

TeenLife

Holiday in France

Nº 4

March
2012

Paris

Disneyland

April Fool's Day

The school of my dream

Happy Mother's Day!



Dream City

A Letter from the editor

Most people dream about travelling to France. Especially, in spring. Why? I know the answer on this question. Paris! It is the finest city in the world. Only Paris is associated with romantic, spring, and a great sense of love. That's why France is the main theme of our issue. It's spring now! The birds are singing. The sky is blue. The sun shines brightly. We love our mothers! Give love to your relatives and friends! Present your love how Paris presents its love to you!



Hristina Filonchik

TeenLife

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Spring, March 2012



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SPRING

The nature has four different seasons:
Grey winter, autumn, summer, spring.
But I like spring for different reasons:
For snowdrop, shallow's clear sing.



For streams which break through snow
thickness

In complicated different ways,
For blizzard's cold becoming helpless
In front of windy sunny days.



For 8th of March as happy action,
When children may congratulate
The Mums and sisters with carnations,
And even girls – their classmates.

And seeing my Mummy's shiny eyes,
And giving her the branch of daisies,
I'll say without any lie:
My love for you forever raises.

The nature has four different seasons.
But I like spring the best of all
As nature's warmth gives me the reasons
To live, to feel, to soothe my soul.



Yelena Vatoropina

April Fool's Day

The tradition of celebrating April Fool's Day was initiated in 1582 in France and is associated with the New Year. Then the New Year was celebrated for eight days from March 25 and ending April 1. After creating the Gregorian calendar April, 1 was on January, 1. But some people continued celebrate New Year on April, 1. They were called fools and became victims of other's jokes. Now April Fools' Day is celebrated in different countries around the world on April, 1 every year. It is not a national holiday, but is widely recognized and celebrated as a day when many people play all kinds of jokes and foolishness.

Most of tricks played on this day are far from original. They have been used so often that they have become traditional. A popular joke is to say that something is wrong with your victim's dress (when in



fact everything is in order) or that a cockroach is crawling over his or her clothes (there's no cockroach, of course).

At school children try to pin notices like "Kick me", or "I'm fool" on each other's backs.

Teachers have to be very careful or they might find themselves walking around with a silly sign on their backs. So, on April 1, you may get salt in your coffee instead of sugar, you may fall on the floor because of your trousers are sewn up or your shoe-laces are tied. These jokes may be silly, but they succeed again and again.

Be careful and attentive! Don't let your friends or other people fooling you! If you became a victim of their jokes, don't worry very much, take it easy and have fun! Good luck!

Shkurevskih Nastya, 10A



Happy Mother's Day!



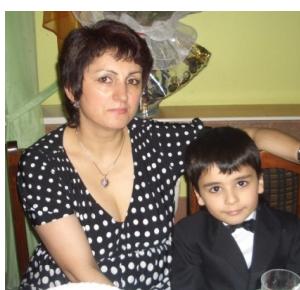
March is my favorite month. It is the first month of spring. Nature awakes after long winter dream. The sun is getting warmer. It presents its magic warmth for everybody. All the people change their winter clothes to spring clothes. And this changing makes people brighter and more beautiful. Women are getting very pretty!

March, the 8th is a very special day for women. It is a holiday. A lot of men present flowers for the most beautiful Mums, grandmothers, wives, sisters and girl-friends. A flower is a symbol of man's love. All the women adore getting gifts. They like flowers very much. All the Dads, grandfathers, brothers and sons show their love and care to their wonderful women. The Women's Day is a magic day for everyone. It is the first spring holiday which brings warmth and love. I love this holiday very much and I'm going to celebrate it. My father and I will congratulate our mother and grandmothers. We love them a lot and now we prepare many presents for this wonderful holiday.

Tolstenkov Zhenya, 6A

My mother's name is Larisa Germanovna. She is an accountant. In her free time she likes to travel abroad. She admires to go shopping. My mother likes reading. Her favorite writer is Bulgakov. My mother is very kind and she always understands me. She is very sociable. She has many friends. I love my mum. We are real friends.

Mesheryakova Lera, 10A



Women's Day is one of the most wonderful holidays. For all the people this day is associated with the warm spring weather, flowers and of course with favorite women. My favorite women are my mother and my elder sisters. My mother's name is Nune. She is a housewife, that's why she gives me all her free time. She helps me with all my activities and supports me every time.

My sisters Seda and Nelly are students. Seda is 19 and Nelly is 21. We spent a lot of time together. We like to go to the cinema, to play games at home, sing and dance. They help me every time, too. The most part of my achievements is their merit. My mother and my sisters are the most beautiful, kind and clever women in the world. I love them so much! We are very happy!



Aydartsyan Grisha, 4B



My mum's name is Violetta. She is 38 years old. She is an accountant. She is very kind and beautiful. She loves animals. She cooks delicious food. I love my mum!

