

1. Pateikiame po 6 kiekvienos kalbos (anglų k., rusų k., vokiečių k. ir prancūzų k.) trumpuosius tekstus ir po 1 ilgą kiekvienos kalbos tekstą. Iš viso 28 tekstai.
2. **Išversti trumpuosius tekstus siūlome iki 2022 m. kovo 15 d.**  
**Registracija vyks iki 2022 m. sausio 30 d.**
3. Moksleivis tekstą gali rinktis su mokytojo (darbo vadovo) pagalba, bet verčia jį **savarankiškai**.
4. Versdami tekstus moksleiviai gali naudotis žodymais. Darbas atliekamas rašant ranka arba kompiuteriu. Rašančių ranka prašytume tai daryti įskaitomai. Primename, jog tekste esantys eilėraščiai taip pat turi būti išversti (pažodinis arba poetinis vertimai).
5. Verčiant pasirinktą tekstą laikas nėra ribojamas.
6. Išverstus tekstus maloniai prašome išsiųsti vienu iš būdų:
  - a) elektroniniu vertimo lapu, kurio adresas yra <https://www.vkif.lt/darbu-siuntimas> (atsivertę šį puslapį, rasite vertimo vietą ir anketą, kurią reikia užpildyti ir išsiųsti; išsiuntę darbą, gausite patvirtinimą, kad vertimas gautas).
  - b) jei neturite galimybės naudotis elektroniniu vertimo lapu, išverstus tekstus galite siųsti ir Lietuvos paštu, adresu: **VKIF „Tavo žvilgsnis“, J. Jasinskio g. 16G, LT-01112 Vilnius**. Drauge su tekstais pateikiame unifikotą vertimo lapo pavyzdį, kuriame yra anketinė dalis. Nepamirškite jos užpildyti. Tai yra vertimo švarraštis.
7. Vertinant darbus dėmesys bus kreipiamas į kūrybinį vertėjo požiūrį perteikiant mintis gimtąja kalba, kūrinio nuotaikos atitikimą, gramatines ir kalbos klaidas.
8. Pageidaujantys versti iš anglų kalbos moksleiviai, kurių anglų kalba yra gimtoji, į anketinės dalies 5,8 ir 9 klausimus atsako – „gimtoji kalba“.
9. Iliustruotojas neprivalo būti vertėjas. Iliustruotojas gali pasirinkti bet kurį tekstą. Su teksto turiniu, reikalui esant, gali padėti susipažinti mokytojai arba darbo vadovai.
10. Iliustravimo darbai gali būti atlikti įvairiomis technikomis, jie gali būti įvairiausių formatų. Darbus prašome išsiųsti iki 2022 m. kovo 15 d.
11. Iliustracijos originalą būtina siųsti Lietuvos paštu, adresu: **VKIF „Tavo žvilgsnis“, J. Jasinskio g. 16G, LT-01112 Vilnius**. Iliustracijas galite siųsti elektronine forma (jeigu darbas buvo kuriamas kompiuteriu), adresu: <https://www.vkif.lt/darbu-siuntimas>
12. Siunčiant originalą Lietuvos paštu būtina nurodyti autoriaus vardą ir pavardę, amžių, švietimo įstaigos pavadinimą pritrivintame baltame 2,5 x 9 cm formato lapelyje, dešinėje piešinio pusėje. Kitoje (atvirkščioje) pusėje priklijuokite užpildytą anketinę dalį (kaip ir vertėjų), nepamiršdami nurodyti teksto, kurį iliustruojate.
13. **Vertinsime darbus tų mokyklų arba atskirų dalyvių, kurie pateikė elektronines paraiškas su reikiamais duomenimis.**
14. Geriausių darbų autoriams bus įteikti diplomai, kitiems dalyviams – padėkos, o mokytojams – projekto vykdytojo pažymėjimai.
15. Tie projekto dalyviai, kurie norėtų pelnyti ilgojo teksto vertėjo diplomą, **turi išversti siūlomą arba savarankiškai pasirinktą didesnės apimties tekstą arba visus šešis ta pačia kalba pateiktus trumpuosius tekstus**. Darbų atlikimo laikas – 2022 m. kovo 15 d. **Pasirinkus versti savarankiškai, būtina atsiųsti ne tik vertimą, bet ir jo originalą.**
16. Geriausių darbų autorių sąrašą pateiksime mokykloms 2022 m. gegužės pabaigoje. Kad sąrašas būtų paskelbtas laiku, prašytume nevēluoti ir laiku pateikti atliktus darbus.
17. Susidarius saugiai aplinkai 2022 m. rudenį, geriausių darbų autorius vėl pakviesime keliauti. Jeigu saugios aplinkos dar nesulaukume, tai pasinaudotume įsteigtu prizų fondu, kuriame gausu stalo ir kompiuterinių žaidimų, knygų, turizmo ir sporto inventoriaus, dovanų su projekto „Tavo Žvilgsnis“ veiklos atributika.
18. Norėdami pasiteirauti, rašykite adresu [zvilgsnis@vkif.lt](mailto:zvilgsnis@vkif.lt), būtinai nurodydami savo tel. numerį tam, kad susiklosčius neatidėliotinai situacijai, projekto konsultantai galėtų su Jumis susisiekti.
19. Jūsų atliekami VKIF projektų darbai gali tapti Brandos darbo dalimi.
20. Maloniai primename, jog pateikti tekstai svetainėje bus matomi visiems. Kad šių tekstų vertimai ir jų iliustracijos būtų vertinami, reikia atlikti dalyvių registraciją. Paraiška dalyvauti projekte pildoma mūsų svetainėje prisijungus prie savo asmeninės paskyros per skiltį *Mano VKIF* (būtina registracija).

