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A Translation Portfolio

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Supervised by Dr. Anthony Hirst
Acknowledgements

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My deepest appreciation, adoration and forever gratefulness to my parents, without whom this would never have been possible. Thank you to my brother and sister who continued to give me true sibling treatment and made sure I did not miss out on any fights even from 3,800 kilometres away, I love you forever. To the people of the basement – thank you for the laughs, the snacks and the drawings, our whiteboard will live forever in my heart. Lastly, to my most favourite people: Chara, Andreas, Elisavet and Rania – this portfolio has as many bits of you as it does of me. Keep on shining.
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**Introduction**

The texts in this portfolio have none but one thing in common: my desire to retell their stories and share them with as many people as possible. Picked and chosen each for a different reason, every one of these texts either has been a vital part of my life at some point or reminds me of a person / moment / phase of my life that I hold dear. Or both. From being introduced to the field of translation in university and realizing that this is what I am meant to be doing with my life [Lungs & Confessions of an English Opium-Eater] to things which I have always loved so deeply that are now vital parts of me [F.R.I.E.N.D.S. & Hey Jude], texts that were introduced to me from other life-long activities [The Jungle Book], texts on subjects that I am intensely passionate about [Γιατί Οι Γυναίκες Μισούν τις Γυναίκες & Ήθελα Μόνο να Χωρέσω] and texts inextricably linked in my mind with my beloved people [Η Μέρα που Τελείωσε το Παγωτό & Στο Παρά 5].

To me, working on this portfolio meant exploring and rediscovering these texts all over again, as it served as an opportunity to reimagine them. As songs become letters, books become blog posts and videos become essays, and as some of the texts remain in their true form, their retelling from and to English and Greek was an opportunity to make them a bit mine. So, brace yourselves for a play in which the two protagonists are the only people in that world, an essay on internalized misogyny, the most chaotic scene of the best TV show, a children’s book dealing with the disappearance of ice cream, a blog post from 1822 about addiction, a scene about a rich woman’s trip to a supermarket, the most encouraging letter ever, a girl’s story of finding space in the world and a tale about animals redefining the law of the jungle. I hope reading them is as joyous as it was translating them.

*May 2023*
Abbreviations Guide

ST – Source Text
TT – Target Text
SA – Source Audience
TA – Target Audience
SL – Source Language
TL – Target Language
SC – Source Culture
TC – Target Culture
l. – line
<table>
<thead>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Title</strong></td>
<td>Πνεύμονες</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Year Published</strong></td>
<td>2011</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Author</strong></td>
<td>Duncan Macmillan</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Language</strong></td>
<td>English</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Word Count</strong></td>
<td>242</td>
</tr>
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**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)

The ST is an extract of Macmillan’s play, which showcases a couple’s relationship, their discussion on whether they want to have children or not, and their breaking up and getting back together. The play is extremely minimalistic as it is written to:
- only feature the two protagonists,
- use no stage sets,
- have no indication of change in time or place. (Macmillan, 2011, 8).

the whole play is essentially one long dialogue between the two characters, who often interrupt or talk over each other. The playwright employs the forward slash (“/”) – twice in the ST – to signal instances where this happens in the play (e.g.: l. 24).
The speakers also stop mid-sentence five times in the ST to rephrase their thoughts, which is done to reflect their train of thought. Even though it is a play, the text lacks stage directions.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Strategy</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>- identification of translation problems</td>
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<tr>
<td>- knowledge of genre within target context</td>
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The TT will be given to first-year undergraduate students who are currently studying improvisation in their dramaturgy class.
The TT will be an example of the improvisation exercise called “the alphabet game”, where the actors speak in order and “begin each new sentence with a word containing a successive letter of the alphabet”. (Moshavi, 2001, 438). Hence, I will translate the TT to fit this exercise by:
| and situation of target text  | retaining the formal characteristics of the ST (no stage directions, one continuous dialogue),  
justification of translation  | modifying the lines of the characters to fit them into the constraint of the exercise,  
production of genre for target context (200 words max) | prioritising the constraint/rule of the exercise over the lexical equivalence of the translation,  
| • justifying the translation production of genre for target context (200 words max) | avoid the overlapping of the characters’ lines and hence omit the forward slash (“/”) employed by the playwright,  
considering that the TT should be suitable to be read out-loud with the constraint still being showcased clearly.  
Since the ST has more than 24 lines, and the Greek alphabet contains only 24 letters, once the alphabet finishes, I will start again with the first letter, then the second and so on.  
| Critical Reflection  | By applying the constraint to the text, there were instances where the tone of the text changed, for example in the ST l. 6 M asks “How?” not understanding W’s question, however in the TT (l. 6) that was turned into «Ζητάς παραδείγματα; Τι πώς;» [Are you asking for examples? What do you mean how?] arguably making the TT line sound more aggressive and sarcastic than the ST. There is an imbalance in the register of the TT, due to the fact that the TT employs idiomatic interjections (e.g.: «φε» [man] l. 20) and informal words (e.g.: «ψυχάκιδες» [psychos] l. 30) as well as expressions that bring a more formal tone (e.g.: «ζήτημα λήξαν» [issue closed] l. 37). After giving the TT to three drama students as sample readers, one of them pointed out that there are some TT lines that are lengthy and, even though the constraint and the point of the exercise are obvious when you are reading the text, they might not be as obvious when hearing the text out-loud.  
| • textual analysis (200 words max) |  
|  


W: Are we good people?

M: Yes.

W: I mean, yes I know but are we actually though?

M: Yes we are.

W: How?

M: How?

W: In what way are we?

M: We just are.

W: Yes. Okay.

M: We’re going to be great parents.

W: I think it’s okay to ask the question.

M: So do I.

W: Good.

M: It’s part of what makes us good people.

W: But I don’t

we don’t believe, do we, in good and bad. Right and wrong.

M: Don’t we?

W: Don’t believe in evil.
M: Not evil no, we don’t condemn people, we try to empathise, to understand, we try


M: Try to put ourselves in their / position.

W: Shoes I know we do yes but doesn’t everybody think that they’re good? Doesn’t everyone believe they’re

M: some people wouldn’t ask, wouldn’t question it.

W: Hitler or Tony Blair or

M: everyone thinks they’re doing the right thing. Pretty much.

W: So what makes us sure?

M: You’re worrying too much.

W: Yes.

M: You’re thinking too much.

W: Okay.

M: Okay?

W: We must be certain, arrogant even to want to create another person out of our genes and to teach / it and to bring it up as

M: we are we are we are certain. We’re not

bad

people.

W: Okay. Good.

M: I’m going back to work now.
W: Okay. I love you.

Γ: Άνθρωποι.

Γ: Ίσως έχεις δίκαιο. Εντάξει.

Α: Καλά. Θα πάω πίσω στην δουλειά τώρα.

Γ: Λίγο έκατσες. Σ’ αγαπώ.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Title</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>Γιατί οι Γυναίκες Μισούν τις Γυναίκες;</td>
<td>Why Women Hate Women</td>
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<td><strong>Year Published</strong></td>
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<td>2805</td>
<td>The ST is a Youtube video by Greek youtuber Mary Sinatsaki. She talks about internalized misogyny and how that affects girls, women and people in everyday life. The speaker begins with a salutation and talks about what she has been up to. She closes the video with a similar salutation. In the ST, the speaker uses:</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Strategy</strong></td>
<td>- terminology related to the subject, e.g.: «σεξισμό» [sexism] (l. 21),</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>- colloquialisms, e.g.: «ας πούμε» [let’s say] (l. 40), «σ’ χωράτε με» ['scuse me] (l. 14),</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>- borrowings from English, e.g.: “social media” (l. 6), “DM” (l. 52),</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>- words that started out as borrowings from English but are now part of the Greek language – since they appear in dictionaries – e.g.: «γκρουπ» [group] (l. 32) (Babiniotis, 2008, 423) and «οκέι» [okay] (l. 107) (Babiniotis, 2008, 1244).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Strategy</strong></td>
<td>The speaker addresses the audience throughout the video. She uses the first-person plural, e.g.: «κάνουμε» [we do] (l. 40), to showcase that she considers herself part of the problem and that she is not trying to accuse the viewer. The video also features 25 pictures, including screenshots of polls she did on one of her platforms with answers to the questions she poses in the video as interludes.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
| | I will change the ST’s text type and translate it into an essay, which will be submitted for publication on the Signs journal (http://signsjournal.org). The journal publishes pieces that talk about the topics of feminism, gender and culture. (Signs, 2012, http://signsjournal.org/about-signs/). In translating the TT and creating an academic essay out of it, I will:
### Critical Reflection

#### textual analysis

The elevated register of the TT makes the context seem quite weak and as if it is not going in depth enough, since it gives very little new information and it is descriptive for the most part. I showed my TT to three sample readers, one of them having watched the video before. The one who had watched the video before noted that they felt a change of tone to the context, as Sinatsaki and her mannerisms help to make the conversation lighter. This could be because of the loss of immediacy that is created through the change of text type. Since this is an informative text, this loss of immediacy could also mean the weakening of the message or its failure to get across to the reader (VanLehn et al., 2007, 4). This could also explain the feeling that the context is not as strong in the TT.

### Works Cited

<table>
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<td>Συνατσάκη, Μαρίνα. «Γιατί Οι Γυναίκες Μισούν Τις Γυναίκες;» Youtube. March 8, 2021. Video, 18:00. <a href="https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=E5yWz6F1VII&amp;t=257s">https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=E5yWz6F1VII&amp;t=257s</a>.</td>
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Γιατί Οι Γυναίκες Μισούν τις Γυναίκες

Γεια σας και καλώς ήρθατε σε ένα ακόμη βίντεο αυτού εδώ του καναλιού. Έχω καθυστερήσει πολύ να ανεβάσω βίντεο σε σχέση με την προηγούμενη φορά. Είναι πάρα πολύ περίεργες εποχές, δεν περιμένετε εμένα για να σας το πω, είναι και πάρα πολύ περίεργο το συναίσθημα μου σε σχέση με το τι λέμε δημόσια αυτήν την περίοδο, με ποιον τρόπο πρέπει να χαλάμε τον χρόνο κάποιου, ειδικά στα social media. Πρέπει να έχει αξία αυτό που λέμε, περισσότερο από ποτέ, κατά την άποψή μου. Και μετά με πιάνει το ακριβώς αντίθετο ότι επειδή ακριβώς είναι όλα πάρα πολύ πιεσμένα σ’ αυτήν την φάση και βαριά και αυτά που ακούμε είναι δύσκολα και σκοτεινά και γλοιώδη και και και... Χρειάζεται να είμαστε χαλαροί κι ανέμελοι και να κάνουμε και τέτοιο περιεχόμενο και μπλέκομαι κάπου μέσα σ’ αυτή την δίνη και δεν κάνω τίποτα στο τέλος της μέρας. Είμαι και σε έξτρα στρες με τον Κορονοϊό, μιας που κλείσαμε κι αυτόν τον χρόνο σχεδόν καραντίνας. Κάπως ξαναέχω αγχωθεί. Θέλω πάρα πολύ να τελειώνει αυτή η ιστορία όπως όλοι μας άλλωστε. Γι’ αυτόν τον λόγο υπάρχει η συγκεκριμένη απουσία, σ’ χωράτε με κι εύχομαι να με κατανοείτε σ’ ένα επίπεδο. Ωστόσο σήμερα, Δευτέρα κι όχι Τετάρτη, που είναι η παγκόσμια ημέρα Γυναίκας, θεώρησα ότι είναι τέλεια ευκαιρία να μιλήσουμε για ένα θέμα που έχει να κάνει με τον σεξισμό. Πριν από μερικές μέρες σας ανέβασα στα Instagram stories μου μερικές ερωτήσεις, με απάντηση να ή όχι, σχετικά απλές και που θα με βοηθούσαν λίγο να δω – λίγο, μέσες άκρες – πώς σκέφτεστε και πώς αντιλαμβάνεστε μερικά πράγματα που

We are living in very strange times, and what we say publicly must be significant, more than ever before. However, the exact opposite could also be argued: people need to be relaxed and carefree and so should the content that is being made, precisely because everything is very stressful at this point and the things we hear are heavy and dark and appalling. Regardless, today, International Women’s Day, is a great opportunity to talk about a subject that has to do with sexism.

A few days ago, I uploaded some relatively simple yes or no questions on my Instagram stories which would help me understand a bit how my audience thinks and perceives some things that deal with the subject of sexism. What was not revealed to them, because I did not want to influence them in any way, is that I was focusing more on questions that had to do with internalized misogyny.