Barantsev Daniil, 4C

My mother's name is Natalya, she is 35 she is housewife. As she is very sociable she has many friends. My mother is kind and caring, she is always attentive to people. She is clever. And when it's difficult for me to do some tasks she always helps me. In her free time she watches TV and surfs the internet. As my mother is very active she goes to the swimming pool regularly. At the weekends my mother goes snowboarding. My mother's hobby is cooking. She likes to cook different dishes. And they are very tasty. On the 8th of March all members of our family give presents to our dear mummy.



Bezukladnikov Slava, 6A



My mother's name is Julia Aleksandrovna. She is a housewife. My mother is a very nice woman/ She is tall and slim. She has big and green eyes. Her hair is dark and short. My mum is an interesting and clever woman. She is a good householder. Mum is a workaholic. She makes our house beautiful and comfortable. My mother cooks well; sometimes I help her to make tasty cakes and salads. My mother spends a lot of time with my younger brother and me. She teachers us good manners and gives us good advices. Our mother is our friend. She likes domestic animals. My mum is very kind. We love our dear mother very much and wish her to be healthy and happy! Our mother is the best!

Bakumova Kristina, 6D

My dear Mummy! I'd like to congratulate you with your holiday – it's a sunny day, a day of spring, a day of flowers' branches. One can say that the 8th of March is the international holiday of all women all over the world. But as for me it is associated especially with you.

I remember my young years. At this day Dad usually presented you five roses and told me to congratulate you. I kissed you without particular understanding what was happening and you seemed to be very happy.

Several years have passed by. And your small boy with long curly gold hair has changed into the tall sturdy man. But you remain the same for me.

Dear Mummy! This day I wish your eyes be shiny because of tens of flowers you'll be presented. I'd like you to forget about permanent problems and annoying failures and simply feel yourself a little bit weakened and free. I wish you go out of stuffy flat and walking slowly along the street listen to marvelous shallow's sing – it's a sing only for you! I wish all your friends be nearby this day and tell you a great amount of affectionate words.

Dear Mummy! I love you very much! Always something may happen in the way you don't want. But I'd like you to know: I'll try to do everything to make you calm, confident in future and proud of your son! Happy the 8th of March!

Sergey V.

**My dear, dear mummy!
I love you very much!
I want you to be happy on the eighth of March!**



I congratulate you with spring holiday! I wish you happiness, health and fun! Let this spring day bring to you a lot of smiles, warmth and kindness!

Teacher's comments

Spring. Paris. Love...



March, spring, first drip... Everybody is happy to greet it. One people like the blossom of the first flowers, the others adore seeing how the weather awakes. No doubt the spring is a perfect season. It's the time for love...

What does the word "love" mean? Maybe, it means illusion, romantic, passion. Everyone has his own definition to describe this beautiful filling. It is impossible to live without love. It makes our heart beat more often and helps us to create. But don't worry if you have not your loved one. There is a couple for every person in our world. And certainly you may fall in love in springtime.

Now, imagine the most romantic city in the world. I consider, some of you think about France and its capital, Paris. Paris is the city of lovers. Here you can see many couples walking

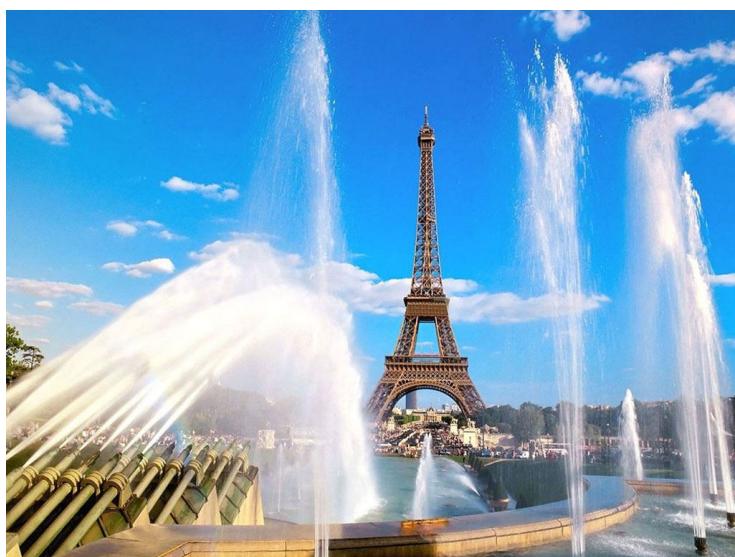
around the city or boating on the river Seine or visiting the Eiffel Tower.

It's wonderful to go to Paris any season. As for me I was there in summer. Unfortunately my beloved wasn't with me, but it didn't disturb me to enjoy this magnificent city in full. Paris has many great views such as La Basilique du Sacré Coeur de Montmartre or Triumphal arch and of course the Eiffel Tower. And the French language is so nice, the language of love, it sounds beautiful. The same thing I can say about French music. What a talented French singers Dalida, Mireille Mathieu, Mylene Farmer, Alizee and others.

I'd like to go there once more and I can advise everybody to attend it. I wish you lots of love! Be loved and be happy!



Shihovtseva M. I.



