Aimilia Varla
22300247

A journey through life
A Translation Portfolio

Trinity College Dublin
MPhil in Literary Translation
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Supervised by Anthony Hirst
Acknowledgements

I would like to thank all the people who made this journey possible.
My supervisor, Anthony, for all the guidance he provided, for his patience and his eagerness to help me with everything I needed.
My professor, James, for answering all of my countless emails and questions and for teaching me a new way to see translation.
My family and my best friend, Natalia, for always being there for me and supporting me when I needed it.

A special thanks to my colleagues, for their feedback and for all the fun times we spent working in the basement together.
I would also like to thank anyone who agreed at some point to read my translations.

I am forever grateful.
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Introduction

Throughout the course of our lives the relationships we have with people around us change, they shift according to our needs and the circumstances. The relationships we form with other people are often a reflection of our own, inner self.

This portfolio is an exploration of family relationships and how they change throughout the years. Motivated by my own experiences, by texts that shaped me and people that influenced me, I chose to translate a selection of texts that, I feel, manage to represent different aspects of the relationships we form with parents, siblings, friends, family, even pets. At the same time, each text explores a different kind of shift in life, a passage from one stage to another.

I always found it interesting, how these relationships never remain the same, they are constantly evolving, as we are. Therefore, this is not only an introspect on family dynamics but also of personal growth.

To help the reader embark on this journey, the texts are arranged according to the target readership. Starting from the youngest at 3 years old, they are gradually moving on through different readerships and stages of life.

Throughout this portfolio, the following abbreviations will be used:
- ST – Source Text
- TT – Target Text
- SA – Source Audience
- TA – Target Audience
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th><strong>Student Number</strong></th>
<th>22300247</th>
<th><strong>Text number</strong></th>
<th>1</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Title</strong></td>
<td>Alphonse, that is not OK to do!</td>
<td><strong>Title</strong></td>
<td>Αλφόνσο, αυτό δεν είναι Σωστό!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Year Published</strong></td>
<td>2016</td>
<td><strong>Language</strong></td>
<td>Greek</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Author</strong></td>
<td>Daisy Hirst</td>
<td><strong>Word Count</strong></td>
<td>308</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Word count</strong></td>
<td>297</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Description of Source Text</strong></td>
<td>This picture book is part of a series of children’s stories written and illustrated by Daisy Hirst (Hirst, 2016) It is addressed to children from 2 to 5 years old. The series has been shortlisted for the World Illustration Awards and Oscar’s Book Prize, translated into twelve languages and featured on Cbeebies Bedtime Stories (Hirst, 2023). The story revolves around two monster siblings, Natalie and Alphonse, who fall out when Natalie catches her little brother, Alphonse, eating her favourite book. The story focuses on the theme of family and growing up with siblings. The vocabulary is around the level of A2 (Natova, 2019) and the sentences are not long (not exceeding 12 words per sentence). The story is narrated in the third person singular and the language is very expressive, including neologisms (eg. line number: 17), onomatopoeia (eg. line number: 15) and</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
The narration also heavily relies on the illustrations. As the book is addressed to a very young audience, it is meant to be read out loud, and the illustrations help with the understanding of the story.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Strategy</th>
<th>I intend my translation to be published by Patakis.gr, a Greek publishing house specialising in children’s literature (Exarchou, 2020).</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>- Identification of translation problems</td>
<td>In order for the TT to have a similar effect on the readers, I have decided to:</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- Knowledge of genre within target context</td>
<td>● come up with new neologisms to replace the English ones (eg. line number: 17)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>and situation of target text</td>
<td>● keep the onomatopoeia and the capitalization of the words (eg. line numbers: 15,1,2,7,8)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- Justification of translation production</td>
<td>● keep the sentences short (no more than 12 words).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>of genre for target context</td>
<td>Lastly, I want my TT to match the illustrations of the book. For this reason, I will try to find word-for-word equivalents for the objects that are visually represented in the story. In this way the TT will match the illustrated text and no alterations will be needed.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>When it comes to translating the title, I will not capitalise the sentence, as there is a possibility of it resulting in a different effect in the target language.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Critical Reflection</td>
<td>I gave the TT to two families with young children to read and asked for their feedback. They both mentioned that the translated text was very clear and understandable and that their children had no difficulties following the plot of the story. The translation matched the illustrations and the sentences were short and straightforward.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
When it comes to the title, I received positive feedback. All the parents agreed that the translated title conveys a similar tone as the original one and resembles the tone that a native speaker would use in their everyday life.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Works Cited</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>
Source Text

ALPHONSE, THAT IS NOT OK TO DO!

Target Text

Αλφόνσο, αυτό δεν είναι Σωστό!
ONCE there was Natalie

and then, there was Alphonse too.

Natalie mostly did not mind there being Alphonse.

ΣΤΗΝ ΑΡΧΗ ήταν η Νάταλη
και μετά ήταν κι ο Αλφόνσο.

Συνήθως τη Νάταλη δεν την ενοχλούσε ο Αλφόνσο.
They both liked naming the pigeons, bouncing things off the bunkbeds, and stories in the chair.

and they both loved making things.

Except that Alphonse did sometimes draw on the things that Natalie made.
or eat them, and
Natalie hated that.

and telly was awful.

and Mum did not understand.

Natalie found Alphonse under the bunkbeds ...

One day when lunch was peas

η τα étrowye, και η Νάταλη το μυαλάζει αυτό.

Μια μέρα που έφαγαν αράκα για μεσημέρι.

και δεν είχε τίποτα η τηλεφώση.

και η μαμά δεν καταλάβαει...

η Νάταλε βρήκε κάτω απ το κρεβάτι...
eating her favourite book.

“ALPHONSE, THAT IS NOT OK TO DO!” said Natalie.

Behind the big chair, Natalie drew...

a tornado, two beasts, a swarm of peas and Alphonse, very small.

πίσω από την μεγάλη πολυθρόνα η Νάταλη ζωγράφισε...

έναν ανεμοστρόβιλο, δύο τέρατα, ένα σιμήνως αρακά και τον Αλφόνσο, πολύ μικρό.
“Natalie?” said Alphonse.

outside the bathroom, Natalie heard noises. She thought she heard...

but Natalie put her fingers in her ears and went for her bath.

a roaring tornado,

“Νάταλι,” είπε ο Αλφόνσο,

Αλλά η Νάταλι βούλιωσε τα αυτιά της και πήγε για μπάνιο.

έξω από το μπάνιο η Νάταλι άκουσε θορύβους. Νόμιζε ότι άκουσε...

έναν δύνατο ανεμοστρόβιλο.
screeching beasts and a thousand glass peas raining from the sky.

“Alphonse? Mum?" called Natalie. “Alphonse, are you OK?"

“Αλφόνσο; Μαμά;” φώναξε η Νάταλη. “Αλφόνσο, είσαι καλά;”
Natalie opened the door.

"Natalie, I only tried to get the sticky tape down," said Alphonse, "so I could fix your book. Only I couldn’t reach it, so I tried to suck it down with the hoover. ROAR!"

Then I got the chair to stand on, but I sort of ran over the cat, SCREEEECH!

Then I climbed up, but everything fell on my head and then so did the marbles. Skitter! Ting! Clink!

"Natalie, ήθελα μόνο να κατεβάσω την ταινία" είπε ο Αλφόνσο "για να φτιάξω το βιβλίό σου."

Μένω και δεν μπορείται να τη φέρω, είπε η ταινία με την καθένα, ΣΚΡΙΠΙΣΤΣΙ! Μένει σκαρφάλωση, αλλά πάντα έπεσε στο κεφάλι μου και μπήκε έπεσε και οι βάλτοι! Μέτα πάψα την καθίσα για να σταμάτω, αλλά κάπους μπορούσε τη γάτα, ΣΚΡΙΠΙΣΤΣΙ! Μέτα σκαρφάλωσε, αλλά όποια έπεσε στο κεφάλι μου και μπήκε έπεσε και οι βάλτοι."

H Νάταλη άνοιξε την πόρτα.
"Are you hurt?" said Natalie.
"No," said Alphonse. "I'm sorry I ate your book."
"It's OK," said Natalie. "I'm sorry I was mean."

"I finished your picture," said Alphonse.
Natalie thought it was...

Most Excellent
Fantastic!
So they had better draw quite a few more.

"Τελείωσα τη ζωγραφική σου," είπε ο Αλφόνσο.
Η Νάταλη τη βρήκε...

"Χτύπησες," ρώτησε η Νάταλη.
"Συγγνώμη που σου φώναξα."
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Student Number</th>
<th>22300247</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Text number</td>
<td>2</td>
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</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Author and illustrator Peter H. Reynolds discusses his creative process <a href="https://vimeo.com/63262202">https://vimeo.com/63262202</a></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Year Published</td>
<td>2013</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Author</td>
<td>Candlewick Press</td>
</tr>
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<td>Language</td>
<td>English</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Word count</td>
<td>402</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

**Description of Source Text**
- Understanding of source text
- Knowledge of genre within source contexts
- Situation of source text familiarity with the formal

The ST is an interview of the famous children’s author and illustrator Peter H. Reynolds in the form of a video (Reynolds, 2023). In the video the author discusses his process of creating and animating children’s literature along with his brother Paul Reynolds. The video is accessible to the public, including parents, authors, and other illustrators. The narration is in the first person singular and in plural when talking about himself and his twin brother. The tense used is the past tense.

The text is characterised by various features of oral speech, such as:
- repetition of vocabulary (eg. “So the challenge is to…to create a grandmother…” )
- missing words (eg. “It was an unusual house to grow up (in) but…” )
- syntax used in oral speech, that might look ungrammatical in written form (eg. “In our kitchen instead of
| features of a text (language variations, register, dialect) | cutlery drawers, we’d open them up and they were filled with pencils, the next one was filled with paper”).  
| • interruptions and other voices in the background (line numbers: 13,30,31,44). |
| Strategy  
- Identification of translation problems  
- Knowledge of genre within target context and situation of target text  
- Justification of translation production of genre for target context | I will create Greek subtitles for the video, in order to make it accessible to a similar target audience as the ST - parents, other illustrators, people interested in the author’s work - , but for speakers of the Greek language. There are no available subtitles in any language for this video at the moment. However, there are available subtitles to other videos released by Candlewick Press. I will attempt to follow their style and general guidelines in order to match the publisher’s theme (Candlewick Press, 2022 a & b).  
To do that, I will:  
• Translate the ethnocultural items using more generalised terms (eg. line numbers: 4,48)  
• Change the syntax of the sentences to make them sound similar to Greek oral speech (eg. line numbers: 54,55)  
• Include the interruptions and the people speaking in the background in *italics* (eg. line numbers: 13,30,31,44) |
| Critical Reflection  
- Textual analysis | After sending my subtitled video to a young parent, familiar with P. Reynolds’ work, I received positive feedback. My sample reader reported that she was able to understand the interview and had no problems with the subtitles. However, she mentioned that in some cases the subtitles sounded a bit more formal and structured than what the author was saying in the interview. Moreover, in order to keep the CPS rate low so that the subtitles could be read comfortably I had to omit repetitions and adjectives from the ST. For this reason I believe that the subtitles are adequate to help the viewer understand the interview but might not transmit the authenticity of oral speech in the same way as the original. By not reproducing the peculiarities of oral speech, or the pauses and sounds that the author makes, Reynolds might come off as less approachable than in the
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Start</th>
<th>End</th>
<th>Line Numbers</th>
<th>Source Text</th>
<th>Target Text</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>00:00:15,940</td>
<td>00:00:18,360</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>I have always loved to draw.</td>
<td>Πάντα μου άρεσε να ζωγραφίζω.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>And I remember spending countless</td>
<td>Θυμάμαι περνούσα αμέτρητα απογεύματα</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>1</td>
<td>afternoons</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>00:00:18,360</td>
<td>00:00:23,940</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>spread out on the floor with my twin</td>
<td>ζαπλωμένος στο πάτωμα</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>brother Paul</td>
<td>με τον δίδυμο αδελφό μου τον Πωλ,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>00:00:23,940</td>
<td>00:00:27,220</td>
<td>2</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
with crayons and markers and paper
and we would just draw until the supper bell rang.
We had wonderful parents growing up
and they were eccentric British parents.
In our kitchen instead of cutlery drawers
we’d open them up and they were filled with pencils, the next one was filled with paper,
the next thing was filled with tape and glue.
It was an unusual house to grow up in.

but it was very inspirational for someone who loves to draw.

and create.

So the challenge is to...to create a grandmother...

I was lucky to be born with somebody else.

and have been sharing the journey with Paul.

As we've been working together creating media since we were little.