Why is it that I want to talk specifically about internalized misogyny, especially today? Because I think that a lot has been said about what men are doing wrong in this society, but not nearly as much has been said about the mistakes women make or the wrong ways in which women deal with sexist matters.
έχουν να κάνουν με τον σεξισμό. Αυτό που δεν σας είπα, γιατί δεν ήθελα να σας προιδεάσω, στην αρχή αυτού του ερωτηματολογίου, είναι ότι εστίαζα περισσότερο σε ερωτήσεις που είχανε να κάνουνε με τον εσωτερικομένο μισογυνισμό. Ας πάρουμε όμως λίγο τις έννοιες από την αρχή. Γιατί θέλω να μιλήσω συγκεκριμένα για τον εσωτερικομένο μισογυνισμό, ειδικά σήμερα; Γιατί νομίζω ότι πολλής λόγος έχει γίνει για το τι κάνουν οι άντρες λάθος σ’ αυτήν την κοινωνία, αλλά δεν γίνεται ο ίδιος λόγος, ενώ θα ‘πρέπει, για τα λάθη, μέσα σε εισαγωγικά, ή για τον λάθος τρόπο που πολλά συχνά οι γυναίκες αντιμετωπίζουν τα θέματα του σεξισμού και χωρίς, ενδεχομένως, καν να το θέλουν, τα διαιωνίζουν. Αυτό είναι το θέμα με τον εσωτερικομένο μισογυνισμό. Γιατί μια από τις πιο κοινές εκφράσεις αυτού είναι ότι μια γυναίκα επιτίθεται σε μια άλλη γυναίκα ή σε ένα γκρουπ γυναικών τέλος πάντων, προσπαθώντας να περιορίσει τον δυναμισμό και την αυτονομία τους. ’Η, ίσως ένα παράδειγμα που να καταλάβετε και λίγο καλύτερα, ειδικά αυτήν την εποχή που ζούμε κι εμείς εδώ στην Ελλάδα το Me Too Movement, είναι ότι οι γυναίκες αντιμετωπίζουν τις γυναίκες-θύματα τέτοιων καταστάσεων σεξουαλικής, λεκτικής, σωματικής βίας ως φταίχτες γι’ αυτό που έχει συμβεί, το λεγόμενο victim blaming είναι ένας από τους εύκολους τρόπους να εκφράσει τον εσωτερικομένο μισογυνισμό σου. Αντίστοιχα παράδειγμα είναι, κι αυτό αρχίζει να μπαίνει σιγά-σιγά σ’ αυτά τα υποσυνείδητα πράγματα που κάνουμε και δεν τα αντιλαμβανόμαστε, όταν ας πούμε ακούμε μια ιστορία, μια καινούρια καταγγελία ή στις δήποτε και εμείς αυθόρμητα, ως γυναίκες, θέλουμε να απαντήσουμε «Κοίταξε να δεις, σε μένα and, possibly without meaning to, perpetuate them. This is the problem with internalized misogyny. One of the most common ways in which it is expressed is when a woman attacks another woman or a group of women, trying to restrict their autonomy and their dynamism. A better example, especially at this time when the MeToo Movement has emerged in Greece as well, is women treating victims of sexual, verbal, physical abuse as if they are to blame. Victim blaming is one of the easy ways to express internalized misogyny.

An analogous example, which is becoming one of those little things that we do subconsciously, would be when we hear about a new case of abuse and we, as women, want to respond offhand with “well look, that wouldn’t happen to me, I would make my limits clear, I know what I would do so it would never happen to me, I would know how to make my limits clear.” Talk like this includes misogynistic traits as well, mainly because of what is being implied, i.e. that the victim has some responsibility or that there was another manner in which they could have behaved that might have prevented the attack that took place. In such careless expressions or thoughts, we do not realize that there is something hidden on which we need to work.
After that questionnaire that I put on Instagram, many people understood what I meant and had already started thinking about it, and I got some messages about it too. Messages like this one: “I can’t believe that through these questions I started thinking if maybe I’m doing something wrong in my daily life, maybe I say the wrong thing or maybe I should start thinking in a different way?”. And that’s what was most important because I wanted people to be as honest as possible with their answers, precisely so that it would become clearer how inadvertently some things happen. Also, I have been getting messages pointing out that the people who follow me most probably agree with my views and so the questionnaire will not be very objective. Let me clarify at this point that my questionnaire is not a proper research tool, I used these questions to understand better and to have a better impression of what people believe, the answers are not going to be regarded as official results or as scientific research, so they are a bit informal. I specifically used the questions from the article “Ways in Which Women Express Internalized Misogyny”¹ which presented all the questions as examples of someone expressing internalized misogyny, perhaps without even realizing it. I

wanted to see which people identify with that and with which aspects.

The matter I wanted to broach first was the way in which we bring up little girls to be women who hate other women. We live in societies that bombard us with sexist messages from the moment that we are born. The way that each sexist message affects each one of us depends on one’s personality, the place that one grew up in, one’s family, even on one’s mood on the specific day that they faced sexist message X. Each one of us, either on a conscious or subconscious level, construes each message through our own perceptions, and in some way, we internalize it. This internalization can happen in three ways: rejection of the message, acceptance of the message or mixture of the rejection and the acceptance. These sexist messages reach us either through externalized oppression or internalized oppression.

Externalized oppression has to do with common sexist views such as women being too emotional to be in positions of power. Yet, here are eleven women who are successfully prime ministers: the prime ministers of Estonia, Finland, Denmark, Iceland, New Zealand, Serbia, Norway, Bangladesh, Germany, Barbados and Gabon. Internalized oppression emerges when
In some cases, girls reject the messages of this type and so become internalized sexism or not is not a straight line, it is not something definite. When one occurs, that does not mean that so does the other, it is a bit more complicated. For example, suppose we say to a little girl “Don’t talk back, because good girls don’t talk back.” There is a possibility that the little girl will accept that specific message and decide not to talk back because she wants to be a good girl, and so she won’t. There is a possibility that the girl will reject that specific message and say “I am a good girl, but at the same time I want to express my opinion” and continue to express her opinion. And there is a third possibility where she blends rejection with acceptance, because she accepts the message that “good girls are the ones who don’t talk” but she rejects it saying “okay, I will be a bad girl then”. It is very important that we know that even if we do not internalize a message like that or if we react to it in any way, there is no chance that the existence of such message will not affect all of us. Certainly, that little girl will have to face such
απορρίπτεις λέγοντας «α σκέει εγώ θα είμαι κακό κορίτσι τότε». Είναι πάρα πολύ σημαντικό να ξέρουμε ότι ακόμη κι αν δεν εσωτερικοποιήσουμε ένα τέτοιο μήνυμα ή αν αντιδράσουμε με όποιον τρόπο σε' ένα τέτοιο μήνυμα, δεν υπάρχει περίπτωση να μην μας επηρεάσει όλους η ύπαρξή του. Και όπως το μικρό κορίτσι θα έρθει πάρα πολλές φορές στην ζωή του σε επαφή με τέτοιους είδους μηνύματα. Και όσο κι αν δυσκολεύομαστε να το αντιληφθούμε, όλο αυτό σημαίνει ότι είναι πολύ πιο σύνθετος και πολύ πιο εύκολο για τις γυναίκες, ακόμα και για τις φεμινίστριες, να θεώρησε την αντικείμενο θεώρηση/άποψη στις πράγματα και να μειώσουν γυναικεία. Εγώ προσωπικά το καταλαβαίνω ότι είναι πολύ πιο σύνθετος, και νομίζω ότι είναι αυτή που κι εμένα με τοιχοκλήσει περισσότερο απ' όλες, ήτανε αν είχατε αισθανθεί ποτέ πολύ καλά κι είχατε πάρει ως κομπλέμεντο την φράση «εσύ δεν είσαι σαν τα όλλα κορίτσια», που είναι ένας αυτότητος τρόπος από τους άντρες να θέλουν να πούνε κάτι καλό για σένα, αλλά υποτιμούν όλο το υπόλοιπο γυναίκείο φύλο, προσπαθώντας να κάνουν εσένα ξανάρτηση και να σε διαχωρίσουνε σε σχέση με τα υπόλοιπα κορίτσια, κι έτσι δημιουργείται μια περίεργη εξίσωση ότι εσύ είσαι το καλό και τα υπόλοιπα κορίτσια είναι το κακό, δεν ξέρω αν το πιάνετε. Κάποια στιγμή, νομίζω πριν απ’ ακόνα ήρωνε και λίγο διάσημο ένα τέτοιο είδος βίντεο που κυκλοφορούσε στο ξένο youtube με το “I’m not like other girls”. Είναι ώστε το πιο χαρακτηριστικό παράδειγμα εσωτερικοποιημένου μισογυνισμού που μπορούμε να δούμε στην σύγχρονη κοινωνία και αποτυπώνεται και πάρα πολύ με οποιοδήποτε τρόπο μπορεί και στην τέχνη και στα media και στον κινηματογράφο messages several times in her life. As hard as it is to grasp, this means that it is much more usual and much easier for women, even for feminists, to support the male point of view on things and to degrade the female one. I personally view this as a major own goal.

The question that was the hardest for me, was whether you had ever taken it as a compliment and felt great when hearing the phrase “you are not like other girls”, which is a peculiar way in which men want to say something nice about a woman, but disparage the rest of the female sex, trying to make her feel special and to dissociate her from other girls, and so an odd equation is created in which you are good and all the other girls are bad.

At some point, I think it was a year ago, a video of this kind with the title “I’m not like other girls” went viral on YouTube. It is perhaps the most distinctive example of internalized misogyny that we can see in modern society, and it is imprinted in every possible way in art, in media and in cinema. There always are two types of girls in memes, on the internet: there is the girl who will pay a lot of attention to her appearance and she will be defined as more shallow and the other girl who is the weird girl, the one who is closer to boys and does not care about what
και στις ταινίες, εννοούν πάντα υπάρχουν αυτά τα δύο είδη κοριτσιών, στα memes, στο internet είναι αυτό το κορίτσι που ας πούμε θα προσέχει πάρα πολύ την εξωτερική του εμφάνιση και θα χαρακτηρίζεται σαν πιο ρηχό και το άλλο κορίτσι που είναι το πιο περίεργο κορίτσι, αυτό που είναι πιο κοντά στ’ αγόρια και αυτό που δεν το νοιάζει τι θα φαίη και θα είναι πιο κάφρος και είναι πιο περίεργο, πιο ιδιαίτερο, αυτά τα δύο κορίτσια εκεί έξω. Δεν ξέρω αν έχετε δει και κάπου την φράση “in a world full of Kim Kardashians, be an Audrey Hepburn” ξέρω ’γω. Η εκείνο το κορίτσι που δουλεύει πάρα πολύ είναι εκείνο το κορίτσι που δεν μπορεί να έχει προσωπική ζωή ή είναι ένα κορίτσι το οποίο δεν το ενδιαφέρει η οικογένεια, πρέπει να είσαι ή το ένα ή το άλλο, και γενικά πρέπει να είσαι κάτι που ακριβώς εγώ δεν έχω καταλάβει ποιο θα ήταν αυτό το κάτι το ιδανικό. Και γενικά δεν μπορεί να καταλάβει ποτέ, δεν μπορεί να καταλάβει ποτέ. Το θέμα είναι ότι έτσι, με αυτόν τον τρόπο και διαιωνίζοντας τέτοιον είδους στερεότυπα αρχίζουμε να μισούμε την γυναικεία μας φύση και ξέρω ότι πάρα πολύ εύκολα κάποιος θα πει «όχι αυτό που λες είναι μια υπερβολή», αλλά δεν είναι ότι ξαφνικά περπατάμε στον δρόμο και σκεφτόμαστε μόνο «πω-πω τι χάλια είναι που είμαστε γυναίκες ρε γαμώτο», δεν μεταφράζεται έτσι, μεταφράζεται σαν μια δυσφορία να καταλάβουμε ακριβώς τον ρόλο μας, μια δυσφορία να βρούμε έναν τόπο να ανήκουμε στην κοινωνία, να μπούμε σε κάποιο κουτάκι γιατί δεν χωράμε σε ένα μόνο. Μεταφράζεται με ένα κενό στον πυρήνα μας που δεν ξέρουμε ακριβώς πώς να καλύψουμε... Το θέμα είναι ότι υπάρχει. Αυτή η πραγματικότητα μας απομακρύνει συνέχεια από τις πραγματικές μας ανάγκες. Αποξενωνόμαστε απ’