Travelling Around the world

Disneyland - the country of happiness

Three years ago the group of the pupils of our school visited some European countries. We had an unforgettable travelling to Check Republic, Germany and France. One of the most exciting places we visited was Disneyland. We spent almost all the day in Disneyland Paris - from early morning till 7 p.m. We visited all the attractions, saw all the exhibitions, bought all the souvenirs we liked. It was a fairy tale we shall never forget!!!



Disneyland Paris is a holiday and recreation resort in Marne-la-Vallée, a new town in the eastern suburbs of Paris, France. The complex is located 32 km from the centre of Paris and lies for the most part within the commune of Chessy, Seine-et-Marne. Disneyland Paris is composed of two theme parks, a retail, dining and entertainment district, and seven Disney-owned hotels. Operating since 12 April 1992, it was the second Disney resort to open outside the United States (following Tokyo Disney Resort) and the first to be owned and operated by Disney. Disneyland Paris is operated by French company. With 15,405,000 combined visitors to the resort's Disneyland Park and Walt Disney Studios Park in the fiscal year of 2009, it is France's and Europe's most visited tourist site.

Yevglevskaya K, 10A



Projects. Investigations

Making magazine

I think creating magazine is very important, because it helps teenagers to solve problems and undertake such actions which would allow the person to find his or her own place in the adult world. It makes it possible to produce something new. It is teenager's action that enables him to express his own point of view. It is the sphere of pupils' activity connected with research, solving problems, composing. It is participation of schoolchildren in applied activities.

To my mind, making magazine schoolchildren develop the following personal abilities: to make a choice and take a decision; to be responsible for these decisions, for oneself and for one's doings; to be independent.

When we began our

work we decided that the most active students would be the editor-in-chief, correspondents, designers, photographers. Our magazine contains information written in English, and of course it is rather difficult not only to compose it but also to write it in English correctly. So our authors are the pupils who really love English and have fluency in it, and of course our English teachers who always help us. The editor-in-chief should be a leader and a good organizer. His duty is to unite different pupils and inspire them to run collective business. His main responsibility is to manage the newspaper and to make it possible to edit the issue in any circumstances.

Correspondents or journalists are the pupils who find interesting information,

collect and analyze it. Then they write articles, interviews and other items. Tastes differ. That is why some pupils write about sport, others are interested in ecological issues, and somebody else is fond of conducting interviews. The designer creates the lay-out of the issue, the cover of the newspaper, makes illustrations to the texts, and works out new styles of a newspaper design. He is supposed to work in different computer programmes.

The photographer is a person who takes photos to illustrate the newspaper articles. He can write his own articles, too.

To be popular among the readers the magazine should have fresh ideas, new interpretation of old themes, and new original topics. The magazine should provide its readers with unusual, creative unexpected information, give the ideas to think over and discuss with friends, relatives and teachers. It should be connected with its readers. They should have an opportunity to write to the paper, to come here with their problems and be sure that the newspaper will be able to help them.

Filonchik Hristina, 10C



I would like to give everybody a piece of advice: sleeping eight or nine hours, getting up early, regular meals, a healthy diet and sport is really a good way to enjoy the life and be happy. I am a sportsman. I play volleyball - I am a member of our school team. Sport helps me to cope with stresses and always keep feet.

Lekhanov Alexandr, 11C



We are for healthy lifestyle



My friends like to spend their free time outdoors. Every September we have so-called "The Day of Health". We usually go to the forest on this day. Last year we travelled to Chyortovo Gorodishe. It was an exciting adventure! I don't know the other place which can give so many positive emotions! It took us about an hour to get to Chyortovo Gorodishe. It's not too much for a "professional" walker, but rather much for an ordinary student. But if you have many good friends, this trip won't be so hard. When we reached our "goal" boys made a fire, girls cooked "tasty food" - fried potatoes and sausages and of course hot tea. We also had different sport competitions there, which were very interesting, funny and sometimes rather difficult. After that we walked in the forest, sang songs, took pictures. Our teachers took part in our games. Everybody was happy! We had a good time there!

Demidovich Daria, 8C

People say that you are what you eat. That's why I try to eat only low – fast food, fruit and vegetables which are rich in vita-



mins. There is a popular proverb: "Eat to live not live to eat". I think to stay healthy means to have a balanced diet. As I know from my Biology and English lessons meat, fish, nuts contain protein. They help us have a strong and healthy body. Cheese and milk build our teeth and bones by providing calcium. Though fats and sugar are fast sources of energy we should avoid using them.

I think the only thing we should take care of - is our health. I always get up at 7

a.m. and do my morning exercises. I clean my teeth twice a day; I try to go to bed before 11 p.m. I don't smoke or drink alcohol, because I don't want to have health problems.

Sitnikov Evgenii, 8C

What to do to be healthy? To my mind the best way to keep fit and stay healthy is sport. We have Physical Education lessons three times a week. Our physical education teachers are a good example for us to follow, nobody of them smokes, they jog, run, play football. As for me I do morning exercises, go in for gymnastics, swimming and dancing. I think future belongs to healthy people. My friends agree with me.

