Translation Portfolio: Aquí, Corners of a Round World

Trinity College Dublin
MPhil in Literary Translation
2023
Supervised by Yairen Jeréz Columbié and James Hadley
Acknowledgements & Dedications

Kōno Fumiyo, author of In This Corner of the World (the 5th translation on this portfolio) says at the beginning to her manga:

この世界のあちこちの私へ [kono sekai no achikochi no watashi he]

in English: ‘To me in all the corners of the world’

in Spanish: ‘A mí en todas las esquinas del mundo’

This portfolio is dedicated to translators in all the corners of the world. We all inhabit this blue planet and make up the mosaic of what it means to be human.

A special thanks goes to the supervisors of this portfolio, Yairen and James. They have taught me so much about creativity and literary translation as well as the academic rigour needed to complete this portfolio.

I would like to thank all the people who made my journey to Trinity College Dublin possible.

And I would also like to thank the basement creatures. For the laughter, the proofreading, and the drawings on the board: thank you.

Finally, I would like to thank the people who agreed, at some point, to read my translations or lent an ear to hear the translation ramble. Especially to my sister, my mum, Sara, Gabrielle, Jocelyn, Esaú, Angie and Paula. My gratitude to you is eternal.

This Translation Portfolio, as part of the MPhil in Literary Translation, was possible thanks to the support of the Consejo Nacional de Ciencia y Tecnología as well as the Secretaría de Cultura – Apoyo a Profesionales de la Cultura y el Arte para Estudios de Posgrado en el Extranjero of the Mexican Government for its 2022 cohort.
Contents

Introduction 4

1 Canto yo y la montaña baila: Las trompetas // The Mountain Dances when I Sing: Craterellus cornucopioides 6
2 They Say Blue // 青だと言う 14
3 Handiwork // Trabajo Manual 37
4 Pastel de Navidad // For to Make Plum Cake 45
5 波のうさぎ// Rabbit Waves 50
6 La vida es sueño // Este sueño llamado vida 71
7 Nocturno en que nada se oye // Nada to be Heard en la Noche 85
8 Dream Flight // Aterrizaje despierto 89
Introduction

Where are we now? Here. Aquí. Koko. Hereness translates differently from one language to another, always a game of push and pull between precision and ambiguity. This was the first idea that came to mind when I chose this theme.

English uses the verb ‘to be’ to describe both a state of being and a placement in space. Spanish has its two verbs: ‘ser’ and ‘estar’. While both translate into ‘to be’ in English, they differentiate between being and placement where English does not. If we throw Japanese into the mix, then we have ‘aru’ for inanimate objects, ‘iru’ for animate ones, and the copula ‘des,’ and all of them are ‘to be’ or ‘to exist’. As this portfolio could not be so philosophical, I sat for a moment with this problem, and the result of it is eight texts around the topic of what it means to be human here and now in translation. Later on, this translation portfolio also became a reflection on translation itself, the place translation has in today’s world for opening dialogue(s) between cultures, disciplines and forms. The following eight texts were ordered as a journey east, around the world and then out into space.

Edwin Morgan’s poem ‘At Eighty’ has been at the back of my mind these past months:

Push the boat out, compañeros, push the boat out, whatever the sea. Who says we cannot guide ourselves through the boiling reefs, black as they are, the enemy of us all makes sure of it!

The reader will find a journey through the world of translation as follows:

Mushrooms in translation welcome the reader into a dialogue between literature and biology. Then, stop for a moment as a girl wonders about life through colours and nature. In the third text, there’s a cottage in the middle of an Irish forest and a narrator is inside, mourning their father. The fourth text could be in any cottage in sixteenth century Northumberland, England where a plum cake is prepared in verse (or maybe here and now?). The fifth text transports us to the Hiroshima prefecture: it’s 1913 and a girl draws the waves as rabbits. The sixth text travels in time: a sixteenth century play becomes an environmentalist one set in contemporary Mexico. The seventh text explores, through Spanglish, games with words, and identity problems in bilingualism. Are we from here or from there? Or from nowhere? The last text, but not the least, takes us into space and back again, to Earth.

The translation portfolio presented here today also has a transversal theme. Each strategy was thought up while thinking about what the place of translation could be in an academic, educational, aesthetic or leisurely context. I invite the reader to push their own boat out into the waters of translation and explore each corner presented today. For in each corner, you’ll find a source text and, more importantly, a translated text which, in the end, is my own creation and interpretation of here.

You’ve done it. You can go home now. (TT 5/Rabbit Waves panel 40)
List of Abbreviations:
The following abbreviations will be used throughout the portfolio:

- Source Text – ST
- Target Text – TT
- Source Language – SL
- Target Language – TL
- Formal Features – FF
- Source Culture – SC
- Target Culture – TC
- Previous Translation – PT
- Mexican Spanish – MS
- Castilian Spanish – CS
- Hiroshima Ben - HB
The ST is a chapter from the novel *When I Sing, Mountains Dance* by Irene Solà. The novel is narrated by animals and fungi. The novel is set in a rural Catalan context identified by the type of animals, places and fungi mentioned. The narration in the ST shifts to the point of view of a particular species of mushrooms called ‘trompetas’ [horn of plenty, *craterellus cornucopioides*] present throughout north-west Europe (Bon 1987, 306). The main FF, listed below, focus on giving the mushrooms a voice, considering their ‘otherness’ (Haraway 2006, 3-4) as feminine entities:

- Feminine pronouns and first-person plural to refer to the mushrooms’ collective identity and quality.
  - E.g., ST/5: ‘La memoria de *una* es la memoria de *todas*’ [The memory of one is the memory of all].
- Poetic and metaphorical references to the parts of fungi.
  - E.g., ST/1: ‘sombrero’ [hat] is the cap of a mushroom.
- Short subordinate clauses accelerate the rhythm of the narration, simulating fungi growth.
The TA is made up of Biology and/or Literature PhD candidates attending the Conference ‘Dialogues in Art and Science’ at the University of Edinburgh. The Conference is looking for artistic interventions that combine science and literature. Exploring this idea, the TT will imitate the style of the scientific journalism in *Entangled Life* by Martin Sheldrake and change the ST to a more scientific register. To do so, the following adaptations will be made:

- First-person plural will be changed to third-person singular.
- Metaphors to refer to parts of fungi will be changed to their scientific name as well as species’ names. This will be done according to the following diagram (Young, 2023) and Sheldrake’s text. E.g., ‘sombrero’ [hat] as ‘pileus’; ‘memoria’ [memory] as ‘mycorrhizal network’ (Sheldrake, 2020, 167):

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Strategy</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>• <em>identification of translation problems</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>• <em>knowledge of genre within target context and situation of target text</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>• <em>justification of translation production of genre for target context</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(200 words max)</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
- Concepts related to memory, collectiveness and networks will be translated into their scientific name, following Sheldrake’s text (2020), such as: 1. Wood wide web; 2. mycorrhizal network and 3. mycelium, adding a glossary at the beginning of the TT for these concepts.
- As the scientific part will be predominant, short sentences will be adapted into complete subject-verb-object clauses instead of subordinate clauses.
- Onomatopoeia will be rendered with verbs. E.g. ‘humm’ into ‘humming sound’.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Critical Reflection</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>textual analysis</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(200 words max)</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

- The TT was shared with a PhD student in Biology. They commented on how certain metaphors work well for explaining scientific facts.
  - E.g., TT/39-41: ‘The beings that know it all and transmit it to the whole forest. Look at a spore, you’ll see it is a shared seed. Mystery is in eternity and eternity is everywhere.’ In these lines, literary language referring to the network and life cycle of fungi was kept. The ‘scientific’ literary metaphors are a good way of communicating scientific information to a general public. Therefore, the TT could have an educational function as well as an aesthetic one.
- The number of sentences in the TT is 84 and, in the ST, 137. This suggests an alteration in the pace of the narration, creating a detached explanation closer to scientific journalism, such as Sheldrake’s work.
- In adding scientific names and places the TT became localised to the region of Catalonia. E.g., TT/22: ‘The craterellus cornucopioides are well adapted to the surroundings, to the woods of Catalonia’ when in the ST only adaptation to a forest was mentioned.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Works Cited</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>use of sources and reference material</strong></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Source Text**

*Canto yo y la montaña baila*

Las trompetas


**Target Text**

*The Mountain Dances When I Sing*

**Craterellus cornucopioides**

Sheldrake’s brief scientific glossary on fungi:

Hyphae: fungi networks of many cells which create fine tubular structures that branch, fuse and tangle (Sheldrake 2020,12).

Mycelium: the fungal network made up of hyphae. Some mycelia can conduct electricity and all transport water (ibid., 12).

Mycorrhizal network: is a term used to refer to how ecosystems are physically connected by fungi. Both plants and fungi become dependent on each other (ibid., 155).

Wood wide web: a term coined by scientist David Read in 1984 to refer to the interconnectedness of fungi within ecology (ibid., 155-158).