"May I go outside and play?" Shau-yu asks.

"I need you to go to the store first," her father replies. "We're out of eggs."

Shau-yu puts the money in the right pocket of her skirt. (There are no holes in that pocket.)

Outside, she follows the cat's shadow. He's walking on the roof. She peeks around the wall. "Woof, woof," she barks, just as Harry usually does.

She picks up a lost marble. It's blue, the colour of cats' eyes. Looking through the blue eye... The windows are blue; the walls are blue. The houses are blue; the sky is blue. The world becomes a blue ocean world. "I am a little fish, swimming in the big, blue sea. (Shau-yu means "little fish.")

Stepping on the falling leaves, "Chi-cha, chi-cha," Shau-yu's steps sound like people eating crunchy cookies.

Under the tree sits a pair of glasses that wants someone to wear them. Shau-yu looks like Mother now. Everything is blurry. It's a blurry world. But Shau-yu knows the way. There's the shop, over there, near that pole.

"Hello shopkeeper. I would like to buy some eggs please, eggs for making fried rice. I am cooking fried rice and eggs for my family tonight."

"Here are your eggs, madam. And maybe your little girl, Shau-yu, would like some chewing gum?"

"Hmmm. I think she would."

"Does the chicken lay the egg first? Or does the egg hatch into a chicken?" Shau-yu wonders.

Shau-yu notices two beautiful flowers on the corner of the wall. The water on their petals sparkles like diamonds. "I should bring these flowers home," she thinks.

The gum has lost its flavour. It's still good for blowing bubbles, though.

Pop!

It wakes Harry like magic. Ding, dong.

"Hello! I've had such a busy day."

Two little boys were at play one day when a Fairy suddenly appeared before them and said: "I have been sent to give you New Year presents."

She handed to each child a package, and in an instant was gone.

Carl and Philip opened the packages and found in them two beautiful books, with pages as pure and white as the snow when it first falls.

Many months passed and the Fairy came again to the boys. "I have brought you each another book?" said she, "and will take the first ones back to Father Time who sent them to you."

"May I not keep mine a little longer?" asked Philip. "I have hardly thought about it lately. I'd like to paint something on the last leaf that lies open."

"No," said the Fairy; "I must take it just as it is."

"I wish that I could look through mine just once," said Carl; "I have only seen one page at a time, for when the leaf turns over it sticks fast, and I can never open the book at more than one place each day."

"You shall look at your book," said the Fairy, "and Philip, at his." And she lit for them two little silver lamps, by the light of which they saw the pages as she turned them.

The boys looked in wonder. Could it be that these were the same fair books she had given them a year ago? Where were the clean, white pages, as pure and beautiful as the snow when it first falls? Here was a page with ugly, black spots and scratches upon it; while the very next page showed a lovely little picture. Some pages were decorated with gold and silver and gorgeous colours, others with beautiful flowers, and still others with a rainbow of softest, most delicate brightness. Yet even on the most beautiful of the pages there were ugly blots and scratches.

Carl and Philip looked up at the Fairy at last.

"Who did this?" they asked. "Every page was white and fair as we opened to it; yet now there is not a single blank place in the whole book!"

"Shall I explain some of the pictures to you?" said the Fairy, smiling at the two little boys.

"See, Philip, the spray of roses blossomed on this page when you let the baby have your playthings; and this pretty bird, that looks as if it were singing with all its might, would never have been on this page if you had not tried to be kind and pleasant the other day, instead of quarrelling."

"But what makes this blot?" asked Philip.

"That," said the Fairy sadly; "that came when you told an untruth one day, and this when you did not mind mamma. All these blots and scratches that look so ugly, both in your book and in Carl's, were made when you were naughty. Each pretty thing in your books came on its page when you were good."

"Oh, if we could only have the books again!" said Carl and Philip.

"That cannot be," said the Fairy. "See! they are dated for this year, and they must now go back into Father Time's bookcase, but I have brought you each a new one. Perhaps you can make these more beautiful than the others."

So saying, she vanished, and the boys were left alone, but each held in his hand a new book open at the first page.

And on the back of this book was written in letters of gold, "For the New Year."