Magzumova Dina, 11C



Contests. Olympiads



School Magazine
"TeenLife"

Pupils: Filonchik H.,
Kiselyova A.
10 "C", School № 67
Teacher: Vatoropina E.V.
Yekaterinburg 2012

Filonchik Hristina and Kiselyova Anna, 10C, took the 3d place in the District Conference. On the 14th, March they took part in the City Conference "Юные интеллектуалы Екатеринбурга". They presented their project "School Magazine *TeenLife*" and had a great success!



Aydartsyan Grisha, 4B, took part in the District conference «The world around us» – 2012. He presented his research paper "My Language Portfolio" and won the prize "Vital Investigation". Well done!



Sedova Lida and Filonchik Hristina and their supervisor Vatoropina E.V. are the winners of the Regional Contest of research projects "Живинка в деле".



Evglevskaya Katya became the prize-winner of the All-Russia Contest "Познание и творчество". She answered the questions of the Contest "Winter Adventure" and got 99 points !!!



Chikurov Aleksey, 10B, and Masalyova Sasha, 10A, are the winners of the City Contest "The Translator of the Year - 2012". Filonchik Hristina, 10C, Magzumova Dina, Bakshaev Kolya, 11C, Skurevskikh Nastya, 10A, took part in the contest and had a great success! Our congratulations to them and their teachers Shihovtseva M.I. and Vatoropina E.V.!!!

Keep up your good work and you will definitely have a chance to participate in other contests that will suit your interests the best way!



The School Week of Foreign Languages - 2012



The students of the 7, 10, 11th grades took part in **the School Club of Merry and Quick-witted**. They guessed the riddles and proverbs, told about interesting facts from the British history. Everybody had a good time!



Scryabina Olga and Rahmanova Irina, 10A, took part in the City Media Festival. They presented their photos and video and were awarded Honorary Diplomas.



The students of the 9-11th grades took part in **the All-Russia Contest "Эрудиты России"-Team Game**



Shine! You are a star... The District Contest took place in the school 27. **Leontieva Nastya, 10B, Dubovskih Sasha, 11A, Kozlova Lada, Grinberg Lera, Denisov Sasha, Gladkikh Yura, Smirnov Ivan, 8A, Tolstenkov Zhenya, 6A**, sang songs, played guitar and piano, recited poems in English and German. They were real stars!!!



The students who create our school magazine "TeenLife" took part in **the Conference of the young correspondents of Yekaterinburg**. The most important and interesting questions about school press were discussed at the conference. Our magazine was awarded a Honorary Diploma.



Our translations

Uphill by Christina Rossetti

Does the road wind up-hill all the way?
Yes, to the very end.
Will the day's journey take the whole long
day?
From morn to night, my friend.

But is there for the night a resting-place?
A roof for when the slow dark hours begin.
May not the darkness hide it from my face?
You cannot miss that inn.

Shall I meet other wayfarers at night?
Those who have gone before.
Then must I knock, or call when just in
sight?
They will not keep you standing at that
door.

Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak?
Of labour you shall find the sum.
Will there be beds for me and all who seek?
Yea, beds for all who come.

В гору

Перевод Филончик X, 10В

Всё время в гору этот путь ведет?
Да, до самого конца.
Когда же я достигну тех высот?
Весь день тебе идти.

А где же я ночлег себе найду?
Там крыша – ночь, а темнота – кровать.
А вдруг я дом миную на ходу?
Его не миновать.

А встречу ль я кого-нибудь?
Те, кто здесь был, прошёл уже давно.
Окликнуть их иль постучать в окно?
Томиться не заставят у ворот.

Найду я здесь комфорт, прошедши дол-
гий путь?
Трудам ты обретёшь итог.
И там найдется каждому постель?
Всем, кто добраться смог.

Christina Rossetti



One of the most important of English woman poets, who was the sister of the painter-poet Dante Gabriel Rossetti, and a member of the Pre-Raphaelite art movement. 'A Birthday,' 'When I Am Dead,' and 'Up-Hill' are probably Rossetti's best-known works.

Горная дорога

Перевод Масалевой А., 10А

Кончится ли горная дорога,
Что тянется до самого конца?
К вечеру закончится поездка,
Что, друг мой, тянется с утра.

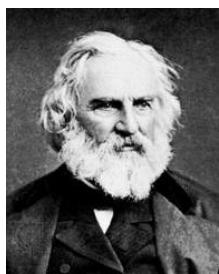
Но есть ли место для ночлега?
Там на ночь крыша и кровать.
А есть вообще ли это место где – то?
Его тебе не миновать.

Встречу ли я путников?
Тех, кто ушел вперед.
Я буду им стучать и звать?
Они не бросят у ворот.

Я отдохну, восполню силы?
Найдешь ты то, что так искал.
И сможем спать в кровати все мы?
Кто был в пути и не отстал.



Henry Wadsworth Longfellow



He was a powerful figure in the cultural life of nineteenth century America. Born in 1807, he had become a national literary figure by the 1850s and a world-famous personality by the time of his death in 1882.

