**第六届“《英语世界》杯”翻译大赛启事**

“《英语世界》杯”翻译大赛肇始于2010年，由商务印书馆《英语世界》杂志社主办。短短数载，大赛参赛人数屡创新高，现在已经稳居国内各类翻译比赛之冠。为推动翻译学科的进一步发展，促进中外文化交流，我们将秉承“给力英语学习，探寻翻译之星”的理念，于2015年5月继续举办第六届“《英语世界》杯”翻译大赛，诚邀广大翻译爱好者积极参与，比秀佳译。

**大赛赞助单位**

本届大赛由悉尼翻译学院独家赞助。悉尼翻译学院成立于2009年，是在澳大利亚教育部注册的一家专业翻译学院。学院相关课程由澳大利亚翻译认证管理局（NAATI）认证。该院面向海内外招生，以构建“一座跨文化的桥梁”为目标，力图培养具有国际视野和跨文化意识的涉及多语种的口笔译人才。

**大赛合作单位**

中国翻译协会社科翻译委员会、中国英汉语比较研究会英汉翻译研究学科委员会、四川省翻译协会、上海翻译家协会、广东省翻译协会、湖北省翻译理论与教学研究会、陕西省翻译协会、江苏省翻译协会、南开大学和成都通译翻译有限公司。

**一、大赛形式**

本届大赛为英汉翻译，大赛启事及原文发布于商务印书馆网站（http://www.cp.com.cn）、《英语世界》2015年第5期、《英语世界》官方博客（http://blog.sina.com.cn/theworldofenglish）以及《英语世界》官方微信公众平台（微信号：theworldofenglish）上。

**二、参赛要求**

1. 参赛者国籍、年龄、性别、学历不限。

2. 参赛译文须独立完成，不接受合作译稿。

3. 参赛译文及个人信息于截稿日期前发送至电子邮箱：yysjfyds@sina.com 。

（1）邮件主题标明“翻译大赛”；

（2）以附件一（excel格式）发送参赛者个人信息，文件名“XXX个人信息”，以方便获奖时联系。

请按下表格式填写个人信息：

|  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| 姓名 | 性别 | 出生年月日 | 学校或  工作单位 | 通信地址  （邮编） | 电子邮箱 |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |

（3）以附件二（word格式）发送参赛译文，文件名“XXX参赛译文”，内文规格：黑色小四号宋体，1.5倍行距，两端对齐。

4. 仅第一次投稿有效，不接受修改后的再投稿件。

5. 在大赛截稿之日前，妥善保存参赛译文，勿在报刊、网络等任何媒体上或以任何方式公布，违者取消参赛资格并承担由此造成的一切后果。

**三、大赛时间**

起止日期：2015年5月1日—2015年7月20日。

奖项公布时间：2015年10月，在《英语世界》杂志、官方博客、官方微博和官方微信公众平台上公布大赛评审结果。

**四、奖项设置**

所有投稿将由主办单位组织专家进行评审，分设一、二、三等奖及优秀奖。一、二、三等奖获奖者将颁发奖金、奖品和证书，优秀奖获奖者将颁发证书和纪念奖。所有获奖者均获赠2016年全年（1—12期）《英语世界》杂志一套，并有机会成为《英语世界》的译者。

对于积极组织学生参加本届翻译大赛的院校，将颁发“优秀组织奖”证书。获奖院校还有机会成为“翻译实践基地”合作单位。

**五、联系方式**

为办好本届翻译大赛，保证此项赛事的公平、公正，特成立大赛组委会，负责整个大赛的组织、实施和评审工作。组委会办公室设在《英语世界》编辑部，电话/传真010-65539242。

**六、特别说明**

1. 本届翻译大赛不收取任何费用。

2. 本届翻译大赛只接受电子版投稿，不接受纸质投稿。

3. 参赛译文一经发现抄袭或雷同，即取消涉事者参赛资格。

**《英语世界》杂志社**

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**第六届“《英语世界》杯”翻译大赛原文**

A Garden That Welcomes Strangers

By Allen Lacy

I do not know what became of her, and I never learned her name. But I feel that I knew her from the garden she had so lovingly made over many decades.

The house she lived in lies two miles from mine – a simple, two-story structure with the boxy plan, steeply-pitched roof and unadorned lines that are typical of houses built in the middle of the nineteenth century near the New Jersey shore.

Her garden was equally simple. She was not a conventional gardener who did everything by the book, following the common advice to vary her plantings so there would be something in bloom from the first crocus in the spring to the last chrysanthemum in the fall. She had no respect for the rule that says that tall-growing plants belong at the rear of a perennial border, low ones in the front and middle-sized ones in the middle, with occasional exceptions for dramatic accent.

In her garden, everything was accent, everything was tall, and the evidence was plain that she loved three kinds of plant and three only: roses, clematis and lilies, intermingled promiscuously to pleasant effect but no apparent design.

She grew a dozen sorts of clematis, perhaps 50 plants in all, trained and tied so that they clambered up metal rods, each rod crowned intermittently throughout the summer by a rounded profusion of large blossoms of dark purple, rich crimson, pale lavender, light blue and gleaming white.

Her taste in roses was old-fashioned. There wasn’t a single modern hybrid tea rose or floribunda in sight. Instead, she favored the roses of other ages – the York and Lancaster rose, the cabbage rose, the damask and the rugosa rose in several varieties. She propagated her roses herself from cuttings stuck directly in the ground and protected by upended gallon jugs.

Lilies, I believe were her greatest love. Except for some Madonna lilies it is impossible to name them, since the wooden flats stood casually here and there in the flower bed, all thickly planted with dark green lily seedlings. The occasional paper tag fluttering from a seed pod with the date and record of a cross showed that she was an amateur hybridizer with some special fondness for lilies of a warm muskmelon shade or a pale lemon yellow.

She believed in sharing her garden. By her curb there was a sign: “This is my garden, and you are welcome here. Take whatever you wish with your eyes, but nothing with your hand.”

Until five years ago, her garden was always immaculately tended, the lawn kept fertilized and mowed, the flower bed free of weeds, the tall lilies carefully staked. But then something happened. I don’t know what it was, but the lawn was mowed less frequently, then not at all. Tall grass invaded the roses, the clematis, the lilies. The elm tree in her front yard sickened and died, and when a coastal gale struck, the branches that fell were never removed.

With every year, the neglect has grown worse. Wild honeysuckle and bittersweet run rampant in the garden. Sumac, ailanthus, poison ivy and other uninvited things threaten the few lilies and clematis and roses that still struggle for survival.

Last year the house itself went dead. The front door was padlocked and the windows covered with sheets of plywood. For many months there has been a for sale sign out front, replacing the sign inviting strangers to share her garden.

I drive by that house almost daily and have been tempted to load a shovel in my car trunk, stop at her curb and rescue a few lilies from the smothering thicket of weeds. The laws of trespass and the fact that her house sits across the street from a police station have given me the cowardice to resist temptation. But her garden has reminded me of mortality; gardeners and the gardens they make are fragile things, creatures of time, hostages to chance and to decay.

Last week, the for sale sign out front came down and the windows were unboarded. A crew of painters arrived and someone cut down the dead elm tree. This morning there was a moving van in the driveway unloading a swing set, a barbecue grill, a grand piano and a houseful of sensible furniture. A young family is moving into that house.

I hope that among their number is a gardener whose special fondness for old roses and clematis and lilies will see to it that all else is put aside until that flower bed is restored to something of its former self.

(选自 *Patterns: A Short Prose Reader*, by Mary Lou Conlin, published by Houghton Mifflin Company, 1983.)