The pileus of one is the pileus of all. Each hyphae form part of the mycelia. Memories are part of a greater connection, a mycorrhizal network. Darkness is like an embrace. Certain fungi are delicious to animals. Fungi protect and sustain the ecosystems. They find cosy homes in dead trees and break down organic matter to allow more life to grow. Something is always about to be born. The Earth extends itself, black and humid, so things can grow. Everyone is related here, between each hyphae a physical connection. Fungi need water to thrive. The rain falls on the
delicado, oscuro, que le hacemos a la tierra negra, al musgo verde. Nuestra cabecita temprana. Diminuta. Poco a poco, si tenemos en cuenta el deambular del bosque, los millones de millones de lluvias que nos han caído encima, los millones de despertares, de cabecitas, de mañanas, de luces, de animales, de días. Bienvenidas. Y recordamos el bosque. Nuestro bosque. Y recordamos la luz. Nuestra luz. Y recordamos los árboles. Nuestros, cada uno. Y recordamos el aire, y las hojas y las hormigas. Porque siempre hemos estado aquí y siempre estaremos aquí. Porque no hay principio ni fin. Porque el pie de una es el pie de todas. Las esporas de una son las esporas de todas. La historia de una es la historia de todas. Porque el bosque es de las que no se pueden morir. Que no se quieren morir. Que no morirán porque lo saben todo. Porque lo transmiten todo. Todo cuanto hay que saber. Todo cuanto hay que transmitir. Todo cuanto es. Semilla compartida. La eternidad, cosa ligera. Cosa diaria, cosa pequeña. Vino el jabalí, la boca obscura, los dientes afilados, el aire caliente, la lengua gorda. Vino el jabalí y nos arrancó. Vino el hombre y nos arrancó. Vino el rayo y mató al hombre. Vinieron las mujeres y nos cogieron. Vinieron las mujeres y nos cocinaron. Vinieron los niños. Vinieron los conejos. Y los corzos. Vinieron más hombres con cestos. Vinieron hombres y mujeres con bolsas, con navajas. No hay pena si no hay muerte. No hay dolor si el dolor es compartido. No hay dolor si el dolor es memoria y saber y vida. ¡No hay dolor si eres una seta! Vinieron lluvias y engordamos. Se fueron las lluvias y scales, over the pileus of those who used to receive it. A small humming can be heard as water is absorbed. The *craterellus cornucopioides* have a pileus that looks like a horn. They absorb water through the horn as they have been doing for millennia and will continue to do so for centuries to come. The rain can be heard as it falls. Meanwhile, the earth keeps absorbing the water. Rainwater has been to places. The *craterellus cornucopioides* are well adapted to the surroundings, to the woods of Catalonia. To that bit of soil and that space of the world. The rain helps the network thrive, grow and flourish. One wood who is all. They come out of the soil like they have always done it. Little by little, a small hole is made in the ground, in the green moss. The pileus pines in the ground. Considering the forest’s evolution, the millions of years in which rain cycles have fallen upon these mushrooms. The millions of mornings, tiny pileus, sunlight, forest animals, days. They remember their forest and the light. They remember the trees, all of them connected by hyphae, the air, the leaves and the ants. They have always been there, and they will remain. It is an endless cycle. The volva of one is the volva of all. The spores of one are the spores of all. The forest belongs to the eternal, cyclical beings. The beings that know it all and transmit it to the whole forest. Look at a spore, you’ll see it is a shared seed. Mystery is in eternity and eternity is everywhere.
The boar (*sus scrofa*) came and ate the *craterellus cornucopioides*. Then the man came and ate it too. Then, the lightning came and killed that man. Women came and grabbed the *craterellus cornucopioides* to cook it. Children did too, and rabbits (*oryctolagus cuniculus*) and roebucks (*capreolus capreolus*). More men came with baskets, men and women with bags, with knives. Fungi know that there’s no loss without death. There’s no pain if pain is shared. There is no pain if pain is a wood wide web of knowledge and life. There’s no pain if you’re a mushroom! Rain continues to come and the horns of plenty grow. When the rain stops, the mushrooms dry and shrink. Tucked away and hidden, longing for the fresh evening. Dry days came and they disappeared, but they didn’t leave. The crisp night came, everyone waited. The damp evening came, the humid day came, and the cycle continued. The mycelia are full of knowledge and spores. See how the spores fly as ladybirds (*coccinella septempunctata*) do. Spores will become a family member, within time. Each spore is a free fall, a mother, a seed, a ladybird. The spores have known all men, all lightning, all boars, all pots, baskets and rabbits. The spores sleep underneath the earth, obscure and damp. The horns contain all awakenings. They remember all the boars’ tusks and the women’s hands. They keep the knowledge inside the pileus, the stipe, the hymenophore and the mycorrhizal networks. The fungi are sleeping, like cats in the darkness beneath the earth, searching for life. They move towards paths.
creating life, continuously making mushrooms and memories. Darkness is feminine. Yes, darkness as tender embrace. The delicious darkness that sustains you, always earthy, protective, cosy and incipient. And the rain is like a fountain. They remember rain. Remember it deep at the origin, in the darkness of the beginning. Remember it on the pileus of those who received it before you. They hummed and drank it. Afterwards, they still hummed. The rain was cold. They’d hum. The rain is warm rain. It was a lot of rain but light rain.
### Source Text

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Year Published</th>
<th>Author</th>
<th>Language</th>
<th>Word Count</th>
<th>Description of Source Text</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>2018</td>
<td>Jillian Tamaki</td>
<td>English</td>
<td>357</td>
<td>The ST is a picture-book for children. Picture-books use sequential imagery with short texts complementing each other (Salisbury 2012, 7). This is achieved by the following FF:</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

- The ST presents succinct and undetailed use of language (Nodelman, 1988, vii-viii) in line with the genre. The clauses tend to miss a component (subject, verb or object).
  - E.g., ‘gray clouds’; ‘it’s warm at last’; ‘I sprouted!’
- Rhetorical devices that recreate the dialogue of a child such as:
  - Tautologies: ST/4: ‘What about a blue whale? Is a blue whale blue?’
  - Personifications: ST/18: ‘We wonder what they [ravens] are thinking when they look at us’
- The ST is narrated in first person singular. The illustrations accompany this narration and enrich the images created by words (Nikolajeva 2006, 125). Both features convey meaning on their own but together they structure the text (image 1).

![Image 1.

- ‘A field of grass looks like a golden ocean’ is understood on its own but enhanced by the illustrations (image 1). The sequence continues: ‘if I built a boat that was light enough, maybe I could sail upon it’ is a metaphor which is supported by the image of a boat ‘sailing’ through grass.

**Strategy**

- *identification of translation problems*
- *knowledge of genre within target context and situation of target text*

<p>| The TA is made up of members of the Japanese Society at TCD who are learning Japanese independently and are preparing for the Japanese Language Proficiency Test for N4 (JLPT, n.d.). The TT will be produced imitating Tadoku, an online resource for practising reading comprehension. The TT will have the following adaptations: |
|---|---|</p>
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>justification of translation production of genre for target context (200 words max)</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>- Tadoku uses picturebooks because the link between images and text supports reading comprehension. Pictures will be kept in the TT (Tadoku, n.d.).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- Furigana (Japanese phonetic reading aid) will be added to <em>kanji</em>, Japanese ideograms (Heisig 1999, 2), that are not part of the N4 level according to jisho.org, an online JP-EN dictionary based on JLPT scales and community input (Jisho, n.d.).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- Short form for verbs, adjectives and nouns will be used consistently throughout.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- Figurative language will be replicated in form, adapting expressions into the same semantic field. E.g: ST/3: ‘I toss it up in the air to make diamonds’ into ‘sore o kuchuu ni maku kirakirasaseru’ [I toss it in the air and it sparkles].</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- Differences in language will be adapted. For example, ‘Blue whale’ for ‘white whale’ as in Japanese this animal is named white, not blue (Jisho, n.d.).</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Critical Reflection textual analysis (200 words max)</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>- The TT was shared with a Japanese native speaker and translation studies scholar. They commented on the stylistic choices of the TT, suggesting colloquial or poetic translation alternatives to the ST.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- E.g., TT/5. Adding the adverb ‘wazawaza [expressly]’ before the clause ‘tamago o wareru hitsuyou wanai’ [it is not necessary to crack an egg]. While the TT could have more idiomatic expressions of the TL, the addition of them would require a TA that has a more advanced Japanese level. The use of the said adverb, for example, is expected for people with a N1 level (Jisho “JLPT 4”, n.d.)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- The nature of the TL changed the clause orders from a subject-verb-object structure to an (subject)-object-verb one. As this is now a predominant formal feature of the text, it could allow students to visualise the changes in syntactic structure between SL and TL.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
E.g. TT/murasaki to iu no wa nanika atarashikoto wo imishiteirunodarou? [could purple something new mean?]

- The text location within the illustrations changed on four occasions (TT/2,4,9,18) which could interrupt the reading pace. The left to right reading style can help with the flow of the reading process, which is the main aim of this TT.

Works Cited

  https://jisho.org/word/%E7%99%BD%E9%95%B7%E9%A0%88%E9%AF%A8.
They say blue is the color of the sky.

青は空の色だと言う。
Which is true today!
They say the sea is blue, too.
It certainly looks like it from here.

今日、それは本当！
青い海の色だと言う。
確かに、ここから海は青く見える。
But when I hold the water in my hands, it's as clear as glass.

