).
7. *I wish I could make you as happy as you make me* (W.S. Maugham).

8. *You are making us both miserable with your crazy ideas (G. Gordon).*
9. *But Stanley was prettier than ever, he thought, in this primrose-coloured wisp of a frock, which made her look like a spring flower (E. Glasgow).*
10. *If Caroline had any influence, she must be made to use it (D. Robins).*
11. *He had been made to feel himself like a pariah (A. Cronin).*
12. *He did not know, he would never know how this had come about, how the writhing paralytic had been made to walk (A. Cronin).*

EXPLANATORY NOTES

- Never use the particle *to* before an infinitive preceded by the verb *to make* in the Active Voice.
- Never omit the particle *to* before an infinitive preceded by the verb *to make* in the Passive Voice.
- Don't use the infinitive of the verb *to be* before an adjective following the verb *to make*.

Упражнение 7

Переведите предложения, обращая внимание на употребление *too* и *either*:

1. *Yet, he's like a child, he hates to admit it. Well, I suppose I snore at times, too, and I don't like to admit it (E. Neill).*
2. *I can't get poor Harry Vidler out of my head. And I won't, either, till I do something really to make up for it (A.J. Cronin).*
3. *Sorry I haven't been able to come and see you. I've been ill, and I haven't been able to see Gracie either (W.S. Maugham).*
4. *"I mean it complimentary," said Cathal. "You do not." "All right, I don't. And you don't like him either" (I. Murdoch).*
5. *It gets on my nerves. I can't imagine Reggie likes it either (M. Dickens).*
6. *If you don't want the box, throw it in the waste basket. I don't want it now either (J. O'Hara).*

7. *“Harry never mentioned Martha to me.” “Too much of a gentleman. He never mentioned her to me either” (J. O’Hara).*
8. *“Ha!” Said Sir Rumbould. “So you’ve been a victim too” (A.J. Cronin).*
9. *Rosa Keane was unkind enough to laugh. Frances was smiling too (A.J. Cronin).*
10. *His wife, who stood near, closely observing Andrew, was nervous too (A.J. Cronin).*
11. *“I think that’s over for you”. “I do too” (J. O’Hara).*

EXPLANATORY NOTES

- Both *too* and *either* correspond to the Russian *тоже, также*. However, there is a difference in their use: *too* is used in affirmative sentences, and *either* is used in negative ones.

Упражнение 8

Переведите предложения, обращая внимание на употребление местоимения *who* в сложных предложениях:

1. *Then he turned inquiringly to the nurse, who appeared plain and competent and severely professional (E. Glasgow).*
2. *A determined face. A man who knew what he wanted, who meant to get it (A. Christie).*
3. *“Of course, I knew you never loved me as much as I loved you”, she moaned. “I’m afraid that’s always the case”, he said. “There is always one who loves and one who lets himself be loved” (W. S. Maugham).*
4. *It is not only people in books who say that (M. Dickens).*
5. *He walked off to join some friends who were waiting for him (R. Ferguson).*
6. *The guests streamed in, aunts, uncles, cousins, fat and thin, shy and jolly; pimply youths and vague old men who were steered about and told: “Not*

there, Grandpa!” Children who stared at the patients, and Sonny’s twin sisters, who stared at them, too (M. Dickens).

7. *We hate beginners who think they know everything before they start (R. Ferguson).*
8. *He had a married daughter in the other part of the town who was always on at him to tell her things (M. Dickens).*
9. *This was a man who had complete command of himself (A. Christie).*
10. *Mother, who had not stirred from the house for days and who now at our evening meal was barely touching her food, pressed her hands together (A. Cronin).*
11. *You saw that here was a woman who knew her mind and was never afraid to speak it (W. S. Maugham).*
12. *He felt that he was a deceiver, an impostor who had no right to be where he was (G. Gordon).*

EXPLANATORY NOTES

- Never begin an attributive clause with the pronoun *which* if it modifies a common or proper noun (pronoun) denoting a human being.