We had our own newspaper in the first grade.
We would make the newspaper and give it to my dad and he would go to the office and make photocopies and I think that was the beginning of our love of publishing and sharing ideas. As time went on Paul became kind of the organiser and he allowed me to create and that’s what Paul does for me today.

Φτιάχναμε την εφημερίδα και τη δίναμε στον μπαμπά μου κι αυτός τήγανε στο γραφείο και τύπωνε αντίτυπα και αυτή νομίζω ήταν και η αρχή της αγάπης μας για να δημοσιεύουμε και να μοιραζόμαστε τις ιδέες μας. Όσο περνούσε ο καιρός ο Πωλ αναλάμβανε περισσότερο την οργάνωση και άφηνε σε εμένα το δημιουργικό κομμάτι. Αυτό κάνει και σήμερα ο Πωλ για μένα.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Duration</th>
<th>Greek</th>
<th>English</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>00:01:35,170</td>
<td>00:01:38,570</td>
<td>00:01:38,570</td>
<td>Διευθύνει την εταιρεία μου, τη Fable Vision.</td>
<td>Paul runs my company, Fable Vision</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>00:01:38,570</td>
<td>00:01:40,570</td>
<td>00:01:40,570</td>
<td>Όπως λέει και ο ίδιος,</td>
<td>and he pretty much says the same thing</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>00:01:40,570</td>
<td>00:01:42,170</td>
<td>00:01:42,170</td>
<td>λέει “&lt;i&gt;Εσύ κοίτα να είσαι δημιουργικός&lt;/i&gt;”</td>
<td>he says “you be creative,”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>00:01:42,210</td>
<td>00:01:43,870</td>
<td>00:01:43,870</td>
<td>&lt;i&gt;και όσε σε εμένα τις λεπτομέρειες”&lt;/i&gt;. &lt;/i&gt;</td>
<td>let me take care of all these details”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>00:01:43,900</td>
<td>00:01:46,570</td>
<td>00:01:46,570</td>
<td>Μια καλή μέρα για μένα είναι</td>
<td>A good day for me is</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>00:01:46,570</td>
<td>00:01:48,840</td>
<td>00:01:48,840</td>
<td>να πίνω καφέ με τον δίδυμο αδελφό μου τον Πωλ</td>
<td>having a cup of coffee with my twin brother Paul</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>00:01:48,840</td>
<td>00:01:51,290</td>
<td>00:01:51,290</td>
<td>και να απολαμβάνουμε τη μέρα.</td>
<td>and just kind of savouring the day,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>00:01:51,290</td>
<td>00:01:54,930</td>
<td>00:01:54,930</td>
<td>Να θαυμάζουμε όσα έχουμε καταφέρει</td>
<td>marvelling at what we’ve done and what we are doing</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>00:01:55,070</td>
<td>00:01:57,850</td>
<td>00:01:57,850</td>
<td>και να ονειρευόμαστε για το τί θα ακολουθήσει.</td>
<td>and dreaming, dreaming of what’s coming,</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
and then going out and doing it.

We’re getting it done brother, we’re getting it done.

We often say that we are on a 200 year mission.

because change takes time
and there are a lot of important issues out there.

and we do believe that story is probably one of the best technologies.

to store information and inspiration.

You want another colour Pete?

For me, having a creative space
46 is really important.
47 I’m not big on fluorescent lighting,
48 I’m not big on cubicles
49 and straight lines and straight walls.
50 I like messy, kind of messy environments,
51 noisy places,
52 I love museums, I love cafes,
53 restaurants,
54 and a lot of books that I have illustrated and written
55 have been created in places like that.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th><strong>Student Number</strong></th>
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<th>3</th>
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</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th><strong>Title</strong></th>
<th>Η Τελευταία Μαύρη Γάτα</th>
<th><strong>Title</strong></th>
<th>The Last Black Cat</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Year Published</strong></td>
<td>2001</td>
<td><strong>Language</strong></td>
<td>Greek</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Author</strong></td>
<td>Eugene Trivizas</td>
<td><strong>Language</strong></td>
<td>English</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Word count</strong></td>
<td>592</td>
<td><strong>Word Count</strong></td>
<td>624</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 variations, register, dialect)

The Last Black Cat is a novel written by Eugene Trivizas, one of Greece's leading writers for children. It was originally published in 2001 but has been re-published several times since then. It has also been translated into several languages, including Russian, French, Italian and English (Kapoutsi, 2017) However, the English translation, published in 2005 has been discontinued.

The novel is an allegory about racism, prejudices and discrimination narrated in a creative tale about cats who face extinction on a small Greek island because of their black colour (Zervou, 2007). Even though the novel was originally intended to be read by children 8+, the story appeals to young and old alike.

The author has a very characteristic style of writing which he uses in this novel as well. The language is very playful and whimsical, with many instances of onomatopoeia -especially regarding the names of the characters- (eg. line 2 6...
The vocabulary used is very colloquial and resembles young people’s jargon with many informal expressions and metaphors (eg. line numbers: 27,28,52,53,55).

The story is narrated mostly using first person narration and present tense. The sentences are long, including many adjectives (around 20 words per sentence).

| Strategy | The translation will be produced on the occasion of a re-publication of the novel, in order to make it available again to the English speaking audience, as the pre-existing translation is no longer sold in bookstores. I want the TT to have a similar effect on the reader as the ST does. To achieve that I have decided to:
- Come up with new onomatopoeic vocabulary in the target language (eg. line numbers: 24,57)
- Use informal vocabulary and English colloquial terms (eg. line numbers: 27,28,55)
- Use first person narrative for the story telling (eg. line numbers: 24)

When it comes to the names of the characters, I will transliterate the ones that do not originate from the Greek language, as they can be understood by both audiences. Regarding the onomatopoeic ones, I will attempt to invent new ones with a similar meaning, by breaking the Greek ones into their components and finding a name that resembles a similar meaning in English. For example, the name “Κοψονούρης” when broken into its components means “no-tale”. However, this hidden meaning is not immediately evident when reading the story. For this reason I will translate the name as “Manxie”, a breed of cat that has no tail. I have also decided to neutralise the name “Αρατίνα” [offensive term for female black person] as it might be considered offensive. Therefore I decided to translate it as “Blackie”.

| Critical Reflection | After sending the text to some of my old students (ages 9 & 10) to read, I received positive feedback. They both seemed to enjoy the story and had no problems with the language or the onomatopoeia. They stated that the story caught their attention and they would like to read the rest of the book. |
However, I personally found that the language of the TT is sometimes less expressive than its ST, as the sentences are shorter and include fewer adjectives. Even though both texts convey the same story, the TT seems to be a bit more literal and less descriptive. This difference might not pose a problem for a TA that is not acquainted with the author’s characteristic style. However, the text might not appeal as much to an audience that is familiar with the author and his work, and is expecting to read something in the same style.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Works Cited</th>
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</thead>
</table>
The last black cat

In which after a series of mysterious and unexplained disappearances of cats, our hero witnesses a kidnapping and meets the short man with the flat cap for the first time.

Silktail disappeared first. Then Smokie. Then Miaowie, then Giuseppe, then Ramses, then Blackie and Shadow and Bizou also disappeared. All these cats had nothing else in common except one thing: one thing alone. Their colour. Their pitch black colour.

At first, these sudden disappearances had not caused much concern in the cat community of the island. It is not that rare for a cat to disappear at some point out of the blue. Their disappearance can be due to a thousand different causes: their owner may have moved to another neighbourhood, or some twisted landlady may keep them locked inside the house and
κλειδαμπαρωμένη μέσα στο σπίτι και να μην της επιτρέπει εξόδους - ή δεν αποκλείεται ακόμα να το έχει βάλει η ίδια η γάτά γινάτι και να ξημερωβραδιάζεται έξω από καμία ποντικότρυπα, περιμένοντας να ξεμυτίσει το αφιλότιμο ποντίκι που έχει βάλει στο μάτι για να το γραπτώσει και να του δώσει να καταλάβει.

Προσωπικά, ουδέπως με είχε απασχολήσει το θέμα αυτό ως εκείνο το μοιραίο καλοκαιρινικό βράδυ.

Το βράδυ εκείνο που λέτε, είχας Ραντεβού με τον Κοψονούρη, τον καλύτερό μου φίλο, γνωστό επίσης με τα παρατσούκλια “Γατοκομάντος” ή “Τηγανάκιας”, λόγω των επιθύμεσών του στον εντοπισμό και την αστραπτοποίηση τηγανητών ψαριών από ψαροταβέρνες. Φίνος γάτος ο Κοψονούρης, άριστος φίλος, πάντα αισιόδοξος, μ’ ένα χαρούμενο σπινθήρισμα στα μάτια. Το τίζάπλες, πλάκες, παγάκια και μάσες είχαμε κάνει μαζί δεν περιγράφεται. Χαράματα το ίδιο πρωί ο Κοψονούρης μου είχε εκμυστηρευθεί ότι σε μια από τις απογευματινές του περιπλανήσεις είχε εντοπίσει μια παραβαλάσσια ψαροταβέρνα, που το πλαίνο παράθυρο της κουζίνας της δεν έκλεινε καλά και είχαμε συμφωνήσει να συναντηθούμε εκεί κοντά κατά το

not allow them to go out - or it is still possible that they are waiting outside some mouse hole, waiting for the unfriendly mouse that they’ve set their mind on to come out so they can snatch and devour it.

Personally, I hadn’t been concerned with this matter at all until that unfortunate summer evening.

That night, you see, I was meeting Manxie, my best friend, also known as “Cat-commando” or “Frysnatcher” because of his abilities in locating and snatching fried fish from fish taverns.

Excellent cat he was, great friend, always positive, with a playful spark in his eyes. The times that we’d spent hanging out, laying around having fun or eating junk cannot be put into words.

Early that morning Silktail had confided in me that in one of his evening walks he had spotted a fish tavern by the sea. The kitchen’s side window didn’t close completely and we had agreed to meet nearby that evening to pay our respects with a speed raid that would empty the pans and fill our tummies.
βραδάκι για να την τιμήσουμε δεόντως με μια αστραπαία επιδρομή, που θα άδειαζε τα θηγάνια της και θα γέμιζε τις κοιλίτσες μας.

Τόπος του ραντεβού είχε οριστεί η τσίγκινη σκηπτή μιας ετοιμόρροπης παράγκας, καμιά τρακοσαρία μέτρα από το στόχο μας. Όπως πάντα σε τέτοιες περιπτώσεις, είχαμε επιλέξει εκείνο το συγκεκριμένο βράδυ επειδή δεν είχε παράλαχτο φεγγάρι και ευχαρίστησαν σημαντικά οι πιθανότητες να γίνουν αντιληπτές οι κινήσεις μας. Κι αυτό επειδή στο παρελθόν, επιδρομές σε ψαροταβέρνες και άλλα ευαγή ιδρύματα με πανσέληνο μας είχαν στοιχίσει ακριβά.

Εγώ λοιπόν, που λέτε, καταφθάνω πρώτος, σκαρφαλών στο άμμο-σβήσει από ένα σκουριασμένο λούκι και αρχίζω να κόβω βόλτες πέρα-δώθη στη σκηπτή της παράγκας. Αισθάνομαι ανέξοδος και ενισχυόμενος. Έχω μια υπεροχή θέα από κει πάνω. Δεξία μου απλώνεται η θάλασσα, σκουριοτράσανη κι απέραντη, ως εκεί που φτάνει το μάτι, λες και δεν έχει τέλος. Παλιότερα, όταν ήμουνα μικρό γατάκι, ψιπινάκι δηλαδή, ονειρεύόμουν ότι θα γινόμουν κάποια μέρα καραβόγατος, θα

36  The location of our meeting had been set in a tin roof of a shabby shack a few thousand metres away from our goal. As always in such cases, we had chosen that particular night because there was but little moon, and therefore the chances of our movements being noticed were greatly diminished. And that’s because in the past, raids on fish taverns and other such establishments under a full moon had cost us dearly.

37  So, you see, I arrived earlier, quickly climbed up from a rusty gutter and started pacing back and forth on the roof of the shack. I was feeling carefree and cheerful. I had a great view from up there. To my right, the sea stretched out, dark green and endless, as far as the eye could see, as if it had no end.

38  Once upon a time, when I was a tiny tiny kitten, you know, I dreamed that one day I would become a sailor, I would go aboard a well-travelled sailing ship loaded with boxes of
bream and sardines and I would travel the seven seas from one end to the other. I’d go around the world. I’d spend a happy life in far away places. I would taste exotic moonfish in tropical harbours, climb herringbone trees in fairytale jungles and make love to flirty exotic cats in Siam, Afghanistan and Persia.