Although Greece (or Hellas) is only half as large as the State of New York, it holds a very important place in the history of the world. It is situated in the southern part of Europe, cut off from the rest of the continent by a chain of high mountains which form a great wall on the north. It is surrounded on nearly all sides by the blue waters of the Mediterranean Sea, which stretch so far inland that it is said no part of the country is forty miles from the sea, or ten miles from the hills. Thus shut in by sea and mountains, it forms a little territory by itself, and it was the home of a noted people.

The history of Greece goes back to the time when people did not know how to write, and kept no record of what was happening around them. For a long while the stories told by parents to their children were the only information which could be had about the country and its former inhabitants; and these stories, slightly changed by every new teller, grew more and more extraordinary as time passed. At last they were so changed that no one could tell where the truth ended and fancy began.

The beginning of Greek history is therefore like a fairy tale; and while much of it cannot, of course, be true, it is the only information we have about the early Greeks. It is these strange fireside stories, which used to amuse Greek children so many years ago, that you are first going to hear.

About two thousand years before the birth of Christ, in the days when Isaac wanted to go down into Egypt, Greece was inhabited by a savage race of men called the Pelasgians. They lived in the forests, or in caves hollowed out of the mountain side, and hunted wild beasts with great clubs and stone-tipped arrows and spears. They were so rude and wild that they ate nothing but raw meat, berries, and the roots which they dug up with sharp stones or even with their hands.

For clothing, the Pelasgians used the skins of the beasts they had killed; and to protect themselves against other savages, they gathered together in families or tribes, each having a chief who led in war and in the chase.

There were other far more civilized nations in those days. Among these were the Egyptians, who lived in Africa. They had long known the use of fire, had good tools, and were much further advanced than the Pelasgians. They had learned not only to build houses, but to erect the most wonderful monuments in the world, the Pyramids, of which you have no doubt heard.

In Egypt there were at that time a number of learned men. They were acquainted with many of the arts and sciences, and recorded all they knew in a peculiar writing of their own invention. Their neighbours, the Phoenicians, whose land also bordered on the Mediterranean Sea, were quite civilized too; and as both of these nations had ships, they soon began to sail all around that great inland sea.

As they had no compass, the Egyptian and Phoenician sailors did not venture out of sight of land. They first sailed along the shore, and then to the islands which they could see far out on the blue waters.

When they had come to one island, they could see another still farther on; for, as you will see on any map, the Mediterranean Sea, between Greece and Asia, is dotted with islands, which look like stepping-stones going from one coast to the other.

Advancing thus carefully, the Egyptians and Phoenicians finally came to Greece, where they made settlements, and began to teach the Pelasgians many useful and important things.

## THE TWO FROGS

*by Andrew Lang*

Once upon a time in the country of Japan there lived two frogs, one of whom made his home in a ditch near the town of Osaka, on the sea coast, while the other dwelt in a clear little stream which ran through the city of Kyoto. At such a great distance apart, they had never even heard of each other; but, funnily enough, the idea came into both their heads at once that they should like to see a little of the world, and the frog who lived at Kyoto wanted to visit Osaka, and the frog who lived at Osaka wished to go to Kyoto, where the great Mikado had his palace.

So one fine morning in the spring they both set out along the road that led from Kyoto to Osaka, one from one end and the other from the other. The journey was more tiring than they expected, for they did not know much about travelling, and half way between the two towns there arose a mountain which had to be climbed. It took them a long time and a great many hops to reach the top, but there they were at last, and what was the surprise of each to see another frog before him! They looked at each other for a moment without speaking, and then fell into conversation, explaining the cause of their meeting so far from their homes. It was delightful to find that they both felt the same wish to learn a little more of their native country and as there was no sort of hurry they stretched themselves out in a cool, damp place, and agreed that they would have a good rest before they parted to go their ways.

“What a pity we are not bigger,” said the Osaka frog; “for then we could see both towns from here, and tell if it is worth our while going on.”

“Oh, that is easily managed,” returned the Kyoto frog. “We have only got to stand up on our hind legs, and hold on to each other, and then we can each look at the town he is travelling to.”

This idea pleased the Osaka frog so much that he at once jumped up and put his front paws on the shoulders of his friend, who had risen also. There they both stood, stretching themselves as high as they could, and holding each other tightly, so that they might not fall down. The Kyoto frog turned his nose towards Osaka, and the Osaka frog turned his nose towards Kyoto; but the foolish things forgot that when they stood up their great eyes lay in the backs of their heads, and that though their noses might point to the places to which they wanted to go their eyes beheld the places from which they had come.

“Dear me!” cried the Osaka frog, “Kyoto is exactly like Osaka. It is certainly not worth such a long journey. I shall go home!”

“If I had had any idea that Osaka was only a copy of Kyoto I should never have travelled all this way,” exclaimed the frog from Kyoto, and as he spoke he took his hands from his friend’s shoulders, and they both fell down on the grass. Then they took a polite farewell of each other, and set off for home again, and to the end of their lives they believed that Osaka and Kyoto, which are as different to look at as two towns can be, were as like as two peas.

