

***Házi műfordítóverseny Krasznahorkai László
Nobel-díjas író tiszteletére
Nyertes fordítások***

Az eredeti szövegrészlet

Egy október végi nap reggelén, nem sokkal azelőtt, hogy az irgalmatlanul hosszú őszi esők első cseppjei lehullottak a szikes, repedezett földre a telep nyugati oldalán (hogy aztán a bűzlő sártenger egészen az első fagyokig járhatatlanná tegye a dűlőutakat, s megközelíthetlenné váljon a város is), Futaki arra ébredt, hogy harangszót hall. Legközelebb négy kilométerre délnyugatra, a régi Hochmeiss-dűlőben állt egy magányos kápolna, de ott nemhogy harang nem volt, még a torony is ledőlt a háború idején, a város még túl messze volt ahhoz, hogy onnan idáig bármi is elhallatsszon. S egyébként is: ezek a csengő-bongó, diadalmas hangok nem is távoli harangszóra emlékeztették, hanem úgy tűnt, mintha egészen közlőről („Mintha a malom felől...”) sodorta volna őket erre a szél.

8. évfolyam: Kolozsvári Korina, 8.G

On the morning of a day at the end of October, shortly before the first drops of mercilessly long autumn rains fell to the saline, cracked ground on the west side of the yard (just for the stinking mud sea to make the roads impassable till the first frosts, and make the city inaccessible), Futaki woke up to hear a bell ring. The closest was a lonely chapel in the old Hochmeiss vineyard four kilometers southwest, but not only was there no bell, even the tower fell during the war, and the city was too far away to hear anything from there to here. And besides, these bell-buzzing, triumphant sounds didn't even remind him of a distant bell (but it seemed as if they were driven from the mill by the wind).

9. évfolyam: Latky Mór, 9.E

One morning at the end of October, not long before the mercilessly long autumn rains began and the first drops fell onto the saline, cracked earth on the western edge of the settlement (so that later the stinking mud would make the dirt roads impassable all the way until the first frosts, and the town itself unreachable), Futaki woke up to the sound of bells. The nearest chapel stood four km to the southeast in the old Hochmeiss valley, but there had never been a bell there, the tower had been brought down during the war, and the town was still too far away for any sound from there to reach this place. And besides, these were not the proud, triumphant sounds of celebration, but faint, distant echoes of bells; it even seemed as if the wind had carried them from somewhere nearby (“As if from the direction of the mill...”).

10. évfolyam: Bihari Áron, 10.C

One morning in late October, shortly before the first drops of the pitilessly long autumn rains fell on the saline, cracked ground on the western side of the ranch (so that the stinking sea of mud would make the path impassable until the first frosts, the town would also be inaccessible) Futaki woke up to the sound of the ringing bell. Nearest kilometers away to the southwest, in the onetime Hochmeiss ridge stood a lonely chapel, not only were no bells there, the tower had collapsed during the war, and the town was too far away to be heard from there. And otherwise, these chiming, triumphant sounds did not resemble like a faraway distant bells, but seemed to be carried here by the wind from somewhere very close (“As if from the mill...”).

11. évfolyam: Kalmár Viola, 11.G

On a late October morning, not long before the mercilessly long autumn rains began to fall, their first drops touched the saline, cracked ground on the western side of the estate (so that the stinking sea of mud would render the dirt roads unpassable and the town itself inaccessible until the first frosts) Futaki woke to the sound of the bell. To the nearest, four kilometers to the southwest, in the old Hochmeiss field, stood a solitary chapel. But it didn't even have a bell, and the tower had collapsed during the war, and the town was too far away for anything to be heard from there. And also these triumphant jingling-banging sounds didn't even remind him of the distant ringing of a bell at all; instead, it seemed as if the wind had carried them from very close by (“As if from the direction of the mill...”).

12. évfolyam: Lóki Zita, 12.G

One morning at the end of October, not long before the first drops of the prolonged autumn rain hit the saline, cracked ground on the western side of the land (only for the malodorous pool of mud to make the lanes impassable and the city unapproachable up until the first time temperature drops below zero), Futaki was woken up by the ring of a bell. The closest church was a lone chapel about four kilometres to the southwest, in the old Hochmeiss-ridge, however not only did it not have a bell, the tower itself had collapsed during wartime, and the city was far too long from there for any noise to be heard from where he was. Nonetheless, these chiming, triumphant sounds were not so much reminiscent of a distant bell ringing, but as if they were drifted here from quite close (“As though from the mill...”) by the wind.