Henry's grandfather, Peleg Wadsworth (1748 – 1829), was a Revolutionary War general who later served seven terms in the United States Congress. The family home in Portland was built for Peleg in 1785 – 1786.

Перевод Чикурова А., 10А

Труду усердие важно -
Сама проблема не уйдёт.
А дело всё не решено -
Оно ещё восхода ждёт.

Оно преследует тебя
На пороге, у ворот.
Угрожать иль умолять?
Лучше дело подождёт.

Оно ждёт и не уйдёт .
Оно ждёт и не уснёт.
С заботами вчерашними
Каждый день напряжнее.

Долгое время давит оно
С тяжестью слона.
От него далеко не уйти -
Решиться сначала должно.

И мы идём от дня ко дню,
Как карлики времён шли
Из северных легенд -
Небо держали они.

Something Left Undone

a poem by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

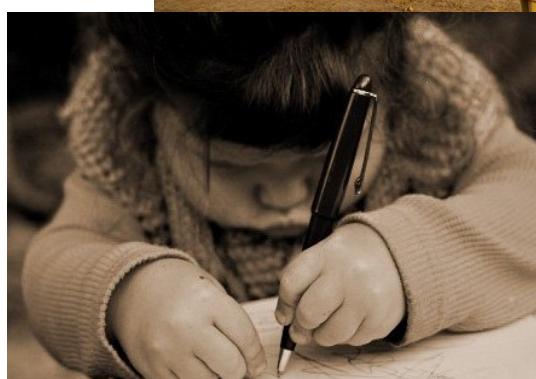
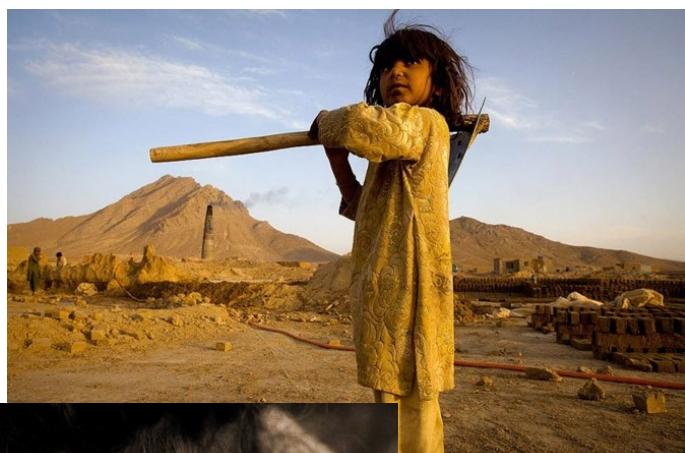
Labor with what zeal we will,
Something still remains undone,
Something uncompleted still
Waits the rising of the sun.

By the bedside, on the stair,
At the threshhold, near the gates,
With its menace or its prayer,
Like a medicant it waits;

Waits, and will not go away;
Waits, and will not be gainsaid;
By the cares of yesterday
Each to-day is heavier made;

Till at length the burden seems
Greater than our strength can bear,
Heavy as the weight of dreams
Pressing on us everywhere.

And we stand from day to day,
Like the dwarfs of times gone by,
Who, as Northern legends say,
On their shoulders held the sky.



Jack London (1876–1916)

All that stirring of old instincts which at stated periods drives men out from the sounding cities to forest and plain to kill things by chemically propelled leaden pellets, the blood-

lust, the joy to kill--all this was Buck's, only it was infinitely more intimate. He was ranging at the head of the pack, running the wild thing down, the living meat, to kill with his own teeth and wash his muzzle to the eyes in warm blood.



There is an ecstasy that marks the summit of life, and beyond which life cannot rise. And such is the paradox of living, this ecstasy comes when one is most alive, and it comes as a complete forgetfulness that one is alive. This ecstasy, this forgetfulness of living, comes to the artist, caught up and out of himself in a sheet of flame; it comes to the soldier, war-mad on a stricken field and refusing quarter; and it came to Buck, leading the pack, sounding the old wolf-cry, straining after the food that was alive and that fled swiftly before him through the moonlight. He was sounding the deeps of his nature, and of the parts of his nature that were deeper than he, going back into the womb of Time. He was mastered by the sheer surging of life, the tidal wave of being, the perfect joy of each separate muscle, joint, and sinew in that it was everything that was not death, that it was aglow and rampant, expressing itself in movement, flying exultantly under the stars and over the face of dead matter that did not move.

But Spitz, cold and calculating even in his supreme moods, left the pack and cut across a narrow neck of land where the creek made a long bend around. Buck did not know of this, and as he rounded the bend, the frost wraith of a rabbit still flitting before him, he saw another and larger frost wraith leap from the overhanging bank into the immediate path of the rabbit. It was Spitz. The rabbit could not turn, and as the white teeth broke its back in mid air it shrieked as loudly as a stricken man may shriek. At sound of this, the cry of Life plunging down from Life's apex in the grip of Death, the full pack at Buck's heels raised a hell's chorus of delight.

