**Памятка для начинающего переводчика:**

1. Для начала необходимо просто прочитать текст и попытаться понять его содержание. Затем выпишите те слова, которых вы не знаете. Их значение надо также выписать для удобства, некоторые слова могут повторяться в тексте. Не все слова есть в словаре, но значение слова можно определить по контексту, т.е. по смыслу предложения.
2. Вы уже перевели текст с английского на русский язык. Первый этап перевода закончен. Начинается второй этап – обработка текста согласно правилам родного языка. Прочитайте текст и подумайте, красиво ли это звучит по-русски, и, самое главное, понятно ли о чем речь. Если возникают какие-нибудь «шероховатости», не бойтесь отойти от оригинала и немного перефразировать свой текст так, чтобы смысл остался прежним.
3. Поскольку это авторский перевод, автор перевода обязательно оставляет свое имя и фамилию и номер группы перед текстом.

There’s always a moment before a storm when the wind seems to change its mind. It plays at domesticity; it flirts with the blossom on the trees; it teases the rain from the dull grey clouds. This moment of playfulness is when the wind is at its cruel-lest and most dangerous. Not later, when the trees fall and the blossom is just blotting-paper choking the drains and rivulets. Not when houses fall like cards, and walls that you thought were firm and secure are torn away like paper. No, the cruellest moment is always the one in which you think you might be safe; that maybe the wind has moved on at last; that maybe you can start building again, something that can’t be blown away. That’s the moment at which the wind is at its most insidious. That’s the moment where grief begins. The moment of expected joy. The demon of hope in Pandora’s box. The moment when the cacao bean releases its scent into the air: a scent of burning, and spices, and salt; and blood; and vanilla; and heartache. I used to think it was simple, that art. The making of harmless indulgences. But at last I have come to learn that no indulgence is harmless. Francis Reynaud would be proud of me. Forty years a witch and now, at last, I have become a Puritan. Zozie de l’Alba would have understood. Zozie, the collector of hearts, whose face still comes to me, in my dreams. Sometimes I hear her voice on the wind; the sound of her shoes on the cobbles. Sometimes I wonder where she is: whether she still thinks of me. No indulgence is harmless, she knew. Power is all that counts in the end. The wind doesn’t care. The wind doesn’t judge. The wind will take whatever it can – whatever it needs – instinctively. I was like that once, you know. Seeds on the wind, taking root, seeding again before moving on. The seeds do not stay with the parent plant. They go wherever the wind goes. Take my Anouk, now twenty-one: gone to wherever children go whenever they follow the piper. We used to be so close, she and I. We used to be inseparable. And yet I know that a child is on loan, one day to be returned to the world, to grow and to learn and to fall in love. I’d once believed she might stay here in Lansquenet-sous-Tannes; that Jeannot Drou might keep her there; that of course and the chocolaterie, and the promise of security. But it was Jean-Loup Rimbault, in Paris, who decided things. Jean-Loup, the boy with the hole in his heart. Did Anouk fill it? All I know is she left a hole in mine; a hole that all the chocolate in Mexico could never fill; a space in the shape of a little girl with eyes as dark as the ocean. And now, my Rosette, sixteen years old, hears the voice of the wind, and I know how hungry she is; how wild, how wilful, how volatile. The wind would take her in one gust, if she were not fastened down like a sail, if I had not taken precautions. And still the wind keeps worrying at the cords that keep us safe. Still we hear its siren call. And it smells of the strawberry thief5other places. It speaks of danger and sunlight, adventure and joy. It dances through the motes of light in shades of chilli and peppercorn. It catches at the back of the throat like unexpected laughter. And in the end it takes them all; everything you laboured for. Everything you told yourself that you could somehow take with you. And it always begins in a moment of playfulness, magic – even of joy. A moment of brightness between the clouds. A taste of sweetness; a ringing of bells. Sometimes, even a fall of snow.

*By Joanne Harris*