But unfortunately the dream remained a dream, because the sea made me nauseous. Today, of course, it’s as calm as oil before it is poured into the pan to fry bonitos and the glare of the stars plays on her floating surface. But in winter this same sea, my God, how it changes, it becomes stormy. It gets fiercer, wilder, raging waves rise like mountains, one typhoon succeeds another and for three or four months neither ship, nor boat, nor any other watercraft can approach our island.

μπαρκάριζα σε ένα καλοτάξιδο ιστιοφόρο φορτωμένο κασέλες με λιθρίνια και σαρδέλες και θα γύριζα όλο τον ντουνιά απ’ άκρη σ’ άκρη. Θα περνούσα ζωή χαρισάμενη στα πέρατα του κόσμου. Θα γευόμουν εξωτικά φεγγαρόψαρα σε τροπικά λιμάνια, θα σκαρφάλωνα σε ψαροκοκαλόδεντρα σε παραμυθένιες ζωύγκλες και θα αγαπούσαν με παθιάρες γάτες στο Σιάμ, το Αφγανιστάν και την Περσια.

Αλλά δυστυχώς το όνειρο έμεινε όνειρο, επειδή η θάλασσα μου προκαλούσε ναυτία. Σήμερα βέβαια είναι ήρεμη σαν λάδι προτού το ρίξουν στο τηγάνι για να τηγανίσουν παλαμίδες και το αντιφέγγισμα των αστεριών παίχνιδιζε στην ακόμαντη επιφάνειά της. Το χειμώνα όμως η ίδια αυτή θάλασσα, Θεέ μου, πώς αλλάζει, φουρτουνιάζει. Θεριεύει, αγριεύει, μανιασμένα κύματα σηκώνονται ίδια βουνά θέρατα, ο ένας τυφώνας διαδέχεται τον άλλο και για τρεις-τέσσερις μήνες ούτε καράβι, ούτε καϊκί, ούτε κανένα άλλο πλοίο μπορεί να πλησιάσει το νησί μας.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th><strong>Title</strong></th>
<th>Ο Οδυσσέας στην Ιθάκη</th>
<th><strong>Title</strong></th>
<th>Odysseus in Ithaca</th>
</tr>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Year Published</strong></td>
<td>2013</td>
<td><strong>Language</strong></td>
<td>Greek</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Author</strong></td>
<td>Th. Katsoulakos, Ch. Katsarou, M. Lena, I. Karioti</td>
<td><strong>Language</strong></td>
<td>English</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Word count</strong></td>
<td>526</td>
<td><strong>Word Count</strong></td>
<td>531</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Description of Source Text</strong></td>
<td>The ST is an extract taken from the 4th grade history book which is currently being taught in state schools all over Greece (Katsoulakos et al., 2013). It is an adaptation of the Odyssey, more specifically of a part near the end of it, and it is addressed to children that are 9-10 years of age. The language used is not complicated, with a few exceptions when it comes to words that cannot be paraphrased (eg: χοιροβοσκός [swineherd], μνηστήρες [suitors]) and the story follows a very structured and linear plot. Even though the ST is addressed to children, the sentence length is around 18 words per sentence, with some sentences being over 40 words long (eg. line numbers: 4-7, 7-12). The language is simple but very</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>variations, register, dialect</td>
<td>dense, as there is a significant amount of information in each sentence. Each sentence is also heavily loaded with numerous adjectives that provide additional information to the readers.</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Strategy</strong></td>
<td>I intend my translation to be used as part of a lesson taught to children of the same age (9-10 y.o.) who attend Pierce Elementary school, an American college based in Athens. In that school, children are taught English as a foreign language in an experiential way, through other subjects in the curriculum. According to the school’s curriculum, children in 4th grade have a pre-intermediate level of English (B1) (First, 2023). For this reason I will:</td>
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</tbody>
</table>
| - Identification of translation problems | - Translate the text using appropriate vocabulary for CEFR B1 level (Natova, 2019) by:  
  ➔ generalising more advanced terms into their simpler / broader equivalents  
  (eg. line numbers: 20,41).  
  ➔ repeating the same vocabulary and names of the characters instead of paraphrasing it  
  (eg. line numbers: 7, 14 ).  
  ➔ Using appropriate linking words for B1 level and keeping them consistent  
  (eg.: but, after that, then, and, so etc.).  
- Knowledge of genre within target context and situation of target text | - Use footnotes for words that are above B1 level.  
- Justification of translation production of genre for target context | - Break the sentences that exceed 18 words into shorter ones (eg. line numbers: 7,8,9). |
| **Critical Reflection**      | Overall the TT manages to transmit the story in a similar tone as the ST. The vocabulary and the language used is comprehensible for the TA. |
| - Textual analysis          |                                                                                                                                                                                                          |
However, in the attempt to keep the language and the structure simple the text gets a bit repetitive. This might be a problem for the TA, as it is a part of a school lesson and in order for the children to focus on the lesson the story has to capture their attention.

Lastly, in line 45, the translation of the sentence “if you love me, don’t say anything” might have different connotations in the English language from those intended in the original. As this phrase is addressed to a female slave/servant and not to Odysseus’ wife, Penelope, there is a possibility the readers will be confused or suggest that there is an underlying relationship between the two of them.

**Works Cited**


Όταν ο ἡλίος ανέτειλε, ξύπνησε ο Ὀδυσσέας. Ὄμως υπήρχε ομίχλη γύρω του και δεν κατάλαβε πως ήταν στην Ιθάκη, Ἦρθε τότε η θεά Αθηνά, σκόρπισε την ομίχλη κι ο Ὀδυσσέας κατάλαβε πως βρισκόταν επιτέλους στην Ιθάκη. Γονάτισε κλαίγοντας και φίλησε το χώμα της πατρίδας του και η Αθηνά του εἶπε:

“Ὀδυσσέα, στο παλάτι σου έχουν μπει πολλοί μνηστήρες, που κάθε μέρα τρώνε και πίνουν και θέλουν να παντρευτούν την Πηνελόπη, τη γυναίκα σου, και να γίνουν βασιλιάδες της Ιθάκης. Η Πηνελόπη όμως κλαίει αδιάκοπα και περιμένει να γυρίσεις. Τώρα όμως πήγαινε στην καλύβα του πιστού χοριοβοσκού σου, του Εὐμαίου, και περιμένει εκεί το γυρίσμον του γιου σου, του Τηλέμαχου, που έρχεται από ταξίδι, Είχε πάει στην Πύλο και στην Σπάρτη να μάθει απ’ τον Μενέλαο κι από το γέρο Νέστορα νέα για σένα”.

Αμέσως η θεά μεταμορφώσε τον Ὀδυσσέα σε ζητάνο κι έτσι αγνώριστος πήγε στην καλύβα του Εὐμαίου. Ο Εὐμαίος δεν τον γνώρισε, όμως τον φιλοξένησε πρόθυμα κι ο Ὀδυσσέας έμεινε εκεί όλη τη νύχτα.

When the sun rose, Odysseus woke up. But there was fog around him and he did not realise that he was in Ithaca. Then the goddess Athena came. She made the fog go away and Odysseus realised that he was finally in Ithaca. He knelt down and wept and kissed the soil of his homeland. Then Athena said to him: "Odysseus, many suitors have entered your palace. They eat and drink every day and want to marry your wife, Penelope, and become kings of Ithaca. But Penelope cries and waits for you to return. But now go to the hut of your faithful swineherd, Eumaeus, and wait there for your son, Telemachus, who is returning from a journey. He had gone to Pylos and Sparta to learn news of you from Menelaus and old Nestor."

After that, Athena turned Odysseus into a beggar and so in his new form he went to Eumaeus’ hut. Eumaeus did not recognise him, but he welcomed him and Odysseus stayed there all night.
Την άλλη μέρα είπε στην καλύβα ο Τηλέμαχος κι ο Εύμαιος πήγε στην πόλη να πει στην Πηνελόπη ότι ο γιος της γύρισε από το ταξίδι. Σαν έμειναν μόνοι ο Οδυσσέας κι ο Τηλέμαχος, ήρθε η Αθήνα κι έδωσε στον Οδυσσέα την πρώτη του μορφή κι εκείνος φανερώθηκε στον γιο του. Γιος και πατέρας αγκαλιάστηκαν κι έκλαιγαν πολλή ώρα. Μετά κατεστρωσαν μαζί ένα σχέδιο, για να μπορέσουν να σκοτώσουν τους μνηστήρες. Τότε ήρθε πάλι η Αθήνα κι έκανε τον Οδυσσέα ζητιάνο.

Το άλλο πρωί ο Τηλέμαχος είπε στο παλάτι και λίγο αργότερα είπε στον Οδυσσέας με τον Εύμαιο. Πάτησε ο Οδυσσέας για πρώτη φορά μετά από είκοσι χρόνια το χώμα της αυλής του. Κανένας δεν τον γνώρισε. Μόνο ο Άργος, το πιστό σκύλο του, που γέρικο πια περίμενε το αφεντικό του να γυρίσει. Όταν τον είδε να μπαίνει στην αυλή, κούνησε την ουρά του χαρούμενο. Ο Οδυσσέας το πλησίασε και το χαιδέψεις, δακρυσμένος. Μετά από λίγο ο Άργος, αφού είδε τον Οδυσσέα γυρίσει, ξεψύχησε.

Μπήκε μετά ο Οδυσσέας στο σπίτι του και βρήκε τους μνηστήρες να τρώνε και να πίνουν. Κάθισε στο κατώφλι του σπιτιού κι ο Τηλέμαχος του έφερε να φάει. Οι μνηστήρες τον

| 17 | The next day Telemachus arrived at the hut and Eumaeus went to the city to tell Penelope that her son had returned from his journey. When Odysseus and Telemachus were alone, Athena came and turned Odysseus back to normal. Son and father embraced and cried for a long time. Then they made a plan together, so they could kill the suitors. Then Athena came again and made Odysseus a beggar. |
| 18 | |
| 19 | |
| 20 | |
| 21 | |
| 22 | The next morning Telemachus arrived at the palace. Later Odysseus and Eumaeus also arrived. Odysseus stepped on the ground of his courtyard for the first time in twenty years. No one recognized him. Only Argos, his faithful dog, who was now old and was waiting for his master to return. When he saw him enter the yard, he wagged his tail happily. Odysseus approached it and petted it with tears in his eyes. After seeing that Odysseus had returned, Argos died. |
| 23 | Odysseus then entered his house and found the suitors eating and drinking. He sat on the threshold of the house and Telemachus brought him food. The suitors made fun of him, beat him, intimidated him and told him to leave. |
| 24 | But Penelope learned from Eumaios that a beggar came to her house from afar and she wanted to see him. She wanted |
κορόδευεν, τον χτυπούσαν, τον φοβερίζαν και του έλεγαν να φύγει.

Έμαθε όμως η Πηνελόπη απο τον Εύμαιο πως ήρθε ένας ζητιάνος από μακριά στο σπίτι της κι ήθελε να τον δει, να τον ρωτήσει μήπως ήξερε κάτι για τον άνδρα της. Και το βράδυ, που οι μνηστήρες τελείωσαν το γλέντι και πήγαν στα σπίτια τους να κοιμηθούν, κάλεσε τον ζητιάνο να τον ρωτήσει. Πρώτα όμως κάλεσε την Ευρύκλεια, την πιο πιστή της σκλάβα, να πλύνει τα πόδια του ξένου. Η Ευρύκλεια έφερε μια λεκάνη και νερό, μα καθώς του έπλευε τα πόδια, έπιασε ένα σημάδι, που είχε ο Οδυσσέας πάνω από το δεξί του γόνατο, και τον γνώρισε αμέσως. Πήγε να φωνάξει, όμως εκείνος πρόλαβε και της εκλείσε το στόμα. “Αν μ’ αγαπάς, κράτα το στόμα σου κλειστό”, της είπε.

Μετά μίλησε με την Πηνελόπη, όμως δεν της φανερώθηκε. Μόνο την παρηγόρησε λέγοντας της πως ο Οδυσσέας θα ερχόταν σύντομα. Η Ευρύκλεια του έστρωσε κρεβάτι να κοιμηθεί, μα ο ύπνος δεν τον έπαιρνε.

to ask him if he knew anything about her husband.

So, in the evening, when the suitors had gone to their homes to sleep, she went to see the beggar. But first she called Eurycleia, her most faithful slave and asked her to wash the stranger’s feet. Eurycleia brought a bowl and water, but as she washed his feet, she recognised a mark that Odysseus had above his right knee, and she understood it was him. She tried to shout, but he stopped her.

"If you love me, don’t say anything," he told her.