## WHY THE EVERGREEN TREES NEVER LOSE THEIR LEAVES

by Florence Holbrook

Winter was coming, and the birds had flown far to the south, where the air was warm and they could find berries to eat. One little bird had broken its wing and could not fly with the others. It was alone in the cold world of frost and snow. The forest looked warm, and it made its way to the trees as well as it could, to ask for help.

First it came to a birch tree. "Beautiful birch tree," it said, "my wing is broken, and my friends have flown away. May I live among your branches till they come back to me?"

"No, indeed," answered the birch tree, drawing her fair green leaves away. "We of the great forest have our own birds to help. I can do nothing for you."

"The birch is not very strong," said the little bird to itself, "and it might be that she could not hold me easily. I will ask the oak." So the bird said: "Great oak tree, you are so strong, will you not let me live on your boughs till my friends come back in the springtime?"

"In the springtime!" cried the oak. "That is a long way off. How do I know what you might do in all that time? Birds are always looking for something to eat, and you might even eat up some of my acorns."

"It may be that the willow will be kind to me," thought the bird, and it said: "Gentle willow, my wing is broken, and I could not fly to the south with the other birds. May I live on your branches till the springtime?"

The willow did not look gentle then, for she drew herself up proudly and said: "Indeed, I do not know you, and we willows never talk to people whom we do not know. Very likely there are trees somewhere that will take in strange birds. Leave me at once."

The poor little bird did not know what to do. Its wing was not yet strong, but it began to fly away as well as it could. Before it had gone far a voice was heard. "Little bird," it said, "where are you going?"

"Indeed, I do not know," answered the bird sadly. "I am very cold."

"Come right here, then," said the friendly spruce tree, for it was her voice that had called.

"You shall live on my warmest branch all winter if you choose."

"Will you really let me?" asked the little bird eagerly.

"Indeed, I will," answered the kind-hearted spruce tree. "If your friends have flown away, it is time for the trees to help you. Here is the branch where my leaves are thickest and softest."

"My branches are not very thick," said the friendly pine tree, "but I am big and strong, and I can keep the North Wind from you and the spruce."

"I can help, too," said a little juniper tree. "I can give you berries all winter long, and every bird knows that juniper berries are good."

So the spruce gave the lonely little bird a home; the pine kept the cold North Wind away from it; and the juniper gave it berries to eat. The other trees looked on and talked together wisely.

"I would not have strange birds on my boughs," said the birch.

"I shall not give my acorns away for any one," said the oak.

"I never have anything to do with strangers," said the willow, and the three trees drew their leaves closely about them.

In the morning all those shining, green leaves lay on the ground, for a cold North Wind had come in the night, and every leaf that it touched fell from the tree.

"May I touch every leaf in the forest?" asked the wind in its frolic.

"No," said the Frost King. "The trees that have been kind to the little bird with the broken wing may keep their leaves."

This is why the leaves of the spruce, the pine, and the juniper are always green.

One night in 1741 a bent old man shuffled listlessly down a dark London street. George Frederick Handel was starting out on one of the aimless, despondent wanderings which had become a nightly ritual. His mind was a battleground between hope, based on his past glories, and despair for the future. For 40 years Handel had written stately music for the aristocracy of England and the Continent. Kings and queens had showered him with honors. Then court society turned against him; jealous rivals put rowdies to breaking up the performances of his operas. Handel was reduced to penury.

Four years before, a cerebral haemorrhage had paralyzed his right side. He couldn't walk, move his right hand or write a note. Doctors held out little hope of his recovery.

Handel went to Aix-la-Chapelle to take the healing baths. The doctors warned that staying in the scalding waters longer than three hours at a time might kill him. He stayed in nine hours at a time. Slowly strength crept back into his inert muscles. He could walk, move his hand. In an orgy of creativeness, he wrote several operas in quick succession. Honors were again heaped upon him.

When Queen Caroline, a staunch patroness, died, Handel's income was again reduced. A frigid winter gripped England, and there was no way of heating the theatres, so engagements were cancelled. As Handel sank deeper and deeper into debt, he lost his creative spark. Nearing 60, he felt old and hopelessly tired.

Now, as he walked alone on the London street, the facade of a church loomed dimly in the dark and he paused before it, bitter thoughts welling up in him. "Why did God permit my resurrection only to allow my fellow men to bury me again? Why did He vouchsafe a renewal of my life if I may no longer be permitted to create?" And then that cry from the depths: "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?"

Sadly he returned to his shabby lodgings. Entering, he saw a bulky package on his desk. He broke the seal and clawed off the wrap-pings. So, a libretto: "A Sacred Oratorio." Handel grunted. From that second-rate, pampered poet, Charles Jennens. There was also a letter. Jennens expressed the wish that Handel start work immediately on the oratorio, adding: "The Lord gave the Word."

