**مترجم عزیز :**

**جهت سنجش مهارت ترجمه شما متن های ذیل آماده شده است لطفاً پس از ترجمه آن را به ایمیل** **Language@modaresanesharif.ac.ir** **جهت بررسی نهایی ارسال نمایید.**

**نام : نام خانوادگی: رشته تحصیلی: مقطع تحصیلی : دانشگاه: معدل: شماره تماس:**

1. "But don't you feel you should pay them more?" I asked.

"I don't have to. And besides, more money will not solve the problem. Just look at your dad. He makes a lot of money, and he still can't pay his bills.

Most people, given more money, only get into more debt."

"So that's why the 10 cents an hour," I said, smiling. "It's a part of the lesson."

"That's right," smiled rich dad. "You see, your dad went to school and got an excellent education, so he could get a high-paying job. Which he did. But he still has money problems because he never learned anything about money at school. On top of that, he believes in working for money."

1. The green light came on at last, the cars moved off briskly, but then it became clear that not all of them

were equally quick off the mark. The car at the head of the middle lane has stopped, there must be some

mechanical fault, a loose accelerator pedal, a gear lever that has stuck, problem with the suspension,

jammed brakes, breakdown in the electric circuit, unless he has simply run out of gas, it would not be the

first time such a thing has happened. The next group of pedestrians to gather at the crossing see the driver

of the stationary car wave his arms behind the windshield, while the cars behind him frantically sound their

horns. Some drivers have already got out of their cars, prepared to push the stranded vehicle to a spot

where it will not hold up the traffic, they beat furiously on the closed windows, the man inside turns his

head in their direction, first to one side then the other, he is clearly shouting something, to judge by the

movements of his mouth he appears to be repeating some words, not one word but three, as turns out to be the case when someone finally manages to open the door, I am blind.

3. A row of poker machines ding unmusically; two patrons have migrated over. The others at the bar are staring at Aldo with cocked heads. The old reflex in me stirs, readying to react at a moment’s notice, and I note Aldo’s fear of being recognized, then his relief that he isn’t. I write: He can’t tie up all his loose ends because he has an odd number of them. He lightly taps his temple with his forefinger. I write: On second thoughts, he looks like a taxidermy fail. He spitballs about “millisecond hands on watches,” and an app in which you “type in someone’s cutting putdown and a devastating comeback appears.”