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Translating Earthlings

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Introduction

The end of the world was something that, until fairly recently, was confined to religion and fiction. But after the threat of nuclear holocaust beginning in the Cold War, and the deterioration of the climate and ecological crisis, it has arguably shifted from the realm of science fiction into science fact. We are living through the sixth mass extinction event (Ripple 2017, 1), and the Doomsday Clock is only 100 seconds from midnight (Mecklin 2021).

One proposed name for our era is the Anthropocene, since all this destruction is apparently caused by human activity. But it's not really, is it? Despite all the efforts of multinational corporations to put the blame on us individuals, coming up with carbon footprints and carbon offsetting, the truth is that 100 companies were responsible for 71% of all emissions from 1988 to 2017 (Griffin 2017, 8). It's

corporate, not human, activity that is destroying the planet. For the majority of our history we had no effect on the climate. No more than any other animal at least. That changed in the mid-1800s.

As a Scouser, I can always find a way to blame Mancs, and this is no different. Manchester saw the birth of Industrial Revolution and was described as 'the world's first industrial city' (Science Museum 2012). Capitalism already saw the Earth as a resource to be consumed for the profits of the elite, but industrialisation allowed carbon emissions to skyrocket, particularly after the 1950s (IPCC 2014, 3).

That's why I don't think Anthropocene is a completely fair name. Environmental historian Jason W. Moore (2017) states: 'There is no

Anthropos, no humanity as a unified actor. So, if not anthropogenic, what? In a word: capitalogenic'. We live in the Capitalocene not the Anthropocene, for it is capitalism, not one homogenous humanity that is causing this destruction.

This brings us to the role of translation in the Capitalocene. Michael Cronin writes that 'when we think about the future of translation it involves inescapably the question of climate change which will leave no area of human and non-human being untouched' (Cronin 2017, 3). This portfolio is my contribution to the growing body of translations that 'knowingly engage with the challenges of human-induced environmental change' (ibid, 2).

The texts in this portfolio were all created during the Capitalocene, except for the first, which was written in pre-industrial France. That is, of course, not to say that they their authors were all conscious of this way of viewing world history. My translations, however, are.

I have arranged them vaguely in chronological order, not by publication date, but by the world they depict. We begin in Ancient Greece, with Racine's Phèdre, and move through Muromachi Era (approximately 1336 to 1573) Japan and early 20th century Canada to modern-day Mexico, Fukushima, Okinawa, and France, before finally ending up in near-future Spain and Puerto Rico. Some of these texts are warnings, some expose the emptiness of our leaders' words, and some offer hope for a new way to interact with our world. Whatever the climate crisis brings, it is a world crisis and translation will be fundamental to understanding our world's response.

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Student Number	20309867	Text Number	1
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Source Text		Target Text	
Title	<i>Phèdre</i>	Title	<i>Phaedra</i>
Year Published	1677/1998		
Author	Jean Racine		
Language	French	Language	English (UK)
Word Count	1417	Word Count	1338
Description of Source Text <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • <i>understanding of source text</i> • <i>knowledge of genre within source contexts</i> • <i>situation of source text familiarity with the formal features of a text (language variation(s), register, dialect)</i> (200 words max)	<p>This extract comes from the final two scenes of the play, which are made up almost entirely of long monologues. The first, by Thérémène, reveals the death of Thésée's son, Hippolyte, at the hands of a sea monster. In the second, Thésée shares his grief until Phèdre, in the third, reveals Hippolyte's innocence and commits suicide. Accordingly, much of the narrative is conveyed through reported speech, rather than directly taking place on stage.</p> <p>As is typical of the period (Flescher 1972, 177), this text bears all the hallmarks of a classical alexandrine: a strict metric of twelve-syllable lines divided equally by a caesura and rhyming couplets.</p> <p>The text uses a literary French (such as <i>ravir</i>) and an unusual syntax that is adapted to fit the metrical and rhyme constraints (lines 29-30). It also references figures of Greek mythology who do not appear in the play itself, including Médée (line 168).</p>		
Strategy <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • <i>identification of translation problems</i> • <i>knowledge of genre within target context and situation of target text</i> • <i>justification of translation</i> 	<p>My target audience is performers in the Unity Theatre, a Liverpool-based theatre with a history of producing left-wing work (including classics) for working-class audiences (Unity Theatre 2021). I will adapt the work for a modern audience by using an interpretive translation strategy (Lederer 2014, 115) to focus on orality: de-verbalising the ST in order to re-express its sense in a new context, transforming the monster into an allegory for climate crisis.</p>		

<p><i>production of genre for target context</i> (200 words max)</p>	<p>Since the source culture was removed from the play when it was first performed, the even more temporally distant target culture poses problems like:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • The rhyme scheme and metre • The unfamiliar setting • The mythical references <p>My strategy will resolve these issues specifically by:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Ignoring the rhyme scheme and metric to produce a script that approximates ‘unplanned discourse’ (Dorney 2009, 35) • Adapting the setting to modern day by changing characters’ names and occupations (Thésée will become Joe, Head of Commercial at freight shipping company), and means of transport (horses become a car) • Changing the setting to Liverpool (through the description of mise-en-scène) • Either rendering references to gods as references to nature or the bosses, or omitting them • Reformatting the script so that it conforms to current UK standards (Carless 2004)
<p>Critical Reflection • <i>textual analysis</i> (200 words max)</p>	<p>The strategy produced a domesticating effect, which suitably enabled the work’s themes to arrive in a modern context. For example, class is overtly interrogated in the translation (line 78). This domestication also reinforced the play’s allegorical potential, since rendering the horses that kill Hippolyte as a car enable it to be a symbol of the deadliness of capitalism (line 57-59).</p> <p>Yet, the horses could not always be rendered as the car. Cars cannot ‘obéir à sa voix’ [obey his voice] (line 26) so, here, the horses translate into Harry’s human comrades. Similarly, logic dictated some narrative restructuring: in my translation Harry’s comrades are in his car, not soldiers marching alongside Hippolyte’s chariot, so he had to stop the car (line 35)</p>

	<p>before they could depart (lines 35-36) as opposed to the ST where Hippolyte halts his horses (line 50) after his soldiers flee (lines 47-48). Though slightly rearranged, the plot remains intact in the translation.</p> <p>Disregarding the prosody reduced the work's literary value since the alexandrine verse gave way to conversational dialogue (line 27). However, this allows the actors to express emotions through the naturalistic acting (prompted in stage directions [line 6]) and dialogue, rather than the ST's linguistic flair.</p>
<p>Works Cited</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • <i>use of sources and reference material</i> 	<p>Dorney, Kate. 2009. <i>The Changing Language of Modern English Drama: 1945-2005</i>. London: Palgrave Macmillan.</p> <p>Lederer, Marianne. 2014. <i>Translation: The Interpretive Model</i>. Translated by Ninon Larché. Abingdon and New York: Routledge.</p> <p>Unity Theatre. "Our Story." Accessed March 3, 2021. https://www.unitytheatre.liverpool.co.uk/more/.</p> <p>Carless, Matt. "Stage Format." Accessed May 18, 2021. http://downloads.bbc.co.uk/writersroom/scripts/stage.pdf.</p> <p>Flescher, Jacqueline. 2012. "French." In <i>Versification: Major Language Types: Sixteen Essays</i>, edited by William K. Wimsatt, 177–190. New York: New York University Press.</p>

Source Text	Target Text
<i>Phèdre</i>	<i>Phaedra</i>
SCÈNE 6. THÉSÉE, THÉRAMÈNE	1 SCENE 6.
THÉSÉE	2 <i>JOE sits in his office and, with a knock at the door, ALFRED enters the</i>
Théramène, est-ce toi ? Qu'as-tu fait de mon fils ?	3 <i>room, visibly distraught.</i>
Je te l'ai confié dès l'âge le plus tendre.	4 JOE Alfred, is that you? What have you done with my son? I've
Mais d'où naissent les pleurs que je te vois répandre ?	5 left him in your care since he was a little boy.
Que fait mon fils ?	6 ALFRED <i>(wiping away his tears)</i> These late concerns... useless
THÉRAMÈNE	7 affection...
Ô soins tardifs et superflus !	8 JOE Why are you crying? Where's my son?
Inutile tendresse ! Hippolyte n'est plus.	9 ALFRED He's dead!
THÉSÉE	10 JOE What...?
Dieux !	11 ALFRED He was the kindest man on Earth, the most innocent, and,
THÉRAMÈNE	12 sir, I saw him die.
J'ai vu des mortels périr le plus aimable,	13 JOE Harry's dead? Just when I was about to... How? Why?
Et j'ose dire encor, Seigneur, le moins coupable.	14 ALFRED We were leaving head office. Harry was in the driving
THÉSÉE	15 seat, following the dock road, his hands unsteady on the
Mon fils n'est plus ? Eh quoi ! quand je lui tends les bras,	16 wheel. He was surrounded by his comrades, but they
Les dieux impatients ont hâté son trépas ?	17 were shaken, silent, just like him. And those comrades
Quel coup me l'a ravi ? quelle foudre soudaine ?	18 who once enthusiastically looked up to him, now looked
THÉRAMÈNE	19 away, with sad eyes.
À peine nous sortions des portes de Trézène,	20 JOE What happened then?

Il était sur son char ; ses gardes affligés
 Imitaient son silence, autour de lui rangés ;
 Il suivait tout pensif le chemin de Mycènes ;
 Sa main sur ses chevaux laissait flotter les rênes ;
 Ses superbes coursiers, qu'on voyait autrefois
 Pleins d'une ardeur si noble obéir à sa voix,
 L'œil morne maintenant, et la tête baissée,
 Semblaient se conformer à sa triste pensée.
 Un effroyable cri, sorti du fond des flots,
 Des airs en ce moment a troublé le repos ;
 Et, du sein de la terre, une voix formidable
 Répond en gémissant à ce cri redoutable.
 Jusqu'au fond de nos cœurs notre sang s'est glacé ;
 Des coursiers attentifs le crin s'est hérissé.
 Cependant, sur le dos de la plaine liquide,
 S'élève à gros bouillons une montagne humide ;
 L'onde approche, se brise, et vomit à nos yeux,
 Parmi des flots d'écume, un monstre furieux.
 Son front large est armé de cornes menaçantes ;
 Tout son corps est couvert d'écailles jaunissantes ;
 Indomptable taureau, dragon impétueux,
 Sa croupe se recourbe en replis tortueux ;

21	ALFRED	A dreadful cry from beneath the waves broke the calm,
22		and an astounding voice from deep inside the Earth cried
23		out in response. Our blood froze and hair stood on end.
24		And then, a mountain of water surged from the river's
25		surface. The waves came crashing and, from the swelling
26		foam, spat out a furious monster.
27	JOE	You've lost it...
28	ALFRED	Jagged horns rose from its head, the rest of its body
29		covered in yellow scales. Its rump was curved in winding
30		folds, like some sort of wild bull or dragon. Its deep roars
31		rattled the shore. The sky looked down in horror at that
32		savage monster. The earth shook it off, the air was
33		infected. The surge that brought it retreated in fear.
34	JOE	What are you talking about?
35	ALFRED	Harry stopped the car, and everyone ran for it, sheltering
36		in the church nearby. No point in being brave – except for
37		Harry. He'd make any father proud. Alone, he restarted
38		the engine and rammed into the monster, ripping it open.
39	JOE	<i>(increasingly exasperated)</i> Where's my son?
40	ALFRED	The monster writhed in pain and rage, and fell howling at
41		the wheels. It curled up and pointed its burning jaws at
42		the car, and covered it in fire, blood, and smoke. Harry

Ses longs mugissements font trembler le rivage.
 Le ciel avec horreur voit ce monstre sauvage ;
 La terre s'en émeut, l'air en est infecté ;
 Le flot qui l'apporta recule épouvanté.
 Tout fuit ; et sans s'armer d'un courage inutile,
 Dans le temple voisin chacun cherche un asile.
 Hippolyte lui seul, digne fils d'un héros,
 Arrête ses coursiers, saisit ses javelots,
 Pousse au monstre, et d'un dard lancé d'une main sûre,
 Il lui fait dans le flanc une large blessure.
 De rage et de douleur le monstre bondissant
 Vient aux pieds des chevaux tomber en mugissant,
 Se roule, et leur présente une gueule enflammée,
 Qui les couvre de feu, de sang et de fumée.
 La fureur les emporte ; et sourds à cette fois,
 Ils ne connaissent plus ni le frein ni la voix ;
 En efforts impuissants leur maître se consume,
 Ils rougissent le mors d'une sanglante écume.
 On dit qu'on a vu même, en ce désordre affreux,
 Un dieu qui d'aiguillons pressait leur flanc poudreux.
 À travers les rochers la peur les précipite ;
 L'essieu crie et se rompt : l'intrépide Hippolyte

43		panicked and, deafened, he lost control of the brake and
44		the gas. Powerless to escape, he burnt, and bloody foam
45		dripped red down the bonnet.
46	JOE	No!
47	ALFRED	But even then, in that chaos, I saw the monster slam the
48		side of the car. Harry grabbed the wheel and accelerated
49		across the pavement. But the windscreen smashed, and
50		the car went flying, crashing over the pavement, but he
51		was caught in the seatbelt...
52	JOE	And?
53	ALFRED	<i>(wiping away tears)</i> Sorry, it's just the thought of that
54		sight will always make me cry.
55	JOE	But what did you see?
56	ALFRED	I saw, sir... I saw your poor lad, trapped by what was
57		meant to keep him safe. Trying to struggle free, he just
58		pulled it tighter, and the car crashed into the railings. And
59		soon all that was left of his body was a wound. The pain
60		in our cries ricocheted off the river, and finally all our
61		energy was sapped. His comrades, not far from that old
62		church where his ancestors are buried. Struggling for
63		breath, I ran to him, and his comrades followed me,
64		guided by the trace of his blood. It stained the pavement,

Voit voler en éclats tout son char fracassé ;
 Dans les rênes lui-même, il tombe embarrassé.
 Excusez ma douleur : cette image cruelle
 Sera pour moi de pleurs une source éternelle.
 J'ai vu, seigneur, j'ai vu votre malheureux fils
 Traîné par les chevaux que sa main a nourris.
 Il veut les rappeler, et sa voix les effraie ;
 Ils courent : tout son corps n'est bientôt qu'une plaie.
 De nos cris douloureux la plaine retentit.
 Leur fougue impétueuse enfin se ralentit :
 Ils s'arrêtent non loin de ces tombeaux antiques
 Où des rois ses aïeux sont les froides reliques.
 J'y cours en soupirant, et sa garde me suit ;
 De son généreux sang la trace nous conduit.
 Les rochers en sont teints ; les ronces dégouttantes
 Portent de ses cheveux les dépouilles sanglantes.
 J'arrive, je l'appelle ; et me tendant la main,
 Il ouvre un œil mourant qu'il referme soudain.
 « Le ciel, dit-il, m'arrache une innocente vie.
 Prends soin après ma mort de ma chère Aricie.
 Cher ami, si mon père un jour désabusé
 Plaint le malheur d'un fils faussement accusé,

65		and the carcass of the car hung off the railings dripping
66		with his blood. When I got there, I called his name and he
67		reached out his hand, opened his eyes for a second and
68		said...
69	JOE	What did he say?
70	ALFRED	He said: "What did I do wrong? I'm too young to die... but,
71		after my death, take care of Aricia. Alfred, if my father's
72		ever so broken that he pities what happened to me, tell
73		him, so he can put it behind him, tell him to be kind to
74		Aricia, to give her back..." They were his last words. In my
75		arms, all that was left was a disfigured body, a sad object
76		beaten by the angry earth, unrecognisable even to you.
77	JOE	My son! And it's all my fault! Killed by the river that made
78		us rich! From now on, I'll feel nothing but regret.
79	ALFRED	That's when poor Aricia arrives. She came, sir, to escape
80		your fury, and marry your son.
81	JOE	How does she...
82	ALFRED	When she got close, she saw the scorched paving stones
83		and – what a sight for a lover's eyes – she saw Harry,
84		slumped, with all the colour drained from his face. She
85		didn't want to believe her eyes, and no longer recognising
86		

Pour apaiser mon sang et mon ombre plaintive,
 Dis-lui qu'avec douceur il traite sa captive ;
 Qu'il lui rende... » À ce mot, ce héros expiré
 N'a laissé dans mes bras qu'un corps défiguré :
 Triste objet où des dieux triomphe la colère,
 Et que méconnaîtrait l'œil même de son père.