Then he spoke with Penelope, but did not show his identity. He just comforted her by telling her that Odysseus would come soon. Eurykleia made a bed for him to sleep on, but he couldn’t sleep.

Vocabulary:

Wept - weep - κλαίω

Suitors - suitor - μνηστήρας

Swineherd - pig farmer - χοιροβοσκός

Wagged - wag - κουνάω

threshold - κατώφλι

intimidated - intimidate - εκφοβίζω
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th><strong>Title</strong></th>
<th>This Dark City</th>
<th><strong>Title</strong></th>
<th>Αυτή η Σκοτεινή Πόλη</th>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Year Published</strong></td>
<td>2020</td>
<td><strong>Language</strong></td>
<td>Greek</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Author</strong></td>
<td>Louisa Adjoa Parker</td>
<td><strong>Language</strong></td>
<td>Greek</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Word count</strong></td>
<td>1025</td>
<td><strong>Word Count</strong></td>
<td>1008</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Description of Source Text</strong></td>
<td>This short story is part of a collection of stories by Louisa Adjoa Parker in her book “Stay with me”. The stories are set in small seaside towns of England and the collection explores themes of place, race, identity, motherhood and addiction, as well as the physical and psychological violence in relationships where abuse is often mistaken for love (Parker, 2020, p.85). The story is written in the first person singular as it is a mother’s narration about her teenage daughter. The vocabulary is very informal and there is some use of vulgar language (eg. line numbers: 32,42) and casual expressions often used by teenagers or young people (eg. line numbers: 19, 68, 89, 95,). There are also some ethnocultural items (eg. line numbers: 1, 70) and several visual images (eg. line numbers: 67, 68).</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Strategy</td>
<td>I intend my translation to be published as part of the collection of translations in the JOLT magazine (Trinity Journal of Literary Translation 2023) in an issue with the topic of “family”.</td>
<td></td>
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</table>
|  - Identification of translation problems  
  - Knowledge of genre within target context and situation of target text  
  - Justification of translation production of genre for target context | - While translating the text I want the readers to be aware of the fact that the story is set in rural England. Therefore I will attempt to keep the ethnocultural elements even if there is not an exact word equivalent in the Greek language (eg. strip lighting → “έντονα λευτ” [bright led lighting], impromptu jog → “σηκωθούν και να ξεκινήσουν να κάνουν jogging” [stand up and start jogging]).  
- When it comes to informal vocabulary I will attempt to imitate everyday language teenagers use in schools or talking to friends in a Greek setting. I will do that by avoiding formal vocabulary and going for a more liberal translation of the sense of the text (eg. “whatever” → “ο,τι πεις” [whatever you say], “I’m off now” → “τα λέμε” [see you]).  
- When it comes to the vulgar language I am aiming for a sense for sense translation (ref.). (eg.“So, you keep the fuck away from her or I’ll go to the police.” → “Για αυτό κράτα τα κουλά σου μακριά αλλιώς θα καλέσω την αστυνομία” [so keep your hands away from her or I’ll call the police]). |
| Critical Reflection | I sent my translation to a reader of Jolt and asked for her opinion. She generally agreed that the choice of the extract matched the theme and the style of the magazine; she did however have some concerns with the length of the story, as the journal tends to publish shorter stories or poems. Other than that she found the translation interesting and she was not bothered by the ethnocultural aspects, as they made the text more interesting in her opinion. She was not very happy with the choice of translating supported housing (line 70) as “κοινόβιο”[communal housing], as she felt that this term might have different connotations in the target language. |
Personally, after reading both my translation and the original I noticed that the term “city” is being repeated throughout the text and has a significant meaning in the plot, as the mother is concerned about letting her daughter live alone in a big and scary city where she is exposed to all kinds of dangers. Unfortunately, this hidden meaning is not stressed enough in the translation, which is something that I could improve upon.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Works Cited</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>
We are standing outside a KFC in the city centre.
The smell of hot grease and cooking meat makes me wrinkle my nose. I am trying to say goodbye to my daughter, but I don’t know how to. I’m stalling for time, will say anything to keep her here. It will be like pulling a plaster off my skin, and I want to make it slow. We are the same height, same build. We’re both wearing parkas. In the half-dark of this city street someone might mistake us for friends.

‘Are you sure you have enough money?’ I ask, even though I have given her twenty quid and some food. And her benefits should come through soon enough.

‘Yes, Mum, I’m fine,’ she says, rolling her eyes.
Through the window of the chicken shop I can see families wedged around plastic tables, their hands dipping in and out of giant cardboard buckets filled with fried food, grey faces exposed by harsh strip lighting. Fat bellies like rising dough.

They are dressed in sportswear, although it seems unlikely they will get up and break into an impromptu jog. They don’t look happy, even though this is their Friday night out. The kids who serve the food behind the counter have greasy, spotty skin and look worn out.

Normally, I would worry about my daughter eating this food. Now I am grateful she eats anything. I worry about new things: rape, murder, spiked drinks, overdoses, knives, guns. In the city these dangers are bigger, brighter, super-sized. Written in black marker pen on boards outside shops.

It feels huge, this letting go. She is only sixteen.
'So, you’re sure you’ll be OK?’ My face is pulled into its usual frown.

‘Mum, I’m fine. Stop worrying about me. I can look after myself, you know.’ She flicks chocolate-brown, straightened hair out of her eyes. I look at my daughter, remembering the little girl she once was: plump-cheeked, white-blond hair curling around her head like an angel, blue eyes. One minute a shy child who worked hard at school and rarely gave me any trouble. The next a wild-eyed teenager, out of control. It had been cigarettes first, then coming home drunk. Before she was even thirteen. Then came the men. The girl had been dressing up one night, long curvy legs in patterned tights. A short skirt. Too-thick make-up. A fuck-you look in her kohl-lined eyes.

‘I’m meeting a friend,’ she kept saying, ‘and you can’t stop me. I’ve made plans.’
The friend turned out to be a man in his twenties who she’d only just met. He was going to pick her up in his car. I took my daughter’s phone while she was in the toilet, read her messages then rang the man.

‘My daughter is only thirteen,’ I told him, hands shaking, too-fast heart in my chest, ‘did you know that? Thirteen.’

‘She told me she was sixteen,’ he said, disappointment thickening his voice.

‘Well, she isn’t. She lied. So, you keep the fuck away from her or I’ll go to the police.’

The girl had gone crazy after that.

‘You had no right! How dare you?’ she had screamed, slapping me across the face. It was a shock, being hit by my child. I didn’t react, but stood there, stroking my face.

Later, my mind wiped it out. I can’t remember the sensation of skin

"Εχω ήδη κανονίσει.”

Ο φίλος αποδείχτηκε να είναι άντρας στα 20 του, δεν τον είχε ξαναδεί. Θα την έπαιρνε με το αμάξι. Πήρα το κινητό της κόρης μου όσο ήταν στην τουαλέτα. Διάβασα τα μηνύματα και τον πήρα τηλέφωνο.

“Η κόρη μου είναι μόλις 13, το ήξερες αυτό; 13” του είπα ενώ τα χέρια μου έτρεμαν και η καρδιά μου χτυπούσε δυνατά.

“Μου είπε πως είναι 16” απάντησε βραχύν, απογοητευμένος.

“Ε λοιπόν δεν είναι. Σου είπε ψέματα. Για αυτό κράτα τα κουλά σου μακριά αλλιώς θα καλέσω την αστυνομία.”

Το κοριτσάκι μου εξαγριώθηκε με αυτό.

“ Δεν είχες το δικαίωμα! Πως τόλμησες!” μου φώναξε,

χαστοκιζώντας με. Ημουν σε κατάσταση σοκ, να με χαστοκίζει το παιδί μου. Δεν αντέδρασα, έμεινα ακίνητη, σκουμπώντας το μάγουλό μου.

Αργότερα το μυαλό μου το απώθησε. Δεν αντέχω να θυμάμαι την αίσθηση του δέρματός μου, το κόκκαλο να συγκρούεται με δέρμα και κόκκαλο. Δεν κατάφερα να σταματήσω τους άντρες.

Μερικά στενά πιο κάτω απο το σπίτι μας ένα αδύνατο κορίτσι είναι στριμωχγέμενο μπροστά από το κεφαλόσκαλο ενός σπιτιού, με
and bone colliding with skin and bone. I didn’t manage to stop
the men.

A few shops down from us, a thin girl is huddled in the
doorway, sleeping bag over her feet, the hood of her jacket
pulled low over her face. I don’t want to look, but I can’t take
my eyes away. I walk over to the girl, hand her a five-pound
note. She takes it without looking up, says, God bless you.

My daughter starts shuffling her feet.
‘I’d better get going,’ she says. ‘Thanks for helping me
move.’ I can tell she is making an effort to be polite.

‘You’re welcome, darling,’ I say, thinking of her new home. A
room, a bed, a wardrobe. Cheap green institutional carpet
covered with cigarette burns. Dirty white scarred walls like a
pockmarked face. The sounds of girls shouting, loud music,
doors slamming. It is supported housing, I keep telling myself,
not a women’s prison. But my daughter isn’t like the other girls.
We’d both agreed it was best if she left home. I wasn’t chucking the girl out. I remember watching a TV programme years ago, where a mother put her fourteen year-old boy into care because he was behaving so badly. ‘I’ve got no choice,’ she’d explained, ‘it’s not fair on the little ones. It’s ruining their lives.’ At the time, I’d thought, How could she? Now, I understand. The girl is like a cold wind, blowing through our family. She’d brought drugs into our house a month ago — not just a bit of weed, but speed, lots of it. The other children could have found it.

‘Look, Mum, you can stand here all night if you want to, but I’m going to get something to eat. Do you want anything?’

I shake my head. I couldn’t eat, and if I could, I wouldn’t want fried chicken anyway. The girl goes into the shop, huge gold hoop earrings swinging, hips swaying. Two men in dirty jogging 72 to 76 

το σπίτι. Δεν το έδιωξα το κορίτσι. Θυμάμαι ότι παρακολουθούσα 73 

ένα τηλεοπτικό πρόγραμμα πριν από χρόνια, όπου μια μητέρα 74 

έβαλε σε φροντίδα το δεκατετράχρονο αγόρι της επειδή ήταν 75 

tόσο άτακτο. 76

«Δεν έχω άλλη επιλογή», είχε πει, «δεν είναι δίκαιο για τα μικρά. 77 

Τους καταστρέφει τη ζωή.» Εκείνη την εποχή σκεφτόμουν, πώς 78 

μπόρεσε; Τώρα καταλαβαίνω. Αυτό το κορίτσι είναι σαν κρύος 79 

άνεμος, που φυσάει μέσω της οικογένειάς μας. Όχι απλά ένα 80 

αεράκι, αλλά άνεμος, δυνατός άνεμος. Πριν από ένα μήνα έφερε 81 

ναρκωτικά σπίτι - και όχι απλά λίγο χόρτο αλλά μεθαμφεταμίνη. 82

Και μάλιστα σε μεγάλη ποσότητα. Τα αδέλφια της θα μπορούσαν 83 

να το είχαν βρει.

«Κοίτα, μαμά, μπορείς να κάτσεις εδώ όλο το βράδυ, αν θέλεις, 84 

αλλά εγώ θα πάω να πάρω κάτι να φάω. Θέλεις να σου φέρω 85 

κάπι;»

Όχι της νεύω. Δεν είχα όρεξη να φάω. Αλλά και να είχα, δεν θα
bottoms look her up and down. She comes out a few minutes later with a greasy paper bag.

‘OK, I’m off now. See you soon.’ She is casual, airy. It’s just another night to her. She’ll go to her new home and put the telly on. Her heart isn’t being torn apart. I reach out and hug my daughter, who stands stiff as a shop’s dummy in my arms.

‘Ring me if there’s any problem, won’t you? Any problem at all.’

‘Whatever.’ The girl is laughing, walking away from me. I cannot move; I’m welded to the litter-strewn pavement. I watch her walk away, tears sliding down my cheeks. I have given my daughter to this dark beast of a city with its glittering lights, and she’s no longer mine.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Student Number</th>
<th>22300247</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>
| Title | To Νησί (TV Series)  
Episode 1 (min 0:00 –20:02) |
| Year Published | 2010 - 2011 |
| Author | Victoria Hislop |
| Director | Theodoris Papadoulakis |
| Language | Greek |
| Word count | 1,242 |
| Description of Source Text | The Island is a Greek TV series based on Victoria Hislop’s debut novel of the same name (Victoriahislop.com, 2023) . The series premiered on 11 October 2010 and is the most expensive Greek television production ever with a budget of €4 million, as well as the most successful series ever broadcast in Greece. Hislop's novel became an international bestseller and turned the island, together with the Elounda Gulf and town Agios Nikolaos, into one of the most popular tourist areas in Crete (Weiss, 2021). The language used includes the use of informal local register and specific vocabulary, as well as Cretan accents which make the |
| Language | English |
| Word Count | 1,251 |
The story revolves around a young woman who uncovers the truth about her mother’s past. In her attempts to find out more about her Greek heritage, Alexis learns about the history of the island of Spinalonga, Greece’s leper colony. There are also references to traditional Cretan dishes (eg. red mullet, bash, greek salad) and drinks (eg. retsina). Lastly, as the general theme of the series revolves around a leper colony there are several references and sensitive terms about leprosy.