Упражнение 9

Переведите предложения, обращая внимание на употребление местоимений *some, any, anyone, none, either, neither, each*:

1. *“This is matter either for the Board of Trade or the Mines Department”.*
“We are at the disposal of each of these bodies”, squeaked Billy (A. Cronin).
2. *There was nobody inside except a waitress doing her hair and the cashier unlocking the cash-boxes. She stood in the middle of the floor but neither of them saw her (K. Mansfield).*

3. *It was a showier establishment than either of them had expected, and there was a good deal of plate glass and shiny brass about the frontage (A. Cronin).*
4. *As the candidates went past he handed an envelope to each of them (A. Cronin).*
5. *None of the old friends came; none were left on Tenth Avenue (M. Puzo).*
6. *How can anyone of us forget? That's what makes it so hard (E. O'Neill).*
7. *Before any of them could say another word he swung round and left the house (A. Cronin).*
8. *But he didn't want any of them (M. Dickens).*
9. *Some of the gifts were not wrapped up at all (A. Cronin).*
10. *"Yes, it was a waste of money, James. You shouldn't have bought a second-hand automobile". "It's one of the best makes! Everyone says it's better than any of the new ones" (E. O'Neill).*
11. *None of his colleagues, who were already seated, took any notice of him (A. Cronin).*
12. *He had never spoken to any of the guests – yet (K. Mansfield).*

EXPLANATORY NOTES

- The pronouns under discussion are never followed directly by word-groups like *these people, those books, my friends* or by personal pronouns. The *of* - phrase is only correct form here.
- The pronouns *somebody, anybody, nobody* cannot be followed by an *of* – phrase. Instead, *some, any, anyone, none* are used.
- Sometimes the pronouns *some, any, none* are applied to uncountable nouns. It stands to reason that then both the noun and its modifying pronoun are used in the singular. For example, *Now, now, Mary. None of that foolishness* (E. O'Neill).

Упражнение 10

Переведите следующие предложения на русский язык, обращая внимание на употребление фразеологических единиц:

1. «*In those days Julia did not think it necessary to go to bed in the afternoons, she was **as strong as a horse** and never tired, so he (Charles) used often to take her for walks in the park*» (S.Maugham).
2. « ... *You may lead a horse to the water but you can't make him drink*» (I.Murdoch).
3. «...*Cry Havoc and let slip the dogs of war...*» (W. Shakespeare)
4. «*Whew*», said Taverner, «*he (Mr. Leonides) is a cold fish!*» (A.Christie).
5. «*The dance hall was a mass of stamping, pushing, circling humanity ... As he sat there pale and silent, like a fish out of water*» (A. Cronin).
6. «*And with an inkling that her success as an actress strengthened his feeling for her she worked like a dog to play well*» (S.Maugham).
7. «*Poor Winifred was like a fish out of water in this liberty...*» (D.H.Lawrence).
8. «*He hated his fellow Forsytes abroad – vapid as fish out of water in their well-trodden runs – the Opera, Rue de Rivoli, and Moilin Rouge*» (J.Galsworthy).
9. «*You thought you'd only given birth to an ugly duckling; perhaps he's going to turn into a white-winged swan*» (S.Maugham).
10. «*The masses feel that drunkenness, stupidity, and immorality should be their own special property, and that if anyone of us makes an ass of himself he is poaching on their preserves ...*» (O.Wilde).
11. «*I'll give you a three year's contract, I'll give you eight pounds a week and you will have to work like a horse*» (S.Maugham).
12. «*I had already trudged five miles of dreary moorland road when a lorry driver pulled up and asked if I wanted a lift. "Can a duck swim?" I thought to myself. "Will you come to the hop with me if I call around for you? "With you Pempsey" she stammered. "Say – will a duck swim?"* (O. Henry)

Тексты на перевод

Text 1 A Haunted House by V. Woolf

Whatever hour you woke there was a door shutting. From room to room they went, hand in hand, lifting here, opening there, making sure-a ghostly couple.

"Here we left it," she said. And he added, "Oh, but here too!" "It's upstairs," she murmured. "And in the garden," he whispered. "Quietly," they said, "or we shall wake them."