I toss it up in the air to make diamonds.

でも、手の中で水を持つとき、ガラスのように透明だ。

それを中に撒くとキラキラさせる。
What about a blue whale?
Is a blue whale blue?

I don’t know.
I’ve never seen a blue whale...

シロナガスクジラは？
シロナガスクジラは白い？

しらない。

一度もシロナガスクジラを見たことがない…
... but I don't need to crack an egg to know it holds an orange yolk inside.

I can't see my blood, but I know it's red. It moves around my body even when I am perfectly still.

でもオレンジ色が入っていることを知るに、卵を割れる必要はない。

自分の血を見られなくても、赤い知っている。

完全に静止しているときでも、血はほんのなかで動き回る。
And when we play, I feel it race faster to keep up.

そして、遊んでいるとき
血は流れがもっと速くなるような触れ
A field of grass looks like a golden ocean.

Gray clouds. A storm is coming.

If I built a boat that was light enough, maybe I could sail upon it.

田んぼは黄金な海のように見える。

嵐っている。

十分に軽いボートを作ったら、多分、黄金のうみを渡れると思う。
I could never build a boat light enough to sail on a golden ocean.

It's just plain old yellow grass anyway.

黄金の海を渡るために十分な軽いボートを作る事はできないでしょう。

とにかく、ただつまらない黄色い草だ。
They say spring means winter's over, but why does it still feel so cold?

Oh!
Could purple mean something new?

えっ！
紫というのは何か新しいことを意味しているのだろう？
It's warm at last.

ついに、あたたかくなった！
I stretch to the sky with my fingers open wide.

I sprouted!

指をいっぱい広げて、空に伸びる。

発芽した！
Standing tall, I angle my green leaves to feel the sun. I think I’ll stay quiet and listen to the sounds of the summer.
Fall arrives, and my leaves slowly turn brown. I drop them one by one and wiggle my toes in the soft pile at my feet.

Winter comes again. Now the rest of the world is quiet, too.
All white, up and down.
Sometimes I can’t tell the
difference between the
land and sky.

I close my eyes.

Oh, I’m so sleepy . . .
Black is the color of my hair.

黒は自分の色だ。
My mother parts it every morning, like opening a window.

毎朝母は開けるように私の髪の毛を分ける。
Together we watch the black crows bob and chatter in the field outside.
We wonder what they are thinking when they look at us.
What they see.

Their dark eyes won't tell.

They just pull their big bodies into the air.

カラスは私たちを見て何を考えているんだろう？
「何を見えるんだろう？」と言う。

黒い目は何も語らない。

ただ大きな体を空中に浮かせて飛び立つ。
Tiny inkblots on a sea of sky.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Source Text</th>
<th>Target Text</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Title</strong></td>
<td>Handiwork</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Year Published</strong></td>
<td>2020</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Author</strong></td>
<td>Sara Baume</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Word Count</strong></td>
<td>973</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Description of Source Text**
- understanding of source text
- knowledge of genre within source contexts
- situation of source text
- familiarity with the formal features of a text (language variation(s), register, dialect) (200 words max)

The ST is composed of the narrator’s reflections on her own creative literary and manual processes, as well as her father’s death (Estévez-Sáa, 2020, 125). It can be identified as a lyrical essay as it is composed of ‘raw material’ with ‘self-reflexivity, self-ethnography and blurring of any distinction between fiction and nonfiction’ (Schmitt 2016, 138). The thoughts are ‘sound meditations on memory, grief, time, nature and art’ (Estévez-Sáa 2020, 118). This can be identified in the following FF:

- The first three or two words of each paragraph are capitalised to mark the change of ‘thought’ and there is no chronological order.
- References to seven different birds that include onomatopoeia, scientific facts, migration and place (Ireland).
  - E.g., ST/2-3: ‘buntings learn how to read the stars’.
- The text mixes literary language as well as citations to support arguments.
  - E.g., ‘A strange portrait of my dead dad’s material testimonial – what Susan Stewart would call a compendium which is an autobiography’.
- The text has small and concise sentences and there is an ample use of appositions creating a paused writing style.
### Strategy
- **identification of translation problems**
- **knowledge of genre within target context and situation of target text**
- **justification of translation production of genre for target context**

(200 words max)

The TA is the Editor-In-Chief for *Periódico de Poesía* [Poetry Newspaper] a publication by the National University of Mexico (*Periódico de Poesía, n.d.*). The next issue’s theme will be on creative translations of contemporary Irish memoirs. The TT will become a dialogue between the narrator and their dad. The TT will have the following adaptations:

- A scene of the narrator drinking tea in the present will be added to string together the ‘isolated’ thoughts and events.
  - The style of the author will be recreated by using short sentences, appositions and keeping the Irish countryside setting.
- References to ‘my father’, attributes, characteristics and actions that this character used to do or have, will be adapted into the second-person singular pronoun ‘tú’ [you] and/or the corresponding possessive adjectives ‘tus’, ‘tuyo’, ‘tu’ [your, you].
- Colloquial Spanish register avoiding localisms (Torres 2013, 217) will be used to emphasise the dialogic tone but maintaining the Irish context.
- The bird species will be kept in the TT. In cases where in TL they lose their literary function, the species will be adapted to maintain function. E.g., ST/17-20.
- Words that are not SL or TL such as ‘émigré’ and *zugunruhe* will be left untranslated to preserve the author’s style.

### Critical Reflection
- **textual analysis**

(200 rds max)

- The TT addresses the father directly and the tone has changed. It is no longer a self-reflective memoir, but resembles a letter. The TT moved from a memoir to an epistolary genre.
- The addition of four scenes imitating the author’s style unify the text by using different past tenses. This contributes to the change in tone as it adds two temporal layers to the narration:
E.g., TT/104-105: (part of ST) ‘...yo también había inventado algo. (Addition) Me terminé mi té mientras escuchaba el trinar de los jilgueros’ [...I had also invented something. I finished mi cup of tea while I listened to the finches sing’]

The added parts have a predominant use of simple past while the rest of the TT uses complex past tenses helping to recall events; however, the memoir has a less predominant role.

- The TT’s sentence length average (20.55 word/sentence) is 38% shorter than the ST’s average (32.96). This shows how the TT keeps the author’s style of small and concise sentences to the extent of sounding foreign in the TL.
- In the TT the bird names are adapted to keep the literary references to flight, home and migration, prioritising this over the onomatopoeic flair.

Works Cited

IT SEEMS TO ME, increasingly, that it might be possible to make up poetic facts about bird migration – that buntings, for example, learn how to read the stars; that pintails carry tiny magnets in their beaks; that the chances of recovering the ankle-ring of a ruby-throated hummingbird is one in a thousand – that would later turn out to be true. THE FIRST RECORDED INSTANCE of bird banding occurred in Pennsylvania in the early years of the nineteenth century. A French émigré called John James Audubon noticed a pair of eastern phoebes – a songbird native to North and South America – nesting in a cave on his father’s estate. Curious as to whether or not it was the same family of phoebes who came back every spring, he removed two chicks from the nest and tied a silver thread around their ankles, loosely yet securely, and the following year the grown birds in their ankle bracelets returned to the cave to nest, and Audubon was thrilled and gratified and captivated.