Handel grunted again. Did Jennens have the effrontery to think he was inspired by God? Handel was not a pious man. He was always helping unfortunates, even when he could ill afford it, but he had a violent temper, was domineering and made enemies right and left. Listlessly Handel leafed through the oratorio and a passage caught his eye: "He was despised and rejected of men..."

Handel could feel the old fire rekindling. In his mind wondrous melodies tumbled over one another. Grabbing a pen, he started writing. With incredible swiftness the notes filled page after page. Next morning his manservant found Handel bent over his desk. Putting the breakfast tray within easy reach, he slipped quietly out. At noon, when he returned, the tray had not been touched.

An anxious time for the faithful old servant followed. The master would not eat. He'd take a piece of bread, crush it and let it fall to the floor-writing, writing all the while, jumping up and running to the harpsichord. At times he would stride up and down, flailing the air with his arms, singing at the top of his lungs: "Hallelujah! Hallelujah!" the tears running down his cheeks.

"I've never seen him act like this before," confided the servant to a friend. "He just stares at me and doesn't see me. He said the gates of heaven opened wide for him and God himself was there. I'm afraid he's going mad." For 24 days Handel labored like a fiend, with little rest or food. Then he fell on his bed exhausted. On his desk lay the score of the *Messiah* – the greatest oratorio ever written.

Handel slept as though in a coma for 17 hours. His servant, thinking he was dying, sent for the doctor. But before the doctor arrived, Handel was up and bellowing for food. Wolfishly he ate half a ham washed down with endless tankards of beer, then lit his pipe. He laughed heartily and joked with the doctor. "If you've come for a friendly visit, I like it," he said. "But I won't have any of your poking over my carcass. There's nothing the matter with me."

## CHAPTER 7

*But Nemo had other ideas. It turned out this was a hunt, and man – a certain man, Nemo – would emerge victorious. After we had swum through plants of every colour, and had descended a gorge where the flora began to glow with the deep-sea phosphorescence known to creatures like the lanternfish, suddenly Nemo held his hand up, telling us to stop. He pointed ahead of him. At first I couldn't see anything. But as my eyes grew accustomed to the darkness, a shape emerged.*

It was huge, ghostly white, with a long horn at the top of its head. No one needed to tell me what it was. I knew instantly I was looking at a narwhal. It was twice the size of any narwhal I'd ever seen or heard about. This one must have been forty feet long, not counting the horn, which added another fifteen.

Uncle Pierre turned to me, his eyes wide. I could tell this was the greatest thing he'd ever seen. If he could take a picture, or shoot some video of this beast, he would be the toast of the scientific world. He would change the world of marine biology, of oceanography.

But this wasn't to be. At that moment we saw the animal flinch, his eyes go wild. And then I saw that there was a giant harpoon sticking from its side. It was attached to Nemo's gun. Nemo looked at us, his expression gleeful. When he registered our looks of horror, he seemed surprised.

Within seconds the three crew members had shot the narwhal two more times and had subdued it inside a tight net. They were making their way back to the ship with the catch when Nemo shot again, this time striking a fantastic vampire squid of undulating colour. Like the narwhal, it jerked, oscillated and soon stopped moving. The crew came again and took the catch away. And this is how it went for the next two hours. Nemo shot a swordfish, a hammerhead shark, a giant seahorse and, in the most shocking kill of all, one of the dolphins he'd playfully raced with when we first began the adventure. I was sickened.

When we got back to the *Nautilus* Uncle Pierre was outraged, and let Nemo know it. The moment we changed out of our sealskin outfits – which I then realized were probably made from actual sealskin – Uncle Pierre confronted Nemo.

“What was that out there? How can you kill such beautiful creatures?”

“Excuse me?”

“Are you some kind of hunter? Is this sport to you?”

“Sport? You call it sport! No, this is necessity. How do we eat if we don't harvest the ocean's bounty? You've been eating my food for days now. Where do you think it comes from?”

Uncle Pierre was apoplectic. “Certainly there's plenty to eat in the ocean without killing giant narwhals, hammerhead sharks and other rare species?”

“You call yourself a scientist? You're a fool. I hunted and killed a handful of fish, just enough for us to eat. Please tell me you know the difference between sustainably harvesting a few organisms to feed my crew, and the wholesale ruination of the oceans perpetuated by the world's fisheries? I am culling the oceans with great care and judiciousness. It's those corporate fishing enterprises that are killing the seas.”

“Now I know it was you,” Uncle Pierre said, his eyes narrowing.

“Of course it was me!” Nemo roared. “No other man on Earth has the brilliance to do what I did. No one has the courage.”

And then I figured it out. It was Nemo who had sunk all those ships. He'd done it because they were all fishing vessels, all practising unsustainable methods. Until then I hadn't realized the connection between the ships he'd sunk. They were all involved in large-scale fishing operations – bottom trawlers, factory fishing ships.