### Strategy

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

I will add English subtitles to the first episode of the series, in order to make it accessible to the English speaking audience. The series will be broadcast on Netflix (Netflix.com, 2023) and therefore I will follow the general guidelines for subtitling as stated on their website. Specifically:

- the subtitles will not be above 7.0 seconds long or under 0.8 seconds long.
- they will not exceed 2 lines in length or have more than 42 characters per line.
- Lastly, the subtitles will not surpass 20 CPS (characters per second). This means that some information may need to be omitted that is not important for the understanding of the plot.

When it comes to the references about leprosy, as Netflix’s style guide determines, they must not be toned down but must be kept intact (Netflix.com, 2023).

Lastly, I will find equivalents for the local dishes and drinks mentioned in the episode. But in the case of
species of fish or wine varieties that cannot be found outside of Greece, I will use more generalised terms (eg. fish instead of bass, bogue and rock salmon/dogfish - lines: 30,31,32,52,157,161), as I believe it will help the audience follow the plot uninterrupted.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Critical Reflection - Textual analysis</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>I sent my subtitles to a sample viewer who was not acquainted with the book or the series. The feedback that I received was mostly positive and she said that she was able to understand the episode and keep up with the plot without major problems, which was my main goal. She was slightly hesitant about the extracts from the Bible recited as she was not sure if the word “master” was the appropriate one or if the register was faithful to the actual biblical reference. However, this did not pose a problem to her understanding of the story. She also noticed that some of the subtitles were unnecessarily broken into two lines, even though the sentences were not too long. According to her they could have been one line and that wouldn’t be a problem for the viewer.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Works Cited</th>
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<td>00:02:47,691</td>
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<td>00:02:57,460</td>
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<tr>
<td>00:02:59,530</td>
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<tr>
<td>00:03:03,850</td>
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<tr>
<td>00:03:09,611</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>00:03:10,960</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>00:03:12,697</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Τι να σου πω;  What can I say?
Τίποτα  Say nothing.
με εχεις εκνευρίσει πάρα πολύ.  I am very annoyed with you.
Oh mom!  Oh mom!
Hello!  Hello!
Oh hi dad,  Oh, hi dad,
And actually goodbye  and actually goodbye.
Που πας αγάπη μου;  Where are you going, love?
Διακοπές.  On vacation.
Κάτσε λίγο να σε δω.  Stay for a bit.
Oh no dad I'm in a hurry.  Oh no dad I'm in a hurry.
I'll be back I promise.  I'll be back, I promise.
But why won't you just stay a bit?  But why won't you just stay a bit?
Πλάκα, Κρήτη  PLAKA, CRETE
Good morning!  
Hi!  

Welcome! You order now or later?  
Welcome! You order now or later?  

Τώρα παρακαλώ πολύ.  
Now please.  

Α μιλάς ελληνικά!  
You speak Greek!  

Είμαι μισή ελληνίδα. Μισή αγγλίδα.  
I am half Greek, half English.  

Welcome my girl.  

So... I want the red mullet,  

the Greek salad,  

and <i>retsina.</i>
Τούς ξέρετε; Do you know them?

Πού την εβρήκες αυτή τη φωτογραφία; Where did you find this picture?

Είναι ο μπαμπάς και η μαμά της μαμάς μου. They are the father and the mother of my mother.

Της μαμάς σου; Of your mother?

Ναι. Yes.

Είναι ο Νίκος και η Μαρία Κυρίτση. They are Nikos and Maria Kiritsi.

Είσαι η κόρη της Σοφίας; You are Sofia’s daughter!

Εγώ είμαι ο Στέφανος, ο Στεφανός. I am Stefanos.

Και βέβαια τους γνώριζα, Of course I knew them,

η Μαρία ήταν καλύτερες φιλενάδες με τη γυναίκα μου τη Φωτεινή. Maria was best friends with my wife, Fotini.

Η μητέρα σου δεν ήρθε μαζί σου; Didn’t your mother come with you?
Όχι, οχι είναι στο Λονδίνο.

Και πώς και ήρθες μόνη σου;

Να σας μάθω.

Κάτσε να φωνάξω στη γυναίκα μου.

Να σας μάθω.

To get to know you.

And why did you come by yourself?

Let me go get my wife.

The fish is ready, the rest needs five more minutes.

Go outside to see who’s here.

Who?

Sofia’s daughter!

Which Sofia?

Sofia, Sofia Vandoulaki.

Have you lost your mind Stefani?
Τράβα να δεις και μόνη σου. Go see for yourself.

Βαστάει και μια φωτογραφία της Μαρίας με τον γιατρό. She has a photo of Maria and the doctor.

Λέει πως είναι οι παππούδες της. She says they’re her grandparents.

Εχε το νου σου στα ψάρια μην καούνε. Keep an eye on the fish.

Εσύ είσαι η κόρη της Σοφίας; You are Sofia’s daughter, Alexis?

Τι να κάνει η μάνα σου; How’s your mother?

‘Εχω χρόνια να πάρω νέα της. I haven’t heard from her in years.

Πότε πρόκαμες και μεγάλωσες. When did you grow up so fast, such a grown woman you’ve become.

Κοτζάμ κοπέλα μέχρι εκεί πάνω. My Mario,

Η Μαριώ μου, the sweetest creature there was.

tο γλυκύτερο πλάσμα του κόσμου. You reminded me of her.

Τί μου θύμισες τώρα. You look just like Anna.
Μα φτυστή, Just like her.

Ποιά είναι η Άννα; Who is Anna?

Δεν ξέρεις ποιά είναι η Άννα; You don’t know Anna?

Όχι No.

Η αδερφή της Μαρίας, Maria’s sister,

Δεν σου χει πει πράμα για αυτήν; hasn’t your mother told you anything?

Όχι, η μαμά μου δε μου χει πει πως η μαμά της είχε αδελφή. No, mom hasn’t told me that she had a sister.

Πως γίνεται; How so?

Δε θέλει να μιλάει πολύ για τη ζωή της στην Ελλάδα. She doesn’t like to talk much about her life in Greece.

Δε θέλει, She doesn’t want to,

Δεν ξέρω γιατί I don’t know why.

Για το χωριό ἑδώ Has she told you

Σου χει μιλήσει; about the village?

Όχι No.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Text</th>
<th>Translation</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>00:09:02,628</td>
<td>Για το νησί</td>
<td>Has she told you about the island?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>00:09:06,022</td>
<td>Σου χει πει;</td>
<td>Which island?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>00:09:08,262</td>
<td>Ποιο νησί;</td>
<td>Spinalonga.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>00:09:10,777</td>
<td>Τη Σπιναλόγκα.</td>
<td>Spinalonga? Where is that?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>00:09:14,160</td>
<td>Ιη Πιναλόγκα; Που είναι αυτό;</td>
<td>Spinalonga? Where is that?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>00:09:16,880</td>
<td>Έλα.</td>
<td>Come.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>00:09:44,388</td>
<td>-Φωτεινή; Φωτεινή, έλα και Πηνέομαι.</td>
<td>-Fotini? Fotini, come help.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>00:09:48,480</td>
<td>-Κάτσε λίγο κι έρχομαι.</td>
<td>-I’ll be back.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>00:09:59,611</td>
<td>Καλώς την κοπελιά.</td>
<td>Hello my girl.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>00:10:02,251</td>
<td>Τι κάνεις;</td>
<td>How are you?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>00:10:04,262</td>
<td>Καλά είσαι; Καλωσόρισες.</td>
<td>All good? Welcome.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>00:10:08,260</td>
<td>Εκεί πέρα στο νησί,</td>
<td>Hello, who lives over there, on the island?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>00:10:08,834</td>
<td>Ποιός μένει;</td>
<td>Nobody lives there.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>00:10:10,830</td>
<td>Δεν μένει κανείς.</td>
<td>Nobody?</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Έχει να μείνει άνθρωπος εκεί πάνω απ’ το 57.
Nobody has lived there since 1957.

Γιατί;
Why?

Αφού δεν υπάρχουν πια λεπτοί.
There are no more lepers.

Λεπτοί;
Lepers?

Λεπτοί.
Lepers.

Τι καιρός έχεις ακούσει για τη Σπιναλόγκα;
Where did you come from?

Εδώ είμαστε.
Here we are.

Είναι πολύ ωραίο.
It’s very nice.

Σ’αφήνω και 2 τουβλάκια για να πλύσεις.
I’ll leave you two towels to shower.

-Χρειάζεσαι πράμα άλλο;
-Do you need anything else?

-Οχι.
-No.

Ευχαριστώ πολύ.
Thank you.
Αύριο είναι Δευτέρα και δεν θα 'χει πολλή δουλειά. Μπορούμε να τα πούμε με την ησυχία μας.

Tomorrow is Monday, we won’t have much work.

Καλόν ύπνο παιδί μου,
Τα λέμε το πρωί.

Goodnight my child,
see you in the morning.

Καληνύχτα.

Goodnight.

Πλάκα, Κρήτη, Φθινόπωρο 1939

PLAKA, CRETE, AUTUMN 1939

Τις προάλλες είδα κατι στο χωριό μας που με προβληματίσε και με στεναχώρεσε.

Lately I saw something in our village that upset me.

Κάποιους συνανθρώπους μας,
αρρώστους,
Αρχίζανε να τους φέρνουνε
dεμένους για το νησί.

They started bringing some of our fellow villagers, lepers,
tied up to send them to the island.

Εσκέφτηκα λοιπόν, να σας πω την παραβολή των 10 λεπρών.

So I thought I’d tell you the parable of the ten lepers.

Ένα θαύμα του κυρίου ημών
Ιησού Χριστού, που μας
περιγράφει ο ευαγγελιστής

A miracle of our Master and Saviour, Jesus,
brought to us by Luke.
In those times, as Jesus was entering a village, ten lepers came to him. They stood far away from him, because of their sickness, and shouted: "Master, have mercy on us." Jesus saw them and said: "Go to the priests and show yourselves." In those times, according to the law, the priests were the ones who examined the sick to see if they had leprosy.
τους ιερείς,

έγινε ένα θαύμα.

a miracle occurred.

Οι λεπτοί εκαθαριστήκανε

εντελώς

The lepers were cleansed

απ’ τα σημάδια της λέπρας.

from all signs of leprosy.

Ένας απ’ αυτούς, μόλις είδε πως

εγιατρεύτηκε,

One of them,

εγύρισε πίσω,

eγωνάτισε μπροστά στον Ιησού

came back,

και τον ευχαριστούσε.

kneeled in front of Jesus and thanked him.

Κι αυτός δεν ήταν ιουδαίος αλλά

σαμαρίτης, αλλόθρησκος δηλαδή.

And he wasn't a Jew but a Samaritan,

αλλ’ οθρήσκος. 

an irreligious man, that is.

"Δεν εκαθαριστήκανε και οι 10;”

"Weren’t all ten men cleansed?"

Řítěš o Išoúś.

Jesus asked.

"Οι άλλοι 9 που είναι;”

"Where are the other nine?"

"Δεν εβρεθήκανε να γυρίσουνε να
doxásουνε τον θεό παρά μόνο

esú, énas allóthrēskos;”

"Didn’t they think to come and praise God

except for you, an outsider?"
Η εκκλησία μας χρησιμοποιεί αυτή την ιστορία για να μας διδάξει ότι ο Κύριος είναι ο αληθινός θεός και σωτήρας μας.

Our church uses this story to teach us that the Lord is our true God and saviour.

Πως πρέπει να μείνουμε κοντά του με πίστη και ευγνωμοσύνη,

We have to stay close to him with faith and gratitude,

για να μην μπει το κακό στα σπίτια μας.

so that evil won’t enter our houses.

Μαρία, Άννα

Maria, Anna,

Πάτε αυτά τα ψάρια στη μάνα σας.

bring those fish to your mom.

Αντε πηγαίνε.

Go on.

Φωτεινή, θα πάμε

Fotini, are we going

Για μπάνιο το απογευματάκι

for a swim this evening?

Πάμε.

Let’s go.

Καλημέρα.

Good morning.