she will eat and who is a tomboy and quite peculiar, unique. These are the two girls in the world. There are also phrases, like “in a world full of Kim Kardashians, be an Audrey Hepburn” for example. Another example would be the girl that works a lot, who cannot have a personal life and is not interested in having a family. There is pressure to be either one. We have to be something ideal which I have yet to understand what that is. The fact is that in this way and by perpetuating such stereotypes, we start to hate our female nature. Somebody could easily say that this statement is extreme, but it is not as if it happens suddenly while walking down the street. How this is construed is as a feeling of distress, trying to understand what exactly our role is, trying to find a place to belong in society, to fit in a box when we feel that we cannot fit in just one. It is manifested as a gap in our core which we do not know how exactly to fill. The point is that it is there. This reality continually alienates us from our real needs. We are alienated from our own selves and from other women in this way. It is much easier, simpler and restful to just accept the roles that the society in which we live in has attributed to us... Even if we recognize the parts that sting or hurt us sometimes. And it is also much easier, simpler and more restful to blame other women for this
τον εαυτό μας κι από τις υπόλοιπες γυναίκες με αυτόν τον τρόπο. Και ξέρετε κάτι;
Είναι πάρα πάρα πολύ εύκολο, απλό και ξεκούραστο να αποδεχθούμε τους ρόλους τους οποίους μας έχει αποδώσει η κοινωνία στην οποία ζούμε. Ακόμα κι
να αναγνωρίζουμε τα σημεία που μας καίνε λιγάκι ή που μας πονάνε κάποιες
φορές. Κι είναι επίσης πολύ πιο εύκολο, απλό και ξεκούραστο να κατηγορούμε τις υπόλοιπες γυναίκες γι’ αυτό το πρόβλημα. Γιατί οι άλλες γυναίκες δεν έχουν την
θεσμοθετημένη εξουσία να πάρουν πίσω την δύναμη και την ισχύ που σου ’χουν
δώσει, ας πούμε. Το θέμα είναι τι κάνουμε. Το βασικό και πρώτο βήμα είναι η
αποδοχή. Η αποδοχή στην αναγνώριση ότι αυτό το πράγμα υπάρχει. Ότι ο
εσωτερικευμένος μισογυνισμός, όσο διαβασμένες κι αν είμαστε, όσο ψαγμένες κι
αν είμαστε, όσο κι αν έχουμε προσπαθήσει να καταλάβουμε, είμαστε τελικά
προϊόντα της κουλτούρας μας, όπως και να το κάνουμε, και θα υπάρχει, ίσως όχι
πάντα κι όχι σε πάρα πολύ μεγάλο βαθμό, σε μικρότερο ή μεγαλύτερο, θα υπάρχει
στο πίσω μέρος του μυαλού μας, μια απάντηση που θα έχει σεξιστική υφή. Γιατί
eίμαστε προϊόντα της κοινωνίας στην οποία έχουμε μεγαλώσει όπως και να ’χει.

Οπότε πρέπει να μην νομίζουμε ότι μπορούμε να κοροϊδέψουμε το σύστημα και
να αποφύγουμε τελείως αυτή την ιστορία. Πρέπει να αποδεχτούμε ότι και εμείς
έχουμε συμβάλει, με τον έναν ή με τον άλλον τρόπο, στο συγκεκριμένο πρόβλημα.
Εγώ έχω πέσει θύμα αυτού του πράγματος πάρα πολλές φορές. Από τον τρόπο
που σχολιάζω στο νανατέ μου τις γυναίκες που έχουν δηλώσει συμμετοχή στο
Bachelor μέχρι τις μικρές σκέψεις που υπάρχουν στο νου μου όταν για

152 problem, because other women do not have the
institutionalized authority to get back the power and the
strength that they gave to you. The important thing is what we
do now.

153 The first and most basic step is acceptance. Acceptance and
realization that this thing exists. No matter how educated we
are, how savvy we are, how much we have tried to understand,
we are essentially products of our culture, no matter what, and
internalized misogyny will exist, perhaps not always and not to
such a great extent; but, at either a smaller or greater extent,
there will be an answer with a sexist touch at the back of our
minds. Hence, we should not think that we can cheat the
system and entirely avoid all of this. We must accept that we
have contributed, in one way or another, to this specific
problem. I have been a victim of this many times; from the way
I sit on my couch and talk about the women who have applied
to be on The Bachelor2 to my tiny thoughts that are in my brain
when, for example, I publicly support Ioanna Touni, in my head
I am fighting every moment to not fall into the trap of thinking
that I am superior, better, smarter than them. Secondly, it is
something that every woman has to do by herself. We need to

παράδειγμα βγαίνω δημόσια και στηρίζω την Ιωάννα Τούνη, μέσα μου παλεύω κάθε στιγμή για να μην μπω στην λούμπα «πώς είναι αυτές έτσι, εγώ είμαι ανώτερη, εγώ είμαι καλύτερη, εγώ είμαι εξυπνότερη, εγώ δεν θα το έκανα ποτέ αυτό», καταλαβαίνετε; Νόμιμο ύψος, είναι μια δουλειά που πρέπει να κάνει η κάθε μια με τον εαυτό της. Και να σχετίζει αν ζούμε την ζωή που θα θέλαμε να ζούμε ή αν ζούμε μια ζωή στην οποία προσπαθούμε να χωρέσουμε στα κουτάκια που μας έχει θέσει η κοινωνία και σ’ αυτά που τα οποία ισοθανόμαστε ώθησε να πάρουμε περισσότερο την αντική απόδοχή. Παρένθεση, γιατί είναι τόσο σημαντική η αντική απόδοχή στην ρμάδα της ζωής; Φαίνεται καθ’ ένα πάρα πολύ σημαντικό πρότυπο με το που γεννιόμαστε, που είναι ένα αντικό πρότυπο, κι είναι ο πατέρας, γιατί ακόμα και στην θρησκεία όλοι οι θεοί είναι άντρες και αν είμαστε μεγαλωμένοι μ’ έναν τρόπο που πιστεύουμε σε μια θεική ύπαρξη, χρειαζόμαστε μια απόδοχη από ένα αντικό πρότυπο, όσο γελοίο και ν’ ακούγεται για κάποιους που δεν πιστεύουν καθόλου, γιατί επίσης ζούμε σε μια κοινωνία όπου οι CEOs κι αυτοί που θα μας δώσουν την δουλειά, τ’ αφεντικά επίσης είναι πολύ περισσότερο άντρες παρά γυναίκες, όποτε σε αυτήν την κοινωνία που θεωρεί ότι το καλύτερο πράγμα που μπορεί να κάνει μια γυναίκα είναι να βρει έναν καλό άντρα να παντρευτεί, χρειαζόμαστε την αντική απόδοχή. Ζούμε λοιπόν μια ζωή που θέλουμε ή ζούμε μια πολύ οριοθετημένη κατάσταση η οποία δεν ταιριάζει με τις πραγματικές μας ανάγκες; Τρία, οι γυναίκες που βλέπουμε να ζούνε την ζωή που θέλουν ή τουλάχιστον εμείς αυτό αντιλαμβανόμαστε από το έργο τους κι από την επιτυχία τους, απ’ τα πράγματα που κάνουν, οι γυναίκες που

think about whether we live the life we want to live or whether we are living a life in which we are trying to fit in the boxes that society has set up and in those that we feel are most likely to get male acceptance. By the way, why is the male acceptance so important in this life? Because from the minute we are born, we have a very important male figure, the father. Even in religion, almost all the gods are men and if we grow up believing in the existence of a godly being, we need acceptance from a male figure, no matter how ridiculous it sounds to people who do not believe at all. We also live in a society where the bosses, the CEOs and the people deciding who gets the job, are mostly men, not women. Thus in this society, which believes that the best thing that a woman can do is to find a good man to marry, we need the male acceptance. So then, are we living a life that we want or are we living in a very defined situation which does not fit our real needs?

Thirdly, the women that we see living the life they want – or at least that is what is projected through their work and their success, through the things they do – the women who pave the way, who get out, who try, who talk about the issues that concern us, who seem to love their independence – are those the women that we view maliciously or do we treat them as
Θα ανοίγουμε τον δρόμο, που βγαίνουν εκεί έξω, που επιχειρούν, που μιλάνε για τα ζητήματα που μας απασχολούν, που δείχνουν να αγαπάνε την ανεξαρτησία τους, αυτές οι γυναίκες είναι γυναίκες τις οποίες αντιμετωπίζουμε ως «ποια νομίζει πως είναι αυτή» ή σαν γυναίκες που όντως μπορούν να ανοίξουν ένα χώρο και να δημιουργήσουν μια καινούρια κατάσταση για όλες εμάς τις υπόλοιπες και άρα θα τις χειροκροτήσουμε, θα χαρούμε με την επιτυχία τους, θα χαρούμε με το γεγονός ότι έχουν βρει μέσα τους τι είναι αυτό που τους αρέσει και το παλέύουν και το δεκιμάζουν και δεν φοβούνται και δεν μένουν σε στεγανά και δεν περιορίζονται και δεν, δεν, δεν… και θα τους πούμε «φτιάξε κου κοπελάρα μου, μπράβο, πάμε, μαζί σου κι εμείς»; Μήπως αυτό είναι αυτό που πρέπει να κάνουμε; Να στηρίζουμε η μία την άλλη όσο περισσότερο μπορούμε, να είμαστε η μία της άλλης η μεγαλύτερη της θαυμάστρια και όχι αυτή που θα κοιτάει με μισό μάτι την επιτυχία της, την χαρά της ή στιγμή; Την ευτυχία της; Να μην είμαστε εμείς αυτές που θα προσπαθήσουμε να υπονομεύσουμε το στιγμή παράπετα, άλλα να είμαστε αυτές που πρώτες θα το χειροκροτήσουμε και θα το στηρίξουμε; Θα ‘μαστε αυτές που θα εκτιμήσουμε μια άλλη γυναίκα; Εκεί καταλήγω. Εκεί θεωρώ ότι βρίσκεται η μεγαλύτερη γιατρεία του προβλήματος. Όσο δύσκολο κι αν είναι να προσπαθείς να νικήσεις τον εσωτερικούμενο μισογυνισμό σου, δεν είναι πια επιλογή το να μην προσπαθείς να το κάνεις, αυτό πιστεύω. Αν θέλουμε κάποια στιγμή τα πράγματα να φτάσουν σε ισορροπία και σε πραγματική ισότητα, πρέπει να κάνουμε πολλή δουλειά η μία με την άλλη. Αρχικά με τον εαυτό μας. Θα τα καταφέρουμε μόνο όλες μας μαζί. Θεωρώ ότι μας έχουν μπολιάσει πάρα

| women who truly can pave the way and create a new situation for the rest of us and so we will applaud them, be happy for their success, be happy about the fact that they have found what makes them happy and they are fighting and trying it out and are not scared and do not stay in their comfort zone and do not stay restricted and will we congratulate them and support them? Perhaps that is what we should be doing? Supporting each other as much as we can, being each other’s biggest fan and not the person who is disregarding her success, her happiness, her bliss? Not being the person who is trying to undermine what she achieved, but being the first ones who will applaud and support that? Will we be the ones to appreciate another woman? That is where I think the solution to the problem lies. However hard it is to overcome your internalized misogyny, it is no longer an option not to do so, that is what I believe. If we want things to reach a balance sometime and achieve real equality, we all have to work on it a lot. Firstly with ourselves. The only way we will make it is if we are all in it together. I believe that they have brainwashed us so much to believe that there isn’t room for everybody in this life. And that is where the root of evil lies, the poison in this life, irrespective of gender. |

| 22 | 195 | 196 | 197 | 198 | 199 | 200 | 201 | 202 | 203 | 204 | 205 | 206 | 207 | 208 | 209 | 210 | 211 | 212 | 213 | 214 | 215 | 216 |
πολύ το μυαλό με το ότι δεν υπάρχει χώρος για όλους μας σ' αυτήν την ζωή. Κι από 'κει ξεκινάει ένα πολύ μεγάλο δηλητήριο ρε παιδί μου, το βασικό στην ανθρώπινη φύση, ανεξάρτητα τώρα από φύλα. 'Όλοι μπορούμε να τα καταφέρουμε. Για όλους μας υπάρχει χώρος. Στην ευτυχία υπάρχει χώρος, στην αφθονία υπάρχει χώρος για όλους μας, δεν πιστεύω ότι είναι ουτοπικό αυτό που λέω. Σας ευχαριστώ πάρα πολύ που είσαστε εδώ, δεν το θεωρώ καθόλου δεδομένο, κι εύχομαι να τα πούμε σύντομα σε ένα επόμενο. Φιλιά πολλά.
**Source Text**

| Title                  | F.R.I.E.N.D.S  
The One Where Ross Got High |
<table>
<thead>
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<th></th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Year Published</td>
<td>1999</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
| Author                 | David Crane  
Marta Kauffman |
| Language               | English                                               |
| Word Count             | 1286                                                  |

**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)**

*Friends* is an American sitcom, which follows the lives of the six main characters in a big city during their late 20s; through 20-minutes long, standalone episodes. The ST is a scene from the ninth episode of the sixth season of the series. The ST includes parentheticals and stage directions. The language used in the scene is very informal and includes many discourse markers (e.g.: “So um...” l. 4, “Okay, and uh” l. 23).