THE EASTERN PHOEBE has an onomatopoeic name; she calls fee-bee, fee-bee just at the cuckoo calls cuck-oo and the curlew calls cour-looouu and the chiffchaff calls chiff-chiff- chiff-chaff-chiff-chiff – only they don’t, or they do depending upon the way you hear it, or the way you arrange sounds into letters of the alphabet in your mind, or whether or not you knew the bird’s name before hearing it.
I THINK OF MY DAD when I hear the story of Audubon – of a man who wore hard-wearing clothes always, who harboured an opaque obsession with an unattainable task – my dad in his steel-toed boots and grease-scented overalls, with a coat of dust further greying his thinning hair. My dad, who demolished a greenhouse to build me a studio. My dad, who, every spring, witnessed the reappearance of a family of migrant birds. FOR THE LAST THIRTY-TWO YEARS of his life and the first thirty-two of mine, my dad worked in a sandstone quarry surrounded by countryside. For over three decades, he spent every weekday alone in the lunar landscape, operating and maintaining the heavy machinery, much of which he had rebuilt or helped to build or built himself completely. He was a master of what Stephen Knott describes as the ‘scratch-built’ – things that have been ‘entirely constructed by hand’ as opposed to merely assembled out of readymade components. Whereas Knott used the term in the context of railway modelling, my dad was a scratch-builder of the monumental – his most tremendous construction was a thirty-tonne rock crusher almost 300 feet long. EVERY SPRING, from the vantage of his cabin in the tremendous crusher, my dad would watch for the return of a fistful of dainty songbirds. The sandstone quarry was a monstrous, ravaged, hostile environment for humans – but for the quarry swallows, it was a sanctuary. Unbothered by the noise and dust and desolation, they chose it as a place to nest, year in year out, for the cracks and nooks and shelter
provided by iron, steel and rock. FROM MY DAD, I inherited a propensity for handiwork, but also the terrible responsibility, the killing insistence. He would leave for the quarry every morning at half-past seven and even after returning from work in the evening he would go out to his shed or his garden, depending upon the season, and remain there until nine at night, hewing away, generating the sound of bashing, clanging, whirring and grinding, as well as an occasional shower of sparks or a sudden blinding flash. On Sunday afternoons, he would sit uneasily amongst us – his rough-skinned, muscular hands flopped to his lap, twitching. His hands were permanently calloused and oil-stained; he held even his knife and fork as if they were tools. IN LIVING ON THE WIND: Across the Hemisphere with Migratory Birds Scott Weidensaul explains the term zugunruhe as ‘the nocturnal restlessness that European birdkeepers noticed centuries ago in their caged nightingales and other captive songbirds. In spring and fall, the birds began fluttering in their cages just before sunset, continuing until a few hours after midnight – the same period, it turns out, as the peak of nocturnal migration each night.’ Farmed salmon, Mark tells me, show signs of zugunruhe too – jumping vainly into the air above their net-roofed pens. EVERYTHING MY DAD made with his twitching hands was unlovely yet practical, and there was a time when I would wonder what he spent so much time working so ferociously for, if not for acclaim. There was a time when I couldn’t imagine how anyone might be so obsessed
with the realisation of objects that were not beautiful, that were not art. But my dad just needed to be doing things, to be useful, to be busy – labour was his pleasure, or perhaps his sanctuary. AFTER HE DIED, my mum took photographs of all of the things he had scratch-built around the house and garden and inside his sheds – machinery, furniture, gates, paths, customised polytunnels and greenhouses, as well as dozens of items that were unclassifiable. They were old and new, rusted and freshly painted, broken and fixed and refixed – they were made from parts of things he had made previously, and sundered and remade. My mum collaged the photographs inside a large frame and gifted it to me – a strange portrait of my dead dad’s material testimonial – what Susan Stewart would call ‘a compendium which is an autobiography’. See what he made, my mum was trying to say. See the things and places in which he still lives. MY DAD, WHO NEVER READ the novel I wrote, but as soon as it was published – as soon as it had been embodied between covers; as soon as it took up a small portion of physical space in the world – came to an understanding that I had achieved something.
fueran arte. Pero tú solamente necesitabas estar haciendo cosas, ser útil, estar ocupado. El trabajo manual era tu placer o, quizá, tu santuario. Cuando moriste, mi mamá tomó fotografías de todas las cosas que habías construido desde cero en toda la casa, el jardín y al interior de tu cobertizo: maquinaria, muebles, puertas, caminos, invernaderos hechos a la medida, así como docenas de objetos inclasificables. Eran viejos y nuevos, oxidados o frescamente pintados, rotos, reparados y vueltos a reparar. Estaban hechos de partes de otras cosas que habías hecho antes, que habías roto y que habías vuelto a hacer. Mi mamá hizo un collage de las fotos, lo enmarcó y me lo regaló. Un retrato peculiar del testimonio material de ti muerto. Lo que Susan Stewart llamaría “un compendio vuelto autobiografía”. Mira lo que hizo, era lo que mi mamá me intentaba decir. Observa las cosas y lugares en los que todavía vive. Tú, que nunca leíste la novela que escribí, pero en cuanto estuvo publicada, en cuanto se materializó entre dos portadas, en cuanto tomó una pequeña porción de espacio físico en el mundo, llegaste a comprender que yo también había inventado algo. Me terminé mi té mientras escuchaba el trinar de los jilgueros que apenas regresaban de su estancia en tierras más calientes.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Source Text</th>
<th>Target Text</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Title</strong></td>
<td>Pastel de Navidad</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Year Published</strong></td>
<td>ca. 1940</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Author</strong></td>
<td>Leonor Carrasco (my great-aunt)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Language</strong></td>
<td>Spanish</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Word Count</strong></td>
<td>174</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Description of Source Text**

- The ST is a recipe from a handwritten recipe book that my great-aunt left to my mam. This recipe is about the preparation of a fruitcake, a common confection prepared during Christmas time in Britain since the Middle Ages (Goldstein 2015, 286) and its popularity has extended outside this region. The main FF of the text are:
  - The recipe is written in prose as a description of successive processes, mixing amounts and instructions together.
  - The text is written using the passive form of the verbs so there is no specification regarding who is doing the action.
  - The processes are written in the present tense
    - E.g., se ponen [put]; se mezcla [mix]; se desmonta [dismantle]).
  - There are syntax and punctuation errors due to old handwriting or the list-like function of this text, making it confusing to follow.
    - Sentence run-ons. E.g., ST/4-5: ‘Seco, sobre estos ingredientes se ciernen 3 tazas (350 gramos) de harina para pasteles’ [Dry, over these ingredients 3 cups of cake flour are sifted].
Strategy

- **identification of translation problems**
- **knowledge of genre within target context and situation of target text**
- **justification of translation production of genre for target context**
(200 words max)

The TT is for the exhibition ‘Cooking in Rhymes’ organised by Museum Literature Ireland. Adaptations of British and Irish recipes as poetry of different periods will be presented. The TA have a general interest in cookery literature. The TT will resemble the poems in *Liber Corum Cocorum* (LCC) [The Art of Cookery] a compilation of sixteenth century Northumberland recipes (Morris 1864, v-iv) by:

- Recreating the fruit availability of the time (Goldstein 2015, 286): ‘fruitcake’ for ‘plum cake’; ‘acitrón’ [candied cactus] for ‘quince’; and ‘cerezas [cherries]’ for redcurrants.
- Adding the ingredients used for this confection in the past (May 1660, 236).
  - E.g., ‘yeast’ and ‘nutmeg’.
  - LCC’s cookery vocabulary. E.g., batter – batere; baking mold – cofyn.
- Old Northumbrian dialect based on Morris (1986) and Heslop (1892):
  - Exchanging interconsonantic ‘i’ for ‘y’: rise -> ryse.
  - When there are two/three consonants, pronunciation loss of the first/middle consonant. This will be rendered with an apostrophe. (Heslop 1892, xvii-xviii).
  - Phonemes change: /ow/; /oh/ - > /oo/; and a tendency for /a:/ unrounded sound.
- LCC style:
  - Heading as a statement of purpose (For to Make Plum Cake).
  - The rhyme scheme will be AABB.
  - Second-person singular except the last line in first person and imperative mode (Bator 2017, 103).

○ Unclear lists. E.g. ST/1-2: ‘400 gramos de frutas cubiertas y surtidas picadas, naranja, piña, limón’ [400 grammes of diced and assorted fruits, orange, pineapple, lemon]
Critical Reflection

● textual analysis

(200rds max)

- The TT’s function has changed in relation to the ST. Nowadays, the TT would have a completely different purpose than the one this type of poem had in the sixteenth century. The recipes were made into poems for easy memorizing (Bator 2017, 96). Now this poem would be appreciated for its aesthetic characteristics and not for the utilitarian purpose the form had initially. These differences can be noted in the following FF of the TT:
  - The rhyme scheme in the TT made it necessary to use literary devices that are not present in the LCC book. E.g., TT/9-10: ‘with buh’ah an’ sugar in batere, thoo put/’til cream sets foot’. These lines alter the subject-verb-object grammatical structure by using hyperbatons. There is a metaphor to explain when the butter and sugar ‘cream’ by stating that ‘cream sets foot’, in other words, enters the scene.
  - The TT is twice the size of the average of poems in LCC. This also contributes to the change in purpose, from a functional mnemonic to an aesthetic one. The TT is a text on its own that does not necessarily represent the writing of an era but can be appreciated aesthetically.

Works Cited

● use of sources and reference material

Pastel de Navidad

En un recipiente amplio se ponen 2 tazas 400 gramos de frutas cubiertas y surtidas picadas, naranja, piña, limón, tuna, acitrón, cerezas, 1 taza, pasitas blancas, 1 taza nueces quebradas y 1 taza de coco rallado sean 100 gramos. Seco, sobre estos ingredientes se ciernen 3 tazas (350 gramos) de harina para pasteles y ½ cucharadita de sal, 1 cucharadita polvo de hornear con las manos se frotan ligeramente las frutas y nueces para que se cubran, aparte se bate una barrita de mantequilla o sean 100 gr con ¾ taza de azúcar o sean 150 gr de azúcar hasta que esté cremosa, se añade uno por uno 3 huevos y 1 yema, se agrega ¼ de taza de miel karo o de maple y ½ taza de jugo de naranja y ½ taza de ron y 2 clavos. Se mezcla la fruta con la mezcla de mantequilla se junta muy bien. Ya cocido el pastel se desmonta, se baña con ron y se envuelve en papel encerado se puede guardar 3 o 4 semanas antes de servirlo.