“You killed all those people,” Uncle Pierre said. “All those innocent men and women.”

“Innocent!” Nemo practically spat the word. “Innocent? How can you call these murderers, these plunderers, innocent? They've erased ninety per cent of the world's coral. They've endangered hundreds of species! Entire ecosystems have been changed. The vast majority of the fisheries of the world are depleted. The oceans are filthy, barren, exploited, ruined! And it's all their fault.”

“But you kill, too.”

“When necessary.”

“You kill people to show people that killing is Wrong?”

“It's all you people understand.”

“But you're human, too.”

“Maybe. Maybe not.”

“Yes, maybe not. Humans have compassion, and you have none.”

For a second, Pierre and Nemo stared at each other, and in Nemo's silence, his inability to answer, Pierre gained new insight into Nemo's soul.

“What happened to you, anyway? What really happened to you?”

“You'd never understand,” he said.

Then a look came over Nemo's raging face, something like recognition, something like regret. Uncle Pierre seemed to have hit on something – that no matter how sure and righteous Nemo appeared to be, he was unsure of himself. Perhaps he was unsure that he did, in fact, know what he was doing. But just as soon as that flicker of doubt appeared on his face, he regained his control and self-righteous anger.

“I am the law, and I am the judge! I am the oppressed, and they are the oppressor! Put them with that other animal,” he said to his cronies, and stormed away.

Uncle Pierre and I were taken down the hall, and instead of being returned to our comfortable stateroom we were thrown into a different, much smaller compartment. And there we found Ned Land. He looked weak, famished. He'd been beaten in the face and his clothes were torn.

“And how was *your* day?” he asked.

## CHAPTER 8

*We slept fitfully that night. We talked about how and when we would try to escape. We knew that we needed to. Nemo was brilliant, sure, but he was also a madman, and we no longer trusted him to act with any predictability or honour – even towards Uncle Pierre. Ned wanted, as usual, to attack the crew as soon as possible, to break out with all available haste and force, but Uncle Pierre convinced him that we needed to wait for the right opportunity.*

“We must act now.” Ned said.

“We must act wisely,” Pierre countered.

Long after my uncle and Ned Land fell asleep, I stayed awake, thinking about Nemo and his way of looking at the world. He was surely not the first person to justify violence towards innocent people in the name of a purportedly greater cause. Wars were fought throughout history in the name of this or that idea, and those espousing these ideas were reliably certain of their moral superiority. But with most or all of these warmongers there was always contradiction and hypocrisy. Nemo wanted to ruin the commercial fishing business, but he himself was a hunter and killer of fish. He complained about the needless deaths of dolphins and sharks, but he murdered and ate them himself. And he admitted that people had a right to kill and eat the bounty of the sea – just not in reckless quantities. If humans went too far he'd be there to rein them in by slaughtering them the same way, indiscriminately, he said they were slaughtering fish. I thought and thought about it all night, and honestly I didn't get much clarity. Could any idea be pure enough to justify violence against the innocent?

And just when I thought I had exhausted my brain and would soon fall asleep, I heard a loud explosion just outside the *Nautilus*. I looked through the porthole and realized that we had surfaced, and were under attack. Uncle Pierre and Ned had woken up with the explosion, and we each looked out from our own portholes.

I got a look at the attacker. It seemed to be a large factory-farming ship, where fish are caught in incredible quantities and then cleaned and packaged at sea. These ships could catch and process hundreds of tons of fish on any given trip, and often used mile-long nets that scraped the ocean floor, sweeping it clean of coral and all else. As I was watching the ship, I saw a small plume of smoke shoot from its bow. I thought nothing of it until, seconds later, another explosion rocked the *Nautilus*. They were shooting heavy artillery at us. Apparently this vessel was not only a factory-farming ship, but had also been retrofitted with cannons.

Just then, the cabin door swung open. It was Nemo. His eyes were wild.

“See? They're attacking us!” he roared. “Come with me!”

He left the door open and allowed us to follow him to the bridge. Uncle Pierre and I were left on our own, while Ned was escorted by two crew members.

When we arrived in the control room, a dozen crew members were manning their battle stations. It was the most advanced assemblage of computers, screens and lights I'd ever seen. It was beyond anything I'd seen in a science fiction movie.

Another explosion shook the *Nautilus*, and the lights went temporarily dim. I looked at Nemo, who was momentarily surprised, but then settled his jaw into something like amusement.

“Dive to thirty metres,” he commanded.

"What do you plan to do?" Uncle Pierre asked him.

"I plan to sink that ship," Nemo said.

"But you could easily outrun it."

"So what?"

"So you're almost surely going to kill men if you sink it. Why not just fee?"

Nemo looked at Uncle Pierre as if he'd lost his mind.

"They attacked me first, Professor!"

"But you forced them to attack! You started all this!"

"You expect me to run from a battle? We are in a battle for the very survival of the seas, and I can't run from any fight."