More specifically, the text has a very intimate, informal tone as:

- the characters interrupt each other (e.g.: l. 12-14),
- idiomatic phrases are used (e.g.: l. 3 “What’s up, Ross?”),
- the short forms “gonna”, “gotta”, “wanna” are used (e.g.: l. 27 “I’m not gonna pay”, l. 46 “You gotta take”, l. 93 “do I wanna hear this?”).

The humor of the scene relies heavily on physical comedy, as well as dramatic irony, as Rachel seems unaware that the dessert, she made is not good, and the rest of the characters are trying very hard to keep it from her; making the situation fun either through their lines or their expressions.

**Target Text**

| Title                  | Τα Φιλαράκια  
Αυτό Που Ο Ανδρέας Μαστούρωσε |
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
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<tr>
<td>Language</td>
<td>Greek</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Word Count</td>
<td>1294</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
| Strategy | I want to create a Greek adaptation of the series, based on the original one which would maintain the series’ premise and plotlines. The TA, like the SA, is young people aged 16-25 (GCSE Media Studies, 2021, 3). I will domesticate the ST by:  
| • identification of translation problems | – keeping the already-established name for the show «Τα Φιλαράκια» [The Friends] (Star Channel, 2020, [https://www.star.gr/tv/seires/ta-filarakia-friends](https://www.star.gr/tv/seires/ta-filarakia-friends)),  
| • knowledge of genre within target context and situation of target text | – keeping the names that have a Greek form (Μονικα/Mónica, Φοίβη/Φοίβη),  
| • justification of translation production of genre for target context (200 words max) | – replacing the rest of the names with similar-sounding Greek ones,  
| | – replacing cultural references with ones from the Greek culture (e.g.: Thanksgiving Day → one of the characters’ name-day),  
| | – using Greek colloquialisms and idiomatic phrases that the TA would be familiar with.  
| To keep the original character of the ST, I will keep the cultural references that are supposed to be foreign in the ST as well (e.g.: the English trifle).  
| Critical Reflection | After giving my TT to three sample readers, two of whom have watched the show and one of whom has not, they said that the TT does read like a modern-day Greek tv show. Two of them did not really know who Jacques Cousteau was before looking it up, which led me to think that, while keeping the foreign reference is logical, maybe modernizing them would work better. Additionally, one of them pointed out that the replacement of the Thanksgiving celebration with that of a name-day celebration does not work for them, since they already know what the situation was supposed to be. However, one of the two who have not watched the show noted that it did not seem strange at all. The two who were already familiar with the ST also said that the name changes were hard to get used to. Overall, it seems that the TT may appeal to more people who have not watched the ST, rather than people who are already familiar with the plot lines and the show in general.  
| Critical Reflection |  
| • textual analysis (200 words max) |  
| Works Cited |  
| • use of sources and reference material |  
| 25 |
The hallway. Rachel and Ross go out and they just stand there for a few seconds.

Rachel: What’s up, Ross?

Ross: So um… Thanksgiving. The holiday season is upon us, hm?

Rachel: Yeah!

Ross: And um… You look nice today.

Rachel: Oh no. Ross don’t do this.

Ross: What?

Rachel: I just – I don’t think us getting back together is a good idea.

Ross: (shocked) Eh?

Rachel: I thought this might happen today. Ross, I know the holidays can be rough. You know? And it’s probably really hard for you to be alone right now –

Ross: (cutting her off) You’re alone.

Rachel: No, I live with Phoebe. I mean you’re alone, alone. And I just, it’s just not the time for us. I’m sorry.

Ross: (just trying to get out of the conversation) Ah well, can’t blame a guy for trying!

[Inside Monica and Chandler’s. Joey is almost done explaining the situation to everyone.]
Joey: Oh and (Ross begins to open the door and Joey says some gibberish word to indicate to Ross that he’s not done yet. Ross closes the door again.) Okay, and uh if anyone needs help pretending to like it, I learned something in acting class, try uh, rubbing your stomach (rubs his stomach) or uh, or saying “mmm” and uh, oh oh! And smiling, (smiles while imitating eating off a plate) okay?
Chandler: Yeah, I’m not gonna pay for those acting classes anymore.

[Ross and Rachel re-enter.]

Joey: Rachel, there you are! Come on, let’s serve that dessert already!
Rachel: Joey, you’re gonna have to stop rushing me, you know what? You don’t get any dessert.
Joey: (happily) Really?
Rachel: No, I’m just kidding I would never do that to you! Okay, everybody, it’s trifle time!

Phoebe: So, now, Rach, this is a traditional English trifle, isn’t it?
Rachel: It sure is.
Phoebe: Wow. So then did you make it with beef or eggplant?
Rachel: Beef.
Phoebe: I can’t have any. You know I don’t eat meat. (faking disappointment) Oh no.

[Phoebe gets up and goes into Rachel’s old room, a smile on her face.]
Rachel: Alright, Monica, I want you to have the first taste.
Monica: Really?

[Rachel hands Monica a plate. Monica takes a spoonful of the whipped cream portion.]

Rachel: Oh oh wait! You only got whipped cream in there! You gotta take a bite with all the layers!

Monica: Okay.

[Monica takes a bigger spoonful and a pea falls off]

Rachel: Op! Wait, you dropped a pea.

[Monica puts the pea on top of the spoonful and takes a bite.]

Rachel: Well?

Monica: (faking joy. Rubbing her stomach and smiling at the same time, like Joey said) Mmm! It’s good!

Rachel: Really? How good?

Monica: It’s so good, that I feel really selfish about being the only one who’s eating it, that I think we should have everyone taste how good it is. Especially Ross.

[Ross glares at Monica.]

[Everyone takes a bite of their trifle.]

All: (faking enjoyment) Mmm.

Chandler: (clearly lying) Yeah, this is so good that I’m gonna go enjoy it on the balcony so that I can enjoy the view whilst I enjoy my dessert.

[Chandler exits to the balcony]
Judy: (lying) I’ve gotta call my friend Mary and tell her how good this is from Monica’s room.

Jack: (lying) I’ll help you dial.

[Jack and Judy exit to Monica’s room.]

Monica: I’m gonna go into the bathroom so I can look at it in the mirror as I eat it.

[Monica exits to the bathroom.]

Rachel: Okay, now what was that all about? Is it – does it not taste good? Let me try it.

[Rachel reaches for Ross’ plate]

Ross: What? No no! (Ross scarfs all of his trifle down in about a second. He looks like he’s going to throw up.) Ah! All gone! So good! Maybe Chandler has some left.

[Rachel leaves to the balcony.]

Ross: It tastes like feet!

Joey: I like it.

Ross: Are you kidding?


[Rachel and Chandler re-emerge from the balcony.]

Rachel: So a bird just grabbed it and then tried to fly away with it and, and then just dropped it on the street?
Ch: Yes, but if it's any consolation, before the bird dropped it, he seemed to enjoy it.

[Phoebe comes back from Rachel’s old room.]

Phoebe: Rachel, come here. (Rachel walks over to Phoebe) Okay, I was just starting to take my Thanksgiving nap, and I had another dream about Jack.

Rachel: Oh, Phoebe, do I wanna hear this?

Phoebe: I dunno, let’s see! So, okay, I dreamt that we were gonna get married, and he left because he had to go fight a fire. And, um, so okay, I went to a night club, and I saw him making out with a girl.

Rachel: Oh my God, he dream-cheated on you!

Phoebe: Yeah, but then Jacques Cousteau came and he kicked his ass for betraying me! It was so cool! Then, he took me diving and he introduced me to his pet seahorse, who by the way, was totally coming onto me, and please, that is not gonna happen.

[Jack and Judy come out of Monica’s room and sit down on the couch.]

Jack: Boy, I’m glad I wore the big belt today.

Phoebe: Five minutes ago, a line like that would have floored me. Now nothing. Well, not nothing, I am still a woman.

[Rachel and Phoebe walk into the kitchen. Monica comes out of the bathroom and goes over to Ross.]

Monica: Ross? Let’s go.
Ross: Oh yeah, about telling Mom and Dad, I was thinking about maybe writing a letter.
Monica: Alright, you know what? That’s it. You’ve had your chance.
Ross: Wh- What?
Monica: (loudly, to her parents) Mom! Dad!
Ross smoked pot in college!
Jack & Judy: What?
Ross: (in a kid’s tone) You are such a tattletale! Mom, Dad, you remember that time you walked in my room and smelled marijuana?
Jack & Judy: Yes. (They look at Chandler angrily)
Ross: Well, I told you it was Chandler who was smoking the pot but it was me. I’m sorry.
Judy: It was you?
Monica: And Dad, you know that mailman that you got fired? He didn’t steal your Playboys! Ross did!
Ross: Yeah, well, Hurricane Gloria didn’t break the porch swing, Monica did!
Monica: Ross hasn’t worked at the museum for a year!
Ross: Monica and Chandler are living together!
Monica: Ross married Rachel in Vegas! And got divorced! Again!
Phoebe: I love Jacques Cousteau!
Rachel: (reading the recipe in the magazine) I wasn’t supposed to put beef in the trifle!
Joey: (pounding the table) I wanna go!

Judy: (rubbing her temples) That is a lot of information to get in thirty seconds! Alright, Joey, if you want to leave, just leave. Rachel, no you weren’t supposed to put beef in the trifle. It did not taste good. Phoebe, I’m sorry, but I think Jacques Cousteau is dead. Monica, why you felt you had to hide the fact that you were in an important relationship is beyond me.

Jack: And we kinda figured about the porch swing.

Judy: Ross, drugs? Divorced? Again?

Jack: What happened son?

Ross: I got tricked into all those things!

Judy: Chandler! You’ve been Ross’ best friend all these years, stuck by him during the drug problems. And now, you’ve taken on Monica as well. Well, I don’t know what to say. You’re a wonderful human being.

Chandler: Thank you!

Jack: No! Thank you! (Hugs Chandler) Monica and Ross, I don’t know what I’m gonna do about the two of you!

Chandler: (in a parent-like tone) I’ll talk to them.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Line</th>
<th>Greek Text</th>
<th>English Translation</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>154</td>
<td>ανέλαβες και την Μόνικα. Δεν έχω λόγια. Είσαι ένας καταπληκτικός</td>
<td>You took Mona. I have no words. You are a breathtaking person.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>155</td>
<td>ἀνθρωπος.</td>
<td>man.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>156</td>
<td>Σωτήρης: Αχ σας ευχαριστώ πάρα πολύ!</td>
<td>Soter: Ach saas eucharistou polu!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>157</td>
<td>Ιάκωβος: Εμείς σ' ευχαριστούμε! (αγκαλιάζει τον Σωτήρη) Μόνικα και</td>
<td>Jacob: Emes s' eucharistoume! (emazes ton Soteri) Mona kai</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>158</td>
<td>Ανδρέα, δεν ξέρω πια τι θα κάνω με εσάς τους δύο.</td>
<td>Andreas, dein xeoro pia ti tha kano me esas tous duo.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>159</td>
<td>Σωτήρης: (λες και μιλάει για παιδιά) Μην ανησυχείτε, θα τους μιλήσω</td>
<td>Soter: (les kai milaei gia paidia) Mhn anesuxite, tha tous milisow</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>160</td>
<td>εγώ.</td>
<td>I.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
The ST is a children’s book which deals with the subjects of misinformation and fake news and it addresses children between the ages of three and six (Politeia, 2021, [https://www.politeianet.gr/books/9789605634155](https://www.politeianet.gr/books/9789605634155)). The text uses both middle-rhymes and end-rhymes, while there are four instances where there is not any rhyming (l. 37-38, 65-66, 74-75, 78-84). The author writes mostly using everyday language, while also using unusual, archaic words, like «ευτραφής» [portly] (l. 1) instead of the more usual «χοντρός» [fat] and «ματαδούμε» [see again] (l. 23) instead of the more contemporary «ξαναδούμε» [see again]. He also uses colloquial contractions (e.g.: «είν’» [is] instead of «είναι» [is] – l. 4, «μαθε» [learnt] instead of «ξαναθε» [learnt] – l. 77). The author employs different ways of writing on parts that he wants to emphasize:

- spaced-out writing – l. 23-24 / 29-31,
- uppercase letters – l. 37,
- italics – l. 78-84.