But it wasn't that you woke us. Oh, no. "They're looking for it; they're drawing the curtain," one might say, and so read on a page or two. "Now they've found it," one would be certain, stopping the pencil on the margin. And then, tired of reading, one might rise and see for oneself, the house all empty, the doors standing open, only the wood pigeons bubbling with content and the hum of the threshing machine sounding from the farm. "What did I come in here for? What did I want to find?" My hands were empty. "Perhaps it's upstairs then?" The apples were in the loft. And so down again, the garden still as ever, only the book had slipped into the grass.

But they had found it in the drawing room. Not that one could ever see them. The windowpanes reflected apples, reflected roses; all the leaves were green in the glass. If they moved in the drawing room, the apple only turned its yellow side. Yet, the moment after, if the door was opened, spread about the floor, hung upon the walls, pendant from the ceiling what? My hands were empty. The shadow of a thrush crossed the carpet; from the deepest wells of silence the wood pigeon drew its bubble of sound. "Safe, safe, safe" the pulse of the house beat softly. "The treasure buried; the room . . ." the pulse stopped short. Oh, was that the buried treasure?

A moment later the light had faded. Out in the garden then? But the trees spun darkness for a wandering beam of sun. So fine, so rare, coolly sunk beneath the surface the beam I sought always burned behind the glass. Death was the glass; death was between us, coming to the woman first, hundreds of years ago, leaving the house, sealing all the windows; the rooms were darkened. He left it, left her, went North, went East, saw the stars turned in the Southern sky; sought the house, found it dropped beneath the Downs. "Safe, safe, safe," the pulse of the house beat gladly. "The Treasure yours."

The wind roars up the avenue. Trees stoop and bend this way and that. Moonbeams splash and spill wildly in the rain. But the beam of the lamp falls straight from the window. The candle burns stiff and still. Wandering through the house, opening the windows, whispering not to wake us, the ghostly couple seek their joy.

"Here we slept," she says. And he adds, "Kisses without number." "Waking in the morning" "Silver between the trees" "Upstairs" "In the garden" "When summer came" "In winter snowtime" "The doors go shutting far in the distance, gently knocking like the pulse of a heart.

Nearer they come, cease at the doorway. The wind falls, the rain slides silver down the glass. Our eyes darken, we hear no steps beside us; we see no lady spread her ghostly cloak. His hands shield the lantern. "Look," he breathes. "Sound asleep. Love upon their lips."

Stooping, holding their silver lamp above us, long they look and deeply. Long they pause. The wind drives straightly; the flame stoops slightly. Wild beams of moonlight cross both floor and wall, and, meeting, stain the faces bent; the faces pondering; the faces that search the sleepers and seek their hidden joy.

"Safe, safe, safe," the heart of the house beats proudly. "Long years" he sighs. "Again you found me." "Here," she murmurs, "sleeping; in the garden reading;

laughing, rolling apples in the loft. Here we left our treasure" Stooping, their light lifts the lids upon my eyes. "Safe! safe! safe!" the pulse of the house beats wildly. Waking, I cry "Oh, is this your buried treasure? The light in the heart."

Text 2

Gr. Greene «The End of the party» (extract)

Peter Morton woke with a start to face the first light. Rain tapped against the glass. It was January the fifth. He looked across a table on which a night-light had guttered into a pool of water, at the other bed. Francis Morton was still asleep, and Peter lay down again with his eyes on his brother. It amused him to imagine it was himself whom he watched, the same hair, the same eyes, the same lips and line of cheek. But the thought palled, and the mind went back to the fact which lent the day importance. It was the fifth of January. He could hardly believe a year had passed since Mrs Henne-Falcon had given her last children's party. Francis turned suddenly upon his back and threw an arm across his face, blocking his mouth. Peter's heart began to beat fast, not with pleasure now but with uneasiness. He sat up and called across the table, "Wake up." Francis's shoulders shook and he waved a clenched fist in the air, but his eyes remained closed. To Peter Morton the whole room seemed to darken, and he had the impression of a great bird swooping. He cried again, "Wake up," and once more there was silver light and the touch of rain on the windows.