THÉSÉE

Ô mon fils ! cher espoir que je me suis ravi !
 Inexorables dieux, qui m'avez trop servi !
 À quels mortels regrets ma vie est réservée !

THÉRAMÈNE

La timide Aricie est alors arrivée :
 Elle venait, seigneur, fuyant votre courroux,
 À la face des dieux l'accepter pour époux ;
 Elle approche ; elle voit l'herbe rouge et fumante ;
 Elle voit (quel objet pour les yeux d'une amante !)
 Hippolyte étendu, sans forme et sans couleur.
 Elle veut quelque temps douter de son malheur ;
 Et, ne connaissant plus ce héros qu'elle adore,
 Elle voit Hippolyte, et le demande encore.
 Mais, trop sûre à la fin qu'il est devant ses yeux,
 Par un triste regard elle accuse les dieux ;

87		the man she loved, she looked at him and asked where he
88		was.
89	JOE	Poor girl.
90	ALFRED	Finally sure it was him, she screamed blue murder at your
91		bosses, then fell, cold and faint, at his feet. Izzy was beside
92		her, and through tears called her back to life, or really,
93		back to grief. And then I came to tell you, sir, his dying
94		wish, and fulfil this last, horrible job he gave me. But I can
95		see his mortal enemy coming.
96		
97	SCENE 7.	
98		<i>ALFRED stands beside JOE as a devastated PHAEDRA and her friend,</i>
99		<i>JESSICA, are escorted into the room by SECURITY GUARDS.</i>
100	JOE	Well? You've won, and my son is dead! And I'm right to
101		be scared: I can't help but think he might be innocent. But
102		he's dead, Phaedra, so you can have your victim and enjoy
103		his loss, whether he deserved it or not. I know I'll always
104		be biased.
105	PHAEDRA	Joe...
106	JOE	I believe he's guilty because it's <i>you</i> accusing him. His loss
107		is grief enough, without looking for any more awful
108		rumours that would only make me more unhappy when I
		can't properly mourn him.

Et froide, gémissante, et presque inanimée,
 Aux pieds de son amant elle tombe pâmée.
 Ismène est auprès d'elle ; Ismène, tout en pleurs,
 La rappelle à la vie, ou plutôt aux douleurs.
 Et moi, je suis venu, détestant la lumière,
 Vous dire d'un héros la volonté dernière,
 Et m'acquitter, seigneur, du malheureux emploi
 Dont son cœur expirant s'est reposé sur moi.
 Mais j'aperçois venir sa mortelle ennemie.

SCÈNE 7. THÉSÉE, PHÈDRE, THÉRAMÈNE, PANOPE, GARDES

THÉSÉE

Eh bien ! vous triomphez, et mon fils est sans vie !
 Ah ! que j'ai lieu de craindre ; et qu'un cruel soupçon
 L'excusant dans mon cœur, m'alarme avec raison !
 Mais, madame, il est mort, prenez votre victime ;
 Jouissez de sa perte, injuste ou légitime :
 Je consens que mes yeux soient toujours abusés.
 Je le crois criminel puisque vous l'accusez.
 Son trépas à mes pleurs offre assez de matières,
 Sans que j'aie à chercher d'odieuses lumières,
 Qui, ne pouvant le rendre à ma juste douleur,

109	PHAEDRA	I have to-
110	JOE	<i>(interrupting her)</i> Leave me alone! Let me escape the
111		bloody thoughts of his mangled corpse, far away from you
112		and this shore. Shaken, tormented by the memory of his
113		death. I want to banish myself from the entire universe.
114		Everything seems pitted against me, and I can't even hide
115		myself when everyone knows who I am! The damage to
116		my reputation makes this torture even worse, and I even
117		hate the respect of my bosses. And I'll leave to cry over
118		their deadly support, without bothering them with
119		pointless pleas. Whatever they may do for me, their
120		destructive generosity won't be able to make up for what
121		they've taken away from me.
122	PHAEDRA	No, Joe, I have to say something – Harry was innocent.
123	JOE	What! And I blamed him because I trusted you! Do you
124		think I can forgive you?
125	PHAEDRA	I don't have long left.
126	JOE	What do you mean?
127	PHAEDRA	Listen to me, Joe! I was taken by some deadly passion, but
128		Sherry did the rest. I hate her! She was scared that Harry,
129		horrified at how I felt, would reveal all. So, she took
130		advantage of my overwhelming illness and rushed to you,

Peut-être ne feraient qu'accroître mon malheur.
 Laissez-moi, loin de vous, et loin de ce rivage,
 De mon fils déchiré fuir la sanglante image.
 Confus, persécuté d'un mortel souvenir,
 De l'univers entier, je voudrais me bannir.
 Tout semble s'élever contre mon injustice ;
 L'éclat de mon nom même augmente mon supplice :
 Moins connu des mortels, je me cacherais mieux.
 Je hais jusques aux soins dont m'honorent les dieux ;
 Et je m'en vais pleurer leurs faveurs meurtrières,
 Sans plus les fatiguer d'inutiles prières.
 Quoi qu'ils fissent pour moi, leur funeste bonté
 Ne me saurait payer de ce qu'ils m'ont ôté.
 PHÈDRE Non, Thésée, il faut rompre un injuste silence ;
 Il faut à votre fils rendre son innocence :
 Il n'était point coupable.

THÉSÉE

Ah ! père infortuné !

Et c'est sur votre foi que je l'ai condamné !
 Cruelle ! pensez-vous être assez excusée...

PHÈDRE

Les moments me sont chers, écoutez-moi, Thésée :

131		to accuse him herself. She couldn't forgive herself, and
132		knowing I couldn't either, she looked for an easier
133		torment, beneath the waves. I didn't have long either
134		way, but I was hiding the truth about his integrity. I
135		wanted to die happier, by showing you my remorse.
136	JOE	<i>(angry concern)</i> Phaedra?
137	PHAEDRA	I've taken a poison – it runs through my burning veins and
138		has already reached my heart. It feels cold. I'm dying. My
139		sight's blurred, and all I see is the sky and you, and your
140		outrage at me. And so, death will stop my eyes from
141		dirtying this pure Earth.
142	JESSICA	Sir, she's dead!
143	JOE	And by such a dark act, that can't make the memory die
144		with her! Now we are well aware of my stupid mistake,
145		let's go and mix our tears with the blood of my poor boy
146		and hold what's left of him, and atone for my violent
147		desires. And to let him rest in peace, I'll care for Aricia,
148		though her family plotted against me, like my own
149		daughter.
150		
151		
152		

C'est moi qui sur ce fils chaste et respectueux	153
Osai jeter un œil profane, incestueux.	154
Le ciel mit dans mon sein une flamme funeste ;	155
La détestable C�none a conduit tout le reste.	156
Elle a craint qu'Hippolyte, instruit de ma fureur,	157
Ne découvrit un feu qui lui faisait horreur :	158
La perfide, abusant de ma faiblesse extr�me,	159
S'est h�t�e � vos yeux, de l'accuser lui-m�me.	160
Elle s'en est punie, et, fuyant mon courroux,	161
A cherch� dans les flots un supplice trop doux.	162
Le fer aurait d�j� tranch� ma destin�e ;	163
Mais je laissais g�mir la vertu soup�onn�e :	164
J'ai voulu, devant vous, exposant mes remords,	165
Par un chemin plus lent descendre chez les morts.	166
J'ai pris, j'ai fait couler dans mes br�lantes veines	167
Un poison que M�d�e apporta dans Ath�nes.	168
D�j� jusqu'� mon c�ur le venin parvenu	169
Dans ce c�ur expirant jette un froid inconnu ;	170
D�j� je ne vois plus qu'� travers un nuage	171
Et le ciel et l'�poux que ma pr�sence outrage ;	172
Et la mort, � mes yeux d�robant la clart�,	173
Rend au jour qu'ils souillaient toute sa puret�.	174

PANOPE	175
Elle expire, seigneur !	176
THÉSÉE	177
D'une action si noire	178
Que ne peut avec elle expirer la mémoire !	179
Allons, de mon erreur, hélas ! trop éclaircis,	180
Mêler nos pleurs au sang de mon malheureux fils !	181
Allons de ce cher fils embrasser ce qui reste,	182
Expier la fureur d'un vœu que je déteste :	183
Rendons-lui les honneurs qu'il a trop mérités ;	184
Et, pour mieux apaiser ses mânes irrités,	185
Que, malgré les complots d'une injuste famille,	186
Son amante aujourd'hui me tienne lieu de fille !	187

Student Number	20309867	Text Number	2
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Source Text		Target Text	
Title	もののけ姫	Title	The Ghost Princess
Year Published	1997		
Author	Hayao Miyazaki		
Language	Japanese	Language	English (UK)
Character Count/Runtime	3383/00:22:02	Word Count	1932
Description of Source Text <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • <i>understanding of source text</i> • <i>knowledge of genre within source contexts</i> • <i>situation of source text</i> <i>familiarity with the formal features of a text (language variation(s), register, dialect)</i> (200 words max)	<p>This animated film, set in Muromachi Era Japan (Morgan 2015, 175), explores humanity's relationship to nature; it is deeply rooted in Japanese folklore, referencing spirits like the titular 物の怪 [mononoke]. This extract precedes the climactic battle between the protectors of the forest, including protagonists Ashitaka and San, and the humans trying to kill the forest spirit, Lady Eboshi and Jikobō.</p> <p>Characteristic of dialogue, it includes interjections (Lines 190-192) and swearing (Line 254). Sentences are short (10.3 characters on average), written in plain form, and features omission (such as the principal verb in line 113).</p> <p>Register establishes characters' relationships and personalities, from the informal speech of the townspeople (lines 102, 134) to humble language (line 182) and even archaisms (Line 224). Honorifics also convey power dynamics between characters, variably referred to by さん [san] which typically refers to equals (line 52), 様 [sama] which designates respect for social superiors (line 178) and 殿 [dono] which denotes respect (though less than sama) (line 57).</p>		

	<p>Similarly, the emphatic particle ぞ [zo], which indicates masculinity, is used by male protagonist Ashitaka (line 114), samurai (line 46), a leper (line 73), Jikobō (line 278) and, notably, Lady Eboshi (line 274).</p>
<p>Strategy</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • <i>identification of translation problems</i> • <i>knowledge of genre within target context and situation of target text</i> • <i>justification of translation production of genre for target context</i> <p>(200 words max)</p>	<p>My target audience is undergraduate, Japanese-language students at Newcastle University studying the ‘Contemporary Japanese Anime’ module.</p> <p>Honorific titles will be rendered in the main subtitles to indicate the social hierarchy, with a transliteration appearing in secondary subtitles at the right-hand side to highlight these terms. Likewise, I will translate different registers by employing far-ranging British slang, like ‘mingin’ (line 110), archaisms (line 216), and improper grammar (line 116).</p> <p>.</p> <p>I will encourage students to research further by highlighting discrepancies between the image and text:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Calquing (Vinay and Darbelnet 1995, 32) some creature names and proper nouns, such as 山犬 [yamainu] (which refers to a Japanese wolf) as ‘mountain dog’ • Borrowing (ibid, 31) other names, like Shishi Spirit, emphasising cultural specificities • Using explicitation (ibid, 342), drawing students’ attention to the context-dependent Japanese <p>I will omit:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Interjections that provide neither cultural nor linguistic insight (line 81) • Particle ぞ [zo], since the English language is not gendered in this way <p>To challenge official subtitles (Miyazaki 1997), I will translate:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • ‘Irontown’ as ‘Footbellows Town’ so that students reflect on the mechanical process, instead of the product

	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • ‘Princess Mononoke’ as ‘the Ghost Princess’ so that students differentiate her title and her actual name, San
<p>Critical Reflection</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • <i>textual analysis</i> <p>(200 words max)</p>	<p>Though most students in my target audience will be British, there may be international students whose first language is not English, so this dialect will pose difficulties in those cases. Another issue is that ‘mingin’, while conveying the colloquial nature of the Japanese, is incongruous with the serious nature of the scene. However, the British dialect can be considered generally successful, especially where it linked in with strategy of borrowing from Japanese e.g. oi (Line 122) conveys both meaning and sound of おい [oi] (Line 118).</p> <p>The explicitation did draw attention to the vagueness of the Japanese text, and while it could have been an opportunity for students to work out themselves what the Japanese referred to, I think this would divert focus from the main objectives of the module, to study culture through anime. Accordingly, classroom exercises will have to be devised in order to guide students to focus on specific aspects of the text. The film will also have to be paused to carry out these activities, particularly when honorific notes appear on screen, since they are apart from the main subtitles. That said, this should not be a major obstacle for an academic audience.</p>
<p>Works Cited</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • <i>use of sources and reference material</i> 	<p>Vinay, Jean-Paul, and Jean Darbelnet. 1995. Comparative Stylistics of French and English: A methodology for translation. Philadelphia: John Benjamins.</p> <p>Morgan, Gwendolyn. “Creatures in Crisis: Apocalyptic Environmental Visions in Miyazaki's Nausicaä of the Valley of the Wind and Princess Mononoke.” Resilience: A Journal of the Environmental Humanities, Vol. 2, no. 3 (2015): 172-183. https://www.jstor.org/stable/10.5250/resilience.2.3.0172.</p> <p>Miyazaki, Hayao, dir. 1997. Princess Mononoke. Buena Vista Home Entertainment, 2000. DVD.</p>

Notes	Link to files for the translation of text number 2: https://drive.google.com/drive/folders/1F1tLx1qvao34M1v0vTz9i8MN5Lyd_B52?usp=sharing
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Source Text**もののけ姫**

(アシタカ) タタラ場のにおいがかすかに風にまじっている。案内ご苦労。ひとつ頼みがある。サンにこれを渡してくれ。行こう。

(サン) ひどいにおい。鼻がもげそう。

(モロ) ただの煙じゃない。私達の鼻をきらなくしようとしているのさ。

(サン) あの女がいる。こっちに気づいている。

(モロ) 見え透いたワナをはったものだ。

(サン) ワナ？

(モロ) イノシシどもをいきり立たせて、森からおびき出そうとしているのだよ。よほどの仕掛けがあるのだろう。

(サン) 教えなきゃ。イノシシ達は動き始めてる。みんなやられてしまう。

Target Text***The Ghost Princess***

1	0:00:03.22 0:00:06.02 Footbellows Town's smell has mixed faintly with
2	the wind
3	0:00:12.85 0:00:14.25 Thank you for guiding me
4	0:00:14.25 0:00:16.25 I have one request
5	0:00:18.45 0:00:20.97 Pass this on to San for me
6	0:00:29.34 0:00:30.34 Let's go
7	0:01:01.77 0:01:04.47 Awful smell, it seems to tear my nose off
8	0:01:04.51 0:01:06.51 It's not ordinary smoke
9	0:01:06.51 0:01:09.28 They're trying to rid us of our noses
10	0:01:09.34 0:01:10.51 There's that woman
11	0:01:20.25 0:01:21.62 She realises we're here
12	0:01:21.62 0:01:24.17 She's laid an obvious trap
13	0:01:24.20 0:01:25.62 Trap?
14	0:01:25.62 0:01:29.62 To make those wild boars lose their temper and
15	lure them out of the forest
16	0:01:29.68 0:01:31.85 They must be up to something
17	0:01:31.85 0:01:32.91 I have to tell them
18	0:01:32.94 0:01:34.57 Boars are starting to move in
19	0:01:34.57 0:01:36.05 They'll do them all in
20	0:01:36.57 0:01:38.57 Guardian Ottoko isn't an idiot

(モロ) 乙事主とてバカではない。すべてわかっているけどイノシシ達は正面から攻撃したいのさ。それがイノシシの誇りだからね。最後の一頭になっても突進してふみ破る。

(サン) 木を切りはじめた。

(モロ) あれも誘いだ。

(サン) 母さんここでお別れです。私、乙事主様の眼になりに行きます。あの煙に困っているはずだから。

(モロ) それでいいよ。お前にはあの若者と生きる道もあるだが。

(サン) 人間はキライ。アシタカが私に？　きれい。

(モロ) お前たちはサンとお行き。私はシシ神のそばにしよう。

(サン) 行こう。モロ一族も共に戦う。乙事主さまはどこか？　ありがとう。

(アシタカ) タタラ場からだ。行こう。

(侍) 何者か？

(アシタカ) 侍だ。

21	0:01:38.57 0:01:43.31 Even understanding everything the wild boars will
22	want attack head-on
23	0:01:43.31 0:01:45.82 That's the wild boars' pride
24	0:01:46.94 0:01:50.62 They'll charge and stampede down to the last one
25	0:01:55.37 0:01:57.14 They've started felling the trees
26	0:01:57.14 0:01:59.14 That's bait too
27	0:02:01.74 0:02:04.02 Mother, please leave this place
28	0:02:01.74 0:02:04.02 {\pos(1154,130)} {\fs40} {\b1\c&H0000FF&}San
29	0:02:04.02 0:02:06.82 I will go to be Guardian Ottoko's eyes
30	0:02:04.02 0:02:06.82 {\pos(1154,130)} {\fs40} {\b1\c&H0000FF&}Sama
31	0:02:06.82 0:02:09.40 He's bound to be troubled by that smoke
32	0:02:09.40 0:02:11.40 That's fine
33	0:02:11.40 0:02:15.37 You can also share a way of life with that young
34	man
35	0:02:15.37 0:02:17.37 I hate humans
36	0:02:29.85 0:02:31.77 Ashitaka... for me?
37	0:02:36.00 0:02:37.14 Beautiful
38	0:02:37.62 0:02:39.77 Yous go with San
39	0:02:40.08 0:02:42.42 I'll be at the Shishi Spirit's side
40	0:02:42.74 0:02:43.80 Let's go
41	0:03:04.54 0:03:06.82 The Moro Tribe will fight with you
42	0:03:06.82 0:03:08.48 Where is Guardian Ottoko?