Buck did not cry out. He did not check himself, but drove in upon Spitz, shoulder to shoulder, so hard that he missed the throat. They rolled over and over in the powdery snow. Spitz gained his feet almost as though he had not been overthrown, slashing Buck down the shoulder and leaping clear. Twice his teeth clipped together, like the steel jaws of a trap, as he backed away for better footing, with lean and lifting lips that writhed and snarled.

Перевод чивость жизни приходит к призрак зайца. И вдруг появляется другой призрак, прыгнувший на художников, когда их озаряет вился

вдохновение. Приходит к нул с крутого берега прямо в солдатам на поле боя. В та- сторону зайца. Это был ком экстазе был Бак, лидер Шпиц. Заяц не мог повернуть гонят человека из шумных городов в леса и поля убивать тварей ядовитыми свинцовыми пулями, проснулись в Баке. Он превратился в кровопийцу, жаждя убийства становилась все более естественной. Бак мчался впереди стаи, в погоне за добычей, за жизнью, и погрузить свою морду в теплую кровь по самые глаза.

Бак уверенно бежал под звездами по мертвей земле. Но Шпиц, хладнокровный и расчетливый, находясь в сильном азарте, отделился от стаи и побежал к зайцу через узкую полоску земли, вокруг которой речка поворачивала. Но Бак не знал этого, поскольку он обогнул изгиб, он видел только мелькающий губу, оскалил зубы.

Этот экстаз - не только наивысшая точка жизни, но и грань, через которую жизнь невозможна. Парadox, но экстаз приходит, когда ты на пике жизни, и в тоже время, когда находишься в забвении. Этот экстаз, эта забыв-

часть жизни приходит к призраку зайца. И вдруг появляется другой призрак, прыгнувший на художников, когда их озаряет вился

вдохновение. Приходит к нул с крутого берега прямо в солдатам на поле боя. В та- сторону зайца. Это был ком экстазе был Бак, лидер Шпиц. Заяц не мог повернуть назад, белые зубы вонзились при свете луны. Экстаз исходил изнутри Бака и возвращал его в глубину времен. Он почувствовал жизнь, она бурно разлилась в нем, и каждый мускул каждый сустав, каждая жилка претворялась в движение.

Бак уверенно бежал под звездами по мертвей земле. Но Шпиц, хладнокровный и расчетливый, находясь в сильном азарте, отделился от стаи и побежал к зайцу через узкую полоску земли, вокруг которой речка поворачивала. Но Бак не знал этого, поскольку он обогнул изгиб, он видел только мелькающий губу, оскалил зубы.

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Перевод Чикурова Алексея, 10Б
I место в городском конкурсе
"Переводчик года – 2012"

Смешение тех инстинктов, которые в определённые моменты заставляют людей выбираться из шумных городов в лес и степь, чтобы убивать живых созданий, кровожадность и радость убийства проявились в Баке, и были для него чем-то очень родным. Он бежал во главе всей стаи в диком преследовании за этим живым мясом, чтобы убить его собственными зубами и умыть свою морду по самые глаза в тёплой крови.

Это был экстаз, обозначающий собой пик жизненной энергии, выше которого подняться нельзя. Было парадоксально то, что этот экстаз приходил в самый живой но также и самоизбанный момент. Такая же безразличная ко всему остальному радость, приходит к художнику через вдохновение. К солдату во время ожесточённой битвы, приходит упоение, позволяющее направлять точные удары во врача. Именно этот прилив сил управлял Баком, преследовавшим, с древним воем волков жертву, убегающую под лунным светом впереди. Этот поток звучал в глубинах его сущности, перемещая его назад в глубокую древность. Жизненная энергия переполняла каждый его мускул, который превращал это первобытную радость в движение, почти летя над мертвенно холодной землёй под звёздами.

Шпиц, холодный и расчётливый даже в таком настрое, отделился от стаи и устремился наперерез по узкому клочку земли, вокруг которого обходил ручей. Бак не знал этого и, обегая поворот, видел только мелькающий белый силуэт кролика перед собой. Вдруг он увидел другой, более крупный белый силуэт, спрыгивающий со склона прямо на путь кролика. Это был Шпиц. Кролик не мог повернуться, и когда белые зубы на лету впились ему в спину, он вскрикнул как измученный человек. Как только прозвучал этот крик Жизни, которая в самом разгаре попала в тиски смерти, вся стая, следующая за Баком, завыла от восторга.

Этого не сделал только Бак. Не следя за собой, он налетел на Шпица плечом к плечу, так сильно, что упустил его горло. Они покатались, поднимая в воздух снег. Шпиц поднялся на ноги, будто и не падал, укусил плечо Бака и отскочил в сторону. Его зубы дважды сомкнулись как стальные зубцы капкана, он отошёл назад для лучшего приземления, поднял губы и оскалился.

