

## Конкурс перевода: всем любителям Гарри Поттера!

22 октября 2015 года в Великобритании был издан третий роман Джоан Роулинг под псевдонимом Роберт Гэлбрейт "Карьера зла". Конечно, такое событие не должно пройти мимо нас, и поэтому кафедра международных коммуникаций предлагает всем, кто интересуется творчеством этого популярного автора, хочет попробовать свои силы в художественном переводе и окунуться в атмосферу истинно английского убийства, принять участие в конкурсе. Вашему вниманию предлагается отрывок из первой главы романа.

Начало конкурса - **23 октября 2015 года**. Переводы участников принимаются до **23 ноября 2015 года**. Подведение итогов состоится **02 декабря 2015 года**.

Переводы необходимо отправить по электронной почте: [mpk.susu@mail.ru](mailto:mpk.susu@mail.ru) с сопроводительным письмом, в котором должны быть указаны ФИО участника, город, ВУЗ, факультет, курс, контактный e-mail. Большая просьба: работы сохранять в MS Word 1997-2003. По всем возникающим вопросам обращаться по тел. +7 351 267-94-14 (кафедра «Международные коммуникации»).

Конкурсный отрывок приводится ниже.

'This Ain't the Summer of Love'

He had not managed to scrub off all her blood. A dark line like a parenthesis lay under the middle fingernail of his left hand. He set to digging it out, although he quite liked seeing it there: a memento of the previous day's pleasures. After a minute's fruitless scraping, he put the bloody nail in his mouth and sucked. The ferrous tang recalled the smell of the torrent that had splashed wildly on to the tiled floor, spattering the walls, drenching his jeans and turning the peach-coloured bath towels – fluffy, dry and neatly folded – into blood-soaked rags.

Colours seemed brighter this morning, the world a lovelier place. He felt serene and uplifted, as though he had absorbed her, as though her life had been transfused into him. They belonged to you once you had killed them: it was a possession way beyond sex. Even to know how they looked at the moment of death was an intimacy way past anything two living bodies could experience. With a thrill of excitement he reflected that nobody knew what he had done, nor what he was planning to do next. He sucked his middle finger, happy and at peace, leaning up against the warm wall in the weak April sunshine, his eyes on the house opposite.

It was not a smart house. Ordinary. A nicer place to live, admittedly, than the tiny flat where yesterday's blood-stiffened clothing lay in black bin bags, awaiting incineration, and where his knives lay gleaming, washed clean with bleach, rammed up behind the U-bend under the kitchen sink.

This house had a small front garden, black railings and a lawn in need of mowing. Two white front doors had been crammed together side by side, showing that the three-storey building had been converted into upper and lower flats. A girl called Robin Ellacott lived on the ground floor. Though he had made it his business to find out her real name, inside his own head he called her The Secretary. He had just seen her pass in front of the bow window, easily recognisable because of her bright hair.

Watching The Secretary was an extra, a pleasurable add-on. He had a few hours spare so he had decided to come and look at her. Today was a day of rest, between the glories of yesterday and tomorrow, between the satisfaction of what had been done and the excitement of what would happen next.