Θα τα πάρετε κι αυτά;

Can you take these too?
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
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<th>Time</th>
<th>Line</th>
<th>Translation</th>
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<tr>
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<td>00:14:29,062</td>
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<td>Φέρτα κι αυτά, χωρούνε. Σφίξτα καλά.</td>
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<td>Ψάρια από τον μπαμπά. Ακούμπησε τα εκεί.</td>
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<td>00:15:02,982</td>
<td>00:15:05,611</td>
<td>138</td>
<td>Μαμά; Ναι.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>00:15:05,610</td>
<td>00:15:09,565</td>
<td>139</td>
<td>Η Φωτεινή κι ο Αντώνης θα πάνε στη θάλασσα, Να πάμε κι εμείς;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>00:15:09,760</td>
<td>00:15:12,320</td>
<td>140</td>
<td>Εσύ μπορείς. Η Άννα είναι κρυωμένη και δεν έχω καμία διάθεση να κρεβατωθεί</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>00:15:12,320</td>
<td>00:15:14,617</td>
<td>141</td>
<td>Τέτοια εποχή.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>00:15:15,428</td>
<td>00:15:17,451</td>
<td>142</td>
<td>Καθίστε να σας φέρω το γάλα σας.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>00:15:17,451</td>
<td>00:15:19,450</td>
<td>143</td>
<td>Εγώ θα πάω!</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Ποιός χτυπάει το χέρι του
Στο τραπέζι;
-Who's banging their hand on the table?

Η θάλασσα κάνει καλό στο συνάχι.
-Sea helps with colds.

Πιές το γάλα σου κι άσε τις πολλές κουβέντες.
-Drink your milk and don’t talk.

Να σε δω να το πίνεις.
Let me see you drink it.

Να πάω μαζί τους
Και να μην μπω στη θάλασσα;
-Can I go with them if I don’t swim?

Πες ναι.
-Say yes.

Φωτεινή, θα μπείς;
-Fotini are you coming?

Τώρα!
-Coming!

Πότε τώρα; Μούλιασα τόση ώρα να περιμένω, έλα!
-Come, I’ve been waiting for too long.

Γειά σου Δημήτρη.
-Hi Dimitri.

Έλα, έλα.
-Come, come.

Ένα, δύο, τρία.
One, two, three.
Πιάσατε πράμα; - Did you catch anything?
Να μη σε νοιάζει. - Mind your business.
Χθες το απόγευμα έπιασα με το καλάμι μου δυο λαυράκια τέτοια. - Yesterday I caught two fish this big.
Πού; - Where?
Να μη σε νοιάζει. - Mind your business.
Μη μου λες μη σε νοιάζει Μη σε πετάξω στη θάλασσα. - Don't say not your business to me, I'll throw you into the sea.
Σιγά μην έπιασες και σκυλόψαρο. - No way you caught them.
Θα πέσαν Απ το καλάθι του πατέρα μου και τα μάζεψες για να μας κάνεις τον έξυπνο. - They must have fallen out of my father's basket and you picked them up to show off.
Δε με πιστεύεις; - You don't believe me?
-Οχι,
γιατί όλο ψέματα λες. because you are full of lies.

Και με τη θάλασσα τις ίδιες ψευτιές. Same about the sea.

Δεν είναι που δε σ’αρέσει, δεν ξέρεις να κολυμπάς. It’s not that you don’t like it, you don’t know how to swim,

για αυτό δεν μπαίνεις. that’s why you don’t go in.

Αφού σου λέω δε θέλω! -I told you I don’t like it.

Ούτε να βρέξεις τα πόδια σου να δροσιστείς; -Not even to wet your feet?

Ούτε. Εσένα τι σε νοιάζει; -No, why do you care?

Εμένα; -I don’t.

Τα δικά σου πόδια βρωμικοπούν μες τις αρβύλες. It’s your feet that stink inside your boots.

Καλά κάνουν. -They don’t.

Δεν είναι πολύ χαζός; -Isn’t he stupid?

Δε βαρέθηκες το ψάρεμα; -Aren’t you bored of fishing?
Έλα να βουτήξουμε. -Come swim.
Δε σ’αφήνει η μάνα σου. -Your mother doesn’t let you.
Ε θα με σπρώξεις κατά λάθος και θα μπω. -Push me by accident then I’ll swim.
Όχι. No.
Σπρώξε με, σπρώξε με! -Come on, push me!
Αννα! -Anna!
Με πέταξε στο νερό. -He pushed me.
-Όχι εγώ! -I didn’t
-Εσύ. -You did.
-Γειά σου μαμά. -Hi Mom.
-Καλώς την. -Welcome.
-Γειά σου πατέρα. -Hello father.
-Καλώς τις πέρδικες, καλώς τέσ. -Welcome my girls, welcome.
-Έχω μια πείνα. -I’m starving.
-Εγώ δεν τρώω ψάρι σήμερα, -I’m not eating fish today,
έχω βήχα
Και θα μου κάτσει κανα κόκκαλο.
I have a cough and a bone will get stuck on my throat.

Για τη θάλασσα δεν έχεις βήχα,
Μόνο για το ψάρι έχεις.
-You don’t have a cough for the sea, only for fish.

-Για έλα ’δω.
-Come here.

Έλα ’δω παιδί μου.
Come here, child.

-Τα μαλλιά σου είναι βρεμμένα;
-Is your hair wet?

-Δεν είναι.
-It's not.

Βούτηξες στη θάλασσα;
-Did you swim?

Άννα σε ρώπησα κάτι,
Γιατί κοιτάς την αδελφή σου;
Anna, I asked you something, don’t look at your sister.

Ο Αντώνης.
-It was Antonis,

Με σκούντηξε κατά λάθος.
he pushed me by accident.

Εγώ δεν είδα πράμα, έκανα
μακροβούτια με τη Φωτεινή
-I didn’t see anything.

I was swimming with Fotini
και ήμουν συνέχεια κάτω απ το νερό. and I had my head underwater.

-Πας κι εσύ να βγάλεις λαυράκι -You’re trying to get a word
Άπ τη Μαρία.

Λοιπόν, τρώμε. Let’s eat.

Σήκω. -Get up.

Λοιπόν, τρώμε. Let’s eat.

Σήκω Δημήτρη. Get up Dimitri.

Σήκω Δημήτρη. Get up Dimitri.

Τι συμβαίνει;
Γύρισε με μια προβοσκίδα μέχρι το πάτωμα.

-What’s going on?
-He came home frowning like this.

Δεν είπα εγώ μωρέ ότι πρέπει να τρώς για να δυναμώσεις;

-Didn’t we say you have to eat to get stronger?

Το ‘παμε αυτό; Didn’t we agree on that?

Τότε; So?

-Όλοι με κοροϊδέουνε. -Everyone is making fun of me.
00:19:18,228 00:19:21,702 207 -Όποιος κοροιδεύει τον άλλο κοροιδεύει τα μούτρα του. -They are making fun of themselves.

00:19:22,937 00:19:25,268 208 -Ναι καλά. Yes, sure.

00:19:25,268 00:19:27,260 209 Είσαι ο καλύτερος μαθητής στο σχολείο μωρέ, You’re the best student in school,

00:19:27,260 00:19:29,260 300 να μη στενοχωράσαι. don’t be sad.

00:19:29,260 00:19:31,260 301 -Αλλο είναι. -It’s not that.

00:19:31,417 00:19:33,680 302 -Τί άλλο; -What is it?

00:19:33,680 00:19:35,680 303 -Κάτι θα έγινε όταν κατέβηκε στη θάλασσα. -Something happened at the beach.

00:19:35,680 00:19:38,822 304 -Έχω δίκιο Δημήτρη; -Am I right Dimitri?

00:19:39,222 00:19:42,285 305 -Όλοι με κοροιδεύουν που δεν μπαίνω στη θάλασσα. -Anna is making fun of me because I don’t swim.

00:19:42,285 00:19:44,280 306 -Ηταν μπροστά κι ο Αντώνης Της κυρά Σαβίνας. -Savina’s son, Antonis, was there too.

00:19:44,280 00:19:44,280 306 -Ε και λοιπόν; -So?
-Λέει πως δεν ξέρω κολύμπι
Και πως βρωμοκοπούν τα πόδια μου με τις αρβύλες.
-They said I can’t swim and that my feet stink inside my boots.

-Ξέρεις πως ο,τι κάνουμε
Το κάνουμε για το καλό σου.
-You know that we do everything for your own good.

Θες να το μάθουν ολοι και να…
Do you want everyone to know and…

-Παρατήστε με!
-Leave me alone!
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th><strong>Title</strong></th>
<th>ΤΟΥ ΝΕΚΡΟÙ ΑΔΕΛΦΟÙ</th>
<th><strong>Title</strong></th>
<th>The Song of the Dead Brother</th>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Year Published</strong></td>
<td>1885</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Author</strong></td>
<td>Dimotiko / folk song</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Language</strong></td>
<td>Greek</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Word count</strong></td>
<td>701</td>
<td><strong>Word Count</strong></td>
<td>935</td>
</tr>
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</table>

**Description of Source Text**

- Understanding of source text
- Knowledge of genre within source contexts
- Situation of source text familiarity with the formal

The ST is a Greek poem in the category of “dimotiko” (Papanikolaou, 2017), which is a traditional style of folk poems and songs. It is considered to be the oldest surviving poem of its kind (Prodromos, 2021). The song originated in Asia Minor during the 9th century but remained as a part of oral tradition until it was published in 1885 (Prodromos, 2021). It has been adapted into songs and ballads, as well as adopted by other Balkan literatures, mostly Bulgarian and Serbian (Prodromos, 2021).

The poem is written in verse but it has no rhyme (24Grammata.gr, 2012). It deals with the themes of family relations, marriage, immigration and loss. The language and register used is very informal and intimate (eg.
| features of a text (language variations, register, dialect) | line numbers: 11,14,24,36) as the story revolves around a mother and her children.

It is written as a third person narrative but also includes dialogue (first person singular and imperative voice) (eg. line numbers: 11,24,74). Lastly, the poem includes metaphors (eg. line numbers: 31,33) , references to traditional way of living of the period, local flora and fauna and other ethnocultural items such as references to religion or a man’s moustache considered an important part of his charm and burial rituals (eg. line numbers: 16,54,60,61,68).

Also, as the poem originated centuries ago, there are instances of archaic language that is not commonly used in modern Greek (eg. line numbers: 8,5,68). |
|---|---|
| **Strategy**<br>- Identification of translation problems<br>- Knowledge of genre within target context and situation of target text<br>- Justification of translation production of genre for target context | The TT is going to be studied by students, as part of a lesson in their undergraduate studies in Medieval Literature in TCD. The focus of the translation will be for the readers to become familiar with the story and the culture, rather than to study the poetic styles and techniques used.

For this reason I intend to:

- focus on the story and the meaning of the text and pay less attention to keeping the political verse.
- In instances where the language is very loaded I will go for a more precise, word-for-word translation.
- Use explicitation to translate the metaphors
- Keep the dialogues and the imperative voice.
- Keep the ethnocultural references (about religion, flora and fauna, beauty standards of the time etc.) as they are going to be studied by |
the students in the realm of their lesson.