(侍) 止まれ。

(アシタカ) 押し通る！

(侍) 来いやあ！こりゃあ たまげた。止めたぞ。やるのう！くそ！やめとけ。矢のムダだ。

(トキ) 早く早く。

(タタラ人) ほんとだ。あのんだよ。

(トキ) 幽霊じゃないよね。アシタカさま！

(アシタカ) おトキさんか。みんな無事か？

(トキ) 見ての通りさ。男達の留守を狙って侍がおしよせて来やがった。下はやられちゃった。女ばかりと甘く見やがって。

(アシタカ) エボシ殿は？

(トキ) 動ける男はみんな連れてシシ神退治に行っちゃってる。こう困まれては知らせようがなくてさ。

(アシタカ) シシ神退治？やはりさっきの音は...

(甲六) ダンナ、預かってましたぜ。

(トキ) なんでもクラとミノも持ってこなかったのさ。

43	0:03:06.82 0:03:08.48 {\pos(1154,130)} {\fs40} {\b1\c&H0000FF&}Sama
44	0:03:11.71 0:03:12.60 Thank you
45	0:04:38.32 0:04:39.82 That's from Footbellows Town
46	0:04:45.54 0:04:46.51 Let's go
47	0:04:50.97 0:04:52.17 Who's there?
48	0:04:52.54 0:04:53.42 Samurai!
49	0:04:55.37 0:04:56.37 Halt!
50	0:04:57.28 0:04:58.37 Coming through!
51	0:04:59.22 0:05:00.37 Come no further!
52	0:05:15.37 0:05:17.37 That's mindblowing
53	0:05:21.05 0:05:23.88 No more! He's hitting them away! Shit!
54	0:05:23.88 0:05:25.00 Leave it!
55	0:05:25.00 0:05:26.25 It's a waste of arrows
56	0:05:50.02 0:05:51.42 Quick, quick!
57	0:05:51.42 0:05:53.05 It's really him
58	0:05:53.05 0:05:54.45 And he's not a ghost, is he
59	0:05:54.45 0:05:56.45 Prince Ashitaka!
60	0:05:54.45 0:05:56.45 {\pos(1154,130)} {\fs40} {\b1\c&H0000FF&}Sama
61	0:05:56.65 0:05:59.20 Mrs Toki? Is everyone safe?
62	0:05:56.65 0:05:59.20 {\pos(1154,130)} {\fs40} {\b1\c&H0000FF&}San
63	0:05:59.20 0:06:00.80 Clearly
64	

(甲六) だって。

(トキ) この役立たず！

(アシタカ) 甲六ありがとう。エボシ殿を呼びに行く。それまでもつか？

(トキ) いざとなったら溶けた鉄をぶっかけてやるさ。

(タタラ人) アシタカさまお願いします。エボシ様に早く！

(癪者一) くっ...はずしたか。船が来ますぞ。お早く。

(癪者二) エボシ様を頼みます。わたしらも戦いますゆえ。

(アシタカ) 必ずもどる。がんばれ！

(トキ) 頼むよ！

(侍) 出たぞ。いけ！

(アシタカ) 追手がかかった。頼むぞヤックル。生きものの焼けるにおいだ。うわあっ...ヤックル！

(侍) ホイヤーうあああー！おりゃあー！

65 0:06:00.80 0:06:05.17 The samurai had the nerve to close in on us in the
66 men's absence
67 0:06:05.17 0:06:08.90 It's damaged down below. They don't take us
68 seriously cos we're only women
69 0:06:08.91 0:06:10.31 And Lady Eboshi?
70 0:06:08.91 0:06:10.31 {\pos(1154,130)} {\fs40} {\b1\c&H0000FF&}Dono
71 0:06:10.31 0:06:14.57 Took all the able-bodied men to exterminate the
72 Shishi Spirit!
73 0:06:14.57 0:06:17.14 We have to let her know we're in trouble here
74 0:06:17.14 0:06:19.97 Kill the Shishi Spirit? Then those recent noises...
75 0:06:20.62 0:06:23.14 Sir, I held onto your bow and arrows
76 0:06:23.14 0:06:25.54 Gonna say you got his saddle and strawcoat too?
77 0:06:25.57 0:06:26.34 I do?
78 0:06:26.34 0:06:27.62 Useless!
79 0:06:27.62 0:06:29.14 Koroku, thank you!
80 0:06:29.42 0:06:32.50 I'm going to find Lady Eboshi, can you hold out til
81 then?
82 0:06:29.42 0:06:32.50 {\pos(1154,130)} {\fs40} {\b1\c&H0000FF&}Dono
83 0:06:32.62 0:06:35.77 When push comes to shove, we'll pour molten
84 iron on 'em!
85 0:06:35.77 0:06:38.74 - Please, Prince Ashitaka\N - To Lady Eboshi,
86 quick!

(アシタカ) 来るな！ヤックル傷を見せろ。すまない。ここで待っててくれ。必ずもどる。ダメだ。待ってろ。がんばれもう少しだ。

(唐傘連) 何者か？ここは修羅の庭。よそ者はすぐに立ち去れ。

(アシタカ) この死者たちの世話になった者だ。急ぎ伝えることがある。エボシ殿に会いたい。

(唐傘連) エボシはここにはいない。伝えよう。用向きを話せ。

(アシタカ) 本人に話す。エボシ殿はどこか？

(牛飼い1) ダンナ！生きとったんですか？

(アシタカ) かしら、ムゴイことになったな。

(牛飼い1) まだ何人も埋まってるんでさ。

(牛飼い2) ひでえなんてもんじゃねえ。

(アシタカ) タタラ場が侍に襲われた。

(牛飼いたち) ええっ？

(アシタカ) 女たちが上の曲輪に立てこもってがんばっている。
今ならまだ間に合う。

87	0:06:35.77 0:06:38.74 {\pos(1154,130)} {\fs40} {\b1\c&H0000FF&}-
88	Sama\N\N-Sama
89	0:06:44.48 0:06:46.02 I missed?
90	0:06:46.02 0:06:48.02 The boats are coming! Quick!
91	0:06:48.02 0:06:51.77 We request Lady Eboshi. We would like to fight
92	too!
93	0:06:48.02 0:06:51.77 {\pos(1154,130)} {\fs40} {\b1\c&H0000FF&}Sama
94	0:06:53.62 0:06:55.77 I will definitely return! Hang in there!
95	0:06:58.77 0:07:00.54 Please find her!
96	0:07:03.80 0:07:06.22 He's leaving - go!
97	0:07:14.88 0:07:17.65 We've got a chase on our hands! Come on,
98	Yakkuru
99	0:08:00.05 0:08:01.80 The smell of burning flesh
100	0:08:08.08 0:08:09.00 Yakkuru!
101	0:08:48.37 0:08:49.62 Come no further!
102	0:09:02.17 0:09:03.71 Yakkuru show me your wounds
103	0:09:06.00 0:09:08.97 Sorry, please wait here. I will definitely return
104	0:09:11.71 0:09:13.28 Stop! Wait there!
105	0:09:24.05 0:09:25.72 Hang in just a little further
106	0:10:10.22 0:10:11.20 Someone there?
107	0:10:12.00 0:10:13.72 This is the Asuras' battlefield
108	0:10:13.97 0:10:15.60 Leave now stranger!

(牛飼い1) えれえことになった。

(牛飼い3) アサノのやつらだ。留守を狙いやがった。

(アシタカ) エボシ殿はここにいないのか？

(牛飼い1) へえ、シシ神殺しに森へ...

(アシタカ) すぐ呼びもどせ。間に合わなくなるぞ。

(唐傘連) 用向きが済んだなら。即刻立ち去れ。みんな仕事にも
どれ！

(牛飼い3) おい、ほっとく気かよ！

(牛飼い1) ちょっと待ってくださいえ。

(牛飼い2) やつら、タタラ場を見殺しにする気だぞ。

(牛飼い1) 帰りを待ってたりしちゃ。手おくれになっちまう。

(牛飼い3) すぐ使いを出せ！

(唐傘連) 森は広くて深いつかいの出しようがないのだ。

(牛飼い1) のろしでもなんでもあんたらの得意だろうが。

(牛飼い2) エボシ様がやつらにおどらされてるんだ。

109	0:10:16.25 0:10:18.27 These dead people looked after me
110	0:10:18.30 0:10:19.80 I have urgent news for her
111	0:10:19.82 0:10:21.30 I want to see Lady Eboshi
112	0:10:19.82 0:10:21.30 {\pos(1154,130)} {\fs40} {\b1\c&H0000FF&}Dono
113	0:10:21.48 0:10:23.48 Eboshi isn't here
114	0:10:23.48 0:10:25.48 Tell me. Talk about why you're here
115	0:10:25.57 0:10:26.85 I'll talk to her directly
116	0:10:26.94 0:10:28.34 Where is Lady Eboshi?
117	0:10:26.94 0:10:28.34 {\pos(1154,130)} {\fs40} {\b1\c&H0000FF&}Dono
118	0:10:28.57 0:10:29.65 Sir!
119	0:10:30.31 0:10:32.02 You're still alive?
120	0:10:32.45 0:10:34.51 You look dreadful
121	0:10:34.51 0:10:36.51 We're still burying many men
122	0:10:36.51 0:10:38.02 It's minging
123	0:10:38.31 0:10:40.54 Footbellows Town is being attacked by samurai
124	0:10:40.62 0:10:43.67 The women are hanging on, barricaded in the
125	upper district
126	0:10:43.82 0:10:45.11 You can still make it now
127	0:10:45.45 0:10:46.91 It's gotten terrible
128	0:10:46.91 0:10:49.40 It's Asano's men. Must of waited for our absence
129	0:10:49.65 0:10:51.22 Isn't Lady Eboshi here?
130	0:10:49.65 0:10:51.22 {\pos(1154,130)} {\fs40} {\b1\c&H0000FF&}Dono

(アシタカ) 攻めよせたイノシシの中に山犬はいなかったか？サン…いやもののけ姫は？

(牛飼い2) さあわからねえ。真っ黒になって押し寄せてきたから。

(牛飼い4) いました…オレ達が一番前にいたから

(アシタカ) それで？

(牛飼い4) わからねえ、突然なんにもわからなくなっちゃって…

(牛飼い2) 唐傘の奴ら、オレ達をエサにイノシシをおびき寄せ、地面ごと吹っ飛ばしやがったんでさ上からも地雷火を投げやがった。

(アシタカ) はっ！サンはどうした？落ち着け。お前を助けたい。

(牛飼い2) ああっ！山犬だ！山犬がいきてるぞ。ダンナ。何を？

(牛飼い1) ダンナ！

131	0:10:51.22 0:10:54.08 Oh, she went to the forest to kill the Shishi Spirit
132	0:10:54.34 0:10:56.31 Call her back now. I won't make it in time
133	0:10:56.91 0:10:59.42 If you're finished, leave at once
134	0:10:59.42 0:11:00.80 Everyone back to work!
135	0:11:00.80 0:11:02.31 Oi! You can't ignore this!
136	0:11:02.31 0:11:03.77 Hang on a second!
137	0:11:04.40 0:11:06.88 They're gonna let Footbellows Town die
138	0:11:07.05 0:11:09.71 If we wait for her to come back it'll be too late
139	0:11:09.71 0:11:11.14 Send out a messenger now!
140	0:11:11.14 0:11:14.42 The forest is too vast and deep to send out a
141	messenger
142	0:11:14.770:11:17.88 Even without a smoke signal, you're good at what
143	you do
144	0:11:17.88 0:11:20.37 Lady Eboshi is being manipulated by them
145	0:11:17.88 0:11:20.37 {\pos(1154,130)} {\fs40} {\b1\c&H0000FF&}Sama
146	0:11:20.87 0:11:24.02 Among the boars that attacked, were there any
147	mountain dogs?
148	0:11:24.65 0:11:26.68 What about San... no, the Ghost Princess?
149	0:11:26.91 0:11:30.74 Well, I dunno, cos they closed in when it was pitch
150	black
151	0:11:30.74 0:11:31.60 I was there
152	0:11:32.91 0:11:35.34 We were right at the front you see

(唐傘連) どけ小僧何をしている。

(アシタカ) この者に案内を頼むのだ。私がエボシを呼びに行く。

(唐傘連) さては魔性の類か？

(別の唐傘連) どけっ

(アシタカ) シシ神の首とタタラ場とどちらが大切なのだ。

(牛飼い3) 毒針だ！やめろ！

(牛飼い1) みんな力を出せ。テコを使え。

(男たち) せーやっ せーやっ！出たぞ！

(アシタカ) みんなは沢を下って湖の近くにかくれていてくれ。

(男たち) へい。

(牛飼い1) お気をつけて。石火矢衆もやつらの仲間です。

(アシタカ) 預かってくれ。最後の矢が折れてしまった。お前はみんなと行きな。ヤックルを頼む。

(アシタカ) サンのところへ！そこにエボシもいる。

153	0:11:35.72 0:11:36.75 And then what?
154	0:11:36.77 0:11:37.97 I dunno!
155	0:11:37.97 0:11:40.68 Suddenly I didn't know what was going on
156	0:11:41.17 0:11:44.57 Them guys with the umbrellas used us as bait for
157	the wild boars
158	0:11:44.57 0:11:48.88 They blew up the whole surface of the ground
159	and threw land mines from above
160	0:12:42.60 0:12:43.48 How is San?
161	0:12:48.02 0:12:50.77 Calm down I want to help you
162	0:12:54.17 0:12:57.34 Ah! A mountain dog! A mountain dog's still alive!
163	0:12:58.28 0:12:59.91 Sir... what are you
164	0:13:04.05 0:13:04.77 Sir!
165	0:13:04.77 0:13:07.45 Out the way! What you doing lad?
166	0:13:07.75 0:13:09.88 I'm asking this person for information
167	0:13:09.88 0:13:12.65 I will call on Lady Eboshi
168	0:13:12.65 0:13:14.65 So then, you're some kind of devil?
169	0:13:15.45 0:13:16.28 Move!
170	0:13:17.40 0:13:20.57 What's more important: the Shishi Spirit's head or
171	Footbellows Town?
172	0:13:21.82 0:13:23.00 That's a poison dart!
173	0:13:29.28 0:13:29.91 Stop!
174	0:13:37.11 0:13:39.48 Everyone put some power into it! Use levers!