For to Make Plum Cake

1. Takken’ candied fruits
2. Plums, quince, redcurran’s, raisins gan
3. Tak yeast, nutmeg and pecan
4. Slyce and cut
5. Tak flour of ryse
6. Ah! Saalt of syze
7. With both hands styre nuts, fruits and flou’ah
8. And let it rest for an ow’ah
9. With buh’ah an’ sugar in batere, thoo put
10. ‘Til cream sets foot
11. Add the eggs, wan by wan and a yo’k
12. Add the honey for some fo’k
13. Teem juice from an orange and rum
14. Just a hum
15. A pair of groon’ cloves too
16. Styr the butter ‘n’ the barries’ in queue
17. Put it in cofyn and bake
18. Sowk it in rum for yer sake
19. Ah’ll wrap it in paper
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>Store it in a crater</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>20</td>
<td>For twa for'nights</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>21</td>
<td>Serve it on ca’ad nights</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Description of Source Text</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>---------------------------</td>
<td>--</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>● understanding of source text</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>● knowledge of genre within source contexts</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>● situation of source text familiarity with the formal features of a text (language variation(s), register, dialect) (200words max)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

The ST is a chapter from the manga *In this Corner of the World*. This manga ‘rewrites history to tell us the story of those on the other side, people who tend to exist in the background of historical record […] and what it is like to live with war hanging over your head’ (Allen 2020, 8-9). The ST is a childhood memory and is situated in 1913. The main FF that contributes to the historic narration is the use of HB, with only one textual mention to Hiroshima prefecture: ST/42-43 ‘Accident in Etajima’ an island cluster in Hiroshima. This dialect can be appreciated in the following grammatical variants (Shimoji 2018, 90-91):

- Tendency to use particle ga for subject indication.
- Tendency to omit object, complement or verb. E.g., ST/11-12: mijikai [short] omitting ‘the pencil is’.
- Negative morpheme -nai for -nu or -n. E.g. kaeranai to kaeran [no return]
- Copula da changes to ja; iru changes into oru.
- Pronouns. E.g., uchino instead of watashi or jibun -> [my/myself] or omae derogatory for [you] (Jisho, n.d.).
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Strategy</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>● identification of translation problems</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>● knowledge of genre within target context and situation of target text</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>● justification of translation production of genre for target context</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>(200 words max)</strong></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Onomatopoeia is present in 12 frames. The SL has honorific suffixes such as *chan*, *san* and *sama*, increasing in politeness.

The TA is English-speaking historic manga fans on the Discord channel called MatsuriLand. Fans publish fanfiction, translations and adaptations. The purpose of this fandom translation is to think how the HB can be represented. This will be done by:

- Maintaining a Japanese reading order, top to bottom, right to left.
- Informal register when the characters are equals, and polite when speaking to a superior. The honorific suffixes will be translated as:
  - *chan* -> dear; *san* will be omitted unless it is a dialogue between a child and an adult. Miss, Mr or sir will be added.
  - Grammatical aspects of the HB will not be translated into a specific TL dialect.
  - Idiomatic expressions will be translated for an idiomatic one in TL. E.g., ST/TT/7: the repetition *hiya* [freezing] as an expression for cold hands into ‘Cold hands!’ ‘Mine are freezing’.
- A reflective omniscient narrator will be added at certain intervals with white boxes to render explicitly the morphosyntactic context by:
  - Adding descriptions of geographical places.
  - Adding descriptions of Suzu’s feelings.
- The 12 frames with onomatopoeia will be translated into TL phonetically. E.g., ST/8 *ka-ra-n* (stomping feet) into *thu-rum, thu-rum*. 
I compared the TT to the (PT) with particular focus on how the dialect was portrayed in each. The TT portrays the dialect and the context through the addition of an omniscient narrator while the PT uses informal English expressions to render locality in dialogue but no rendering of the SC is done.

- E.g., (40) Left -> PT; Right -> TT.

- TT -> the description in the white box sets the white space into a specific location, which is Etajima. In the PT the only Japanese context is the suffix -san.

- The TP keeps the SL suffix -chan when children are taking amongst themselves, while in the TT this was translated as [name] dear.

- E.g., TT/5: ‘Sumi dear, shall we exchange pencils?’ PT/5. ‘Sumi-chan, wanna trade pencils?’

This example shows how the tone of the dialogue changed with the suffix. In the TT, the use of ‘dear’ elevated the register by using complete words and old-fashioned idiomatic expressions like the modal verb ‘shall’ (Oxford, n.d.). While the PT, in using the chan suffix keeps an informal register followed by the contraction ‘wanna’.
- Overall, this makes the TT centred around the context more than in the linguistic nuances.

**Works Cited**

Feb. '13, Etajima, Hiroshima prefecture.
Suzu recollects her childhood in Itajima, a small cluster of islands off the shore of Hireshima City.

We still have one!

I dropped my pencil.

We don’t have any left?

Ah! Mummy, can you give me 2 cents?

Be careful, Yoichi!

No No

You’re not going to use it for scribbles, right?

If there is pocket money by the end of next week, keep it.

Suzu’s father is leaving for an indetermaned period of time. There is uncertainty about many things.
All going well, I think it will be in 49 days.

Mr. Mizuhara? Will I see you again today?

Fine.

Suni dear, shall we exchange pencils?

Suzu, you should try to be kind to Mizuhara.

YEEES

MM

Suzu, I'm confused.

THU-RUN, THU-RUN. THU-RUN. THU-RUN!

Yeah, we're endurable!

Eh? Which one?

I don't understand. Which one is it?

...
Back at school, Suzu focuses on the small things. Primary school is almost over!
Next year, some of Suzu’s classmates will be moving away as they start secondary school. Things are changing so quickly.
Suzu has a talent for drawing. Her parents want her to marry well though, so she doesn’t have to worry about money in the future. There will be no time for drawing then and she knows it.
We're going to pick up some twigs!
Suni, take this please.
One afternoon, while picking bugs and flowers, Suzu spots Mizuhara. Why is he always so angry?

Aren't you going home?

...
Give me your hand.

Uranne: I'm not drawing... I'm just hating the sea.

Why is it so hard to say no to drawing?

Or to stop daydreaming?

I told you, it was my brother's.

Yeah, but...

It's so soft!

If you want to draw, go ahead.

The sea looked like this the day of the accident on New Year's Eve.

Even if it's this boring sea.

Looks like rabbits are jumping.
On this spot of the island you can see the bay and the mountains behind it. The Naval School and the warships look so small from here, like little stakes in the great ocean.

But Mizuhara...

...what do you mean by that?

Look at the white waves. They look like jumping rabbits. Could you put it into words?
Shinao Era, 2/11/1913. Ojima port. Due to strong winds, a passenger boat capsized close to the shore. The students at the Naval School in Tashima returning for the night were also affected.

No need. We boys know how to run away from the demon, Urano.

Should I give it to your brother?

Anyway, it's better than being an idiot going to Naval School and sinking...

Yes. That's true!
You've done it. You can go home now.

I collected the twigs while you were drawing.

Oh, thank you.

Yeah, I thought to do the right thing.

It's impossible to hate the sea with these drawings.
It's February, of course it's still cold and the days are short. There is no time for wandering after hours. As Suzu sits by the fire she ponders where do the rabbit woods go.

That's a shame! Suzu's drawing was pretty good as well... In fact...

Excellent work Mizuhara! Hmm...

I've decided to enter Mizuhara's painting to the City Competition.

You're going to boil it in the kettle? Ouch!
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Source Text</th>
<th>Target Text</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Title</strong></td>
<td><em>Este sueño llamado vida</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Year Published</strong></td>
<td>c.a. 1627-1629</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Author</strong></td>
<td>Pedro Calderón de la Barca</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Language</strong></td>
<td>Spanish (Castilian)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Word Count</strong></td>
<td>889</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Description of Source Text**

- understanding of source text
- knowledge of genre within source contexts
- situation of source text
- familiarity with the formal features of a text (language variation(s), register, dialect)

(200 words max)

The ST is part of a comedy of the Spanish Golden Age (1580-1680) (Zorita 2010, 19). The ST is a scene where the main character (Segismundo) has been imprisoned for attempting to murder his father. The play questions what humans consider to be real through metaphors of dreams and destiny (Lewis-Smith 1998, 101). There is an awareness of the educational importance theatre had for the society of the time (Cascardi 1984, 12). The following FF must be noted:

- Archaic Spanish such as ‘ahora’ -> ‘ahora’ [now]; ‘de esta’ -> ‘de esta’ [from this] as well as Castilian Spanish (CS) grammar. E.g., Second-person plural ‘vosotros/as’ [you] conjugation.

- The metre is a *romance* (8 syllables/line and rhyme on even line) for dialogue and *décima* (8 syllables/line and abbcadda) for soliloquies. (Ruano 1994, 21)

- Hyperbaton is the most recurring rhetorical device, changing and/or omitting subject – verb – object order for (s) – o – (v). E.g., ‘que tejió la Primavera [woven by Spring]’. 
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Strategy</th>
<th>Character symbolism. Segismundo represents ‘free will, and through whom it is shown that intellectual freedom (knowledge) is the key to moral freedom’. (Lewis-Smith 1998, 40). E.g., Segismundo’s soliloquy (ST/173-212).</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>The TA consists of Dramatic Literature undergraduate students attending the festival ‘Imaginar reconstrucciones 2023’ held by the National Theatre School in Mexico. This festival is looking for one-scene adaptations of old plays into modern Mexican social contexts. The following stylistic and grammatical changes will take place:</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- The characters will be adapted to a real-life story about Homero Gómez, an environmental activist who was kidnapped in Mexico, 2020 (Agren 2020, n.p.). Segismundo will change into the activist. The scene will be a series of dialogues between the kidnappers, and Homero reflecting on the conservation of monarch butterflies.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- The CS will be translated into MS according to the <em>Diccionario de Español de México</em> [<em>Dictionary of Mexican Spanish</em>] (Colegio de México, n.d.,). E.g.,</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- Preferred use for simple past over complex past.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- <em>muy</em> [a lot] to express presumptuousness.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- <em>hacer</em> [to do/make] for an action, production, creation, pretension and used in interjections.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- Addition of Mexican swear words.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- Stage directions will be added, stating:</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- Lighting effects for dramatic effect.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- Specification of emotions, tone and voice modulation.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- Use of stage space.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- The hyperbatons of the ST will be kept but adapted into MS grammar and style.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
The use of MS in prose with hyperbatons created a TT keeps a close link with poetic Spanish, reading more like CS rather than MS at times.