The ST also includes illustrations; however, the words do not interact with them in any way, they are just complimentary to the text.
| Strategy | The TT will be given to Greek-Speaking translation students taking a course on translating children’s literature, with a focus on translating rhyme. In translating the TT I will:  
- translate giving priority to the rhymes, and thus the lexical equivalence is of secondary importance,  
- mirror the ST’s use of middle and end rhymes,  
- disregard the archaisms of the ST and instead aim for contemporary language,  
- keep the different ways of writing on the corresponding parts to maintain the emphasis.  
Since the illustrations do not interact with the text, they will not be part of the TT that will be given to the students, however it will be pointed out that they exist in the ST. |
<table>
<thead>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Critical Reflection</td>
<td>I gave my TT to two Greek speakers who had taken a similar class before. One noted that, although the TT would be a good example for translating rhyme, the rhythm of the TT is incoherent at points. This might be because the sentences vary in length, and in English it is common for rhyming lines to also have the same meter (Genzel et al., 2010, 160). In order to serve the strategy and maintain the rhyming scheme, the TT ended up employing some words that elevate the register of the text (e.g.: “amiss” l. 69, “maddened” l. 93), which might result in a change of tone. Despite focusing on the rhymes while translating, the content of the ST remained the same in the TT; meaning that the TT could also appeal to the ST’s TA – children between the ages of three and six. However, the TT is longer than the ST which means that if it were to be published, an adjustment would be needed to ensure that the longer text does not interfere with the illustrations.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Η Μέρα που Τελείωσε το Παγωτό

Κάποτε ήταν ένας παγωτατζής, λίγο ευτραφής και πολύ οξυδερκής.
Μια μέρα, λοιπόν, ένα κορίτσι γελαστό του ζητάει σοκολάτα σε χωνάκι
κι από πάνω ένα τραγανούτσικο μπισκοτάκι.
- Ορίστε, κοριτσάκι μου, όπως το ζητάς. Είν’ όμως το τελευταίο. Να τ’
  απολαύσεις αργά αργά, μην το κάνεις όλο μια χαψιά!
Σαν σίφουνας τρέχει πίσω στον μπαμπά, ν’ απολαύσει το παγωτό της στη
δική του αγκαλιά.
- Μπαμπάκα, κοίτα το παγωτό μου το ωραίο, ο παγωτατζής μου ‘πε πως
ein’ το τελευταίο!
Pάνω στη βίαση του δεν καταλαβαίνει καλά καλά τι του λέει, μήτε τη
ρωτά μήπως τα παραλέει.
Σκέφτεται πως τελείωσε οριστικά και τα πράγματα τώρα θα ‘ναι πολύ
σοβαρά!
Την επόμενη μέρα το πρωί, λέει το νέο στη δουλειά με τρεμάμενη φωνή:
- Χόδε το βράδυ, ένας παγωτατζής έδωσε το τελευταίο παγωτό! Αλήθεια
  σας το λέω, το σκέφτομαι και μου ‘ρχεται να κλαίω!
- Ποπό! αναφωνούν όλοι, και τους ζώνουν οι φόβοι.
Το ‘χανε συνήθειο καθημερινά ένα παγωτό στο πάρκο να τρων για
ξεννοιασία.

Once there was an ice cream seller, kinda fat and way too clever.

The Day Ice Cream Ran Out
1. Once there was an ice cream seller, kinda fat and way too clever.
2. One day, a smiling girl asked for a chocolate scoop and a cookie in a coupe.
3. - Here you go little girl, just like you asked. But this one is our last. Enjoy it slowly, not too fast, make sure it lasts!
4. Fast as she could, she ran back to her dad, to enjoy her ice cream in his lap.
5. - Daddy look at my ice cream, isn’t it a dream? I won’t eat it fast, since the man said it’s the last!
6. In his haste, he didn’t realize that this would be absurd, nor did he think that she might have misheard.
7. He thought all ice cream was sold out, and that was all he could think about!
8. The next day at work he told the news and gave everyone else the blues.
9. - Last night an ice cream seller sold the last ice cream ever! There’s no more supply, and that makes me want to cry.
10. - What? they all cried out, unable to believe what they had just found out.
11. It had become a habit of theirs, they’d go to the park and have an ice cream without any cares.
12. In the afternoon, a lady at work could not hold it in anymore and on her computer she begins to type:
Το απόγευμα, μια κυρία απ’ τη δουλειά, δεν αντέχει και στον υπολογιστή
tο γράφει βιαστικά:
Παγωτό δεν θα ματαδούμε.
Αχ, τι συμφορά μάς ελαχίς να ζούμε!
Δεν περνάει ώρα πολλή κι όσοι το βλέπουν αρχίζουν να το γράφουν στον
dικό τους υπολογιστή.
Κόσμος και κοσμάκης, άνθρωποι πολλοί, βάζουν φατσούλες λυπημένες
και γράφουν με οργή:
Δεν θα ξαναφάμε παγωτό!
Τίποτα πια δεν θα ‘ναι απολαυστικό...
Πώς θα ζήσουμε τώρα σας ερωτώ;
Ένας δημοσιογράφος το βλέπει τυχαία στον υπολογιστή.
«Χμ, να μια καλή είδηση!» συλλογιέται και γρήγορα πιάνει μολύβι και
χαρτί.
Την επόμενη μέρα το πρωί, η εφημερίδα κυκλοφορεί με πρωτοσέλιδο
που προκαλεί μεγάλη ταραχή:
ΤΟ ΠΑΙΓΓΩΤΟ ΕΞΑΝΤΑΛΗΘΘΕΚΕ. Η ΧΩΡΑ ΒΥΘΙΖΕΤΑΙ ΣΕ ΑΠΟΓΝΩΣΗ.
Το βράδυ, η τηλεόραση το παίζει πρώτο θέμα στις ειδήσεις.
Από το στούντιο, ένας κύριος ειδικός, κουστομαρισμένος και κορδωτός,
stην κάμερα κοιτάει και το δάκτυλο κουνάει:

We won’t see ice cream ever again.
Oh dear, what a pain!
After a moment or two, everyone who sees it starts writing on their
computers too.
Everyone and anyone, people of all kinds, are using sad faces and typing
out their minds:
Ice cream has run out!
There’s nothing as lucious around...
Our lives are now ruined, no doubt!
A journalist stumbles upon the news through a link.
“Hm, this would make breaking news!” he thinks, and he quickly jots it
down in ink.
The next morning the newspaper is out, and the front page is what
everybody’s talking about:
ALL ICE CREAM IS NOW FINISHED. THE COUNTRY IS IN GREAT DESPAIR.
At night, it’s the headline on the news.
At the studio, an expert in a suit looks into the camera and says in a voice
that’s a bit acute:
- The only truth is this: we didn’t make as much ice cream as we ate. That’s
why we now have no supply. Now this is our fate, we have to learn how
to moderate.
- Η αλήθεια είναι μία. Τρώγαμε περισσότερο παγωτό απ’ όσο φτιάχναμε κι αυτός είν’ ο λόγος που το ξεκάναμε. Τώρα που δεν έχουμε, θα μάθουμε ν’ αντέχουμε.

Οι παγωτατζήδες, ένας μετά τον άλλον, κλείνουν τα μαγαζιά τους. Η κυρία, που έχει το παγωτατζίδικο εκεί στη γωνία, ετοιμάζει βαλίτσες τώρα για την Ιταλία.

Κάποιος άλλος που ήταν πτυχία του άλλου, κλείνει τα μαγαζιά τους. Η κυρία, που έχει το παγωτατζίδικο εκεί στη γωνία, ετοιμάζει βαλίτσες τώρα για την Ιταλία.

The lady who owns the ice cream shop at the corner is packing up and leaving for somewhere warmer.

A man who drove an ice cream van is now training to become a footballer, that’s his new plan.

The teachers are all letting out sighs while they are taking down the “I for Ice Cream” signs.

Kids will now longer be taught “I for Ice Cream”, “I for Iceberg Lettuce” is taking its spot.

The grown-ups are rushing to the stores, they are all waiting in lines outside the doors.

They are trying to get whatever ice cream is left, they’ll put it in their freezers, so it won’t melt. They’ll have a spoonful once in a while to remember its taste and smile.

From now on, they won’t serve ice cream at children’s birthday parties, not chocolate nor vanilla, not even plain ones with smarties.

Just potatoes.

And for dessert, they’ll serve cucumbers and tomatoes.

Children are no longer happy.

And if the children are not happy, neither are the grown-ups.

And if no one is happy, nothing is fun.

A solution needs to be found; something needs to be done!
Κι αν δεν είναι τα παιδιά, δεν είναι ούτε οι μεγάλοι.
Κι αν δεν είναι όλοι χαρούμενοι, δεν είναι ούτε η χώρα.
Κάτι πρέπει να γίνει, έθβασε η ώρα!
Η κατάσταση είναι σοβαρή.
Μια χώρα δίχως παγωτό δεν είναι διόλου απολαυστική.
Αμέσως, λοιπόν, τους συμβούλους του ο πρόεδρος καλεί, το πρόβλημα να λύσουν μία και καλή.
- Πώς φθάσαμε εδώ που φθάσαμε; ανήσυχος ο πρόεδρος ρωτάει και τα δάκτυλά του στο γραφείο αμήχανα χτυπάει.
- Το είδαμε στην τηλεόραση το βράδυ απάντησαν οι σύμβουλοι με μια φωνή.
- Ποιος είν' αυτός ο παγωτατζής; Να παρουσιαστεί ενώπιόν μου ευθύς! λέει ο πρόεδρος με τη βροντερή φωνή της διαταγής.
- Όστε εσύ είσαι που διαδίδεις ότι το παγωτό τελείωσε; Έκανες έρευνα, δηλαδή, κι ανακάλυψες ότι ο' όλη τη χώρα εξαντλήθηκε; Να ξέρεις ότι ο κόσμος θορυβήθηκε!
- Μα τι είν' αυτά που λέτε; Μου φαίνεται εξωφρενικό! Πού το ακούσατε αυτό;
- Το λένε όλοι και παντού! Κι αφού ο κόσμος όλος το συζητάει, τότε πρέπει να λέει την αλήθεια και όχι παραμύθια.
- Κύριε Πρόεδρε, ένα ψέμα, ακόμα κι αν το πουν πολλοί, δεν μπορεί να γίνει αλήθεια. Να σκέφτεστε καλά τι ακούσατε και τι διαβάζατε, παρά βιαστικά συμπεράσματα να βγάζετε.
- Τι είναι δηλαδή; Πες μου ειλικρινά, γιατί έχω μπερδευτεί!
- Εκείνη την ημέρα, τελείωσε το φρέσκο παγωτό της ώρας, όχι ολάκερης της χώρας! Φυσικά και δεν εξαντλήθηκε, μην ανησυχείτε. Και για να πειστείτε, ορίστε ένα λαχταριστό παγωτάκι, σοκολάτα σε χωνάκι μ’ ένα τραγανότσικο μπισκότακι.
- Από την στιγμή, συμφωνήσανε όλοι μαζί να σκέφτονται πρώτα ό,τι ακούνε και διαβάζουν από ‘δω κι από ‘κει.
- Μα και γιορτή να στήσουνε του παγωτού, μιας και τα νέα ότι είχε εξαντληθεί, για καλή τους τύχη δεν ήταν αληθή!
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th><strong>Source Text</strong></th>
<th><strong>Target Text</strong></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Title</strong></td>
<td>Confessions of an English Opium-Eater</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Year Published</strong></td>
<td>1822</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Author</strong></td>
<td>Thomas De Quincey</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Language</strong></td>
<td>English</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)

The ST is an extract from De Quincey’s autobiography in which he talks about his addiction and how it affected his life. The ST uses language that is now considered archaic (e.g.: “come thither” l. 5 ST). The author also employs punctuation marks in an unusual way:
  - he uses the colon (:) in a way that the semicolon (;) is commonly used (e.g.: l. 2 ST),
  - he uses the semicolon (;) in a way that the comma (,) is commonly used (e.g.: l. 8-10 ST),
  - he uses the dash (–) after other punctuation marks (e.g.: l. 27 ST).

The employment of these punctuation marks in such way allowed the author to create longer sentences, with an average of 27 words per sentence. The author also gives emphasis on certain points and gives his writing a dramatic effect by employing italic letters (e.g.: “the stately Pantheon” l. 25 ST) and exclamation marks in the middle of sentences (e.g.: “Opium! dread agent of unimaginable pleasure and pain!” l. 16 ST).

**Strategy**
- identification of translation problems

The TT will be translated as a post on the personal blog of the author. The TA will be people of the same age that the author was when he wrote the ST (mid 30s) who are struggling or have struggled with drug addiction and are currently in the process of getting clean. The TT will be an intralingual translation of the text as a blog post written in the present day.