(ジコ坊) ジバシリどもに遅れるな。今日こそケリをつけるのだ。

(ジバシリ) ジコ坊さま。

(ジコ坊) おう様子はとうだった。

(ジバシリ) 深傷を負った乙事主はもののけ姫とさらに森の奥へ向かっております。

(ジコ坊) やはりシシ神に助けを求める気だ。ぴったり張りつけよ。人と見破られてはシシ神は出て来ぬぞ。

(ジバシリ) 言われるまでもねえ。

(エボシ) やつの顔に塗ったのはイノシシの血か？

(ジコ坊) ハハハ…ジバシリの技だ。おぞましいものよ。

(サン) がんばって、もうじき。シシ神様の小池だから。あっ！うっ…！何か来る。乙事主さま。様子がおかしいの。もうちょっとだから。がんばって。

(山犬) とてもイヤなものが来る

175	0:13:39.51 0:13:48.57 Heave ho heave ho
176	0:13:49.42 0:13:51.34 He's out!
177	0:14:02.45 0:14:05.05 Everyone go downstream and hide near the lake
178	0:14:05.05 0:14:05.82 Yessir
179	0:14:05.82 0:14:08.97 Be careful. Those gunners are his men too.
180	0:14:08.97 0:14:11.51 Please take care of this. My last arrow is broken
181	0:14:14.51 0:14:15.71 You go with the others
182	0:14:15.94 0:14:17.20 I trust you with Yakkuru!
183	0:14:21.17 0:14:23.68 To San! That's where Eboshi will be too.
184	0:14:35.48 0:14:38.97 Don't be late footmen. Today is the day to end
185	this.
186	0:14:41.71 0:14:42.77 Mr Jikobo, sir
187	0:14:41.71 0:14:42.77 {\pos(1154,130)} {\fs40} {\b1\c&H0000FF&}Sama
188	0:14:42.77 0:14:45.17 Hey, how'd it go?
189	0:14:45.17 0:14:50.08 A badly-wounded Guardian Ottoko is heading
190	further into the forest with the Ghost Princess
191	0:14:50.17 0:14:53.11 Sure enough he intends to ask the Shishi Spirit for
192	help.
193	0:14:53.17 0:14:54.34 Stick right on them!
194	0:14:54.40 0:14:57.15 The Shishi Spirit won't appear if it sees you're
195	human
196	0:14:57.17 0:14:58.60 I don't need to be told

(サン) 何だろう。血のにおいで鼻がきかない。ショウジョウたち。

(ショウジョウ) お前たちのせいだ。お前たちのせいでこの森終わりだ。

(サン) 何を言う。森のために戦った者へのこれがショウジョウの礼儀か？

(ショウジョウ) お前たち、破滅つれて来た。生き物でも人間でもないものつれて来た。

(サン) 生きものでも人間でもないもの？

(ショウジョウ) 来た！森の終わりだ

(サン) 戦士たちが...

(乙事主) もどって来た！

(サン) あっ

(乙事主) もどって来た。ああ、ヨミの国から戦士達が帰って来た。続け戦士たちシシ神のもとへ行こう。

197	0:15:00.17 0:15:02.77	Was that wild boar blood painted on his face?
198	0:15:02.82 0:15:03.60	Ha ha
199	0:15:03.60 0:15:06.48	That's the footmen's technique. It's disgusting.
200	0:15:14.31 0:15:17.22	Hang on. Not long til we're at the Shishi Spirit's
201		pond.
202	0:15:35.25 0:15:36.42	Something's coming...
203	0:15:39.37 0:15:42.94	Guardian Ottoko is in a strange way. It's still a bit
204		further, so hold on
205	0:15:39.37 0:15:42.94	{\pos(1154,130)} {\fs40} {\b1\c&H0000FF&}Sama
206	0:15:43.54 0:15:45.17	An odious thing is coming
207	0:15:45.25 0:15:48.12	I wonder what. With the smell of blood, my nose
208		can't tell.
209	0:15:53.42 0:15:54.45	The shōjō!
210	0:15:54.85 0:15:59.08	It's yours' fault! Because of you it's the end of this
211		forest
212	0:15:59.08 0:16:00.02	What you saying?
213	0:16:00.02 0:16:03.27	This is the shōjō's thanks for the defenders of the
214		forest?
215	0:16:03.28 0:16:05.65	You have brought destruction
216	0:16:05.65 0:16:08.51	Something neither creature nor human is coming
217	0:16:08.51 0:16:10.51	Neither creature nor human?
218	0:16:17.62 0:16:20.08	They're here! It's the end of the forest!

(サン) 乙事主さま、落ち着いて。死者はよみがえったりしない。戦士の生皮をかぶってにおいを消しているんだ。中は人間だ。止まって。やつらシシ神の所へ案内させる気なんだ。ああっ！

(乙事主) シシ神よ。いでよ。なんじが森の神なら、我が一族よみがえらせ人間を亡ぼせ。

(サン) 乙事主さま、心をしずめて。

(山犬) 困れるぞ。そいつはもうダメだ。捨てていこう。

(サン) だめ。いま見捨てたらタタリ神になってしまう。お前は母さんにこのことを知らせて人間の狙いはシシ神様だ。母さんが生きていれば知恵をかしてくれる。お行き！山犬の血を途絶えさせちゃダメ。いい子。最初の者を殺す。森中にお前たちの正体を知らせてやる。アシタカが？おのれ！

(乙事主) あついぞ。体が火のようだ。

(サン) あっ だめ！乙事主さまタタリ神なんかにならないで。乙事主さま

219	0:16:39.17 0:16:40.34 The warriors...
220	0:16:43.62 0:16:45.45 They've come back?
221	0:16:47.15 0:16:48.22 They've come back!
222	0:16:48.85 0:16:52.28 My warriors have come back from the land of
223	darkness
224	0:16:57.08 0:17:01.48 Continue, warriors, let's go to the Shishi Spirit!
225	0:17:08.11 0:17:12.14 Guardian Ottoko, calm down, the dead don't
226	come back to life
227	0:17:08.11 0:17:12.14 {\pos(1154,130)} {\fs40} {\b1\c&H0000FF&}Sama
228	0:17:17.37 0:17:21.37 They're wearing warriors' rawhide to mask the
229	smell. Humans are inside!
230	0:17:23.94 0:17:27.62 Stop! They want us to lead them to the Shishi
231	Spirit!
232	0:17:32.25 0:17:36.14 Shishi Spirit, show thyself. If thou art the spirit of
233	the forest
234	0:17:36.14 0:17:40.62 Revive my clan and destroy the humans!
235	0:17:42.02 0:17:44.54 Guardian Ottoko, calm your heart
236	0:17:42.02 0:17:44.54 {\pos(1154,130)} {\fs40} {\b1\c&H0000FF&}Sama
237	0:17:45.25 0:17:48.31 We're in trouble. It's no use anymore. Let's get rid
238	of him
239	0:17:48.31 0:17:51.31 No. If we leave him now, he'll become a cursed
240	spirit.

(アシタカ) こたえた。わかるか？

(山犬) サンがあぶない。

(アシタカ) 行こう。

(サン) あつい。ああ！うっ！いやだ。タタリ神なんかになりたくない。乙事主さま！

(山犬) おそい！乗れ！

(アシタカ) あっ

(男たち) 山犬だ！出た！

(アシタカ) エボシ！

(人々) うわっ！

(アシタカ) くそっ先に行け。エボシ話をきけ！

(ジコ坊) やめ、やめ！

(エボシ) アシタカか？

(アシタカ) タタラ場が侍に襲われている。シシ神殺しをやめて。すぐもどれ。女たちが戦っている。男たちも山を下った。みな、そなたの帰りを待っている。

241 0:17:51.94 0:17:55.77 You, let Mother know this: what the humans are

242 after is the Shishi Spirit

243 0:17:51.94 0:17:55.77 {\pos(1154,130)} {\fs40} {\b1\c&H0000FF&}San

244 0:17:56.05 0:17:58.55 If Mother's still alive, she'll share her wisdom

245 0:17:56.05 0:17:58.55 {\pos(1154,130)} {\fs40} {\b1\c&H0000FF&}San

246 0:18:00.51 0:18:03.02 Go! Don't let the mountain dog blood run out.

247 0:18:04.17 0:18:04.80 Good child

248 0:18:24.45 0:18:25.97 I'll kill the first one

249 0:18:26.82 0:18:29.31 I will show your true form in the forest

250 0:18:40.77 0:18:41.62 Ashitaka?

251 0:18:48.85 0:18:49.42 Yous

252 0:18:56.40 0:19:00.54 It's hot. My body's like fire.

253 0:19:02.11 0:19:03.57 No!

254 0:19:04.37 0:19:06.94 Guardian Ottoko, don't become a tatarigami!

255 0:19:04.37 0:19:06.94 {\pos(1154,130)} {\fs40} {\b1\c&H0000FF&}Sama

256 0:19:09.34 0:19:10.54 Guardian Ottoko...

257 0:19:09.34 0:19:10.54 {\pos(1154,130)} {\fs40} {\b1\c&H0000FF&}Sama

258 0:19:13.75 0:19:14.80 They responded!

259 0:19:18.32 0:19:19.15 You understand?

260 0:19:19.22 0:19:21.91 - San's in danger\N- Let's go

261 0:19:49.74 0:19:50.88 It's hot

262

(エボシ) その話、信ずる証拠は？

(アシタカ) ない！できるならタタラ場にとどまり、戦いたかった。

(エボシ) シシ神殺しをやめて、侍殺しをやれと言うのか。

(アシタカ) ちがう。森とタタラ場双方生きる道はないのか？

(ジコ坊) あいつ。どっちの味方なのだ。

(兵士) エボシ様戻りましょう。

(エボシ) 女たちにはできるだけの備えをさせてある。自分の身は自分で守れと。池だ。シシ神は近いぞ。

(ジコ坊) いよいよ正念場だ。油断するな。

(唐傘連) あの女いなくとも。

(ジコ坊) 神殺しは怖いぞ。あいつにやってもらわにゃ。

263 0:20:00.14 0:20:04.71 No! I don't want to become a tatarigami!

264 Guardian Ottoko!

265 0:20:00.14 0:20:04.71 {\pos(1154,130)} {\fs40} {\b1\c&H0000FF&}Sama

266 0:20:16.22 0:20:17.62 You're slow. get on!

267 0:20:31.85 0:20:33.60 Mountain dog! It's appeared!

268 0:20:36.54 0:20:37.11 Eboshi!

269 0:20:43.91 0:20:46.02 Shit. Go on ahead.

270 0:20:47.00 0:20:49.40 Eboshi! Listen to what I have to say

271 0:20:49.40 0:20:50.65 Stop, stop!

272 0:20:50.65 0:20:51.82 Ashitaka?

273 0:20:52.25 0:20:54.62 Footbellows Town is being attacked by samurai

274 0:20:54.65 0:20:57.47 Stop going to kill the Shishi Spirit and go back at

275 once!

276 0:20:57.51 0:20:59.31 The women are fighting

277 0:20:59.55 0:21:01.87 The men have come down the mountain too

278 0:21:01.88 0:21:04.07 Everyone's waiting there for your return

279 0:21:04.25 0:21:06.57 Do you have proof of what you're saying?

280 0:21:06.57 0:21:09.90 No! If I could, I'd have stayed and fought at

281 Furnaceton

282 0:21:10.47 0:21:14.62 You're telling me to stop killing the Shishi Spirit

283 and start killing samurai?

284

285	0:21:14.62 0:21:18.52 Isn't there a way of life for the forest and
286	Furnaceton side by side?
287	0:21:21.40 0:21:23.17 Which side is he on?
288	0:21:23.17 0:21:24.60 Lady Eboshi, let's go back
289	0:21:23.17 0:21:24.60 {\pos(1154,130)} {\fs40} {\b1\c&H0000FF&}Sama
290	0:21:25.20 0:21:27.80 The woman are as well-prepared as possible
291	0:21:27.80 0:21:29.80 "Every person protects themselves"
292	0:21:32.70 0:21:34.97 It's the pond. The Shishi Spirit is near.
293	0:21:36.57 0:21:39.40 Finally, it's the critical moment. Don't be careless.
294	0:21:39.92 0:21:41.52 We don't need that woman
295	0:21:41.52 0:21:45.45 Killing a spirit is scary. Let her do it for us.

Student Number	20309867	Text Number	3
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Source Text		Target Text	
Title	<i>L'amant du lac</i>	Title	<i>LoverLake</i>
Year Published	2018		
Author	Virginia Pésémapéo Bordeleau		
Language	French (Canada) and Algonquin	Language	English (US) and Algonquin
Word Count	1271	Word Count	1290
Description of Source Text <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • <i>understanding of source text</i> • <i>knowledge of genre within source contexts</i> • <i>situation of source text</i> <i>familiarity with the formal features of a text (language variation(s), register, dialect)</i> (200 words max)	<p>This extract, from the ‘first erotic novel by an indigenous author’ (Pésémapéo Bordeleau 2013, fourth cover), narrates a sexual encounter between Gabriel, a mixed-race man, and Wabougouni, an Algonquin woman, early in their relationship. Against the backdrop of Algonquin culture – referencing their religion (line 12) and food (line 27) – they navigate linguistic differences (lines 36-46) which are explained not in footnotes but in a glossary. This allows the reader to remain immersed in the text, while inviting them to understand the language as they wish.</p>		
	<p>The meeting of different languages and cultures mirrors and encourages the expression of sexuality (lines 87-93). Likewise, their sexuality is intertwined with nature by a semantic field of softness that variously describes their bodies (lines 5, 55, 57, 70, 75, 82, 110) and the landscape (lines 25, 37, 57). Bodies are described by anatomical terms, such as ‘épiderme’ (line 10, [epidermis]), and ‘mont de Vénus’ (line 58, [mons pubis]), reflecting the formal register.</p>		
	<p>The prose briefly changes form when Gabriel recites a free-verse poem (lines 101-107) to express his love for Wabougouni. Its lack of punctuation (barring one ellipsis [line 105]) and enjambement create a fluid sensation, mimicking the lake that is central to the novel.</p>		

<p>Strategy</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • <i>identification of translation problems</i> • <i>knowledge of genre within target context and situation of target text</i> • <i>justification of translation production of genre for target context</i> <p>(200 words max)</p>	<p>My translation will be produced for Cleis Press, the ‘largest independent sexuality publishing company in the United States’ who claim to be ‘consistently changing the way people read and think about sexual behavior, culture, and education’ (Cleis Press, “About.”). The target audience will be American women aged 18-25, who desire erotica that realistically represents a diversity of races, sexualities, and sexual practices (Warren 2019, 17).</p> <p>Therefore, I will:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Follow conventional American spelling • Employ foreignisation (Venuti 2008, 21) by: <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Rendering cognates even when they are unidiomatic (e.g. ‘morceaux’ as ‘morsels’ [line 11]) • Rendering ‘cette’ [this] literally even when it would not be idiomatic (line 19) • Not capitalising ‘métis’ (line 15) so that it functions as a neologism synonymous with ‘mixed-race person’ • Replicate the fluid form of the poem and extend this to the prose by removing some commas • Similarly convey this fluidity by concatenating the words in the title • No footnotes for Algonquin language • Further interlink the natural world and human body by translating words in semantic field of ‘softness’ (such as ‘mollesse’ [line 5], ‘douceur’ [line 25], ‘tendre’ [line 37]) by ‘soft’, ‘softness’, ‘softly’ or ‘softened’ • Maintain formal register of anatomical terms
<p>Critical Reflection</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • <i>textual analysis</i> <p>(200 words max)</p>	<p>The foreignisation strategy produced two results. On one hand, maintaining the medical language (like epidermis [line 10]) arguably made the translation clinical rather than erotic, and may remove the sensuality for the reader. It may also impede understanding, especially ‘ham’ (line 24) which describes the back of the knee.</p>

	<p>On the other hand, the consistent, literal rendering of ‘cette’ as ‘this’ (particularly in line 19) allowed me to convey the specificities of the landscape, and the eroticism that it is bound up in it.</p> <p>I removed commas in cases where I judged it would not obscure the meaning, such as lists (lines 45-46; 89-90). Therefore, my translation has eighty-nine commas, compared to the ST’s one hundred and two. The issue with this aspect of the strategy is that it was fairly arbitrary, and although it conveyed the fluidity in some instances – like the lists – I could have made this more impactful, and less arbitrary, by eliminating all commas.</p>
<p>Works Cited</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • <i>use of sources and reference material</i> 	<p>Cleis Press. “About.” Accessed March 29, 2021. https://cleispress.com/about/.</p> <p>Pésémapéo Bordeleau, Virginia. 2013. L’amant du lac. Montréal: Mémoire d’encrier.</p> <p>Venuti, Lawrence. 2008. The Translator’s Invisibility: A History of Translation. Abingdon: Routledge.</p> <p>Warren, Annie Louise. “Kiss and Sell: Is there a market for erotica for 18- to 25-year-olds?”. Interscript Journal, 2 (2019): 1-19. doi: 10.14324/111.444.2398-4732.003.</p>

Source Text***L'amant du lac***

Lorsque Wabougouni se réveilla, l'aube soulignait à peine le contour des objets autour d'elle. Dans son cœur, un trouble étrange la précipitait dans une profonde agitation de joie et d'inquiétude à la fois. Quelque chose venait de changer, elle peinait à respirer calmement, un trou s'était creusé au milieu d'elle. Une mollesse, une chaleur inconnue, un poids disparu sous le corps de cet homme. Elle frémit au souvenir de la nuit. Il n'était plus là, mais ses vêtements traînaient encore autour du lit. Elle enfila une robe, se couvrit d'un lainage et partit à sa recherche.