- E.g., TT/25-26: ‘Tu lucha verás y sin sentido la encontrarás, pues esta batalla ya la perdiste, viejito’ ([Your fight you'll see and no sense you'll find in it, this battle is lost already, little old man]).

This phrase has MS elements such as: the diminutive of old man (‘viejito’) which in MS is used as a) sign of respect; b) something or someone with little importance (Colegio de México 2020, n.p.). The adverb ‘ya [already]’ is used in MS to emphasise a completed action (ibid., n.p.). The three hyperbatons in this phrase add lyricism to a scene that is intended to be serious. Poetic language and dialect in the TT move away from its plausibility and could lose the audience’s engagement, but not necessarily their aesthetic appreciation.

- The TT is more fast paced as the sentences are shorter (nine words/sentence vs. eleven words) but the text is longer. Removing the metre created more dynamic dialogues. This shows how when the language variants change along with cultural elements, the rhythm at which events happen can also be modified.

---

**Works Cited**

La vida es sueño

Cuadro II

[Torre de Segismundo]

Descúbrese Segismundo como al principio, con pieles y cadena, durmiendo en el suelo. Salen Clotaldo, Clarín y los dos criados.

Clotaldo:
Aquí le habéis de dejar,
pues hoy su soberbia acaba
donde empezó.

Criado 1:
Como estaba,
la cadena vuelvo a atar.

Clarín:
No acabes de despertar,
Segismundo, para verte
perder, trocada, la suerte,
being tu gloria fingida
una sombra de la vida
y una llama de la muerte.

Clotaldo:
A quien sabe discurrir
así, es bien que se prevenga
una estancia donde tenga

Personajes
1. Homero Gómez: el activista
2. El Águila: el jefe de los talamontes
3. José: sicario 1
4. Pedro: sicario 2
5. Chalán 1: ayudante

Acto 1, Escena 1

Es el año 2020. En algún lugar de El Rosario comunidad en Michoacán, México. José y Pedro, unos sicarios enviados por El Águila, jefe de los talamontes entran con Homero Gómez, activista y defensor de las mariposas monarcas, amordazado y atado.

[La luz sólo alumbra a José y a Pedro, el público no puede ver a Homero, inconsciente a causa los golpes]

José: (voltea al Chalán 1)
¡Déjalos aquí! ¡A ver si muy rey de las mariposas se sigue creyendo, pinche pendejo!
harto lugar de argüir.
Éste es el que habéis de asir
y en ese cuarto encerrar.

**Clarín:**
¿Por qué a mí?

**Clotaldo:**
Porque ha de estar
guardado en prisión tan grave
Clarín que secretos sabe,
donde no pueda sonar.

**Clarín:**
¿Yo, por dicha, solicito
dar muerte a mi padre? No.
¿Arrojé del balcón yo a Ícaro de poquito?
¿Yo muero ni resucito?
¿Yo sueño o duermo? ¿A qué fin
me encierran?

**Clotaldo:**
Eres clarín.

**Clarín:**
Pues ya digo que seré
Corneta, y que callaré,
Que es un instrumento rúin.

---

**Chalán 1:**
Sale jefe. Al barrote lo amarraré, no vaya siendo que se nos escape.
(carga a Homero y lo coloca en una esquina del escenario)

**Pedro:** (se dirige a Homero y susurra)
Homero, no despiertes. Tu lucha verás y sin sentido la encontrarás, pues
esta batalla ya la perdiste, viejito. No sé por qué te empeñaste en ser el
rey de las mariposas. ¡Sabías el riesgo! ¡Sabías que podías morir!

**José:** (sorprendido)
¡Ey, tú! Cuidadito y te oiga diciendo esas cosas otra vez. Si sigues así, vas
a acabar junto a este.

**Pedro:**
¿Por qué yo? ¡El bosque ese qué me importa!

**José:**
¡No te hagas! Te acabo de escuchar hablar con Homero, seguro le
soplaste algo, sabes demasiado y no confío en ti.

**Pedro:**
¿Me estás llamando soplón? Por lo menos no soy como este, yo nunca
los he traicionado.

**José:**
Pues tu jefa trabaja con Homero en la reserva, seguro ya te metieron
ideas.

**Pedro:**
Sale el Rey Basilio rebozado

Clotaldo:
¡Señor! ¿Así viene Vuestra Majestad?

Basilio:
La necia curiosidad de ver lo que pasa aquí a Segismundo, ¡ay de mí!, deste modo me ha traído.

Clotaldo:
Mirale allí reducido a su miserable estado.

Basilio:
¡Ay, príncipe desdichado y en triste punto nacido! Llega a despertarle ya, que fuerza y vigor perdió ese lotos que bebió.

Clotaldo:
Inquieto, señor, está, Y hablando.

Basilio:
¿Qué soñará

43 Eso qué, por allá nunca voy. Hace mucho que no hablo con mi mamá.

44 [Sale Pedro molesto]

45

46 [Entra el Águila]

47 José:
No sabía que vendrías. Tenemos todo controlado, no te preocupes.

48

49 El Águila:
Nomás quería ver que todo esté bajo control, mañana tenemos que seguir con la chamba.

50

51 José:
Sí pues, ahí anda. Ya nada nos detiene.

52

53 El Águila:
Despiértalo, ¿no? Quiero que a la cara ese traidor me vea.

54 José:
Sí, jefe. No es necesario, parece que despierto está y cosas diciendo anda.

55 [Chalán 1 trae a Homero al escenario]

56

57 Homero:
(entre el sueño y la vigilia, delirante) [Aparecen mariposas en el escenario como parte del delirio]
agora? Escuchemos, pues.

**Segismundo:**

Piadoso príncipe es
el que castiga tiranos.
¡Muera Clotaldo a mis manos!
¡Bese mi padre mis pies!

**Clotaldo:**

Con la muerte me amenaza.

**Basilio:**

A mí, con rigor y afrenta.

**Clotaldo:**

Quitarme la vida intenta.

**Basilio:**

Rendirme a sus plantas traza.

**Segismundo:**

¡Salga a la ancharosa plaza
del gran teatro del mundo
este valor sin segundo!
Porque mi venganza cuadra,
¡vean triunfar de su padre
al príncipe Segismundo!

---

**en sueños**

<p>| | |</p>
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>65</td>
<td>No me arrepiento... no podía seguir talando oyameles, ¿dónde estarían las monarcas? El Águila se puede ir a chingar a su madre. Y de paso todos sus achichincles también.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>67</td>
<td>José:</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>68</td>
<td>Este ya ni sabe lo que dice. ¿Qué nos puede hacer?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>69</td>
<td>El Águila:</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>70</td>
<td>A mí de qué me amenaza, si le dije bien clarito que no se metiera conmigo.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>71</td>
<td>Homero:</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>72</td>
<td>¡Den la cara! ¡Cobardes! ¡No tienen idea de lo que significa defender algo con su vida! ¡Me vengaré! ¡Verán que más fuerte que la naturaleza no hay nada! (Despierta, confuso) ¿Qué...? ¿Dónde estoy? (Se toma la cabeza, con desconcierto)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>73</td>
<td>El Águila: (susurra) ¡Ey, José! Que no me vea, ya sabes lo que hay que hacer. Me avisas cuando acabes.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>74</td>
<td>[El Águila se esconde]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>75</td>
<td>Homero:</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>76</td>
<td>¿Cómo terminé aquí, atado? ¿Por qué yo? Dios mío, si cambié mi camino. ¿Estaba soñando acaso con mi fin?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>77</td>
<td>José:</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>78</td>
<td>(para sí mismo, susurra) No puede ser, yo no me quería meter en esto y ahora del viejito me tengo que encargar.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Mas, ¡ay de mí!, ¿dónde estoy?

Basilio:
Pues a mí no me ha de ver.
Ya sabes lo que has de hacer.
Desde allí a escucharte voy.

(retirase)

Segismundo:
¿Soy yo, por ventura? ¡Soy
el que preso y aherrojado
llego a verme en tal estado?
¿No sois mi sepulcro vos,
torre? Sí. ¡Válgame Dios,
que de cosas he soñado!

Clotaldo:

(A mí me toca llegar
a hacer la deshecha agora.)
¿Es ya de despertar hora?

Segismundo:
Sí, hora es ya de despertar.