Francis rubbed his eyes. "Did you call out?" he asked.

"You are having a bad dream," Peter said. Already experience had taught him how far their minds reflected each other. But he was the elder, by a matter of minutes, and that brief extra interval of light, while his brother still struggled in pain and darkness, had given him self-reliance and an instinct of protection towards the other who was afraid of so many things.

"I dreamed that I was dead," Francis said.

"What was it like?" Peter asked.

"I can't remember," Francis said.

"You dreamed of a big bird."

"Did I?"

They two lay silent in bed facing each other, the same green eyes, the same nose tilting at the tip, the same firm lips, and the same premature modelling of the chin. The fifth of January, Peter thought again, his mind drifting idly from the image of cakes to the prizes which might be won. Egg-and-spoon races, spearing apples in basins of water, blind man's buff.

"I don't want to go," Francis said suddenly. "I suppose Joyce will be there ... Mabel Warren." Hateful to him, the thought of a party shared with those two. They were older than he. Joyce was eleven and Mabel Warren thirteen. The long pigtailed swung superciliously to a masculine stride. Their sex humiliated him, as they watched him fumble with his egg, from under lowered scornful lids. And last year ... he turned his face away from Peter, his cheeks scarlet.

"What's the matter?" Peter asked.

"Oh, nothing. I don't think I'm well. I've got a cold. I oughtn't to go to the party." Peter was puzzled. "But Francis, is it a bad cold?"

"It will be a bad cold if I go to the party. Perhaps I shall die."

"Then you mustn't go," Peter said, prepared to solve all difficulties with one plain sentence, and Francis let his nerves relax, ready to leave everything to Peter. But though he was grateful he did not turn his face towards his brother. His cheeks still bore the badge of a shameful memory, of the game of hide and seek last year in the darkened house, and of how he had screamed when Mabel Warren put her hand suddenly upon his arm. He had not heard her coming. Girls were like that. Their shoes never squeaked. No boards whined under the tread. They slunk like cats on padded claws.

Text 3
O. Henry «The gift of Magi»
(extract)

One dollar and eighty seven cents. That was all. And sixty cents of it was in pennies. Pennies saved one and two at a time by bulldozing the grocer and the vegetable man and the butcher until one's cheeks burned with the silent imputation of parsimony that such close dealing implied. Three times Della counted it. One dollar and eighty seven cents. And the next day would be Christmas.

There was clearly nothing to do but flop down on the shabby little couch and howl. So Della did it. Which instigates the moral reflection that life is made up of sobs, sniffles, and smiles, with sniffles predominating.

While the mistress of the home is gradually subsiding from the first stage to the second, take a look at the home. A furnished flat at \$8 per week. It did not exactly beggar description, but it certainly had that word on the lookout for the mendicancy squad.

In the vestibule below was a letter-box into which no letter would go, and an electric button from which no mortal finger could coax a ring. Also appertaining thereunto was a card bearing the name "Mr. James Dillingham Young."

The "Dillingham" had been flung to the breeze during a former period of prosperity when its possessor was being paid \$30 per week. Now, when the income was shrunk to \$20, the letters of "Dillingham" looked blurred, as though they were thinking seriously of contracting to a modest and unassuming D. But whenever Mr. James Dillingham Young came home and reached his flat above he was called "Jim" and greatly hugged by Mrs. James Dillingham Young, already introduced to you as Della. Which is all very good.

Della finished her cry and attended to her cheeks with the powder rag. She stood by the window and looked out dully at a gray cat walking a gray fence in a gray backyard. Tomorrow would be Christmas Day, and she had only \$1.87 with which

to buy Jim a present. She had been saving every penny she could for months, with this result. Twenty dollars a week doesn't go far. Expenses had been greater than she had calculated. They always are. Only \$1.87 to buy a present for Jim. Her Jim. Many happy hours she had spent planning for something nice for him. Something fine and rare and sterling—something just a little bit near to being worthy of the honor of being owned by Jim.