Перевод Масалевой Саши, 10А
II место в городском конкурсе
"Переводчик года – 2012"

Все древние инстинкты, которые в известную пору года гонят людей из шумных городов в леса и поля убивать животных свинцовыми шариками, эта кровожадность и радость умерщвления – все это теперь проснулось и в Бэке, только было более естественно. Он бежал впереди всей стаи в бешеной погоне за добычей, за этим живым мясом, чтобы впиться в него зубами, убить и в теплую кровь погрузить морду до самых глаз.

Существует экстаз, знаменующий собою вершину жизни, высшее напряжение силы жизни. И парадоксально то, что экстаз этот является полнотой ощущения жизни и в то же время – полное забвение себя и всего окружающего. Такой восторг приходит к художнику в часы вдохновения. Он приходит к воину на поле брани, и воин не отступает. Это пришло и к Бэку, лидеру стаи, который с древним победным кличем волков, гнался за добычей, мчавшейся впереди в лунном свете. Он исходил из глубины его души, возвращая его в глубину времен. Жизнь кипела в нем, и каждый мускул, каждая жилка играли, были в огне, и радость жизни превращалась в движение, в полете под открытым небом по мертвый, застывшей от холода земле.

Шпиц, хладнокровный и расчётливый даже в моменты самого прекрасного настроения, отделился от стаи и сократил через узкий перешеек, вокруг которого речка делала поворот. Бэк этого не заметил и когда он совершил поворот, приведение кролика все еще мелькало перед ним. Вдруг он увидел другой, более большой призрак, который прыгнул с береговой насыпи прямо на дорогу перед зайцем. Это был Шпиц. Заяц не мог повернуть назад. Белые зубы, сломали ему спину еще в воздухе, и заяц крикнул так громко, как может кричать в муке человек. От этого крика жизни вся свора, бежавшая за Бэком, дико взвыла от восторга.

Только Бэк не закричал. Не останавливаясь, он стремительно налетел на Шпица, и схватил его за горло. Они упали и покатались по рыхлому снегу. Шпиц первый вскочил на ноги, словно и не падал, укусил Бэка за плечо и прыгнул в сторону. Челюсти его дважды сомкнулись как в ловушке, он отскочил, чтобы лучше разбежаться для прыжка, и зарычал, подняв верхнюю губу и оскалив зубы.

At school



My school

My school is one of the oldest schools in our district. It is famous for its high quality of education. The school is well-equipped. Not long ago it was repaired. On the first floor there's a canteen, a library, a medic cabinet, many classes for primary school. On the second floor there are studies of Russian, English, History. On the third floor there are studies of Mathematics, Chemistry, Geography, Biology, Physics, Computer Programming. We have a school museum.

I go to school six days a week. My lessons begin at eight o'clock in the morning. Each lesson lasts for forty minutes. After three and four lessons we had a twenty-minute break. During this break we go to the canteen to have lunch. Every

day we have 6 or 7 lessons. The lessons are over at two o'clock in the afternoon.

I like my school. I like to study here. Strict, but fair teacher, good students. It's interesting and fun to study in my school. But the discipline of some children leaves much to be desired. Competitions and great events often take place in our school. All my friends take part in them.

I like my schoolmates and have many friends. Everybody is so friendly and easy to get along with. I often spend my free time together with my classmates.

Sedova Lida, 10A

School of my dream

People spend the most important years of their life at school. The school of my dream should be similar to Hogwarts: a large castle with tall towers. School should have large and beautiful park around the territory. I do not really like the system of education in our school. We should have six-point system: One - the highest, Six - the worst. I think these marks will be fair for the evaluation of knowledge of the pupils. At school of my dream we should learn several foreign languages: English, Latin and German. My favorite subjects are History and English. That's why I should have these subjects many times a week. But the most important thing at school is good, smart and responsible teachers. I am sure that everybody will attend their lessons with pleasure. This is my dream about a good school. It's just a dream, but dreams often come true. There's no harm in dreaming!



Manasyan H., 7D



Ten Years Later...

It's not easy for anyone to guess what the future will be. But every person has his or her own dreams and expectations. A great amount of things should be done to provide the future well-being.

In my opinion every one who wants to achieve the high aims, karate is the constant development. Nowadays I'm the owner the yellow belt, but in next 10 years I wish I become a real master and deserve the black one.

for me I have already chosen my future profession: I'd like to become a lawyer. Nowadays there is a great number of representatives of this very interesting profession in our country, there is the successful system of preparation for working as the advocates, public prosecutors, judges and so on. So after graduating from my mother school, where I've already got a huge amount of useful knowledge, I'll try to pass the exams in our Juridical Academy and after several years of studying I'll be able to become a real professional and have a chance to create my own agency.

One may ask: what are the real reasons of choosing such future career? And my answer is not very complex. From the one side I'd like to help people getting in a trouble associated with infringements of law. From the other side I'd like simply to work, earn money to ensure my family's well-being in general and my children's future particularly.