La fraîcheur de l'herbe sous ses pieds la pénétra jusqu'à la nuque et hérissa son épiderme. En passant devant la pierre sacrée, un énorme roc déposé par les glaciers sur trois minuscules morceaux de granit, elle récita une prière au Grand-Esprit. Le ramage des oiseaux naissait derrière les collines et montait timidement vers la cime des arbres pour se perdre dans la brume diaphane qui s'effilochait et se dispersait sous un vent léger. Des clapotis provenaient du lac. Le métis nageait dans l'onde froide du matin. Ses bras entraient dans l'eau puis en ressortaient en un rythme régulier, le battement de ses pieds le propulsait vers le large. Parfois, il plongeait et elle voyait ses jambes disparaître en laissant à peine une ride sur le lac. Cet homme aimait cette eau, et cette eau l'aimait. Pour l'instant, il lui faisait l'amour avec tout son être, glissait entier en elle qui,

Target Text***LoverLake***

1 As Wabougouni awoke, the dawn barely accentuated the
2 contours of the objects around her. In her heart, a strange turmoil threw
3 her into a deep restlessness of joy and anxiety at the same time.
4 Something had just changed, she struggled to breathe calmly, a hole
5 hollowed at her center. A softness an unknown warmth a weight lost
6 beneath this man's body. She trembled at the memory of the night. He
7 was no longer here but his clothes still lay around her. She slipped into a
8 dress, covered herself in woolens and left in search of him.

9 The freshness of the grass under her feet penetrated up to the
10 nape of her neck and bristled her epidermis. Passing before the sacred
11 stone, an enormous rock left by the glaciers on three minuscule morsels
12 of granite, she recited a prayer to the Great Spirit. The birdsong was born
13 behind the hills and rose timidly towards the treetops to lose itself in the
14 diaphanous mist that frayed and dispersed under a light wind. Lapping
15 sounds came from the lake. The métis was swimming in the morning's
16 cold waves. His arms entered into the water then, re-emerging with a
17 regular rhythm, his kicking feet propelled him towards the open waters.
18 Sometimes he would dive and she saw his legs disappear scarcely leaving
19 a ripple on the lake. This man loved this water and this water loved him.
20 For now, he made love to it with all his being, slid into her who, silent,

silencieuse, retenait ses clapotements, ses gargouillements de maîtresse en attente. Le corps ouvrait l'amante liquide, la pourfendait pour mieux la fouiller. Il retenait son souffle, puis au moment où il voyait rouge, d'un coup de jarret il remontait, la tête émergeait des eaux et alors, elles frémissaient, ondoyaient vers la rive et léchaient le sable en douceur. Wabougouni retourna à sa tente, pour y préparer un repas. Elle sépara une bannique qu'elle déposa dans une assiette avec des morceaux du castor de la veille. Son ami devait être affamé après cette baignade en eau glacée. La débâcle avait eu lieu seulement quelques semaines plus tôt. Il entra, grelottant, la queue ratatinée dans les poils de son pubis. Elle jeta une couverture de laine sur ses épaules et le frotta avec fermeté. Sa peau, plus pâle à partir du cou, rosit. Elle alluma un petit poêle en fonte installé en coin, du côté de la sortie. Elle mit de l'eau à bouillir. Il lui désigna le sac de thé en prononçant un mot qui sonna à l'oreille de la jeune femme. Elle comprit qu'il voulait apprendre son langage.

– *Nibishabou...*

Elle sortit et revint avec des feuilles d'aulne, vert tendre, à peine ouvertes.

– *Nibish*, dit-elle encore, en les lui tendant.

Puis, trempant les doigts dans un seau d'eau, elle ajouta:

– *Wabou...*

Il hocha la tête et dit:

21 held back her splashes, her gurglings of a waiting mistress. His body
22 opened up his liquid lover, slit her open to delve deeper inside her. He
23 held his breath, then at the moment that he saw red, with a push of the
24 ham he came back up, his head emerged from the waters and then
25 trembled, rippled towards the shore and lapped softly at the sand.
26 Wabougouni returned to her tent, to prepare a meal. She broke a
27 bannock which she placed on a plate with morsels of beaver from the day
28 before. Her friend must have been hungry after that swim in icy water.
29 The break of the ice had only taken place some weeks earlier. He entered,
30 shivering, his cock shrunken amid the hairs of his pubis. She threw a
31 woolen cover over his shoulders and rubbed him firmly. His skin, paler
32 below the neck, turned pink. She lit a small, cast-iron wood burner set up
33 in the corner, beside the exit. She put on some water to boil. He showed
34 her the bag of tea, pronouncing a word that sounded like *teh* in the young
35 woman's ears. She understood that he wanted to learn her language.

36 *"Nibishabou..."*

37 She left and came back in with alder leaves, soft green, hardly
38 open.

39 *"Nibish,"* she said again, holding them out for him.

40 Then, soaking her fingers in a pail of water, she added:

41 *"Wabou..."*

42 He nodded his head and said:

– *Pigi n’kishkatoun...* (Je sais un peu...)

Puis il lui montra la viande de castor, la bannique, le sapin sous son corps, la couverture, le feu. Il retenait tous les mots: *amik wiass, poukashagan, mitik, iskoudè*. Cessant le jeu, il pointa la poitrine de la femme, le regard interrogateur.

– Wabougouni, dit-elle.

Elle retourna à l’extérieur et rapporta une fleur de pissenlit et une branche de merisier fleuri.

– Fleur, tu t’appelles Fleur. Et tu es si jolie. Moi, c’est Gabriel. *Gabriel*, répéta-t-il.

Son sexe se leva, tête chercheuse dirigée vers sa compagne. Il glissa une main, glacée par la baignade, sur la cuisse brune. Wabougouni frissonna. Les doigts s’attardèrent sur la douceur de la peau. Du velours doré. Puis ils explorèrent les dessous de la robe, fouillèrent sous le tissu. Le jour grisâtre atténua l’expression du visage de Wabougouni qui gardait les paupières baissées. Il toucha au duvet du mont de Vénus, descendit et inséra son pouce, délicatement, entre ses lèvres chaudes et mouillées. Elle gémit et se renversa sur le matelas de branchages, les jambes largement écartées. Le métis approcha son visage, il respira l’arôme épicé, sa langue lapa avec un bruit de succion les chairs rouge foncé, presque noires. Elle tressauta et se retira brusquement.

– *Egunen ka nustomin?* cria-t-elle.

43 “*Pigi n’kishkatoun...*” (I know a bit...)

44 Then he showed her the beaver meat, the bannock, the pine

45 needles on his body, the cover, the fire. He retained all the words: *amik*

46 *wiass poukashagan mitik iskoudè*. Ending the game, he pointed at the

47 woman’s chest, his look inquisitive.

48 “Wabougouni,” she said.

49 She went outside again and brought back a dandelion flower and

50 a branch of cherry wood in bloom.

51 “Flower, you are called Flower. And you are so pretty. As for me,

52 I’m Gabriel. *Gabriel*,” he repeated.

53 His sex lifted; homing device aimed at his companion. He slid a

54 hand, frozen from swimming, over her brown thigh. Wabougouni

55 quivered. His fingers lingered on the softness of her skin. Her golden-

56 velvet skin. Then they explored underneath the dress, frisked below the

57 fabric. The greyish day softened the expression on Wabougouni’s face,

58 who kept her eyelids lowered. He touched the fuzz of her mons Venus,

59 descended and inserted his thumb delicately between her warm, wet lips.

60 She moaned and bent backwards on the mattress of branches; her legs

61 spread wide. The métis moved his face closer, he breathed in the spiced

62 aroma, his tongue lapped with sucking noises at the deep red, almost

63 black flesh. She twitched and pulled back abruptly.

64 “*Egunen ka nustomin?*” she cried.

Ébahi, il plongeait son regard dans celui de la jeune femme. Il crut qu'elle ne connaissait pas cette manière d'aimer. Une lueur malicieuse éclaira le visage de l'homme. Wabougouni ne voulait pas perdre cette occasion de ressentir encore la jouissance de la nuit. D'un geste brusque, elle retira sa robe, dévoilant la légère proéminence de sa grossesse. Le pénis du métis tomba, ramolli. Il fixait d'un œil insistant son ventre bombé.

Il n'avait pas réalisé qu'elle était enceinte et il n'avait jamais aimé une femme dans cet état. Elle se demanda si, dans sa culture, s'unir à une femme enceinte d'un autre homme était tabou... Son besoin de lui était si fort qu'elle guida la main de Gabriel vers le doux renflement en murmurant: *Apinoudish*... Il glissa un doigt le long d'une veine bleue sous la peau transparente.

– *Apinoudish*...

Il répéta après elle. Puis il caressa son visage, les joues creusées sous des pommettes saillantes, le nez droit sur des lèvres si foncées qu'elles rappelaient les cerises mûres dont raffolaient les oiseaux. Elle avait un menton fort, carré, donnant à sa figure une austérité adoucie par des yeux noirs veloutés, étirés vers les tempes, qui brillaient d'une vive perspicacité. Il songea que si elle avait su lire, elle aurait une curiosité aiguë pour le savoir. Il se demanda s'il pourrait partager la vie de cette femme étrangère à son monde et à sa culture. Gabriel se sentait troublé

Dumbfounded, he bore his gaze into the young woman's. He thought that she wasn't familiar with this way of loving. A mischievous glint lit up the man's face. Wabougouni didn't want to miss this opportunity to feel the pleasure of the night again. With a sudden movement, she took off her dress, unveiling the swelling of her pregnancy. The métis' penis fell, soft. With insistent eyes, he stared at her bulging stomach.

He hadn't realized that she was pregnant, and he had never loved a woman in this state. She wondered if, in his culture, lying with a woman pregnant by another man was taboo... Her need for him so strong that she guided his hand towards the soft bulge, murmuring: *Apinoudish*... He slid a finger the length of a blue vein beneath her transparent skin.

"Apinoudish..."

He repeated after her. Then he caressed her face, cheeks gaunt under jutting cheekbones, a straight nose above lips so dark that they recalled the ripe cherries that the birds adored. She had a strong chin, broad, giving her face an austerity softened by velvety dark eyes, drawn towards the temples, which shone with sharp incisiveness. He mused that if she had known how to read, she would have a keen curiosity for knowledge. He wondered if he could share the life of this woman foreign to his world and his culture. Gabriel felt troubled by the attraction that welded his body to hers. The language of their hands expressed more

par l'attraction qui soudait son corps au sien. Le langage des mains exprimait davantage que leur pauvre vocabulaire qu'ils enrichissaient par des gestes et des regards complices. De nouveau, elle s'amusa avec lui, énuméra des mots étranges en touchant les parties de son corps: tête, yeux, bouche, nez, seins, épaules, bras, jambes, fesses, sexe. Parfois elle se moquait de ses tentatives, mais il insistait jusqu'à ce qu'il ait maîtrisé la prononciation.

Ils se taquinèrent un long moment, elle riait avec un charme enfantin. Puis elle osa un geste inconvenant dans sa tradition: elle se pencha vers le pénis et l'inséra, avec sa main, entre ses lèvres. La délicatesse de sa texture la surprit. Il la saisit par la tête et guida son mouvement de haut en bas, il geignit avec volupté, sa semence dans la bouche de Wabougouni. Après un court instant, Gabriel la poussa sur le dos en ronronnant des mots tendres.

*Je t'ai cueillie mais tu restes entière
non entamée
Entière dans l'enveloppement de ta beauté
Je m'ensablerais à vouloir me prolonger en toi
Je ne peux...
Un enfant pousse en toi grandit me repousse
Ô toi ma Fleur mon humus charnel et flamboyant*

than their poor vocabulary that they enriched with gestures and knowing looks. Once again, she messed around with him, listed strange words while touching the parts of her body: head eyes mouth nose breasts shoulders arms legs buttocks sex. Sometimes she made fun of his attempts, but he insisted until he had mastered the pronunciation.

They teased each other for a long time, she laughed with a childlike charm. Then she dared to do a gesture impolite in her culture: she leant toward his penis and inserted it with her hand between her lips. The delicateness of its texture surprised her. He grasped her by the head and guided her movement up and down, he moaned with delight, his semen in Wabougouni's mouth. After a short moment, Gabriel pushed her onto her back, purring tender words.

*I picked you but you are still whole
not yet begun
Whole in the envelopment of your beauty
I would get stranded in the sands of wanting to stay in you
I cannot...
A child grows in you grows pushing me back
Oh you my Flower my carnal fiery humus*

Blissful, she accepted the mouth that kissed her fingertips, her palm so sensitive to his caresses. He softly moved back up the length of her arm, lingering in the crease of her elbow and in her hairless underarm.

Béate, elle accepta la bouche qui embrassait ses bouts de doigts, la paume si sensible aux caresses. Il remonta le long du bras doucement en s'attardant dans le pli du coude et à l'aisselle imberbe. Il aimait son cou allongé, gracieux quand elle penchait la tête pour appeler ses baisers. Somptueux, les cheveux légèrement ondulés, épandus sur le bleu de la couverture, se mariaient subtilement à sa carnation cuivrée. Gabriel passait et repassait la main sur son dos, puis il la lécha et la bécota en insistant derrière la zone de feu des genoux. Elle n'était plus Wabougouni, elle était la déesse de la joie. Totalement offerte, elle découvrait sur son corps des plages de soleil dont elle ne soupçonnait pas l'existence. Quand il appliqua les lèvres sur la mousse fauve, Wabougouni hurla, inconsciente de la levée du jour et de ses compagnes sorties du sommeil. Un éclat de rire général la ramena à la réalité.