There was a pier-glass between the windows of the room. Perhaps you have seen a pier-glass in an \$8 flat. A very thin and very agile person may, by observing his reflection in a rapid sequence of longitudinal strips, obtain a fairly accurate conception of his looks. Della, being slender, had mastered the art.

Suddenly she whirled from the window and stood before the glass. Her eyes were shining brilliantly, but her face had lost its color within twenty seconds. Rapidly she pulled down her hair and let it fall to its full length.

Now, there were two possessions of the James Dillingham Youngs in which they both took a mighty pride. One was Jim's gold watch that had been his father's and his grandfather's. The other was Della's hair. Had the Queen of Sheba lived in the flat across the airshaft, Della would have let her hair hang out the window some day to dry just to depreciate Her Majesty's jewels and gifts. Had King Solomon been the janitor, with all his treasures piled up in the basement, Jim would have pulled out his watch every time he passed, just to see him pluck at his beard from envy.

So now Della's beautiful hair fell about her, rippling and shining like a cascade of brown waters. It reached below her knee and made itself almost a garment for her. And then she did it up again nervously and quickly. Once she faltered for a minute and stood still while a tear or two splashed on the worn red carpet.

On went her old brown jacket; on went her old brown hat. With a whirl of skirts and with the brilliant sparkle still in her eyes, she fluttered out the door and down the stairs to the street.

Text 4
H. Munro «The open window».

"My aunt will come down in a few minutes, Mr Nuttel," said a girl of fifteen, showing him into the sitting-room. Mr Nuttel was a young painter who had recently had a nervous breakdown. The doctors had told him that he should go away for a holiday. They warned him, however, against crowded resorts and recommended a complete rest in a quiet country place. So here he was, in a little village, with letters of introduction from his sister to some of the people she knew. "Some of the people there are quite nice," his sister had said to him. "I advise you to call on Mrs Sappleton as soon as you arrive. I owe the wonderful holiday I had to her."

"Do you know many of the people round here?" asked the girl when they were sitting comfortably on the sofa.

"No, I'm afraid I don't," answered Mr Nuttel. "I've never been here before. My sister stayed here four years ago, you know, and she gave me letters of introduction to some of the people here."

"Then you know nothing about my aunt, do you?" asked the girl.

"Only her name and address," said the visitor.

"Her great tragedy happened just three years ago," said the child.

"Her tragedy?" asked Mr Nuttel.

"You may wonder why we keep that window wide open on an October afternoon," went on the girl, pointing to a large French window.

"It's quite warm for this time of year," said Mr Nuttel. "But has that window anything to do with the tragedy?"

"Exactly three years ago my aunt's husband and her two young brothers walked out through that window. They went shooting and never came back. When they were crossing the river their boat probably turned over and they were all drowned. Their bodies were never found. That was the most horrible part of the tragedy." Here the girl stopped. There were tears in her eyes and she drew a handkerchief

out of her pocket. "Three years have passed, but my poor aunt still thinks that they will come back some day, they and the little brown dog that was drowned with them, and walk in through that window just as they always did. That is why the window is kept open every evening till it's quite dark. Poor dear aunt, she can't understand that they've left forever. She's growing worse day by day, so let me give you some advice. Don't be surprised at anything she says or does: she will start telling you all over again how they went out — her husband, with his coat over his arm, and her youngest brother, singing 'Bertie, why don't you come?...' as she once told me. You know, sometimes, on quiet evenings like this, I almost get a feeling that they will all walk in through that window, and the whole family will be gathered in here again." The young girl finished her sad story. There was a long pause, and Mr Nuttel was glad when Mrs Sappleton at last entered the room.

"I'm sorry I'm late," she said, "but I hope my niece has entertained you well."

"Yes, she's been very amusing," said Mr Nuttel.

"D'you mind the open window?" asked Mrs Sappleton. "My husband and brothers will soon be home from shooting and they always come into the house this way." And she went on speaking gaily about shooting. After what Mr Nuttel had just heard, he looked worried.