Clotaldo:

¿Todo el día te has de estar
durmiendo? ¿Desde que yo
al águila que voló

Homero:
¿José? ¿Eres tú? Siento que estaba delirando, ¿dónde estoy?

José:
¿De qué te quejas? El Águila ya vino y se fue y tú seguías durmiendo.

Homero:
¿Y yo para qué lo quería ver? Siento que sigo soñando José, nada de esto
es real, no es posible que sea cuestión de vida o muerte proteger el lugar
en el que vivimos. Las mariposas veo acercándose a mí. Despierto, pero
creo que sigo soñando, con las puntas de mis dedos creo que las puedo
tocar.

José:
¡Ya no sabes lo que dices!

Homero:
Supongamos que sí fue un sueño, sólo te diré algunas cosas que vi, José.
Desperté y estaba en un bosque, grande como el que había cuando era
niño, ¡qué sueño tan cruel! El piso lleno de margaritas y alas de mariposa,
el catre que la naturaleza tejió y que una y otra vez pisoteamos. Venían
personas de todos lados, sabían el poder de este lugar. José, tú me decías
que el bosque había crecido, los talamontes se habían ido.

José:
¡Buenas noticias serían!

Homero:
con tarda vista seguí
y te quedaste tú aquí,
nunca has despertado?

Segismundo:
No,
ni aún agora he despertado;
que, según Clotaldo entiendo,
todavía estoy durmiendo;
y no estoy muy engañado
porque si ha sido soñado
lo que vi palpable y cierto,
lo que veo será incierto;
y no es mucho que, rendido,
pues veo estando
dormido,
que sueña estando despierto.

Clotaldo:
Lo que soñaste me di.

Segismundo:
Supuesto que sueño fue,
no diré lo que soñé;
lo que vi, Clotaldo, sí.
Yo desperté y yo me vi,
¡qué crueldad tan lisonjera!,
es un lecho que pudiera
Pues no para ti. Por traidor, te echábamos del pueblo.
José:
¿Y yo por qué? ¿Qué hice?

Homero:
La naturaleza reinaba de nuevo. Yo me quería vengar de todos, pero
aprendí a perdonar. Sólo a la naturaleza podía yo amar, pero creo que ahí
se acabó el sueño.

[El Águila se va]

José:
(Para sí mismo)

El Águila andaba por aquí hace un momento. ¿Sabías que los sueños son
puras mentiras? De cualquier manera, más vale que recuerdes quién
manda aquí, quién te cuido cuando nadie más lo hizo, traidor.

[José se va]

Homero:
Claro, pues fíjate que ya hace unos años dejé atrás esa vida, ese enojo y
ambición por talar árboles. Si alguna vez a soñar te atreves, y estoy seguro
de que lo harás, sabrás que vivimos en un planeta en constante cambio.

Vivir es soñar. La experiencia me ha enseñado que quien se atreve a vivir
sueña hasta convertirse en eso. Los reyes sueñan que son reyes y se
cuentan cuentos para justificar la destrucción a su paso. Reciben aplausos
que no merecen. Pero olvidan que las palabras se van con el viento y al
con matices y colores
ser el catre de las flores
que tejó la Primavera.
aquí mil nobles, rendidos
a mis pies, nombre me dieron
de su príncipe y sirvieron
galas, joyas y vestidos.
La calma de mis sentidos
tú trocaste en alegría
Diciendo la dicha mía:
que aunque estoy desta manera,
príncipe de Polonia era.

Clotaldo:
¡Buenas albricias tendría!

Segismundo:
No muy buenas: por traidor,
con pecho atrevido y fuerte,
doce veces te daba muerte.

Clotaldo:
¿Para mí tanto rigor?

Segismundo:
De todos era señor
Y de todos me vengaba.

[Fin del acto 1, escena 1]
Sólo a una mujer amaba;
que fue verdad, creo yo, en que todo se acabó
y esto sólo no se acaba.

Vase el Rey.

Clotaldo:

[Aparte.]

(Enternecido se ha ido el Rey de haberle escuchado)
Como habíamos hablado
de aquella águila, dormido,
tu sueño imperios han sido;
mas en sueños fuera bien
entonces honrar a quien
te crió en tantos empeños,
Segismundo, que aun en sueños
No se pierde el hacer bien.

Vase.

Segismundo:
Es verdad; pues reprimamos
esta fiera condición,
esta furia, esta ambición,
por si alguna vez soñamos.
Y sí haremos, pues estamos
en un mundo tan singular
que el vivir sólo es soñar,
y la experiencia me enseña
que el hombre que vive sueña
lo que es hasta despertar.
Sueña el rey que es rey, y vive
con este engaño mandando,
disponiendo y gobernando;
y este aplauso, que recibe
prestado, en el viento escribe
y en cenizas le convierte
la muerte: ¡desdicha fuerte!
¡Que hay quien intente reinar
viendo que ha de despertar
en el sueño de la muerte!
Sueña el rico en su riqueza,
que más cuidados le ofrece;
sueña el pobre que padece
su miseria y su pobreza;
sueña el que a medrar empieza;
sueña el que afana y pretende;
sueña el que agravia y ofende;
y en el mundo, en conclusión,
todos sueñan lo que son,
aunque ninguno lo entiende.
Yo sueño que estoy aquí
destas prisiones cargado,
y soñé que en otro estado
más lisonjero me vi.
¿Qué es la vida?: un frenesí.
¿Qué es la vida?: una ilusión,
una sombra, una ficción;
y el mayor bien es pequeño,
que toda la vida es sueño,
Y los sueños, sueños son.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Source Text</th>
<th>Target Text</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Title</strong></td>
<td><strong>Title</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><em>Nocturno en que nada se oye</em></td>
<td><em>Nada to be Heard en la Noche</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Year Published</strong></td>
<td><strong>Title</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1933</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Author</strong></td>
<td><strong>Language</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Xavier Villaurrutia</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Language</strong></td>
<td><strong>Language</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Spanish</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Word Count</strong></td>
<td><strong>Word Count</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>243</td>
<td>246</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Description of Source Text**

- understanding of source text
- knowledge of genre within source contexts
- situation of source text

familiarity with the formal features of a text (language variation(s), register, dialect)

(200 words max)

The ST is a poem from the book *Nostalgia de la muerte* [*Nostalgia of Death*] by Xavier Villaurrutia, 20th century Mexican poet. According to Báez (2004, 307) some of the recurring themes of this anthology are night, death, dream, love and the identity of loneliness. From this theme, the following FF (rhetorical devices) are identified in the ST:

- Personification: ST/1: ‘un *silencio desierto* como la calle antes del crimen’ [a *desert silence* like the street before a crime].
- No full stops throughout the poem.
- Enjambments. E.g., ST/17-18: ‘Y en el juego angustioso de un *espejo frente a otro/cae mi voz*’ [and in the anxious game of a mirror in front of another/my voice falls].
- Ellipsis. E.g., ST/14-15: ‘dentro del agua que no moja [inside the unwet water]’, missing subject here.
Dilogies. A word with multiple meanings is repeated. The order of words is changed to create puns through word games (Beristáin, 151). This can be noted in the following example of the ST /19-22:

```
y mi voz que madura
y mi voz quemadura
y mi bosque madura
y mi voz quema dura
```

[and my voice matures
and my voice burns
and my forest matures
and my voice burns a lot]

These FF were predominant in Mexican poetry of the time as identity problems within the Spanish literary canon arose (Corral 2007, 89).

This TT is an entry for the Bilingual Latin Poetry Slam Showcase to be held in NYC. The attendees are 18 to 30-years-old young-adults interested in Latin American culture. The TT will be in Spanish-English (Pawliszko 2015, 75). Slam poetry is an ‘oral phenomenon’ where the written and spoken words interact (Somers-Willet 2009, 16). The translation will be approached as follows:

- Code-switching: grammatical logic of one language to the other (Pawliszko 2020, 80) when an English verb is used.
  - E.g., Conjugation of English verbs with Spanish logic. -> wet -> wettear
- The function of rhetorical devices will be kept in TL to recreate the nocturno theme.
- Dilogies/wordplay will be translated using Spanglish grammatically and phonetically, emphasising identity problems and changing the wordplay’s order.
  - Cyan – not word play; green – word play; pink – identity addition.
    E.g., -> ST: y mi voz que madura/y mi voz quemadura [my voice matures, and my voice burns]
    -> TT: Mi voice is lost (it has been stolen)/ Mi voy pa’l otro lado (I was forced).
- The TT will not have full stops.
Orality will be rendered with square brackets for voice modulation and an informal register, proper of oral culture.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Critical Reflection</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>● textual analysis</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(200 words max)</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

The TT was shared with three English-speakers who have different grasps of the Spanish language.