109 He loved her long neck, graceful when she tilted her head to call for his
 110 kisses. Sumptuous, her hair, slightly wavy and spread over the blue of the
 111 cover, blended subtly into her copper complexion. Gabriel stroked his
 112 hand up and down her back, then he licked her and kissed her,
 113 emphasizing the conflagration of her knees. She was no longer
 114 Wabougouni, she was the goddess of pleasure. Totally free, she
 115 discovered on her body sun-drenched beaches whose existence she had
 116 not suspected. When he put his lips on the tan mousse, Wabougouni
 117 howled, oblivious to the sunrise and her companions coming out of their
 118 sleep. A general burst of laughter brought her back to reality.
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 121

Student Number	20309867	Text Number	4
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Source Text		Target Text	
Title	<i>Ella</i>	Title	<i>She</i>
Year Published	2020		
Author	Irma Pineda Santiago		
Language	Spanish	Language	English
Word Count	29	Word Count	29
Description of Source Text <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • <i>understanding of source text</i> • <i>knowledge of genre within source contexts</i> • <i>situation of source text familiarity with the formal features of a text (language variation(s), register, dialect)</i> (200 words max)	<p>This free verse poem, self-translated from diidxazá (an indigenous language spoken in Oaxaca, Mexico), appears in the collection De la tierra floreciente: poesía de Abya Yala [From the flourishing earth: poetry of Abya Yala] edited by Raúl Tamargo.</p> <p>It is three verses long, with each verse repeating the juxtaposition of Ella [She] and Él [He]. The poem contrasts this gender binary with opposing allusions to landscape (line 3, 5), different species (line 10) and infrastructure (line 13) which introduce themes of transformation between the human and the rest of the natural world.</p> <p>The language is simple and direct – the short sentences (averaging at 4.6 words each) follow the conventional subject-verb-object order.</p> <p>The importance of Pineda's poetry is not just in its literary value, but in the fact that it gives a voice to Mexican indigenous women, marginalised by their gender, indigeneity, and poverty (Pescayre 2012, 279).</p>		

<p>Strategy</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • <i>identification of translation problems</i> • <i>knowledge of genre within target context and situation of target text</i> • <i>justification of translation production of genre for target context</i> <p>(200 words max)</p>	<p>The target audience is readers of Against the Grain Poetry Press, a British publisher of ‘challenging, well-crafted poetry [...] from strong, fresh, diverse voices’ (Against the Grain Poetry Press, “About”).</p> <p>I aim to emphasise the translatedness of the poetry to challenge readers. To this end, I will retain the syntax that would be unconventional in English (line 6) as well as composing the translation of letters taken from newspaper cuttings to emphasise the deconstructive and reconstructive aspects fundamental to all translations. This will also give the impression that it is recycled – drawing attention not only to the poem’s translatedness, but also to its environmental themes. These letters will be arranged in a circle so as to reuse the same ‘s’ for she (and other words containing ‘s’), likewise for the ‘h’ of he, thereby conveying the repetition of Ella [She] and Él [He].</p> <p>A problem in Ella is the translation of ‘becerro’ [male calf] (line 10) which relates the gender and youth of the animal in a single word. I will render this ‘calf’, which succinctly expresses the idea of youth and leaves gender ambiguous, over other options such as ‘bullock’ since this implies a castrated bull (Cambridge Dictionary, “bullock”) in contrast to the Spanish (Real Academia Española, “becerro”).</p>
<p>Critical Reflection</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • <i>textual analysis</i> <p>(200 words max)</p>	<p>One unforeseen, yet positive, result of this strategy was that circular composition invoked the shape of the Earth. This enabled the natural imagery within the poem to be communicated visually, not just linguistically.</p> <p>Similarly, this circular composition blurred the gender binary established in the ST, and while this was not a conscious part of the strategy, it does fit the aim to challenge the audience. Rendering ‘becerro’ as ‘calf’ complimented this dismantling of the binary due to its gender ambiguity. However, the ethics of a translator altering a key feature of a ST, particular when the author is from an underrepresented background, is dubious. It therefore may have been worth finding another way in which to arrange the newspaper cuttings that would retain this oppositional binary.</p>

	<p>Furthermore, this type of composition makes the poem more difficult to read since it is not displayed in a conventional way. This issue could be resolved by editing the composition so that each line is spaced further apart, which would increase readability while retaining the circular shape that aligns with the target audience and invites additional interpretations (as stated above).</p>
<p>Works Cited</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • <i>use of sources and reference material</i> 	<p>Against the Grain Poetry Press. "About." Accessed April 5, 2021. https://againstthegrainpoetrypress.wordpress.com/.</p> <p>Tamargo, Raúl. 2020. De la tierra floreciente: poesía de Abya Yala. Buenos Aires: Acapela Ediciones.</p> <p>Cambridge Dictionary. "bullock." Accessed April 14, 2021. https://dictionary.cambridge.org/dictionary/english/bullock.</p> <p>Real Academia Española. "becerro." Accessed April 14, 2021. https://dle.rae.es/becerro.</p> <p>Pescayre, Charlotte. "Irma PINEDA SANTIAGO.- Doo yoo ne ga' bia' De la casa del ombligo a las nueve cuartas." Caravelle, vol. 98 (2012): 278–281. https://doi.org/10.4000/caravelle.1301.</p>
Notes	<p>The raw text for this translation can be found in Appendix One.</p>

Source Text

Ella

Ella
guardaba entre las piernas
un mar
Él
se volvió desierto

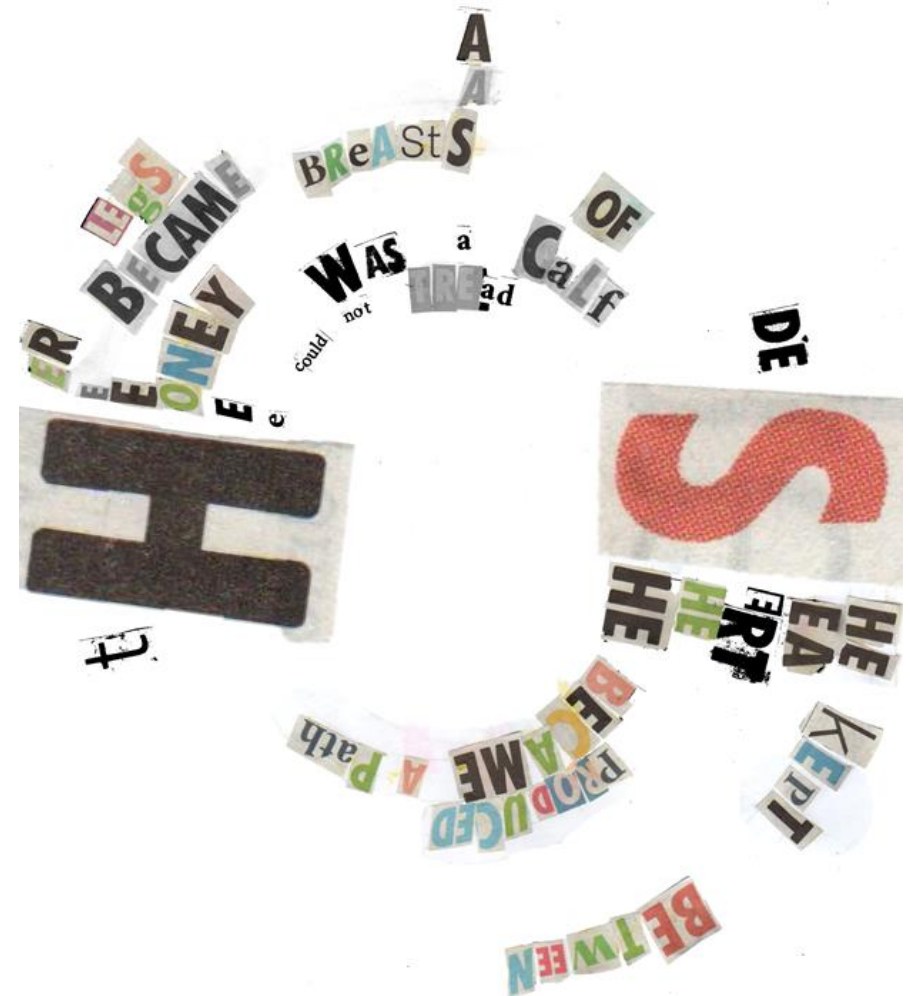
Los senos de Ella
manaban miel
Él
fue un becerro

Ella
se volvió camino
Él
no supo andar

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Target Text

She



Student Number	20309867	Text Number	5
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Source Text		Target Text	
Title	かかしの神	Title	<i>The Scarecrow Spirit</i>
Year Published	2015		
Author	Keijiro Suga		
Language	Japanese	Language	English
Character Count	2460	Word Count	1074
Description of Source Text <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • <i>understanding of source text</i> • <i>knowledge of genre within source contexts</i> • <i>situation of source text familiarity with the formal features of a text (language variation(s), register, dialect)</i> 	<p>This poem was written two years after the 2011 Tōhoku earthquake and tsunami, when the author was struck by the sight of a Coca-Cola vending machine in a vast, empty field during a walk through Minamisōma, Fukushima (Suga 2018, 185). Thematically, it tackles loss, memory, and the search for meaning, which are embodied by the titular Scarecrow Spirit. The themes are explored across an episodic structure, where different animals and landscapes are encountered.</p> <p>It has a loose metric, typical of the free verse style in Japanese contemporary poetry (Mehl 2015, 104). This is emphasised by the fairly informal register, for example the use of Fukushima dialect like さすけねえ [No worries] (line 88), which mimics naturalistic speech.</p> <p>Various literary devices are employed, such as the recurring use of onomatopoeia (including lines 1, 83, 92, 102, 121, 130) and syntactical repetition of 存在と [existence and] (lines 6, 62). In addition, line 186 plays on the pictographic similarities in the kanji 町, 野 and 田.</p> <p>Finally, the poem borrows English words ('Boar や deer や bear' [line 193], suggesting the loss of Japanese wildlife, and alludes to foreign landscapes like Montauk in New York (line 101).</p>		

(200 words max)	
<p>Strategy</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • <i>identification of translation problems</i> • <i>knowledge of genre within target context and situation of target text</i> • <i>justification of translation production of genre for target context</i> <p>(200 words max)</p>	<p>My target audience is British children aged 6-8 who will be able to learn about this particular disaster and, as an extension, the broader climate crisis. Consequently, I will translate this poem as a picture book.</p> <p>In terms of form, I will:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Create my own watercolour illustrations • Use font size 24 and limit characters to 30 per line to facilitate readability (Jury 2004, 74) • Assure that the text's Flesch-Kincaid Grade Level (which presents a readability score as a U.S. grade level [Kelly 2020]) is 1 (equivalent to ages 6-7) • Maintain the free verse <p>Regarding the content, I will:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Retain Japanese cultural references (like 水田 ['paddy fields' line 25]), with the illustrations as clarification • Remove references to Coca-Cola to avoid unethically advertising to children • Ignore local dialect • Concatenate the words 町 [town] and 野 [field] (line 186) with an explanation, as an equivalent for the kanji wordplay • Supplement the English (line 193) by including Japanese characters in the illustrations <p>Linguistically, I will:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Expand upon the already-present onomatopoeia • Include more alliteration

	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Shift from 1st person (line 71) to 2nd person to create the effect that the reader is within the narrative, so that they engage with it more deeply
Critical Reflection <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <i>textual analysis</i> (200 words max)	<p>The translation may not conform to the font size specified in the strategy because it was difficult to gauge the size of the canvas in , Paint 3D, the software which with I added the text to the scanned illustrations. Therefore, the actual size of the font was unclear. To ensure the font was large enough for my target audience, I used size 48 – well over the minimum specified in the strategy.</p> <p>Furthermore, the pages are inconsistent regarding the amount of text and busyness of the images on each page. This is not necessarily a problem, though it emphasises the pages that probably include too much text (particularly pages 1 [line 1], 8 [line 87], 10 [line 109]). If I were to redo the translation, I would illustrate more pages to increase readability.</p> <p>That said, I believe that the translation was successful in introducing young readers to the climate emergency and that the illustrations were engaging. The poem worked well as a picture book, since I was able to remove elements unsuitable for children (like Coca-Cola branding) while retaining the wider meaning. Its episodic structure also accommodated splitting the poem into different illustrations in the picture book.</p>
Works Cited <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <i>use of sources and reference material</i> 	<p>Jury, David. 2004. About Face: Reviving the Rules of Typography. Switzerland: Rotovision.</p> <p>Kelly, Laura. “The Flesch Reading Ease and Flesch-Kincaid Grade Level.” Last modified November 10, 2020. https://readable.com/blog/the-flesch-reading-ease-and-flesch-kincaid-grade-level/#:~:text=The%20Flesch%2DKincaid%20Grade%20Level%20is%20equivalent%20to%20the%20US,schooling%20age%2013%20to%2014.</p>

	<p>Mehl, Scott. 2015. "The Beginnings of Japanese Free-Verse Poetry and the Dynamics of Cultural Change." <i>Japan Review</i> (28): 103-32. Accessed May 16, 2021. http://www.jstor.org/stable/43684118.</p> <p>Suga, Keijiro. 2018. "Invisible Waves: On Some Japanese Artists After March 11, 2011." In <i>Ecocriticism in Japan</i>, edited by Hisaaki Wake, Keijiro Suga and Yuki Masami, 173–187. London: Lexington Books.</p>
Notes	The raw text for this translation can be found in Appendix Two.

Source Text

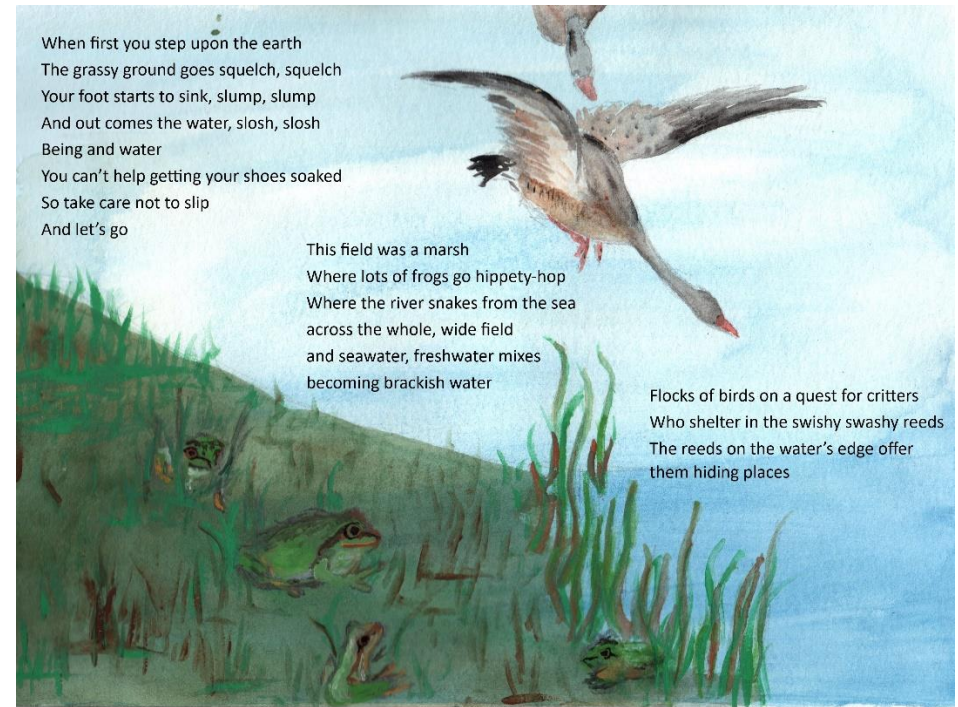
かかしの神

始まりはふかふかしていた
草が絡み合った地面を踏むと
踏んだ足がそのまま沈み
おなじだけの体積の水が浸み出してくる
存在と水
靴がぬれるのは仕方がないから
足をとられるのに気をつけながら
歩いて行こう
小さな蛙たちがおびただしく逃げてゆく
この野は元は潟
蛇行する川が平野を流れ海に出るそのあたりに
一面にひろがっていたのだ
海水と淡水が入り交じって汽水域となる
小動物を求めて渡り鳥が集い
水際には葦が隠れ家を提供する

Target Text

The Scarecrow Spirit

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When first you step upon the earth
The grassy ground goes squelch, squelch
Your foot starts to sink, slump, slump
And out comes the water, slosh, slosh
Being and water
You can't help getting your shoes soaked
So take care not to slip
And let's go

This field was a marsh
Where lots of frogs go hippety-hop
Where the river snakes from the sea
across the whole, wide field
and seawater, freshwater mixes
becoming brackish water

Flocks of birds on a quest for critters
Who shelter in the swishy swashy reeds
The reeds on the water's edge offer
them hiding places

いつか、二百年ほど前のことだろうか

人々は大変な努力をもって

川をまっすぐな水路に変え

寒冷地の湿原を水田に変えた

それからしばらく米の時代が続いた

ところがあるとき、数年前

大きな波が土地を洗ったとき

この一帯はしばらく海に戻り

水が引いたあと土地の本来の姿に戻ったのだ。

いまここは濡れた野

冬には白鳥たちが飛来する

南に少し下ったところにある川には

秋には鮭がたくさん遡上する

でももう誰も獲らない

鮭は鮭のためだけに生きる

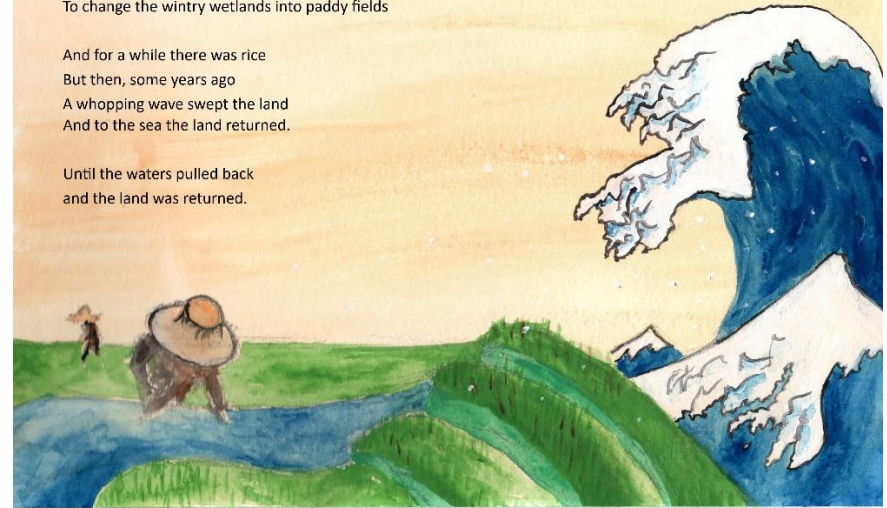
いまは北の土地の夏で

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One day, perhaps two hundred years ago
People worked hard
To change the running rivers into canals
To change the wintry wetlands into paddy fields

And for a while there was rice
But then, some years ago
A whopping wave swept the land
And to the sea the land returned.

