# Literary Competition

Tasks 1 and 2 are meant for students in their sixth-ninth years at school. For this reason, they will not be taken into account for those in their 10<sup>th</sup> and 11<sup>th</sup> years. The rest of the tasks are addressed to all contestants. It is advisable to do thoroughly at least one task or answer the questions that do not seem very difficult. A contestant is not expected to do every task.

### Task 1.

Read an extract from the book "Pressnic and Nardog", by Anton Tilipman, translated into English. You must have noticed that the author offers readers a certain game: some words look unusual and you should guess what they mean. Find such words and "translate" them. Describe the rules of this cipher.

There was a pressnic. Of course, she didn't live in a peasant's tuh or a lamls nedoow suoeh, and certainly, not in an eno-dromoeb tlaf – she had her own big and fiubuatel tacles. Weltev slelev, wytnet dargn lahls and fahl a zoden jigh sertow – that was how the pressnic was nutorfate!

And what amount of different sethool and doof!

### Task 2.

The authors of these two poems are John Foster (b.1941) and Jack Prelutsky (b.1940). Do the poems have anything in common? How different are they? Pay attention to the style and the content and mention as many differences as you can.

## The Morning Rush

Rush Into the bathroom,
Turn on the tap.
Wash away the sleepiness
— Splish! Splosh! Splash!
Into the bedroom,
Pull on your vest.
Quickly! Quickly!
Get yourself dressed.
Down to the kitchen.
No time to lose.
Gobble up your breakfast.
Put on your shoes.
Back to the bathroom.

Squeeze out the paste.
Brush, brush, brush your teeth.
No time to waste.
Look in the mirror.
Comb your hair.
Hurry, scurry, hurry, scurry
Down the stairs.
Pick your school bag
Up off the floor.
Grab your coat
And out through the door.

John Foster (b.1941)

I built a fabulous machine to keep my room completely clean. It swept it up in nothing flat has anybody seen the cat?

Jack Prelutsky (b.1940)

### Task 3.

Read an extract from "A Sentimental Journey Through France and Italy by Mr. Yorick". The novel was extremely popular and influential and helped establish travel writing as the dominant genre of the second half of the 18<sup>th</sup> century. Do you remember the author's name? What literary school does this work belong to? What makes you think so? Try to name as many as possible other works of Russian and world literature that describe a character's journey?

- Where then, my dear countrymen, are you going? -We are only looking at this chaise, said they. Your most obedient servant, said I, skipping out of it, and pulling off my hat. We were wondering, said one of them, who, I found was an Inquisitive Traveller, what could occasion its motion. 'Twas the agitation, said I, coolly, of writing a preface. I never heard, said the other, who was a Simple Traveller, of a preface wrote in a d?sobligeant. It would have been better, said I, in a vis-a-vis.
- As an Englishman does not travel to see Englishmen, I retired to my room.

### Task 4.

The authors of these poems, translated into Russian, are Marina Tsvetaeva (1892-1941) and Arseniy Tarkovskiy (1907-1989). Find the common features and differences giving as many arguments as possible. Which poem belongs to which poet?

On long un-Russian legs he stands, grinning irrelevantly and the fur on his flanks is a bathrobe from a previous century. And surely those too-cunning nomads who lay down and prayed to the east rubbed sand in the undermost layers of wool and fed rusty thorns to the beast. This hunchback with royal demeanour, for the poor and the patient a throne,

He felt he?d fulfilled his role.

(Translated by Peter Oram)

was shaped by a miserly wilderness-god from the dregs when creation was done. From his nose hung a ring like a padlock, in his soul was both greatness and pain and surely the little bells dangled from a neck long as that of a crane. Over black sand, over red sand in the blistering desert heat growing old without earning a kopek he tramped on his tireless feet. To deserts and burdens and beatings long accustomed, the camel's soul was contented and felt that life was good.

And now, loading the camel's hump With worldly troubles, heavy as a rock, We leave – the camel's humble and plump — To finish the 'unfinishable' work:

In herds of camels – to enjoy a pool, In Hell of sands – to see Blue Nile in thoughts, As camel's lord and Lord installed a rule — To bear his cross in Camel's way and God's.

And when the desert shifts to red from black The humps will ache, and salesmen try to list The kinds of ailments able to attack This very kind and manageable beast.

But never looking for a helping hand, Ahead, ahead with burning lips to lump To Holy day in which the Holy Land — A giant hump — will rise above the humps. (Translated by Yevgeny Bonver)

#### Task 5.

Read the last lines of the novel "Gift" by Vladimir Nabokov.

Good-by, my book! Like mortal eyes, imagined ones must close some day. Onegin from his knees will rise—but his creator strolls away. And yet the ear cannot right now part with the music and allow the tale to fade; the chords of fate itself continue to vibrate; and no obstruction for the sage exists where I have put The End: the shadows of my world extend beyond the skyline of the page, blue as tomorrow's morning haze—nor does this terminate the phrase.

What famous work from Russian literature does this passage refer to? What makes you think so?

If you have guessed that this extract as be written as a poem, define the number of lines (verses) and the rhyme pattern.

Write your own poem using this stanza that might conclude some well-known work from Russian or world literature.