Just then a crew member came to us. "We have a lock on the ship, sir."

"Attack at will," Nemo said.

"You can't do this!" Uncle Pierre yelled.

Nemo walked away. "I can and I will. Full steam ahead."

The *Nautilus* picked up momentum, a terrible momentum, and was heading directly for the ship.

We were going so fast that the other vessel had no time to recalibrate their cannons. In seconds we were closing in on it.

"What the hell are you doing?" Ned yelled.

But to me it was obvious: Nemo would ram this ship, just as he did the *Abe Lincoln*, just as he had the dozen other ships he'd sunk. It seemed completely insane. Surely a man like Nemo, a scientific mastermind, could design torpedoes to sink any ship in the world. But instead he chose to attack them with something like a man-made narwhal horn, a giant knight's lance – as if this were a medieval joust! We closed in on the ship in seconds, and though I prayed we would slow down, we only sped up. It was the worst few seconds of my life, knowing we would collide with their hull any moment.

"You fool!" Ned yelled, and tried again to lunge at Nemo. A crew member raised a baton and rapped Ned's head. He dropped to the floor like a puppet.

The *Nautilus* was still picking up speed.

"Hold on!" Nemo hissed. The crew were all belted to their chairs. They'd been through this before. But we hadn't, and we weren't tethered to anything.

The impact was catastrophic. Ned and I flew across the room and against the wall. The ship shook for what seemed like minutes. The lights flickered, the machinery groaned and squealed.

When it stopped, my skull was ringing and I'd dislodged at least three teeth. I spat them out and tasted blood. I looked up to see Uncle Pierre similarly injured. Ned was unconscious.

But Nemo was standing, his eyes happily watching the results of the attack. The *Nautilus* quickly reversed itself, the damage done, and positioned itself to watch the other ship sink.

Our victim was split in two, a toy broken in half. Fiery explosions burst from all parts of the ship. Men ran everywhere, trying to get to life rafts, trying to help those injured by the blasts. But for many it was already too late. The surface of the ocean was littered with corpses.

"Get closer and dive," Nemo ordered.

Soon we were within 200 yards of the wreck. It became obvious that Nemo wanted to see it fall to the bottom of the sea. Soon he got his wish. We saw the front half of the ship list and crash into the sea, and then slowly take on water. It fell in front of our window like a stone, its portholes filled with faces screaming. Then, seconds later, the back half of the ship sank – this time faster, as if it were being pulled to the ocean floor by some unseen force. Everywhere around the wreckage were men, parts of men, tools of men, all fading into the darkness of the ocean's floor. And then we saw something that probably made Nemo feel justified in everything he'd done – from the falling wreckage a net, recently lifted by the fishermen, opened up and thousands of fish were freed. Most were already dead but a few were alive and they swam off, darting in every direction, silvery and catching the light from above, the effect like underwater fireworks.

When we surfaced again we saw a vast array of wreckage floating on the surface – anything that had been detached from the ship and could float. There were crates, tyres, mattresses, even a plastic bathtub. And we saw six large lifeboats, all filled with men. By my estimate twenty men had died in the attack, and sixty had survived.

"If you attack those lifeboats," Uncle Pierre said, "I swear I will fight you to the death. You've lost all sense of the meaning of life, sir. You're no longer a man. You're a savage. You're a senseless beast. You have no honour. No dignity. You say you're a man of science but you're nothing of the kind. You're a philistine. You're a caveman, ruled by anger and id."

Nemo turned on him, his eyes fixed and vibrating, and then walked away. Over his shoulder he gave one last command, "Chart a course due north," and disappeared into his cabin.

The lifeboats were left alone and those men, I hope, survived. But too many had died that day, and it became clearer than ever that Nemo had to be stopped, and immediately.

## CHAPTER 9

*We were locked into our cabin again, and there we stayed for the next many days. The ship was underwater most of the time, and it was impossible to keep track of hours and the passing of nights. Soon we had no idea how long we'd been there.*

Meanwhile, the activity in the ship seemed to have slowed down. On the first day we were brought our meals three times, as usual. But the second day we were given only one meal. On the third day, nothing. The usual bustle outside the cabin and overhead gave way to a strange silence.

"We have to get out, and get out soon," Ned Land declared. And for the first time since we had all left Brooklyn together on the *Abraham Lincoln*, my uncle agreed.

We made a plan to break out of the cabin and make our way to the auxiliary ship. It would be that night, when we assumed the majority of the crew would be asleep.

Ned pulled the cords that circled the room, and the room went dark. Using a knife, Ned did reckless surgery on the door lock until it sprang open. We were free. But not quite. We had many obstacles before we could get to the boat, and liberating the boat from the *Nautilus* would be a feat in itself.