In order to modernize the text, following the blog-writing norms (Crystal, 2011, 61-64), I will:
### Critical Reflection

**textual analysis**

(200 words max)

Due to the casual nature of the language in the TT, the phrases which were kept in the same writing style as the ST (l. 17, 19, 42) seemed even more dramatic and gave the TT a theatrical tone. I gave my TT to three sample readers, two of whom have an online presence and one who does not. The two have experience with the language used on the internet got through the TT with little to no difficulty, while the third one needed some explanation on words like “ofc” (l. 12 TT) and was slightly confused by the overuse of the punctuation marks. This led me to believe that the medium of the TT and the age range of the TA might not be a good match and that the format of the TT might be more appealing to people of a younger age.

### Works Cited

**use of sources and reference material**


<table>
<thead>
<tr>
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</tr>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Confessions of an English Opium-Eater</strong></td>
<td><strong>how i got hooked on opioids</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>It is so long since I first took opium, that if it had been a trifling incident in my life, I might have forgotten its date: but cardinal events are not to be forgotten; and from circumstances connected with it, I remember that it must be referred to the autumn of 1804. During that season I was in London, having come thither for the first time since my entrance at college. And my introduction to opium arose in the following way. From an early age I had been accustomed to wash my head in cold water at least once a day: being suddenly seized with tooth-ace, I attributed it to some relaxation caused by an accidental intermission of that practice; jumped out of bed; plunged my head into a basin of cold water; and with hair thus wetted went to sleep. The next morning, as I need hardly say, I awoke with excruciating rheumatic pains of the head and face, from which I had hardly any respite for about twenty days. On the twenty-first day, I think it was, and on a Sunday, that I went out into the streets; rather to run away, if possible, from my torments, than with any distinct purpose. By accident I met a college acquaintance who recommended opium. Opium! dread agent of unimaginable pleasure and pain! I had heard of it as I had of manna or of ambrosia, but no further: how unmeaning a sound was it at that time! what solemn chords does it now strike upon my heart! what heart-quaking vibrations of sad and happy remembrances! Reverting for a moment to these, I feel a mystic importance attached to the minutest...</td>
<td>it’s been so long since i first took opioids, that if it wasn’t such an important incident in my life, i for sure would’ve forgotten when it’d actually happened, but you can’t really forget important events like THAT; and from what i can remember about then, it must’ve been sometime in the autumn of 2003. during that phase of my life, i was in london for the first time since i’d gotten into college. and my introduction to opioids went a little like this: since i was pretty young, i’d learnt to wash my head in cold water at least once a day. when my tooth started hurting one day out of nowhere, i thought that it was because i’d stopped doing that for a while, so i <strong>jumped</strong> out of bed, <strong>plunged</strong> my head into a bowl of cold water and, once my hair was wet, i went to sleep. ofc, the next morning i woke up with STUBBING pains in my sore head and face, which wouldn’t go away for about <strong>twenty</strong> days. around day twenty-one, (it probably was a sunday?) i went for a walk, trying to run away from, well the <strong>pain</strong>. i ran into a guy i knew from college who recommended opioids. opioids!!! the great force of unimaginable pleasure and pain! i’d heard of them before, but never really <strong>knew</strong> what they were. how insignificant it sounded then! what does it do now to my heart!!!! what waves it sends through of sad and happy memories! going back to those...</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
circumstances connected with the place and the time, and the man (if man he was) that first laid open to me the Paradise of Opium-eaters. It was a Sunday afternoon, wet and cheerless: and duller spectacle this earth of ours has not to show than a rainy Sunday in London. My road homewards lay through Oxford-street; and near “the stately Pantheon” (as Mr Wordsworth has obligingly called it) I saw a druggist’s shop. The druggist, unconscious minister of celestial pleasures! – as if in sympathy with the rainy Sunday, looked dull and stupid, just as any mortal druggist might be expected to look on a Sunday: and, when I asked for the tincture of opium, he gave it to me as any other man might do: and furthermore, out of my shilling, returned me what seemed to be real copper half-pence, taken out of a real wooden drawer. Nevertheless, in spite of such indications of humanity, he has ever since existed in my mind as the beatific vision of an immortal druggist, sent down to earth on a special mission to myself. And it confirms me in this way of considering him, that, when I next came up to London, I sought him near the stately Pantheon, and found him not: and thus to me, who know not his name (if indeed he had one), he seemed rather to have vanished from Oxford-street than to have removed in any bodily fashion. The reader may choose to think of him as, possibly, no more than a sublunary druggist: it may be so: but my faith is better: I believe him to have evanesced, or evaporated. So unwillingly would I connect any mortal remembrances with that hour, and place, and creature, that first brought me acquainted with the celestial drug.

for a moment, i feel that even the smallest details that have to do with the place and the time and the man (was it a man?) that first introduced me to the paradise of opium are important. it was a sunday afternoon, wet and gloomy; and there isn’t anything more boring on this earth than a rainy sunday in london. on my way home, i was passing through oxford street, and near the m&s where the pantheon used to be and saw a pharmacy. the pharmacist, who unknowingly was in charge of heavenly pleasures, and just like the rainy sunday, looked dull and stupid, like any pharmacist might be expected to look on a sunday, and when i asked for the pills, he just gave them to me; and not only that, he even gave me back change!!! still, despite all of this humanity he showed to me, i’ve always thought of him as this immortal pharmacist that was sent down to earth on a special mission for me. and i confirmed this the next time i was in london, when i looked for him near the m&s but couldn’t find him. and so, to me, who didn’t even know his name (if he even had one!), it seemed as if he’d completely vanished from oxford street, rather than just leaving in a normal way. you guys might think of him as nothing more than a normal pharmacist, and he might be just that, but i think the way i see it is more fun: i believe he just vanished or evaporated. i just can’t believe that whatever brought me to that place at that point of time and to that creature that first got me hooked on this divine drug has any mortal attributes.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Source Text</th>
<th>Target Text</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Title</strong></td>
<td><strong>In the Nick of Time</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Year Published</strong></td>
<td><strong>2005</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Author</strong></td>
<td><strong>Γιώργος Καπουτζίδης</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Language</strong></td>
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<td><strong>Word Count</strong></td>
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<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Description of Source Text</th>
<th>Target Text</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>• understanding of source text</td>
<td>The ST is a scene from a Greek TV show «Στο Παρά 5» [In the Nick of Time], which follows five friends trying to solve the mystery of a man’s murder. A big part of the series’ comedic element comes from Dalia being extremely rich and not being able to navigate through what could be considered a normal, everyday task, such as that of going grocery shopping, which is what is happening in the ST. The language used is very informal. More specifically, the characters use:</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>• knowledge of genre within source contexts</td>
<td>– colloquialisms (e.g. «μαρή» [dude – female] l. 10) – 7 times in the ST,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>• situation of source text</td>
<td>– idioms (e.g.: «Τι νέα απ’ το μέτωπο;» [What are the news from the front?], l. 3) – 4 times in th ST,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>familiarity with the formal features of a text (language variation(s), register, dialect)</td>
<td>– colloquial contractions (e.g.: «μην πας να πληρώσεις» [don’t go to pay] instead of «μην πας να πληρώσεις» [don’t go to pay], l. 24-25) – 9 times in the ST.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(200 words max)</td>
<td></td>
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<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Strategy</th>
<th></th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>• identification of translation problems</td>
<td>This episode is going to be shown in the BANFF World Media Festival3 during their “Going Global” panel session, in which they focus on one international market. The creator of the series will also give a talk about the television industry in Greece and how to create a successful comedic TV series. The panel session will be attended by professionals of the television industry, mostly in their 40s, coming from 45 different countries (BANFF, 2022, 17). The ST will be dubbed in English. Since the panel’s aim is to give an insight into the Greek industry, I will retain the character of the ST in the TT by:</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>• knowledge of genre within target context and situation of target text</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>• justification of translation</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

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3 [https://banffmediafestival.playbackonline.ca/2023/](https://banffmediafestival.playbackonline.ca/2023/)
| production of genre for target context (200 words max) | – maintaining the use of idioms by either replacing the ST’s idioms with an idiom in the TL which successfully transfers the meaning or translating the ST’s idioms literally when there is not an idiom in the TL which carries the same meaning,  
– keeping the currency used in the ST (euros), even though only 12 out of the 45 countries that usually participate in the festival use it (BANFF, 2022, 17),  
– maintaining the use of colloquialisms and colloquial contractions (e.g.: using phrases like “what’s up?” and “cause” instead of “because”). |
|---|---|
| Critical Reflection  
• textual analysis (200 words max) | The TT came out longer than the ST, and because this is a dubbing, this could create problems for the synchronization of the audio to the dialogue; and since the TA is professionals of the industry, they might not appreciate this. I showed my TT to two sample readers, neither of whom were familiar with the ST or the show in general and one of whom comes from a country which uses a different currency than euros. The sample readers said that the bit where they refer to the money by its colours was particularly funny; however, the one who does not use euros noted that despite finding the concept of it funny, they did not really understand what banknote they were referring to each time, given that the money is not clearly shown on screen either. This leads me to believe that this could create problems and confusion for the TA too. |
| Works Cited  
https://s3.amazonaws.com/brunicoextranet/Matrix/playback/aLloqv5gROBzPs80NIE_BANFF22_FinalReport.pdf  
Καπουτζίδης, Γιώργος, writer. Στο Παρά 5. Season 1, episode 6. Directed by Αντώνης Αγγελόπουλος, featuring Γιώργος Καπουτζίδης, Αργύρης Αγγέλου, Σμαράγδα Καρύδη, Ελισάβετ Κωνσταντινίδου and Αγγελική Λάμπρη. Aired October 2005, broadcasted by MegaTV.  
Ζουμπουλία: Παρακαλώ;
Ντάλια: Έλα, Ζουμπουλία;
Ζουμπουλία: Καλώς τηνα. Τι νέα απ’ το μέτωπο; Τα καταφέρνεις ή να ύρθουμε να σε μαζέψουμε;
Ντάλια: Όχι καλέ, δεν έχω πρόβλημα. Να σου πω, έχει μπισκότα με γέμιση σοκολάτας 580 ευρώ και με γέμιση πορτοκάλι 760 ευρώ. Ποια να πάρω;
Ζουμπουλία: Του εκατομμυρίου δεν έχει;
Ντάλια: Περίμενε μισό λεπτό να δω.
Ζουμπουλία: Τι 760 ευρώ μαρή; Εφτά κι εξήντα.
Ντάλια: Εξηνταεφτά;
Ζουμπουλία: Εφτά ευρώ κι εξήντα λεπτά.
Ντάλια: Τι είναι τα λεπτά;
Ζουμπουλία: Άστο άστο άστο, αμάν κάναμε να μάθεις τα χαρτονομίσματα, τα κέρματα σε μαράνανε. Πάτε καλέ να τη μαζέψετε, θα ‘δινε 250 χιλιάδες για μπισκότα!
Αγγέλα: Πες της να συντομεύει, έχουμε δουλειά.
Σπύρος: Και ρώτα την τι πήρε, αυτή είναι ικανή να έχει πάρει και τροφή για σκύλους.
Ζουμπουλία: Έλα, μ’ ακούς; Τι πήρες;
Ντάλια: Πήρα τροφή για σκύλους, άμα περάσει κανένα σκυλάκι έξω απ’ την σκηνή να ‘χουμε να το κεράσουμε, ε καφέ, νερά που μου είπατε, σέικερ...

Ζουμπούλια: Εντάξει, εντάξει, μάζεψτα κι έλα τώρα. Και κοίτα, μην πα να πληρώσεις και βγάλεις καμιά δεσμίδα και μας μάθει όλο το κάμπινγκ. Ένα πενηντάρικο να δώσεις. Το πορτοκαλί.

Ντάλια: Α… Πορτοκαλί δεν έχω, έχω δύο πράσινα, τέσσερα κίτρινα, και μωβ. Μωβ έχω πολλά.

Ζουμπούλια: Αλίμονο, τ’ αγαπημένα σου. Το πράσινο δώσε και περίμενε να πάρεις και τα ρέστα. Πήγαινε στο ταμείο!

Ντάλια: Στο ταμείο είμαι.

Ζουμπούλια: Ωραία. Δώσε τα πράγματα να τα χτυπήσουν και δώσε και το κατοστάρικο.

Φώτης: Το πράσινο.

Ζουμπούλια: Το πράσινο.

Ντάλια: Εντάξει. Αχ, είμαι πολύ ευτυχισμένη. Πρώτη φορά ψωνίζω από τέτοιο μαγαζί, δεν έχουμε άλλο στις αρχές.