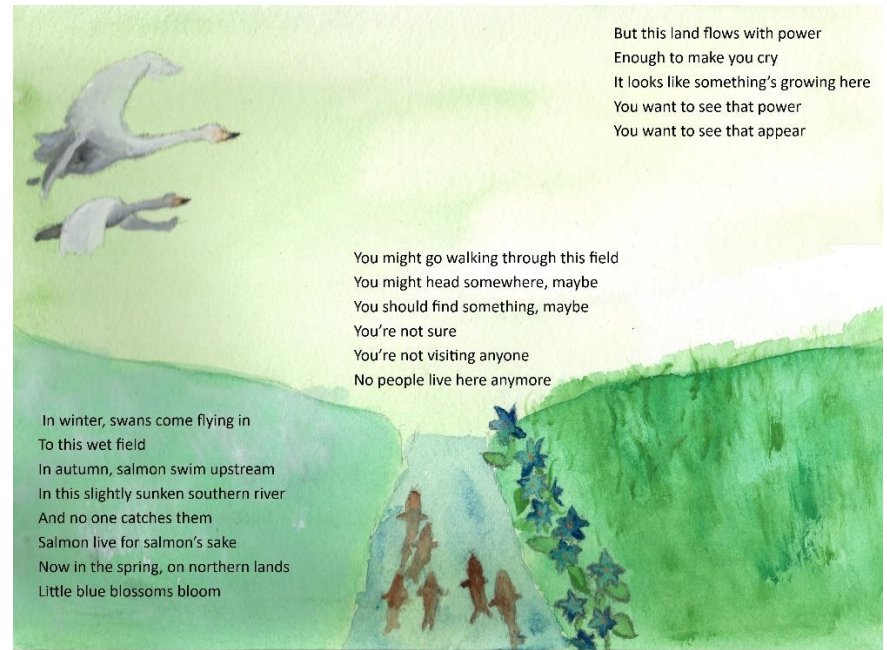
Until the waters pulled back
and the land was returned.



But this land flows with power
Enough to make you cry
It looks like something's growing here
You want to see that power
You want to see that appear

You might go walking through this field
You might head somewhere, maybe
You should find something, maybe
You're not sure
You're not visiting anyone
No people live here anymore

In winter, swans come flying in
To this wet field
In autumn, salmon swim upstream
In this slightly sunken southern river
And no one catches them
Salmon live for salmon's sake
Now in the spring, on northern lands
Little blue blossoms bloom



ミズアオイの小さな花が咲いている

帰ってきた花たちだ

この原をこれから歩いてゆくのだが

どこをめざすのかも

何を探すべきかも

わからない

人を訪ねるのではない、人は住むことをやめたので

ただむせるほどの力がこの土地にみなぎって

何かを育てているらしい

その力を見たい

その現れを見たい。

巡歴は始まったばかりだ

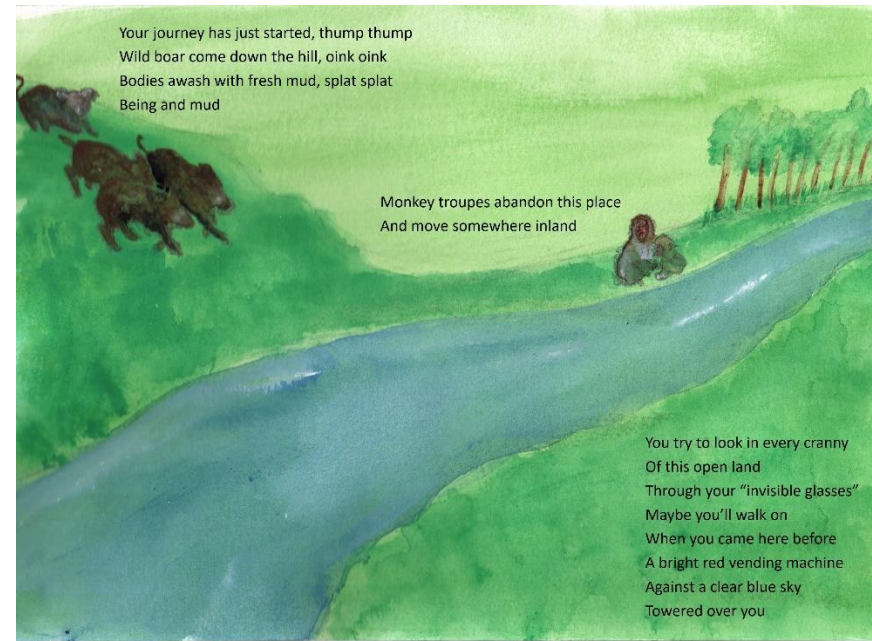
山から猪が降りてきて

新鮮な泥で体を洗っている

存在と泥

猿たちの群れはこのあたりに見切りをつけ

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どこか内陸部へと移住していったようだ

ずいぶん広い土地を

隈なく見ようとして

「見えない眼鏡」をかけたまま

ぼくは歩くのだろうか

以前ここに来たときには

コカコーラの自販機が

鮮やかな赤色で

澄んだ青空に聳えたっていた

傾いたまま巨大な自販機が

巨大なコカコーラを売りつづけていた

電源もないのに

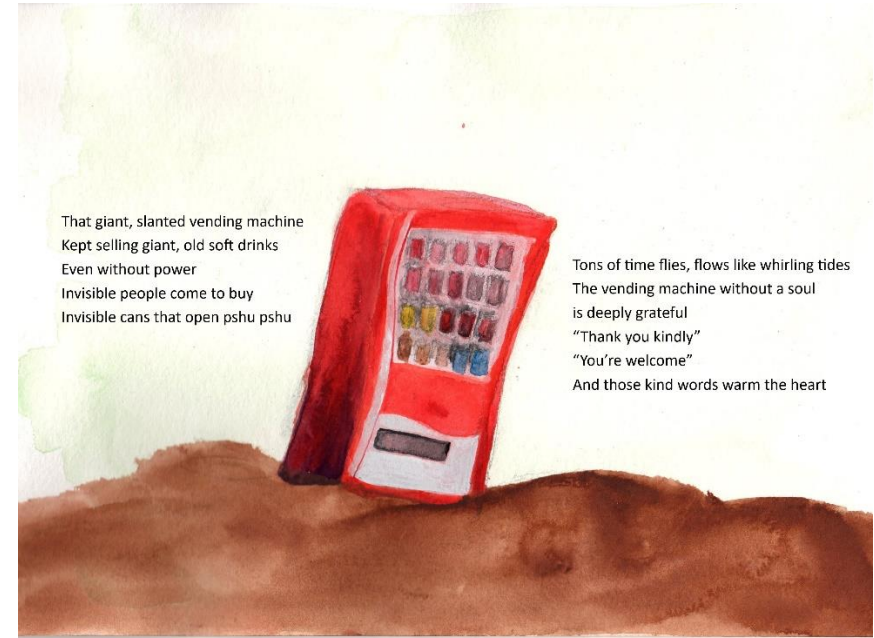
清涼飲料を買いにくるのは姿のない人々

透明な缶をプシュッと開けるたび

ものすごい量の時間が渦潮のように流れ出す

自販機は心もないのに一所懸命お礼をいう

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ありがとうございました

「さすけねえ」

そのやさしい言葉が胸に響いた

コーラを飲み干して

しばらくぐるぐると歩くうちに

方向も時間も見失ってしまった

この野は心を混乱させる

考えの糸口も見つからない

何を失ったのかさえ忘れてしまった者には

失ったという感覚も残らない

冬のモントークの雪が降る砂浜のように

記憶がどんどん書き換えられて

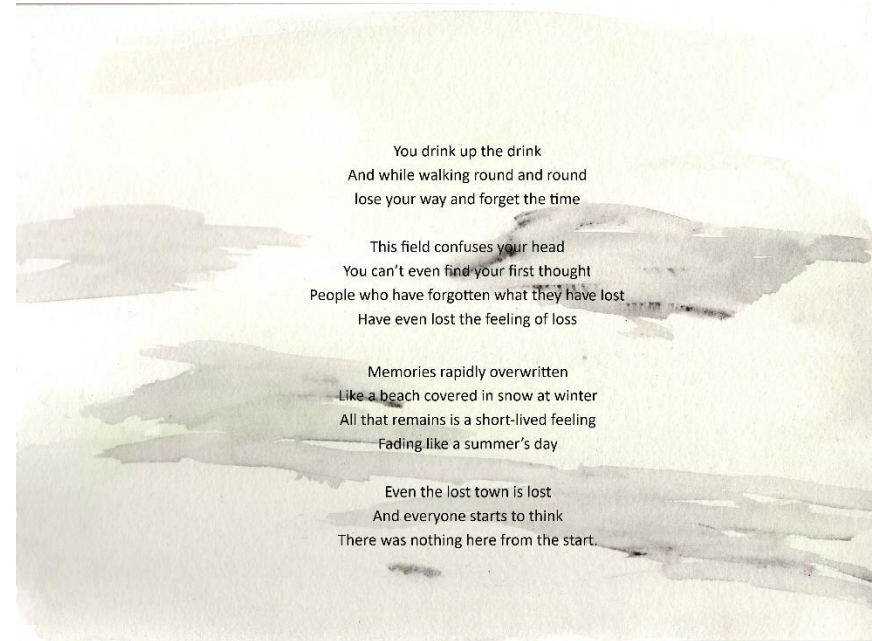
青空のようににはかない気持ちだけが残る

失われた町すら失われて

ここには初めから何もなかったのだと

みんなが考えるようになる。

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You drink up the drink
And while walking round and round
lose your way and forget the time

This field confuses your head
You can't even find your first thought
People who have forgotten what they have lost
Have even lost the feeling of loss

Memories rapidly overwritten
Like a beach covered in snow at winter
All that remains is a short-lived feeling
Fading like a summer's day

Even the lost town is lost
And everyone starts to think
There was nothing here from the start.

だがそれをいうなら

何もなかった初めなどなく

いつもこの場所はみたされていたのだ

分割不可能な生命の

大きな心に

数え上げることのできない

あらゆる種が作る社会に。

歩くことがそれ自体としてわからなくなったので

ぼくはいろいろな動きを試してみる

爪先立ちでくるくると旋回したり

抜き足、差し足、猫の歩みをまねたり

少しでも乾いたところを探して寝そべったり

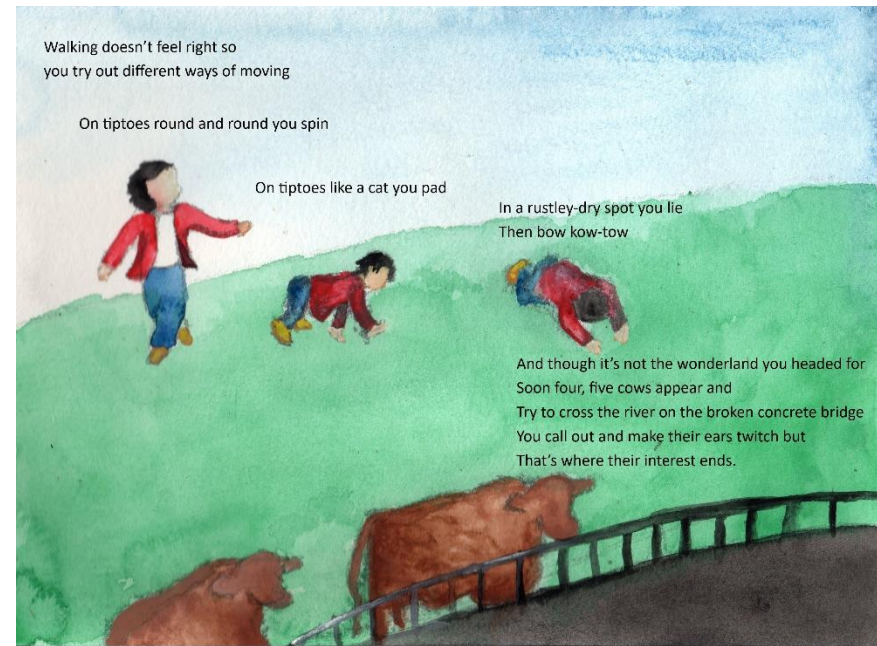
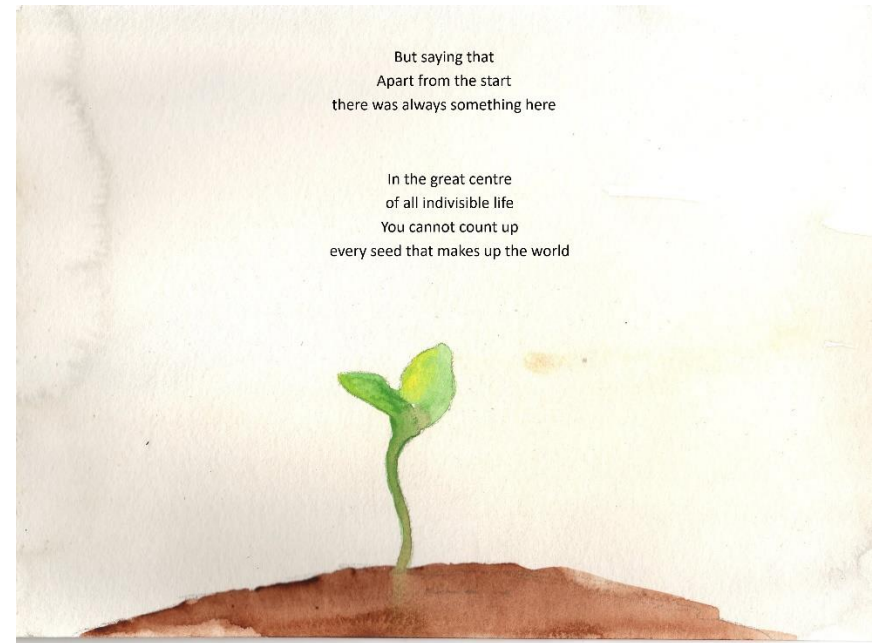
五体投地を試みたりもする、目的の聖地もないのに