"The doctors told me," he said, trying to change the subject, "to have a rest here and to avoid anything that would make me feel nervous."

"Did they?" said Mrs Sappleton in a voice which showed that she was not at all interested in what Mr Nuttel was saying. She never took her eyes off the open window and suddenly cried out: "Here they are at last! Just in time for tea. How tired they look."

Mr Nuttel looked at the girl and saw that she was looking out through the open window with horror in her eyes. Mr Nuttel turned round slowly in his seat, looked in the same direction and saw three figures walking across the garden towards the window. They all carried guns and one of them had a coat over his shoulder. A tired brown dog was following them. Noiselessly they approached the house, and then a young voice began to sing. "Bertie, why don't you come?"

Mr Nuttel seized his hat and ran out of the house like mad.

"Here we are, my dear," said Mrs Sappleton's husband, coming in through the window. "We've enjoyed ourselves very much. I wonder what made that gentleman run out so quickly when we came up? Who is he?"

"A very strange young man, called Nuttel. He could only talk about his illness. He didn't say a single interesting thing. I don't understand why he ran out that way without saying good-bye," said his wife.

"I think it was the dog," said the niece calmly. "He told me that he was afraid of dogs. Once when he was attacked by a pack of dogs somewhere in India, he was so frightened that he started running like mad, and finding himself in a cemetery, climbed down into a newly-dug grave, where he had to spend the night. Since then he has always been afraid of dogs." She was very good at inventing stories and did it artistically.

Text 5 **W. S. Maugham «The Escape».**

I have always been convinced that if a woman once made up her mind to marry a man nothing but instant flight could save him. Not always that; for once a friend of mine, seeing the inevitable loom menacingly before him, took ship from a certain port (with a toothbrush for all his luggage, so conscious was he of his danger and the necessity for immediate action) and spent a year travelling round the world; but when, thinking himself safe (women are fickle, he said, and in twelve months she will have forgotten all about me), he landed at the selfsame port the first person he saw gaily waving to him from the quay was the little lady from whom he had fled. I have only once known a man who in such circumstances managed to extricate himself. His name was Roger Charing. He was no longer young when he fell in love with Ruth Barlow and he had had sufficient experience to make him careful; but Ruth Barlow had a gift (or should I call it a, quality?) that renders most men defenseless, and it was this that dispossessed Roger of his common sense, his prudence and his worldly wisdom. He went down like a row of

ninebins. This was the gift of pathos. Mrs. Barlow, for she was twice a widow, had splendid dark eyes and they were the most moving I ever saw; they seemed to be ever on the point of filling with tears; they suggested that the world was too much for her, and you felt that, poor dear, her sufferings had been more than anyone should be asked to bear. If, like Roger Charing, you were a strong, hefty fellow with plenty of money, it was almost inevitable that you should say to yourself: I must stand between the hazards of life and this helpless little thing, or, how wonderful it would be to take the sadness out of those big and lovely eyes! I gathered from Roger that everyone had treated Mrs. Barlow very badly. She was apparently one of those unfortunate persons with whom nothing by any chance goes right. If she married a husband he beat her; if she employed a broker he cheated her; if she engaged a cook she drank. She never had a little lamb but it was sure to die.

When Roger told me that he had at last persuaded her to marry him, I wished him joy.

"I hope you'll be good friends," he said. "She's a little afraid of you, you know; she thinks you're callous.

"Upon my word I don't know why she should think that."

"You do like her, don't you?"

"Very much."

"She's had a rotten time, poor dear. I feel so dreadfully sorry for her."

"Yes," I said.

I couldn't say less. I knew she was stupid and I thought she was scheming. My own belief was that she was as hard as nails.

The first time I met her we had played bridge together and when she was my partner she twice trumped my best card. I behaved like an angel, but I confess that I thought if the tears were going to well up into anybody's eyes they should have been mine rather than hers. And when, having by the end of the evening lost a good deal of money to me, she said she would send me a cheque and never did, I

could not but think that I and not she should have worn a pathetic expression when next we met.