Ζουμπούλια: Όλος ο κόσμος φοβάται όταν πάει για ψώνια.

Ντάλια: Γιατί;

Ζουμπούλια: Πως θα ‘χουν πάει οι τιμές στα ύψη. Άστο, άστο, δεν σε αφορά εσένα αυτό.

Ταμίας: Ψιλά δεν έχετε;
Ντάλια: Ψιλά δεν έχω;
Ζουμπουλία: Όχι πες της.
Ντάλια: Δεν έχω. Τι είναι τα ψιλά;
Ζουμπουλία: Άστο παιδάκι μου, πες της όχι. Τελείωνε.
Ταμίας: Μισό λεπτάκι γιατί εδώ υπάρχει ένα πρόβλημα.
Ντάλια: Τι έκανα;
Ταμίας: Δεν κάνατε τίποτα, απλά αυτό δεν έχει τιμή απάνω και δεν ξέρω πόσο κάνει.
Ντάλια: Α εεε, ωραία. Πάρτε τότε κι αυτό, κι αν κάνει παραπάνω…
Ταμίας: Όχι, όχι, θα το βρω. Κύριε Λευτέρη;
Ζουμπουλία: Επειδή φαντάζομαι τι έχεις κάνει, βάλτο στο πορτοφόλι σου τώρα!
Λευτέρης: Τι τρέχει;
Ταμίας: Αυτό εδώ δεν έχει τιμή απάνω, ξέρετε πόσο κάνει;
Λευτέρης: Για την όμορφη κυρία δεν κάνει τίποτα. Λευτέρης.
Ντάλια: Ντάλια.
Ζουμπουλία: Ζουμπουλία. Καλέ το ‘κλείσε!’

Dalia: Do I have anything smaller?
Zoumboulia: Tell her no.
Dalia: I don’t. What does she mean by smaller?
Zoumboulia: Just drop it, tell her no. Wrap it up.
Cashier: Give me a second, there’s a problem here.
Dalia: What did I do?
Cashier: It’s not you, it’s just this doesn’t have a price tag and I don’t know how much it costs.
Dalia: A, eeh, okay. You take this too then, and if it costs more…
Cashier: No, no, I’ll find out. Mr. Lefteris?
Zoumboulia: Cause I can imagine what you’ve done, put it back in your wallet now!
Lefteris: What’s up?
Cashier: This doesn’t have a price tag; do you know how much it costs?
Lefteris: For the pretty lady, it’s free. Lefteris.
Dalia: Dalia.
Zoumboulia: Zoumboulia. She hung up!
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Source Text</th>
<th>Target Text</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Title</strong></td>
<td>Hey Jude</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Year Published</strong></td>
<td>1968</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Author</strong></td>
<td>Paul McCartney</td>
</tr>
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<td><strong>Language</strong></td>
<td>English</td>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>• understanding of source text</td>
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<tr>
<td>• knowledge of genre within source contexts</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>• situation of source text</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>• familiarity with the formal features of a text (language variation(s), register, dialect)</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>(200 words max)</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>“Hey Jude” is a pop-rock song by the band The Beatles. The tone of the song is very optimistic and hopeful (Campion, 2022, 57-58), as it alludes to “a signature moment of loss” (Campion, 2022, 63), but encourages the addressee to make the best out of a bad situation. This is achieved mainly by the use of metaphor throughout the song, with phrases like “the movement you need is on your shoulders” and “take a sad song and make it better” which add to the song’s themes of optimism and encouragement. The song uses the following literary devices:</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>• rhyming:</td>
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<tr>
<td>− internal rhymes (e.g.: l. 1-2 / bad-sad, 2-3 / better-let her, 3-4 / heart-start),</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>− end rhymes (e.g.: l. 9-10 /pain-refrain, 12-13 / fool-cool),</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>• metaphors, e.g.: “don’t carry the world upon your shoulder” (l. 11),</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>• repetition (e.g.: l. 4-19, 8-28, 2-26).</td>
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<tr>
<td>Throughout the song there are also three lines which consist of just the syllable “na” repeated over and over rhythmically to the music. In addition to that, during the last two minutes of the song there is intense adlibbing.</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th><strong>Strategy</strong></th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>• identification of translation problems</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I will translate the song as a letter written in Greek. The TT will be included in a multilingual collection with a theme of reimagining The Beatles’ songs. My TA will mainly be 65+ year-old fans of the band looking to enjoy the songs in a new way, as that is the age group</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
that constitute the biggest part of the band’s fanbase (yougov, 2018, [https://yougov.co.uk/britons-the-beatles-fans](https://yougov.co.uk/britons-the-beatles-fans)). In order to make the ST into a letter, I will:

- put the lines into prose form,
- add a date and a location in the top right corner,
- begin with the line «Αγαπημένη μοι Τζουντ» [My dear Jude],
- close the letter with «Για πάντα δικός σου, Πολ» [Forever yours, Paul] in the lower right corner.

I will disregard the rhyming, but retain the use of metaphor, as well as the repetition as a way to give emphasis. I will omit lines 15, 24 and 29 (“na na na ...”) and the adlibs in the end. I will translate the lines of the ST in the same order.

The TT is longer than the ST, partly because of the additions which make it fit the norms of a letter (location, date, salutation, closing). After showing my TT to some sample readers familiar with the song, one thing that they pointed out is that there is a change of tone, as the TT feels more like words of encouragement and empathy, whilst the song has an additional upbeat component. This reaction may be linked to the missing music in the case of the TT, which sets the tone and establishes a more positive atmosphere, “as well as an increased acceptance for the message portrayed through the lyrics.” (Ali and Peynircioğlu, 2006, 513) The combination of the lyrics and the music make for a more motivating outcome, rather than the two elements individually (Sanchez et al., 2013, 137), so the loss of the music takes away from the message as well as from the central tone of the song which is encouragement.


Hey Jude, don’t make it bad,
Take a sad song and make it better.
Remember to let her into your heart,
Then you can start to make it better.
Jude, don’t be afraid,
You were made to go out and get her.
The minute you let her under your skin,
Then you begin to make it better.
And anytime you feel the pain,
Hey Jude, refrain,
Don’t carry the world upon your shoulder.
For well you know that it’s a fool
Who plays it cool
By making his world a little colder.
Na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na. na.
Hey Jude, don’t let me down.
You have found her, now go and get her.
Remember to let her into your heart,
Then you can start to make it better.
So let it out and let it in,
Hey Jude, begin, you’re waiting for someone to perform with.

And don’t you know that it’s just you?

Hey Jude, you’ll do, the movement you need is on your shoulder.

Na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na.

Hey Jude, don’t make it bad.

Take a sad song and make it better.

Remember to let her under your skin,

Then you’ll begin to make it better, better, better, better, better, oh!

Na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na, hey, Jude.
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<thead>
<tr>
<th>Source Text</th>
<th>Target Text</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Title</td>
<td>I Only Wanted to Fit In</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Year Published</td>
<td>2013</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Author</td>
<td>Στέλλα Κάσδαγλη</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Language</td>
<td>Greek</td>
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<td>Word Count</td>
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<table>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>- understanding of source text</td>
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<tr>
<td>- knowledge of genre within source contexts</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- situation of source text</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- familiarity with the formal features of a text (language variation(s), register, dialect)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(200 words max)</td>
<td>This is a young adult novel, addressing mainly 15-18 year-olds. (Patakis, 2013, <a href="https://www.patakis.gr/product/501843/">https://www.patakis.gr/product/501843/</a>). The text is written in the form of:</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>- blog posts,</td>
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<td></td>
<td>- notes,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>- text messages,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>- chat messages.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>It also references many real-life pieces of media, such as movies, songs, etc. through QR codes and links (e.g.: l. 12 &amp; 21-26). The ST is narrated by the protagonist, through first-person narration. The author writes in long, continuous sentences, with most sentences exceeding 20 words, which successfully imitates somebody’s stream of consciousness. The character also uses curse words, like «μαλάκας» [asshole] (l. 4) throughout the text, as well as colloquialisms (e.g.: «λες να γύρισε η τύχη μου;» [maybe my luck is turning?] l. 3). She transcribes words from English into Greek (e.g.: «έβερ» [ever] l. 60) – 9 times in the ST – and she also uses some English words (e.g.: “not”, l. 29) – 4 times in the ST.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
| Strategy | My TT will be read at a conference of the Irish Nutrition Society with the title “You Are What You Eat – Are You What You Read?”, which will be on the topic of self-image in literature and more specifically how eating disorders are portrayed in books. The TA will be the attendants of the conference, who will be professional nutritionists looking to evaluate how accurately eating disorders are represented in books. In translating the TT, I will:  
- preserve the stylistic features of the ST (date, title, QR codes),  
- use colloquialisms and contractions, to preserve the writing style of the ST,  
- produce equally long sentences to mirror the ST’s flow.  
However, I will change elements that are different in the TC with their Irish equivalent (e.g.: how school classes are called – «Από το Α4.» [From A4.] → “From 3A.”) |
| Critical Reflection | Although following the strategy, the long sentences in the TT – the longest one being 95 words long (l. 7-15) – are arguably not very reader-friendly, as English is a language that favours shorter sentences (Sigurd et al., 2004, 48-49); and could cause problems for the TA – since the TT is meant to be read aloud at a conference, the listeners might find it difficult to follow along if they are listening to the text rather than reading it themselves. I gave my TT to two sample readers, both familiar with the ST, and they noted that the TT felt extremely familiar and similar to the ST, which could mean that the TT could be appealing to the initial TA of the ST – teenagers dealing with body image and eating disorders (Patakis, 2013, [https://www.patakis.gr/product/501843/]). |
13 Οκτωβρίου

**Θέλω μόνο... χάπι εντ**

Λες να γύρισε τη τύχη μου; Λες να μην είμαι πια τόσο λούζερ; Λες να μου ζητήσει ο Μαλάκας να τα φτιάξουμε, αλλά εγώ να του πω «όχι, θα φύγω με υποτροφία για το New York Film Academy»;

Ζωή, συγκεντρώσου.

**Χθες βράδυ, γυρίζοντας από της Θάλειας, όπου με έναν μυστηριώδη τρόπο καταφέραμε να λύσουμε πέντε ασκήσεις της Αλγεβράς KAI να βγάλουμε όλο το κεφάλαιο της ιστορίας (φτάει που χώρισε με τον Χρήστο και δε σταματάμε κάθε πέντε λεπτά για να μιλήσουμε στο τηλέφωνο), συνειδητοποίησα ότι σήμερα το πρωί η Ταινιοθήκη έπαιζε το Goodfellas [http://tinyurl.com/p4ayp2l], μία από τις ταινίες που θέλω να δω στο σινεμά από πριν γεννηθώ – εντάξει, από τότε που αποφάσισα ότι ο Σκορσέζε είναι ο αγαπημένος μου, αγαπημένος μου, αγαπημένος μου σκηνοθέτης. Όλων των εποχών. Την έχω δει φυσικά γύρω στις δώδεκα φορές σε DVD (έχω αναγκάσει και τη θεία Μαίρη να μου την πάρει για δώρο γενεθλίων, αντί για την παλέτα σκιών που επέμενε ότι μου χρειάζεται), αλλά αυτό δεν έχει καμία σημασία.

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Έπεισα τη μαμά ότι το να μείνω στο σπίτι και να βλέπω πρωινάδικα θα είχε κάτι περισσότερο να μου προσφέρει μόνο αν η φιλοδοξία μου ήταν να γίνω τραγουδίστρια σε σκυλάδικο (not), κι έτσι μου έδωσε λεφτά μέχρι και για να πάρω σουβλάκι στον γυρισμό. (Το οποίο υποσχέθηκα ότι θα προσπαθήσω να αποφύγω, γιατί έχασε επιτέλους δύο κιλά και το πάρτι απέχει πλέον μόνο μία βδομάδα.)

Στην Ταινιοθήκη είχε μηδέν κόσμο και μηδέν καλοριφέρ. Είχε επίσης απίστευτο ήχο, απίστευτα καθίσματα και… τον Λουκά. Από το Α4. Τον οποίο Λουκά παραλίγο να μην τον αναγνωρίσω καν, με την κουκούλα και τον σκούφο του, και να μη με γνωρίσει κι εκείνος, έτσι που είχα χωθεί στο κάθισμα μέχρι τ’ αυτά (έπρεπε κάπως να ζεσταθούμε). Όμως με εντόπισε, ευτυχώς, και μου έκανε νόημα με τον ίδιο αβέβαιο τρόπο που είχε σηκωθεί για να δει αν ζώ ή αν πέθανα όταν προσγειώθηκε στο κεφάλι μου η μπάλα, εκείνη την πρώτη μέρα στην αυλή του σχολείου. Από τότε τον έβλεπα συχνά στο προαύλιο, αλλά δεν είχαμε ανταλλάξει ποτέ κουβέντα, παρ’ ότι φαινόταν αρκετά συμπαθητικός.