Lastly, I will reproduce the archaic language of the text by using old-fashioned terms, as an attempt to give a similar effect to the TA.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Critical Reflection - Textual analysis</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>I sent my text to 3 sample readers to read and asked for their feedback. The overall feedback I received was positive, with the exception that my readers expressed facing some difficulties with understanding the cultural elements of the text and the expressions used. As the story involves a lot of ethnocultural elements, it might be confusing or unfamiliar to readers that are not acquainted with the everyday life in Greek agriculture in the 19th century. For this reason I believe that it may have been helpful to include footnotes at the end of the text, so that the readers have access to more information and are able to understand the text better. A short preface or introduction could have been another way to deal with this problem, as it would provide some context before the reader reads the story.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Works Cited</th>
</tr>
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<td>24Grammata.gr. 2012. “‘Του Νεκρού Αδελφού’: το Ποίημα και η Ανάλυση του – 24γράμματα, Εκδοτικός Οίκος.” 24grammata.com. October 27. <a href="https://24grammata.com/%cf%84%ce%bf%cf%85-%ce%bd%ce%b5%ce%ba%cf%81%ce%bf%ce%8d-%ce%b1%ce%b4%ce%b5%ce%bb%cf%86%ce%bf%cf%8d-%cf%84%ce%bf-%cf%80%ce%bf%ce%af%ce%b7%ce%bc%ce%b1-%ce%ba%ce%b1%ce%b9-%ce%b7-%ce%b1/">https://24grammata.com/%cf%84%ce%bf%cf%85-%ce%bd%ce%b5%ce%ba%cf%81%ce%bf%ce%8d-%ce%b1%ce%b4%ce%b5%ce%bb%cf%86%ce%bf%cf%8d-%cf%84%ce%bf-%cf%80%ce%bf%ce%af%ce%b7%ce%bc%ce%b1-%ce%ba%ce%b1%ce%b9-%ce%b7-%ce%b1/</a>. Prodromos, Polivios. 2021. “Το μυθικό στοιχείο στο δημοτικό τραγούδι ‘Του νεκρού αδερφού’ και η διδακτική αξιοποίηση του στο Λύκειο με έμφαση στη Δημιουργική Γραφή, σύμφωνα με το πρόγραμμα σπουδών Λογοτεχνίας(2021).” Dspace.uowm.gr, December. <a href="http://dspace.uowm.gr/xmlui/handle/123456789/2341">http://dspace.uowm.gr/xmlui/handle/123456789/2341</a>. Papanikolaou, Athanasia. 2017. “Επαναληπτικά Κ.ά. σχήματα στο δημοτικό τραγούδι.” Dspace.uowm.gr. June 1. <a href="http://dspace.uowm.gr/xmlui/handle/123456789/655">http://dspace.uowm.gr/xmlui/handle/123456789/655</a></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Τον νεκρού αδελφού

Μάνα με τους εννιά σου γιους και με τη μια σου κόρη,
tην κόρη τη μονάκριβη την πολυαγαπημένη,
tην είχες δώδεκα χρόνια κι ήλιος δε σου την είδε!
Στα σκοτεινά την έλουζε, στ’ άφεγγα τη χτενίζει,
st’ άστρι και τον αυγερινό έπλεκε τα μαλλιά της.
Προξενητάδες ήρθαν από τη Βαβυλώνα,
να πάρουν την Αρετή πολύ μακριά στα ξένα.
Οι οχτώ αδερφοί δε θέλουν κι ο Κωσταντίνος θέλει.
«Μάνα μου, κι ας τη δώσωμε την Αρετή στα ξένα,
στα ξένα κει που περπατώ, στα ξένα που πηγαίνω,
αν πάμε εμείς στην ξενιτιά, ξένοι να μην περνούμε.
- Φρόνιμος είσαι, Κωσταντή, μ’ άσκημα απιλογήθης.

Mother with your nine sons and with your only daughter,
your one and only girl, your most beloved daughter,
she was twelve years of age, yet the sun had never seen her. In darkness
you bathed her, in darkness you plaited her hair, under the moonlight and
the stars you were tying her plaits.
Envoys came from Babylon to ask her as a bride,
to take your Arete far far away, abroad.
Eight of the brothers disagreed but Constantine said yes.
-My mother, let’s give Arete be a bride in foreign parts.
There, where I often walk, in the foreign parts that I travel,
And if we go abroad, we won’t be taken for foreigners.
-You are wise Constantine, but you’ve given the wrong answer.
Κι α μόρτει, γιε μου, θάνατος, κι α μόρτει, γιε μου, αρρώστια,
κι αν τύχει πίκρα γή χαρά, ποιος πάει να μου τη φέρει;
- Βάλλω τον ουρανό κριτή και τους αγιούς μαρτύρους,
an τύχει κι έρτει θάνατος, αν τύχει κι έρτει αρρώστια,
an τύχει πίκρα γή χαρά, εγώ να σου τη φέρω».
Και σαν την επαντρέψανε την Αρετή στα ξένα,
κι εμπήκε χρόνος δίσεχτος και μήνες οργισμένοι
κι έπεσε το θανατικό, κι οι εννία αδερφοί πεθάναν,
βρέθηκε η μάνα μοναχή σαν καλαμία στον κάμπο.
Σ’ όλα τα μνήματα έκλαιγε, σ’ όλα μοιρολογιόταν,
στου Κωσταντίνου το μνημείο ανέστη τα μαλλιά της.
«Ανάθεμά σε, Κωσταντή, και μυριανάθεμά σε,
οπού μου την εξόριζες την Αρετή στα ξένα!
το τάξιμο που μου 'ταξες, πότε θα μου το κάμεις;
And if, my son, to me comes death, and if, my son, some illness strikes
If comes bitterness or joy, who will go to bring her back to me?
-I place the Heaven as my judge and the Saints as witnesses,
If death happens to come, if happens to come illness, if bitterness or joy comes, I'll bring her back to you.
And once they gave Arete as bride in foreign lands when they’d married her and then the years of misery and months of anger came
and death fell upon the family and all the brothers died
and left the mother alone, like a reed on a plain
At all the graves she came to grieve, in all of them she mourned
In front of Constantine’s grave she stood and pulled her hair.
“Damn you, Constantine, and damn you a thousand times, as you exiled my Arete away in foreign lands!
The promise that you gave me how will you now fulfil?
Τον ουρανό ἑλες κριτή καὶ τοὺς αγιοὺς μαρτύρους,
αν τύχῃ πίκρα γῆ χαρά, να πας να μου τη φέρεις».

Από το μυριανάθεμα καὶ τη βαριά κατάρα,
η γης αναταράχηκε κι ο Κωσταντής εβγήκε.

Κάνει το σύγνεφο άλογο και τ’ άστρο χαλινάρι,
και το φεγγάρι συντροφία και πάει να της τη φέρει.

Παίρνει τα όρη πίσω του και τα βουνά μπροστά του.

Βρίσκει την κι εχτενίζουνταν άξον στο φεγγαράκι.

Από μακριά τη χαιρετά κι από κοντά της λέγει:
«Αίντε, αδερφή, να φύγομε, στη μάνα μας να πάμε.

- Αλάμον, αδερφάκι μου, και τι είναι τούτη η ώρα;
Αν ίσως κι είναι για χαρά, να στολιστώ και να ήρθω,
κι αν είναι πίκρα, πες μου το, να βάλω μαύρα να ήρθω.

- Έλα, Αρετή, στο σπίτι μας, κι ας είσαι όπως και αν είσαι».

You had the Heaven as your judge and the Saints as witnesses
if bitterness or joy comes, you’d bring her back to me”.
And from the myriad anathemas and from the heavy curse, the earth
was shaken suddenly and Constantine came out.
He turned a cloud into a horse, a star into a bridle
the moon into a companion and went to bring her back.
He took his way over the hills, leaving the mountains behind him
He found her combing her hair, outside, under the moonlight.
From far away he greeted her and as he approached he told her
- Stand up sister time to leave, let’s go back to our mother.
- Alas, my brother, and why this time of the night?
If maybe it’s a cause of joy, I should wear my jewels and come
and if it is a cause of bitterness, tell me, that I may put on black and come.
- Come Arete to our home and let it be the way you are.
Κοντολυγίζει τ’ ἁλογο καὶ πίσω τὴν καθίζει.

Στη στράτα που διαβαίνανε πουλάκια κιλαδούσαν,
δεν κιλαδούσαν σαν πουλία, μήτε σαν χελιδόνια,
μόν’ κιλαδούσαν κι ἔλεγαν ἀνθρωπινή ομιλία:
«Ποιος εἶδε κόρην ὀμορφή να σέρνει ο πεθαμένος!
- Άκουσές, Κωσταντίνε μου, τι λέει τα πουλάκια;
- Πουλάκια εἶναι κι ἀς κιλαδούν, πουλάκια εἶναι κι ἀς λένε».

Καὶ παρεκέι που πάγαιναν καὶ ἄλλα πουλῖα τοὺς λένε:
«Δεν εἶναι κρίμα κι ἄδικο, παράξενο μεγάλο,
να περπατούν οἱ ζωντανοὶ με τους απεθαμένους!
- Άκουσές, Κωσταντίνε μου, τι λέει τα πουλάκια;
πως περπατούν οἱ ζωντανοὶ με τους απεθαμένους.
- Απρίλης εἶναι καὶ λαλοῦν καὶ Μάης καὶ φωλεύουν.
- Φοβοῦμαι σ’, αδερφάκι μου, καὶ λιβανίες μυρίζεις.

40  Ηε makes the horse kneel and sits her behind him.
41  As they were on the way, some little birds were singing.
42  They were not singing like birds, nor did they talk like swallows,
43  but they were only singing with voice entirely human
44  “Have you ever seen such a beautiful lady being led by the dead?”
45  -Did you hear, my Constantine, what the little birds are saying?
46  -They are little birds and let them sing, they are little birds and let them
47  speak.
48  And a little further on their way other little birds once told them them
49  “Isn’t it pitiful, isn’t it unfair, yet strange, the living to walk along the
50  dead?”!
51  -Did you hear, my Constantine, what the little birds are saying?
52  That the living are walking with the dead.
53  -It is April and they sing and May and they are nesting.
54  -I am afraid of you my brother and you smell of frankincense
- Εχτές βραδις επήγαμε πέρα στον Αϊ-Γιάννη,
  κι εθύμισας μας ο πατάς με περισσό λιβάνι».
Και παρεμπρός που πήγανε, κι άλλα πουλιά τούς λένε:
«Για ιδές θάμα κι αντίθαμα που γίνεται στον κόσμο,
τέτοια πανώρια λυγερή να σέρνει ο πεθαμένος!»
Τ' άκουσε πάλι η Αρετή κι εράγισε η καρδιά της.
«Ακούσες, Κωσταντάκη μου, τι λένε τα πουλάκια;
- Άφησ', Αρέτ'ω, τα πουλιά κι ό,τι κι ο θέλες ας λέγουν.
- Πες μου, πού είναι τα κάλλη σου, και πού είνι' η λεβεντιά σου,
και τα ξανθά σου τα μαλλιά και τ' όμορφο μουστάκι;
- 'Έχω καιρό π' αρρώστησα και πέσαν τα μαλλιά μου».
Αυτόν σιμά, αυτόν κοντά στην εκκλησία προφτάνουν.
Βαριά χτυπά τ' αλόγου του κι απ' εμπροστά της χάθη.
Κι ακούει την πλάκα και βροντά, το χώμα και βοϊζει.
53 Last night we went far away to Saint John’s
and the priest censed us with too much frankincense.
54 And even later on their way more little birds were saying
55 “Look what a miracle and evil takes place in the world,such a beautiful
lady being led by the dead!”
56 Aretē heard that again and her heart was broken.
57 -Did you hear, my Constantine, what the little birds are saying?
58 -Stop Aretē talking about the birds and let them say whatever they want!
59 -Tell me where’s your beauty, where’s your charm?
60 Where did your blonde hair go and where is your moustache?
61 -It’s been some time since I got ill and all my hair fell out.
62 And off they go, and they arrive at a church.
63 He strikes his horse and fast he disappears.
64 And she can hear the gravestone clashing, the soil buzzing.
Κινάει και πάει η Αρετή στο σπίτι μοναχή της.

Βλέπει τους κήπους της γυμνούς, τα δέντρα μαραμένα
βλέπει το μπάλσαμο ξερό, το καρυοφύλλι μαύρο,
βλέπει μπροστά στην πόρτα της χορτάρια φυτρωμένα.

Βρίσκει την πόρτα σφαιριστή και τα κλειδιά παρμένα,
και τα σπιτοπαράθυρα σφιχτά μανταλωμένα.

Κτυπά την πόρτα δυνατά, τα παραθύρια τρίζουν.

«Αν είσαι φίλος διάβαινε, κι αν είσαι εχθρός μου φύγε,
κι αν είσαι ο Πικροχάροντας, άλλα παιδιά δεν εχώ,
κι η δόλια η Αρετούλα μου λείπει μακριά στα ξένα.

- Σήκω, μανούλα μου, άνοιξε, σήκω, γλυκιά μου μάνα.
- Ποιος είναι αυτός που μου χτυπάει και με φωνάζει μάνα;
- Άνοιξε, μάνα μου, άνοιξε κι εγώ είμαι η Αρετή σου».

Κατέβηκε, αγκαλιάστηκαν κι απέθαναν κι οι δύο.