Roger introduced her to his friends. He gave her lovely jewels. He took her here, there, and everywhere. Their marriage was announced for the immediate future. Roger was very happy. He was committing a good action and at the same time doing something he had very much a mind to. It is an uncommon situation and it is not surprising if he was a trifle more pleased with himself than was altogether becoming.

Then, on a sudden, he fell out of love. I do not know why. It could hardly have been that he grew tired of her conversation, for she had never had any conversation. Perhaps it was merely that this pathetic look of hers ceased to wring his heart-strings. His eyes were opened and he was once more the shrewd man of the world he had been. He became acutely conscious that Ruth Barlow had made up her mind to marry him and he swore a solemn oath that nothing would induce him to marry Ruth Barlow. But he was in a quandary. Now that he was in possession of his senses he saw with clearness the sort of woman he had to deal with and he was aware that, he asked her to release him, she would (in her appealing way) assess her wounded feelings at an immoderately high figure. Besides, it is always awkward for a man to jilt a woman. People are apt to think he has behaved badly.

Roger kept his own counsel. He gave neither byword nor gesture an indication that his feelings towards Ruth Barlow had changed. He remained attentive to all her wishes; he took her to dine at restaurants, they went to the play together, he sent her flowers; he was sympathetic and charming. They had made up their minds that they would be married as soon as they found a house that suited them, for he lived in chambers and she in furnished rooms; and they set about looking at desirable residences. The agents sent Roger orders to view and he took Ruth to see a number of houses. It was very hard to find anything that was quite satisfactory. Roger applied to more agents. They visited house after house. They went over them thoroughly, examining them from the cellars in the basement to the attics under the

roof. Sometimes they were too large and sometimes they were too small, sometimes they were too far from the centre of things and sometimes they were too close; sometimes they were too expensive and sometimes they wanted too many repairs; sometimes they were too stuffy and sometimes they were too airy; sometimes they were too dark and sometimes they were too bleak. Roger always found a fault that made the house unsuitable. Of course he was hard to please; he could not bear to ask his dear Ruth to live in any but the perfect house, and the perfect house wanted finding. House-hunting is a tiring and a tiresome business and presently Ruth began to grow peevish. Roger begged her to have patience; somewhere, surely, existed the very house they were looking for, and it only needed a little perseverance and they would find it. They looked at hundreds of houses; they climbed thousands of stairs; they inspected innumerable kitchens. Ruth was exhausted and more than once lost her temper.

"If you don't find a house soon," she said, "I shall have to reconsider my position. Why, if you go on like this we shan't be married for years."

"Don't say that," he answered. "I beseech you to have patience. I've just received some entirely new lists from agents I've only just heard of. There must be at least sixty houses on them."

They set out on the chase again. They looked at more houses and more houses. For two years they looked at houses. Ruth grew silent and scornful: her pathetic, beautiful eyes acquired an expression that was almost sullen. There are limits to human endurance. Mrs. Barlow had the patience of an angel, but at last she revolted.

"Do you want to marry me or do you not?" she asked him.

There was an unaccustomed hardness in her voice, but it did not affect the gentleness of his reply.

"Of course I do. We'll be married the very moment we find a house. By the way I've just heard of something that might suit us."

"I don't feel well enough to look at any more houses just yet."

"Poor dear, I was afraid you were looking rather tired."

Ruth Barlow took to her bed. She would not see Roger and he had to content himself with calling at her lodgings to enquire and sending her flowers. He was as ever assiduous and gallant. Every day he wrote and told her that he had heard of another house for them to look at. A week passed and then he received the following letter:

Roger,

I do not think you really love me. I have found someone who is anxious to take care of me and I am going to be married to him today.

Ruth.

He sent back his reply by special messenger:

Ruth,

Your news shatters me. I shall never get over the blow, but of course your happiness must be my first consideration. I send you herewith seven orders to view; they arrived by this morning's post and I am quite sure you will find among them a house that will exactly suit you.

Roger.

Список использованной литературы

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