I convinced mum that staying home and watching daytime talk shows would be more beneficial for me if all I wanted to do in life was become a singer (not), and so she gave me enough money to even buy a burger on the way back. (Which I promised myself that I’d try to avoid, because I finally lost 2 kilos and the party was only a week away.)

At the cinema there were zero people and zero heat. There also was an awesome sound system, awesome seats and… Lucas. From 3A. Who I almost didn’t even recognize with his hood and his beanie on, and who almost didn’t even recognize me either, since I snuggled into the seat ear deep (I needed to get warm somehow). But he tracked me down, thankfully, and he beckoned me in the same unsure way that he had gotten up to see whether I was dead or alive when the ball had landed on my head, that first day in the schoolyard. Since then, I see him often in the yard, but we haven’t ever exchanged a word, even though he seems very nice.
Μετά το μεσημεριανό, δε, μου φαίνεται θεός από μηχανής. Μηχανής προβολής, εννοείται. Στο διάλειμμα της ταινίας και μετά, μέχρι να φτάσουμε από το κέντρο στον Χολαργό, έμαθα ότι:


2. Η αδερφή του γράφει μουσική για τις ταινίες του Λάνθιμου κι εκείνος θέλει να γίνει μοντέρνος φωτογράφος.

3. Είναι κι αυτός καινούριος στο σχολείο, αλλά, αντίθετα με μένα, που χτυπιέμαι ακόμα ως ψάρι έξω από το νερό, θεωρεί ότι αυτή η αλλαγή είναι από τα καλύτερα πράγματα που έχουν συμβεί. (Αυτό πια!)

4. Πιστεύει ότι μοιάζω στην Τίλντα Σουίντον [http://tinyurl.com/pv4pwr8]. Τον είπα ότι αυτό θα έπρεπε κανονικά να με καταρρακώσει, αλλά αντίθετα με έφτιαξε, γιατί ίσως σημαίνει ότι δε φαίνομαι τόσο χοντρή όσο είμαι. Μου είπε:

After lunch, though, he seems like a deus ex machina. A projector machine obviously. During the intermission and after that, while we were walking home, I found out that:

1. He is also obsessed with Lars von Trier [http://tinyurl.com/ow7nq35] and he has ALL of his movies in the collectors’ edition.

2. His sister composes music for Lanthimos’ movies and he wants to become a film editor or a cinematographer.

3. He is also new at school, but, unlike me who still feels like a fish out of water, he thinks that this change is one of the best things that have ever happened to him. (How about that!)

4. He believes that I look like Tilda Swinton [http://tinyurl.com/pv4pwr8]. I told him that that would normally devastate me, but instead it exhilarated me, because maybe that means that I don’t look as fat as I am. He told me I’m crazy and that’s how I think that we unofficially declared the beginning of a new friendship.
ότι είμαι τρελή και κάπως έτσι θεωρώ ότι κηρύξαμε ανεπίσημα την αρχή μιας καινούριας φιλίας.

ΥΓ. Σουβλάκι δεν έφαγα. Μεθαύριο πάμε για ψώνια με τη Θάλεια, η οποία αμφιταλαντεύεται ανάμεσα στο αν θέλει να είναι κι εκείνη θεά στο πάρτι, για να την πει στον Χρήστο, ή αν έχει ήδη πέσει σε κατάθλιψη και δε θέλει καν ν’ ακούσει για πάρτι. Της είπα ότι, αν δεν έρθει, θα τη χωρίσω, κι έτσι συμφωνήσαμε στην πρώτη εναλλακτική.

ΥΓ2. Μπορώ τουλάχιστον να φάω ένα Kit Kat;

ΥΓ3. Πάει τώρα, το έφαγα.

ΥΓ4. Βλακεία.

ΥΓ5. Δε βαριέσαι, πόση διαφορά μπορεί να κάνει ένα Kit Kat;

ΥΓ6. Μεγάλε Μανιτού, κάνε να γίνει κάτι στο πάρτι με τον Μεγάλο Μαλάκα.

65 66 67 68 69 70 71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82 83 84

PS. I didn’t eat a burger. The day after tomorrow I’m going shopping with Talia, who’s still wavering about whether she too wants to be gorgeous at the party to get back at Chris, or if she’s already too depressed and doesn’t even want to hear about the party. I told her that, if she doesn’t come, I’ll break up with her, and so we agreed on the first option.

PPS. Can I at least have a Kit Kat?

PPPS. Doesn’t matter now, I’ve eaten it.

PPPPS. Stupid.

PPPPPS. What the heck, how much of a difference can a Kit Kat make?

PPPPPPS. Great Manitou, do something to make something happen between me and the Great Jerk at the party.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th><strong>Source Text</strong></th>
<th><strong>Target Text</strong></th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Title</strong></td>
<td><strong>Title</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>The Jungle Book</td>
<td>Το Βιβλίο της Ζούγκλας</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>“Kaa’s Hunting”</td>
<td>«Το Κυνήγι του Κάα»</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Year Published</strong></td>
<td>1894</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Author</strong></td>
<td>Rudyard Kipling</td>
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**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)**

The ST is an extract from a chapter of Kipling’s *The Jungle Book*, which tells, among other stories, the story of Mowgli, a boy who is rescued and brought up by a family of wolves. The story uses extreme personification, with the animals even referring to themselves as people sometimes (e.g.: “but for so mean a person as myself a dry bone is a good feast”, p. 2) and, in order to add to that feeling, the author uses words like “home-cave” (l. 47). In the ST, the author uses archaic language in the dialogue (e.g.: “on thy account” l. 17, “thou art wounded” l. 36) and he employs inversion in sentences (e.g.: “Never more will I make an ally of Kaa”, l. 8). The author uses italics to give emphasis (e.g.: “his nose was sore on thy account” l. 17). The ST deals with images of violence (e.g.: “they amounted to as severe a beating as you could wish to avoid.”, l. 39).

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

My TA is 7-9-year-old Cypriot students who will read the book as part of a reading activity that takes place in their class where each student chooses a book from their classroom’s library, reads it and then fills out a worksheet about it, which typically requires a plot summary, a drawing of a scene of the story and involves questions like “What was your favourite
### production of genre for target context

(200 words max)

point in the story?” and “Who was your favourite character?” (MOEC, 2016, [https://archeia.moec.gov.cy/mc/892/diagonismos_parousiasis_vivliou.pdf](https://archeia.moec.gov.cy/mc/892/diagonismos_parousiasis_vivliou.pdf)). In the TT, I will:

- disregard the archaic language and translate the whole TT in standard modern Greek,
- employ inversion in the sentences that do so in the ST,
- keep the italics on the corresponding words.

As my TA is children and they will be reading the translation in a school context, I will modify the scene where violence takes place (ST l. 37-39) and have the characters talking about the event that took place and deciding that violence is not necessary.

### Critical Reflection

- textual analysis

(200 words max)

The inversion in the TT did not have the same effect of emphasis as it did in the ST, which may be because Greek has a freer word order than English (Joseph & Tserdanelis, 2003, 11), so inversion is not as unusual in Greek as it is in English and thus the emphasis might not always be given. After giving my TT to three Cypriot students who have all taken part in similar activities before, all three of them noted that they would be able to complete such a worksheet for the text. The omission of violence in the TT does not change the tone of the story, which leads me to believe that the TT could also be appealing to children of older ages, like the ST.

### Works Cited

- use of sources and reference material


Mowgli laid his hands on Baloo and Bagheera to get them away, and the two great beasts started as though they had been waked from a dream.

“Keep thy hand on my shoulder,” Bagheera whispered. “Keep it there, or I must go back – must go back to Kaa. Aah!”

“It is only old Kaa making circles on the dust,” said Mowgli; “let us go”; and the three slipped off through a gap in the walls to the jungle.

“Whoof!” said Baloo, when he stood under the still trees again. “Never more will I make an ally of Kaa,” and he shook himself all over.

“He knows more than we,” said Bagheera, trembling. “In a little time, had I stayed, I should have walked down his throat.”

“Many will walk that road before the moon rises again,” said Baloo. “He will have good hunting – after his own fashion.”

“But what was the meaning of it all?” said Mowgli, who did not know anything of a python’s powers of fascination. “I saw no more than a big snake making foolish circles till the dark came. And his nose was all sore. Ho! Ho!”

“Mowgli,” said Bagheera, angrily, “his nose was sore on thy account; as my ears and sides and paws, and Baloo’s neck and shoulders are bitten on thy account. Neither Baloo nor Bagheera will be able to hunt with pleasure for many days.”

“It is nothing,” said Baloo; “we have the man-cub again.”
“True; but he has cost us most heavily in time which might have been spent in good hunting, in wounds, in hair, – I am half plucked along my back, – and last of all, in honor. For, remember, Mowgli, I, who am the Black Panther, was forced to call upon Kaa for protection, and Baloo and I were both made stupid as little birds by the Hunger-Dance. All this, Man-cub, came of thy playing with the Bandar-log.”

“True; it is true,” said Mowgli sorrowfully. “I am an evil man-cub, and my stomach is sad in me.”

“Mf! What says the Law of the Jungle, Baloo?”

Baloo did not wish to bring Mowgli into any more trouble, but he could not tamper with the Law, so he mumbled, “Sorrow never stays punishment. But remember, Bagheera, he is very little.”

“I will remember; but he has done mischief; and blows must be dealt now. Mowgli, hast thou anything to say?”

“Nothing. I did wrong. Baloo and thou art wounded. It is just.”

Bagheera gave him half a dozen love-taps; from a panther’s point of view they would hardly have waked one of his own cubs, but for a seven-year-old boy they amounted to as severe a beating as you could wish to avoid. When it was all over Mowgli sneezed, and picked himself up without a word.

“Now,” said Bagheera, “jump on my back, Little Brother, and we will go home.”

«Δεν είναι κάτι» είπε ο Μπαλού. «πήραμε πίσω το ανθρωποκόυταβο».  
«Ισχύει· αλλά μας έχει κοστίσει πολλή χρόνο που θα μπορούσαμε να ξοδέψουμε σε καλό κυνήγη, μας έχει κοστίσει σε πληγές, σε μαλλιά, – η μισή μου πλάτη είναι μαδημένη, – και τέλος, μας έχει κοστίσει την τιμή μας. Γιατί, να θυμάσαι, Μόγλη, εγώ, ο Μαύρος Πάνθηρας, αναγκάστηκα να επικαλεστώ την βοήθειά του Κάα για προστασία, και ο Μπαλού κι εγώ ρεζιλευτήκαμε με το να κάνουμε τα πουλάκια στον Χορό της Πέινας. Όλο αυτό, ανθρωποκόυταβο, έγινε λόγω του ότι έπαιξες με τους Μπάνταρ-λογκ.»

«Αυτό είναι αλήθεια» είπε ο Μόγλης θλημένα. «Είμαι ένα κακό ανθρωποκόυταβο, και υώθω λυπημένος στο στομάχι μου».  
«Μf! Τι λέει ο Νόμος της Ζούγκλας Μπαλού;»

Ο Μπαλού δεν ήθελε να προκαλέσει άλλα προβλήματα στον Μόγλη, αλλά δεν μπορούσε να αναγνωρίσει το Νόμι, οπότε μουρμούρησε «Η θλίψη δεν είναι τιμωρία. Αλλά έχει στο νου σου Μπαγκίρα, είναι πολύ μικρός.»

«Θα το έχω στο νου μου· αλλά έχει προκαλέσει μπελάδες· και ήρθε η ώρα για τα χτυπήματα. Μόγλη έχεις κάτι να πεις;»

«Όχι. Έκανα λάθος. Ο Μπαλού κι εσύ είστε πληγωμένοι. Είναι δίκαιο.»

Ο Μπαγκίρα είδε ότι ο Μόγλης κατάλαβε το λάθος του και αποφάσισε να μην τον χτυπήσει, παρόλο που αυτό επέβαλε ο Νόμος της Ζούγκλας. Έτσι, αποφάσισε να μην τον χτυπήσει, αφού τα χτυπήματα δεν θα οδηγούσαν κάπου, παρά μόνο να πληγωνόταν και ο Μόγλης.
One of the beauties of Jungle Law is that punishment settles all scores. There is no nagging afterward.

Mowgli laid his head down on Bagheera’s back and slept so deeply that he never waked when he was put down by Mother Wolf’s side in the home-cave.