We tiptoed down the corridor, and soon were assaulted by a strange moaning. It was like a great beast in the throes of death. As we got closer, I could tell the sound was coming from the library, and it came from no animal, but a man. It was Captain Nemo himself, playing the organ and wailing a horrible and unrecognizable tune. It was such a frightening sound that an exclamation of worry escaped me. Uncle Pierre turned to me, urging me to stay quiet. Then he nudged me forwards; given I was the smallest, I peered in first.

Nemo was there, playing the organ with sorrowful abandon. His movements were wild, as if he were drunk or simply beyond hope. Next to him was a picture within a humble frame, of a woman and child. The woman was elegant, smiling with warmth and confidence. The boy on her lap was about seven, black-haired and bright-eyed. He looked like Nemo himself, and just as I began to put it all together – there was something beyond the survival of the oceans that drove Nemo to this state – the *Nautilus* shook violently, throwing all three of us past the library's doorway.

We continued down the corridor, and I noticed my uncle pause for a second beyond the library's doorway. I knew he was thinking of all the books and artwork and tools Nemo had accumulated, the collection priceless and irreplaceable. What would happen to all of it? The ship was being commanded by a madman, so it seemed likely that it would end up on the bottom of the sea. But it had happened countless times in history – one man's fury could consume centuries of human progress and beauty. Nemo had lost his family, how we would never know, but this was clearly most or all of his motivation, the source of his rage, his inability to care about the suffering of others. And now he had gone from angry to inconsolable. There seemed to be nothing we could do but escape.

To get up to the top of the ship we had to scale a three-storey circular staircase, and it was positioned dangerously close to the command centre of the ship. We knew that we had no option but to get up as fast as possible. The plan was for me to go first, with Uncle Pierre after me and Ned after him. They didn't need to say it, but it seemed clear that the plan was that if Ned needed to turn and fight off members of the crew, he was ready to sacrifice his life to save ours. And that's when I understood that a man's demeanour means nothing compared with his deeds. Ned was ornery, moody and generally disagreeable. But he was the bravest and most honourable man I've ever known.

We started up the stairs, and with my first step I heard the creak of metal. It was almost deafening. It seemed impossible that my own step could make so much noise. I figured right then that we would be caught. There were at least fifty more steps to get to the top – the whole crew would hear us before we'd got anywhere. But as we all stood stock-still, the sound of straining metal came again. And again.

We all looked at each other, dumbfounded. But then I saw on Uncle Pierre's face a sign that he knew what was happening.

"Maelstrom!" he whispered.

As if on cue, as if all the sailors on the ship were thinking the same thing, "MAELSTROM!" they yelled. Crew members all over the *Nautilus* yelled it again and again: "MAELSTROM!" "MAELSTROM!" "MAELSTROM!"

“Move!” Ned said to me, and I flew up the steps.

We were at the top of the stairs in seconds, and we darted to the lifeboat. It was small, just big enough for the three of us – Nemo hadn't expected ever to abandon this ship. The lifeboat was held in a small, enclosed area, like a torpedo chute. When we made it there, we could be sure that we weren't being heard.

“We must be off the coast of Norway now.” Uncle Pierre said. “There's a vortex there, like a swirling black hole of water, and we must be close to it.”

“That's a maelstrom?” I asked.

“That's a maelstrom,” Pierre said.

“Dammit!” Ned muttered as he loosened the bolts of the boat. “No way out of one of those but through it.”

Uncle Pierre looked at me for a long moment. It was as if he knew that our chances of survival were slim, as if he wanted to say “sorry” and “good luck” and “I love you” all at once. But he said nothing.

“Let's go!” Ned said. The boat was free. We shot out of the *Nautilus* and into the open ocean. Even though it lasted only a few seconds, I'll never forget what I saw. It was exactly as Uncle Pierre described – a giant, swirling vortex.

The water was obsidian and night blue, foaming and spinning like an inverted marine tornado. I saw all that it was taking in - pieces of other ships, docks, sand, fish, even a grey whale who was lifting his head from the water as if looking to anyone or anything for salvation. It was the worst thing I'd ever seen, all of those ships and sea creatures heading to the bottom of the sea.

Just then, something hit me on the back of the head and I lost consciousness.

## VERTIMŲ IR ILIUSTRACIJŲ PROJEKTAS TAVO ŽVILGSNIS 2022

<b>1. Švietimo įstaigos pavadinimas</b>	
<b>2. Moksleivio (-ės) vardas, pavardė</b> (spausdintinėmis raidėmis)	
<b>3. Mokytojo (darbo vadovo) vardas, pavardė</b>	
<b>4. Verčiamo/ilustruojamo teksto pavadinimas</b> (lietuvių kalba)	
<b>5. Užsienio kalba, iš kurios verčiama/ilustruojama</b>	
<b>6. Moksleivio klasė/kursas</b>	
<b>7. Moksleivio amžius</b>	
<b>8. Tai Jūsų pirmoji ar antroji užsienio kalba?</b> (pildo tik vertėjai)	
<b>9. Užsienio kalbos mokymosi metai</b> (pildo tik vertėjai)	