66  And then she sets off to go home, this time by herself
67  She sees the gardens flowerless, the trees without their leaves
68  She sees the mint all withered the clove tree all black,
69  And right in front of her front door the grass has overgrown.
70  She finds the door is double locked, no keys are to be found,
71  And all the windows of the house were tightly shut as well.
72  Loudly she knocks the door, the windows are all creaking.
73  "If you're a friend go on, come in, if you're an enemy go away
74  And if you're the Bitter Charon, children I have no more,
75  And my poor daughter Arete is far away, abroad."
76  - Come on my mother, open the door, come on my sweet sweet mother.
77  - Who is the one who knocks on my door, who is the one to call me mother?
78  - Come on my mother, open the door, it's me, your Arete."
79  She ran to her, they hugged and they both died together.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th><strong>Student Number</strong></th>
<th>22300247</th>
<th><strong>Text number</strong></th>
<th>8</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Title</strong></td>
<td>Αντιγόνη 20-83</td>
<td><strong>Title</strong></td>
<td>Antigone 20-83</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Year Published</strong></td>
<td>441 b.C.</td>
<td><strong>Language</strong></td>
<td>English</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Author</strong></td>
<td>Sophocles</td>
<td><strong>Word Count</strong></td>
<td>591</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Language</strong></td>
<td>Ancient Greek</td>
<td><strong>Description of Source Text</strong></td>
<td>The text is an extract of Sophocles’ ancient drama, Antigone. The story portrays the timeless dilemma of personal morality versus obedience to the law, a timeless theme that resonates with audiences of all cultures and times (Lauriola, 2007). The extract is a dialogue between Antigone and her sister Ismene regarding the burial of their two dead brothers. Sophocles’ use of language is very dense. There is use complex vocabulary and specialised terms such as &quot;δικαία&quot; [justly], and &quot;δημόλευστον&quot; [unpunished], as well as themes and phrases that are recurring in the author’s plays, such as the idea of a righteous crime (eg. “φιλοι μέτα, ὀσία πανουργήσασα” - line number 53). The text also demonstrates other linguistic features, including metaphors, and many rhetorical questions (eg. line numbers: 12, 18, 21, 24) to communicate a sense of urgency to the readers.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Word count</strong></td>
<td>421</td>
<td><strong>- Understanding of source text</strong></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>- Knowledge of genre within source contexts</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>- Situation of source text familiarity with the formal features of a text (language variations, register, dialect)</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
It is written in verse, in the form of a dialogue, with an emphasis on dramatic and poetic language. To demonstrate the elevated and poetic language, the author uses rhetorical devices such as the creative use of repetition and parallelism (Craik, 2002). An example of this is the term "ἐν πόλει" [in the city] with the same preposition at the beginning and end of the phrase.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Strategy</th>
<th>My translation is going to be used as a script by theatre students as part of a performance. I want the TT to resemble oral speech but also transmit the same sense of urgency as the ST.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>- Identification of translation problems</td>
<td>In order to do that I decided to translate the text using:</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- Knowledge of genre within target context and situation of target text</td>
<td>● contemporary language, with a focus on clarity and accessibility.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- Justification of translation production of genre for target context</td>
<td>● Dialogue and present tense, to give the translation a sense of immediacy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>● contractions such as &quot;it's&quot; and &quot;don't&quot;, to make the text sound less informal and resemble oral speech.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>I have also decided to preserve the:</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>● Repetition of important words (eg: sensible, to me, unburied - line numbers: 12, 14,26,45)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>● Rhetorical questions (eg. line numbers: 18,21,24)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>● Metaphorical language (eg. line number: 12)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Lastly, I will try to keep the sentences short in order to preserve the sense of urgency but also make the text easy to read and memorise.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
### Critical Reflection

- Textual analysis

I sent my translation to a theatre performer and director and asked her opinion. After reading it, she said that the TT manages to transmit a sense of urgency. However, it would need some adaptation in order to be used as a theatre script, as some of the features that work well in written speech cannot easily be transferred into oral speech while sounding natural and passing on the same effect to the target audience. For example, the use of short sentences and the dense language transmit a sense of urgency in written speech but might sound unnatural when read out loud. Therefore, from the feedback that I received, it is possible that my translation would appeal more to a different target audience than the one initially intended.

### Works Cited


<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Source Text</th>
<th>Target Text</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Antigónη 20-83</strong></td>
<td><strong>Antigone 20-83</strong></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

IΣ. Τί δ’ ἐστι; δηλοῖς γάρ τι καλχαίνουσι’ ἐπος.

ΑΝ. Οὐ γάρ τάφου νῦν τῶν κασιγνήτων Κρέων τὸν μὲν προτίσας, τὸν δ’ ἀτιμάσας ἔχει;

Ἑτεοκλέα μὲν, ὡς λέγουσι, σὺν δίκη χρησθεῖς δικαία καὶ νόμω, κατὰ χθονός ἐκρυμπτεὶ τοῖς ἐνερθὲν ἐντιμον νεκροῖς,

τὸν δ’ ἀθλίως θανόντα Πολυνείκους νέκυν ἀστοιχίᾳ φασιν ἐκκεκηρύχθαι τὸ μὴ τάφῳ καλύψαι μηδὲ κυκόσα χινα,

ἐὰν δ’ ἀκλαυτον, ἀταφον, οίωνοις γλυκῶν θησαυρὸν εἰσορῶσι πρὸς χάριν βορᾶς.

Τοιαύτα φασι τὸν ἀγαθόν Κρέοντα σοι

| 1 | Ismene: What is going on? You look upset. |
| 2 | Antigone: It’s about the burial of our two brothers. Creon has decided to bury one of them with glory but shames the other. |
| 3 | He buried Eteocles beneath the earth with all the proper rituals That’s what they say. So now he is honoured amongst the dead. But then he ordered |
| 4 | Polyneices’ corpse to be left unburied and unmourned. They say that Creon proclaimed to everyone to give him no burial of any kind. Not to shed a tear over him. To give him to the vultures, unwept and unburied. To let him be devoured by their sharp beaks. That’s what the good Creon has proclaimed to |
κάμοι, λέγω γάρ κάμε, κηρύξαντ’ ἔχειν,
καὶ δεύρῳ νείσθαι ταῦτα τοῖς μὴ εἰδόσιν
σαφῆ προκηρύξοντα, καὶ τὸ πράγμα ἂνειν
οὐχ ὡς παρ’ οὐδέν, ἀλλ’ ὡς ὁ τούτων τι ὄρα,
φόνον προκείσθαι δημόλευστον ἐν τόλει.
Ὀ̑τίως ἔχει σοι ταῦτα, καὶ δείξεις τάχα
eἶτ’ εὐγενῆς πέφυκας, εἶτ’ ἐσθλῶν κακῆ.
ἍΣ. Τί δ’, ὡς ταλαίφρον, εἶ τάδ’ ἐν τούτοις, ἐγὼ
λύουσα’ ἄν εἰθ’ ἀπτοῦσα προσθέιμην πλέον;
ἈΝ. Εἰ ξυμπονήσεις καὶ ἀυνεργάσῃ σκόπτει.
ἍΣ. Ποιόν τι κινδύνευμα; ποὶ γνώμης ποτ’ εἶ;
ἈΝ. Εἰ τόν νεκρόν ξὺν τῇδε κουφιές χερί.
ἍΣ. Ἡ γὰρ νοεῖς θάπτειν σφ’, ἀπόρρητον πόλει;
ἈΝ. Τὸν γοῦν ἐμὸν καὶ τὸν σόν, ἣν σὺ μὴ θέλης,

14 you and to me. Especially to me. And he
made it very clear, for those who do not
obey him, he’ll have them publicly
stoned to death. Here’s the news. And
now it’s your turn to prove if you’re true
to your birth or a coward.

15 Is: If things are as you say they are, what
is there for me to do?

16 An: To decide if you will help me in my
endeavours.

17 Is: What dangerous plan do you have in
mind?

18 An: Will you help me with this hand to
lift up the corpse…

19 Is: Do you mean to bury him? Against the
city’s orders?

20 An: He is my brother, as much as he is
yours. Whether you like it or not, I can’t
ὁδελφόν· ού γὰρ δὴ προδοοῦσ᾿ ἀλώσομαι.

ΙΣ. Ὡ σχετλία, Κρέοντος ἀντειρηκότος;

ἈΝ. Ἀλλ’ οὐδὲν αὐτῷ τῶν ἐμῶν μ’ εἰργεῖν μέτα.

ΙΣ. Οἴμοι· φρόνησον, ὡ κασιγνήτη, πατήρ

ὡς νῦν ἀπεχθῆς δυσκλής τ’ ἀπώλετο,

πρὸς αὐτοφώρων ἀμπλακημάτων διπλάς

ὁψεις ἀράξας αὐτός αὐτουργῷ χερί·

ἐπειτα μῆτηρ καὶ γυνή, διπλοῦν ἔπος,

πλεκταίσιν ἄρταναίσι λωβᾶται βίον·

τρίτον δ’ ἀδελφό δῶο μίσα καθ’ ἡμέραν

αὐτοκτονοῦντε τῷ ταλαιπώρῳ μόρον

κοινὸν κατειργάσαντ’ ἐπαλλήλοιν χεροῖν.

Νῦν δ’ αὐ μόνα δὴ νῦ λελειμένα σκόπει

ὅσῳ κάκιστ’ ὀλούμεθ’, εἰ νόμου βίᾳ

27 betray him.

Is: Even though Creon forbids it?

28 Is: Even though Creon forbids it?

29 An: He has no right to keep me from doing what I need to do.

30 Is: Even though Creon forbids it?

31 Is: Even though Creon forbids it?

32 Is: Even though Creon forbids it?

33 Is: Even though Creon forbids it?

34 Is: Even though Creon forbids it?

35 Is: Even though Creon forbids it?

36 Is: Even though Creon forbids it?

37 Is: Even though Creon forbids it?

38 Is: Even though Creon forbids it?

39 We are women. We should not fight against men.
ψήφον τυράννων ἢ κράτη παρέξιμεν.

Ἀλλ’ ἐννοεῖν χρή τούτο μὲν γυναῖκ᾽ ὅτι
έφυμεν, ώς πρὸς ἄνδρας οὐ μαχουμένα·
ἐπείτα δ᾽ οὔνεκ’ ἀρχόμεσθ᾽ ἐκ κρεισσόνων
καὶ ταῦτ᾽ ἀκούειν κατὶ τῶν ἀλγίων.

Ἐγὼ μὲν οὖν αἰτούσα τοὺς ὑπὸ χθονὸς
ξύγγνοιαν ἵσχειν, ὡς βιάζομαι τάδε,
tοῖς ἐν τέλει βεβίωσα πείσομαι· τὸ γὰρ
περισσὰ πρᾶσσειν οὐκ ἤχει νοῦν οὐδένα.

ἈΝ. Οὔτ᾽ ἂν κελεύσαιμι οὔτ᾽ ἂν, εἰ θέλοις ἐτί
πρᾶσσειν, ἐμοῦ γ᾽ ἂν ἡδέως δρώῃς μέτα.

Ἀλλ᾽ ἵσθ᾽ ὑποία σοι δοκεῖ, κεῖνον δ᾽ ἐγὼ
θάψω· καλὸν μοι τοῦτο ποιοῦσθε θανεῖν.

We are subject to them, they are stronger. And they rule us, we must obey this order, even if it hurts us.

And as for me, I’m going to pray and ask forgiveness from the dead for having to comply with the law against my will. I shall obey those who stand in authority, it is not sensible to do otherwise. It’s not sensible to do what is excessive.

An: I won’t insist. I wouldn’t even let you help me if you had a change of heart. Go on and be the way you choose to be. I am going to bury him. And it seems good for me to die doing it. I shall lie, a dear sister with a beloved brother. Call me crazy, but I must please those who lie below. It is better to please the ones below than the ones above. Because there I will lie forever. I choose to die committing a righteous crime. So go on,
Φίλη μετ’ αύτού κείσομαι, φίλου μέτα, ζσια πανουργήσασ’· ἔπει πλείων χρόνος
dν δεῖ μ’ ἀρέσκειν τοῖς κάτω τῶν ἐνθάδε.
Ἑκεῖ γὰρ αἰεὶ κείσομαι· σοὶ δ’ εἰ δοκεῖ,
tὰ τῶν θεῶν ἐντιμ’ ἀτιμάσασ’ ἔχε.
ΙΣ. Ἐγὼ μὲν οὐκ ἄτιμα ποιοῦμαι, τὸ δὲ
βίᾳ πολιτῶν δράν ἐφυν ἀμήχανος.
ΑΝ. Σὺ μὲν τάδ’ ἄν προύχοι, ἐγὼ δὲ δὴ τάφον
χώσουσ’ ἀδελφῷ φιλτάτῳ πορεύομαι.
ΙΣ. Οἴμοι ταλαίνης ύς ὑπερδέδοικά σου.
ΑΝ. Μὴ ‘μοῦ προτάρβει· τὸν σὸν ἐξόρθου πότμον

53 stand by your choice dishonouring the
54 things honoured by the gods.
55 Is: I am not insulting anyone. I just don’t
56 have the power to go against the city.
56 An: Go on, keep making excuses while I
go dig my brother’s grave.
58 Is: Oh I am so worried about you sister!
59 An: Don’t worry about me. Set your own
60 fate right.