But my life nowadays and my future plans are not rigidly restricted by career plans. Moreover I have many hobbies and dreams. For example, karate plays a significant role in my life. I usually attend the trainings twice a week and this useful hobby makes me healthier and stronger, makes my mind working in a good way. In general it's not only the kind of sports. In my opinion it's like a treasure-house of marvelous ideas of ancient Eastern sages. I consider these people my teachers, their way of thinking, their lives being the examples of pure wisdom, honour and faithfulness don't allow

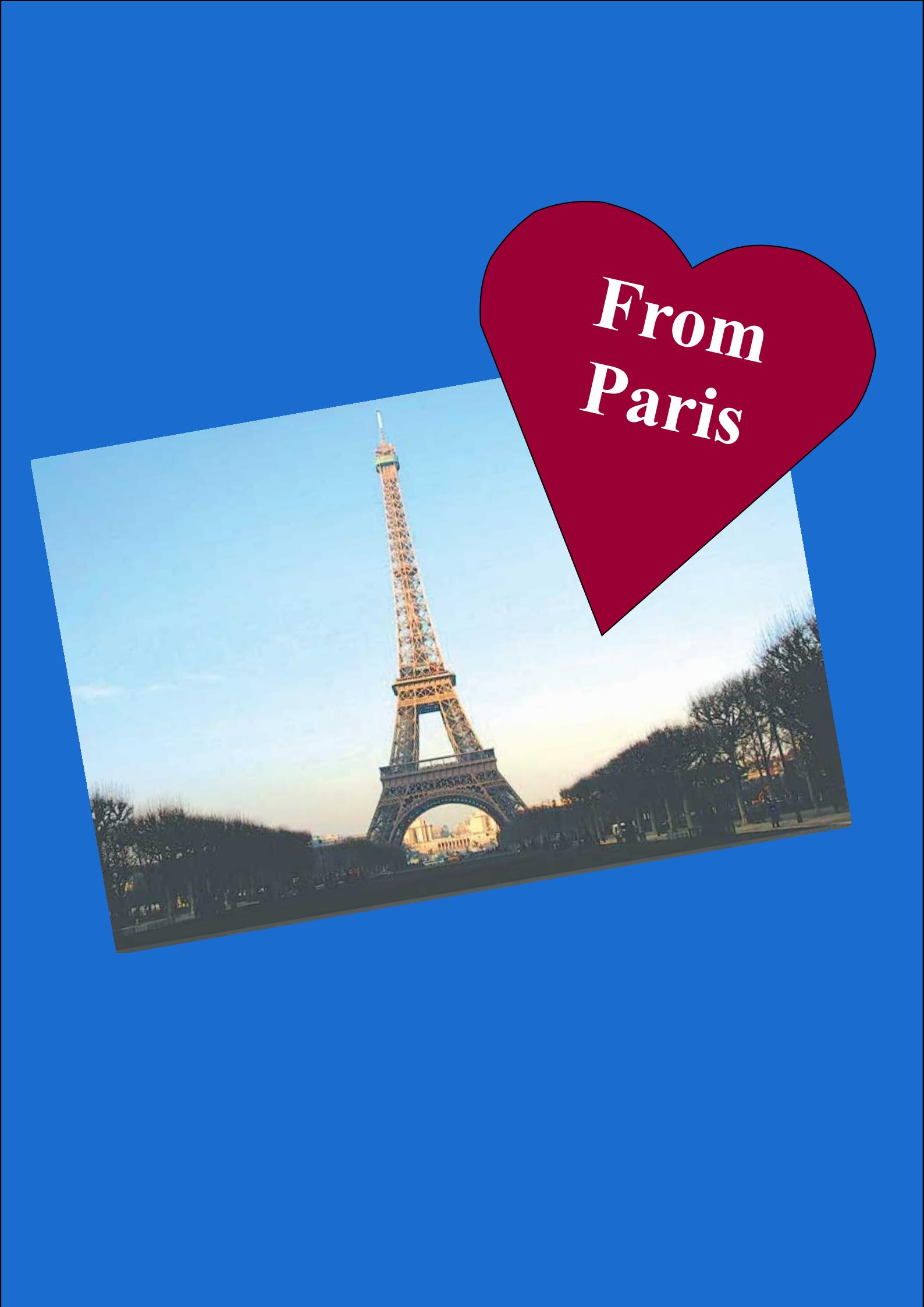
me to become a bad person and help me to achieve the high aims, karate is the constant development. Nowadays I'm the owner the yellow belt, but in next 10 years I wish I become a real master and deserve the black one.

After becoming a professional lawyer and master of karate I'd like to make my another dream come true. In a few words I admire travelling. I think it's the best way of spending free time and amazing opportunity to get new unforgettable emotions. It's always interesting to meet different people, to attend some monuments of ancient culture, to see other ways of life.

Many people prefer spending their holidays in France, Italy, Greece, Egypt. But my dream is to visit Brazil and China: most of all I'd like to see the famous Carnival in Rio and the Chinese New Year. These events are always full of bright colours, unusual performances, unforgettable impressions. So I'll do my best to realize these desired plans.

In conclusion I'd like to mention one more time the following: everything I'd like to do in my life will be for my family. Only these people can make my life full of ideas, expectations and strong feelings. To live for my family is the only sense of my life today and forever.

Evglevskaya Katya, 10A



From
Paris