- The native Mexican Spanish speaker commented that Spanglish seems arbitrary at times. They said that Spanglish tends to be related to everyday life situations, e.g., ‘parkiar el coche [park the car]’ which brings to question the limit of language mixing with aesthetic purposes.
- The native English speakers felt alienated from the code-switched words where TL verbs are conjugated as in the SL. E.g., TT/16: ‘inside ese fuego irasible that cuttea like a scream’. This implies that the TA needs to be familiar with both languages to grasp the TT aesthetically.
- The TT is a mixture of English, Spanish and moments when both languages work together to keep syntactical logic.
  - E.g., TT/34: pues el dream y la death: ya nada tienen que decirse. The nouns ‘dream’ and ‘death’ kept their SL gendered definite article and the last part is in the SL but not in the ST order.
- Identity issues were added to seven lines in brackets. Even though the oral interpretation of this is open, the result is a TT which makes identity the primary focus, instead of the nocturnal theme.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Works Cited</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>● use of sources and reference material</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Source Text</th>
<th>Target Text</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Nocturno en que nada se oye</strong></td>
<td><strong>Nada to be Heard en la Noche</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>En medio de un silencio desierto como la calle antes del crimen</td>
<td>Streets before a crime: a silence tan desierto</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>sin respirar siquiera para que nada turbe mi muerte</td>
<td>[Hushed voice] no respire m’ija, nada must disturb my death</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>en esta soledad sin paredes</td>
<td>loneliness with no walls</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>al tiempo que huyeron los ángulos</td>
<td>all angles fled when</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>en la tumba del lecho dejo mi estatua sin sangre</td>
<td>at my tomb, please leave mi statue sin sangre</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>para salir en un momento tan lento</td>
<td>to go out in a moment – so slow –</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>en un interminable descenso</td>
<td>infinite descent</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>sin brazos que tender</td>
<td>no arms to hold on to</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>sin dedos para alcanzar la escala que cae de un piano invisible</td>
<td>no fingers to reach the scale falling from un piano invisible</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>sin más que una mirada y una voz</td>
<td>with no more than a mirada and a voz</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>que no recuerdan haber salido de ojos y labios</td>
<td>the eyes and lips don’t remember where they come from</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>¿qué son labios? ¿qué son miradas que son labios?</td>
<td>¿qué son labios? ¿o miradas that turn into labios?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Y mi voz ya no es mía</td>
<td>mi voice is gone, it’s not mine anymore (it never was)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>dentro del agua que no moja</td>
<td>inside l’agua que no se wettea</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>dentro del aire de vidrio</td>
<td>inside the air of glass</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>dentro del fuego lívido que corta como el grito</td>
<td>inside ese fuego irasible that cuttea like a scream</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Y en el juego angustioso de un espejo frente a otro</td>
<td>and in the asphyxiating game of a mirror facing another</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
cae mi voz
y mi voz que madura
y mi voz quemadura
y mi bosque madura
y mi voz quemada dura
cómo el hielo de vidrio
cómo el grito de hielo
aquí en el caracol de la oreja
el latido de un mar en el que no sé nada
en el que no se nada
porque he dejado pies y brazos en la orilla
siento caer fuera de mí la red de mis nervios
mas huye todo como el pez que se da cuenta
hasta ciento en el pulso de mis sienes
muda telegrafía a la que nadie responde
porque el sueño y la muerte nada tienen ya que decirse.

<p>| | |</p>
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>18</td>
<td><strong>[Rhythmic and steady voice]</strong> cae mi voice</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>19</td>
<td>mi voice is lost (it has been stolen)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>20</td>
<td>mi voy pa'l otro lado (I was forced)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>21</td>
<td>mi boca se pierde (every time)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>22</td>
<td>mi bosque (sigue burneando)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>23</td>
<td>mi voz quema, siempre quema</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>24</td>
<td>Like an ice scream</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>25</td>
<td>Like an ice cream</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>26</td>
<td>aquí, en la caracola de mi oreja</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>27</td>
<td>heartbeat of a sea in which knoweo nada</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>28</td>
<td>in which no swimmeo nada</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>29</td>
<td>‘cause I forgot my feet and arms by the shore</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>30</td>
<td>mis nervios, they leave me</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>31</td>
<td>everything runs like the fish that knows</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>32</td>
<td>feeleo the pulse of my forehead</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>33</td>
<td>mute telegraphy, to which nadie responde</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>34</td>
<td><strong>[paused voice]</strong> pues el dream y la death: ya nada tienen que decirse.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Description of Source Text</td>
<td>Target Text</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>----------------------------</td>
<td>-------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>understanding of source text</strong></td>
<td><strong>Aterrizaje despierto</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>knowledge of genre within source contexts</strong></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>situation of source text</strong></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>familiarity with the formal features of a text (language variation(s), register, dialect)</strong></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(200 words max)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

The ST is part of a collection of poems for children. The ST is written in free verse/prose poetry understood as a poetic form with no clear metre or rhyming scheme and principally written in first person singular (Hetherington 2020, 10). Prose poetry has also been defined as a medium to ‘enliven prosaic language of our era’ through uses of language that are potentially ‘poetic’ (Hetherington 2020, 11). The author of the ST does this through the following FF:

- Use of first-person singular to narrate the events occurring in the poem. Informal register is achieved using a) compound adjectives; b) hyphens connecting words to create expressions:
  
  o E.g., ST/5-6: ‘and I’m foot-footing it/heel-to-toe, star to star’.

- There is a sequence of events during the poem to recreate the theme of a dream:
  
  a. Description of a sunset (ST/1<sup>st</sup> stanza)
  b. The speaker flies to space (ST/2<sup>nd</sup> stanza)
  c. The speaker comes back to Earth (St/3<sup>rd</sup> stanza).
### Strategy

- **Identification of translation problems**
- **Knowledge of genre within target context and situation of target text**
- **Justification of translation production of genre for target context**

(200 words max)

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>The TT will be submitted for inclusion in <em>The Polaris Trilogy</em> (2023), a compilation to be launched by the Lunar Codex (Lunar Codex, n.d.) to the Moon in 2024 in any human language. The TA is the committee evaluating the submissions who are artists and/or academic experts on literature (Lunar Codex, n.d.) They will be assessing poems with the theme of the universe or Earth. The translation will be done by:</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>- Two speakers in first-person singular.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- Metaphors and personifications will be translated, keeping their theme and intention, into idiomatic TL expressions.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### Critical Reflection

- **Textual analysis**

- The two speakers create tension as some lines are an ‘echo’ to one another but in others, they seem to be two texts:
The TT is a poetic dialogue where the additional lines tend to be more introspective and bitter as they negate or oppose the TT’s playfulness and imagination.

- The TT highlighted the relationship between the immediate space surrounding the Earth, potentially useful as an archive of human life, part of the TC and TA. This can be noted by:
  - The TT title to ‘Aterrizaje despierto [Awake Landing]’ instead *Dream Flight* to signify the opposite idea of the ST and emphasise return to Earth.
  - Repeated mentions of the Earth and Moon. TT -> Earth is mentioned four times more than in the ST; Moon – two times vs. ST one time, as well as an additional one to the Sun. This sets the TT in a very specific place compared to the ST.

**Works Cited**

When the night begins to fall
I watch the sky until it’s velvet dark
and suddenly I know I must step out –
the stars are strong enough to hold me now
and I’m foot-foothing it
heel-to-toe, star to star
like hopscotch in the sky.

I pass the moon and find that I – hello! –
am interrupting midnight conversations
from satellites back down to mobile phones.
I overtake a rocket and surprise
sleepy astronauts on their way to Mars.

I wave and entertain them, juggling stars
back and forth, hand to hand
then leave them to rub their eyes
as I run up the Milky Way
into a game of chasing and I’m dancing, tumbling
with dreaming girls and boys across the sky.
As night goes on our dance turns into song
and I turn back and join the birds at dawn
singing in their chorus
as I flap my way
back down
to earth.

<p>| | |</p>
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>21</td>
<td>Sobre paso una nave espacial y me sorprendo</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>22</td>
<td>Estoy flotando hacia la Tierra</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>23</td>
<td>encuentro astronautas dormidos de camino a Marte.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>24</td>
<td>floto en el vacío del espacio, soledad de monjes</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>25</td>
<td>Los saludo con la mano y entreten g o con malabares de estrellas</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>26</td>
<td>las estrellas danzan a millones de años luz</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>27</td>
<td>de aquí para allá, de mano en mano</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>28</td>
<td>cintilan ¿formando una constelación?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>29</td>
<td>y luego los dejo a que se despierten</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>30</td>
<td>aquí no hay día, pero tampoco noche</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>31</td>
<td>mientras corro cuesta arriba por la Vía Láctea</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>32</td>
<td>la Vía Láctea en la palma de mi mano</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>33</td>
<td>juego a la caza, bailando y tropezando</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>34</td>
<td>la observo mientras el tiempo sigue avanzando</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>35</td>
<td>con niños y niñas que sueñan a lo largo y ancho del cielo.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>36</td>
<td>los sueños se quedan como cápsulas en el espacio</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>37</td>
<td>La noche sigue y nuestra danza se convierte en una canción</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>38</td>
<td>y canto mi canción, aunque sean notas de silencio</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>39</td>
<td>y vuelvo para unirme con los pájaros al amanecer</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>40</td>
<td>me acerco a la Tierra, el Sol se asoma por allá</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>41</td>
<td>cantando en su coro</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>42</td>
<td>de repente, debo aterrizar, quiero escuchar</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>aleteo hasta llegar</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>---</td>
<td>-------------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>43</td>
<td>abajo de nuevo</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>44</td>
<td>hacia la Tierra.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>