するとその先に四、五頭の牛が出現して

壊れたコンクリートの橋桁を使って川を渡ろうとしている

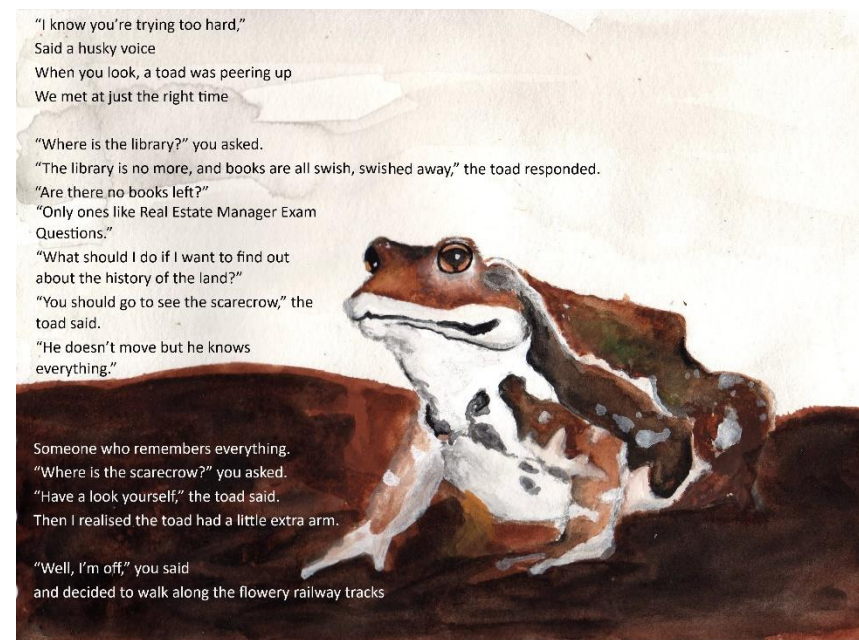
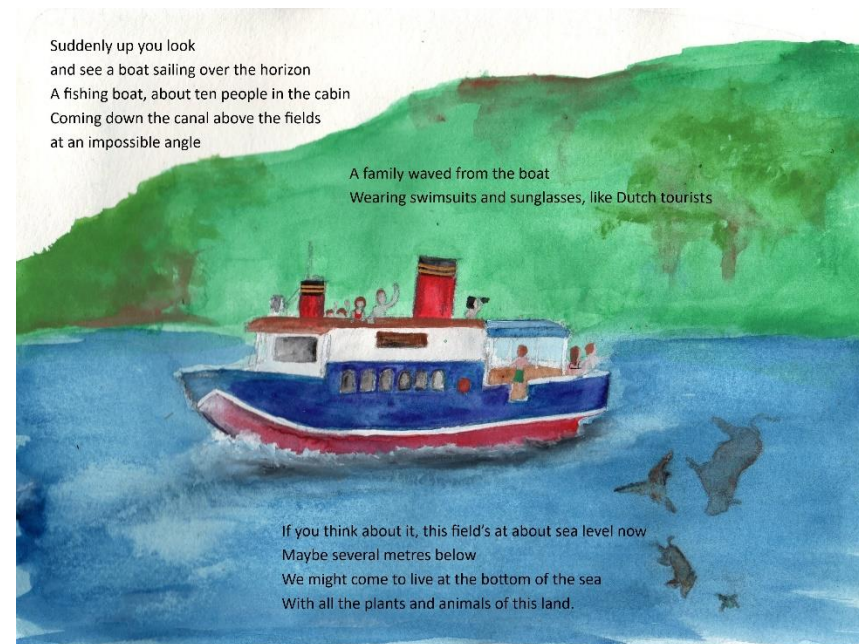
声をかけると耳をぴくぴくさせるが

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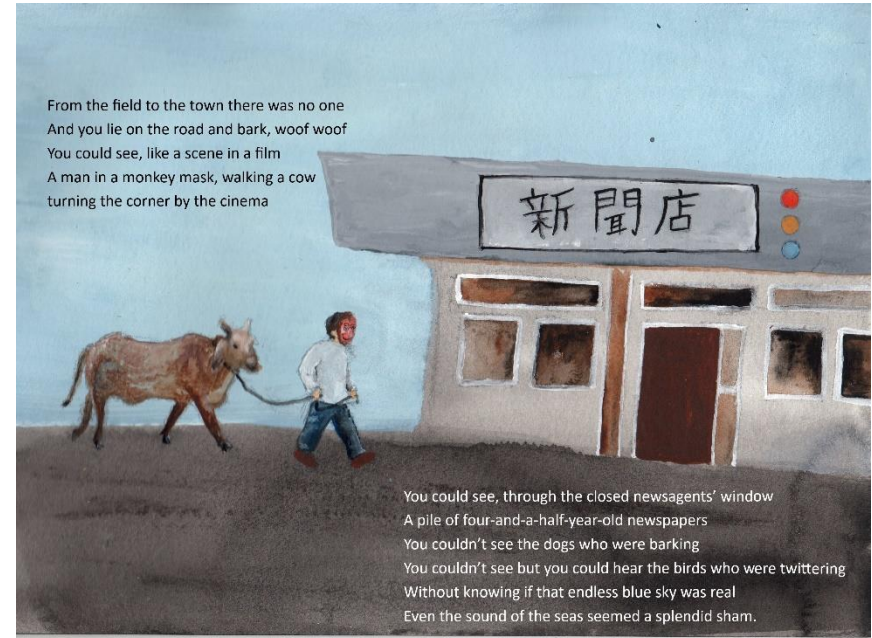
それ以上にこちらに興味をもつことはない。
ふと見上げると水平よりはかなり上のほうを
一艘の船が進んでいくのが見える
十人くらい乗れそうな船室のついた釣り船だ
周囲の野よりもかなり高い水路を行くので
ありえない角度になる
水着姿でサングラスをかけたオランダ人らしい
一家が船から手を振った
考えてみればいまいるこの野の標高は
たぶん海面よりも数メートル低い
われわれは海の底で生きてきたのだろうか
この土地をみたまの植物や動物とともに。
無理をしていたことはわかっているんだ
としゃがれ声が聞こえた
見ると一匹のひきがえるが見上げている
ちょうどいいところで出会った

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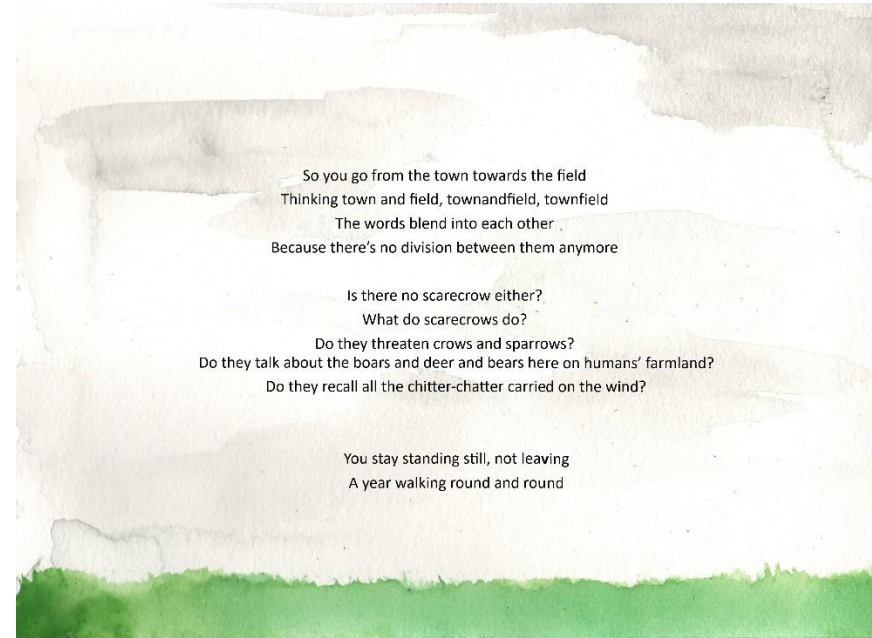
図書館があったのはどこでしょうか、とぼくは訊ねた
図書館はもうないよ本はすべて流された、とひきがえるは答えた
何も残っていないのですか
残っているのは不動産管理士試験問題集とかそういうのだね
土地の昔のことを知りたいときにはどうすればいいでしょう
かかしに会いに行くんだね、とひきがえるがいった
あの人は動かないけどすべてを知ってるよ
すべてを覚えている人だ
かかしはどこにいるの、とぼくは訊ねた
それくらい自分で探しなよ、とひきがえるがいった
ひきがえるが五本足（小さな腕が余分）なのにいま気づいた
では行ってみますとぼくは行って
すでに草花が埋めつくしている線路を歩いて行くことにした。
野から町に入るが誰もいない
アスファルトの道路に寝転がりわんわん吠えてみる
一頭の牛を引き猿の面をかぶった男が

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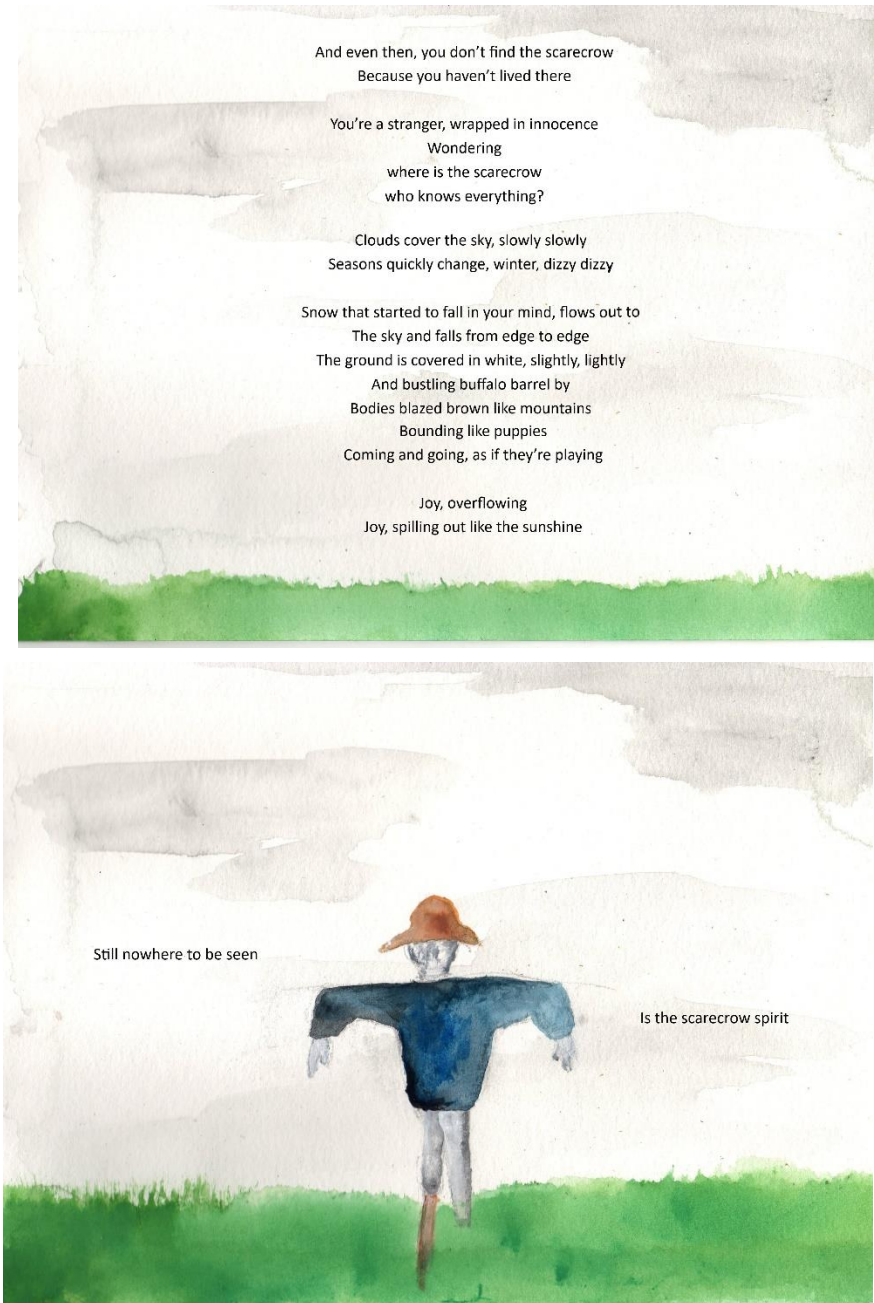
映像のように映画館の角を曲がるのが見えた
閉まった新聞店のガラス越しに
四年半前の新聞が大量にあるのが見える
犬たちの鳴き声がするが姿は見えず
鳥たちのさえずりも聞こえるが姿は見えず
青空がひろがるがその空が本物かどうかもわからず
潮騒が聞こえることすら壮大なトリックみたいに思えてきた。
また町を離れて野にむかう
「町」と「野」の文字に隠れている「田」を思う
もうここに区画はないのだから
かかしもないのではありませんか
ぼくはかかしの役割を考えた
カラスやスズメを無言でおどかすのか
Boar や deer や bear にここは人間の耕作地だと語るのか
すべてを風の噂に聞きすべてを覚えているのか
自分自身はどこにも行かず、ただ立ちつくして

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一年のめぐりを知り、そのサイクルを重ねて。
だがどんなに歩いてもかかしは見つからない
自分が住んだわけではないこの土地から
ぼくは無知というラッピングによって隔てられている
何でも知っているかかしはどこにいるのだろう
だんだん空が曇ってきた
季節はめまぐるしく回っていまはもう冬
心の中に降り始めた雪が流れ出し
空の端から端まで雪が降りしきっている
地面がうっすらと白く覆われて
そこを元気なバッファローたちの群れが走ってゆく
焦茶色の山のような体を
子犬のように弾ませながら
まるで遊ぶように行ったり来たりする
あふれるようなよろこびだ
太陽がこぼれてきたようなよろこびだ

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Student Number	20309867	Text Number	6
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Source Text		Target Text	
Title	首里の馬	Title	A Horse from Shuri
Year Published	2020		
Author	Haneko Takayama		
Language	Japanese	Language	English
Character Count	3027	Word Count	1426
Description of Source Text <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • <i>understanding of source text</i> • <i>knowledge of genre within source contexts</i> • <i>situation of source text familiarity with the formal features of a text (language variation(s), register, dialect)</i> (200 words max)	<p>This novel – winner of the 163rd Akutagawa Prize (The Society for the Promotion of Japanese Literature 2020) – tells the story of Minako, a woman living alone in Okinawa, and a horse that appears at her house after a typhoon. It deals with the theme of memory, particularly in relation to Okinawa’s history (Minako volunteers at a local museum). This extract details her first real interaction with the horse.</p> <p>It features a mixture of past and present tense that is typical of Japanese, such as ‘未名子はスマートフォンで馬の餌について調べた。[...] 牧草がいくつかヒットする [Minako looked up what Horses eat on her smartphone. [...] she gets several hits for hay]’.</p> <p>It repeats the vague term ‘塊’ [mass] (lines 8, 73, 86, 87) to describe the Horse before Minako realises exactly what creature it is. The terms ‘生き物’ [creature] (lines 3, 19, 26, 78, 84, 87, 91, 106) and ‘動物’ [animal] (lines 24, 33, 91, 136) are also used, though the latter tends to refer to animals in general (as in lines 24, 91, 136).</p>		

<p>Strategy</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • <i>identification of translation problems</i> • <i>knowledge of genre within target context and situation of target text</i> • <i>justification of translation production of genre for target context</i> <p>(200 words max)</p>	<p>My target audience is fans of Open Letter, a literary translation press that seeks ‘a healthy and vibrant book culture’ with ‘international writing that is engaging, stimulating, and enduring’ (Open Letter, “About”).</p> <p>To achieve this, I will use foreignisation to produce a ‘vibrant’ translation with a reinvented fluency ‘so as to create new kinds of readability that provide more sophisticated pleasures’ (Venuti 2008, 273). I also intend to engage the reader to question interactions between human and non-human animals.</p> <p>Specifically, I will:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Mix US and British English to resist domestication (ibid, 4) • Capitalise specific beings (Horse, Human) but not general terms (animal) to suggest that the (specific) different animal species are a part of same (general) animal kingdom • Employ neologisms (ibid, 260) • Combine different registers (ibid, 18) • Facilitate fluency by rendering the text predominantly in the past tense (rather than the tense mixing), which also reflects the theme of memory • Consistently translate ‘塊’ as ‘mass’, ‘生き物’ as creature, and ‘動物’ as animal to replicate Minako’s particular relationship to this horse
<p>Critical Reflection</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • <i>textual analysis</i> <p>(200 words max)</p>	<p>I believe that my strategy successful created a text that will engage readers with its unorthodox features. The capitalisation, for example, is sure to draw readers attention, but it will likely be hard for them to understand the rationalisation without explanation and they may assume that Horse is capitalised to suggest it is a name. Though not intended in this way, it would achieve my goal differently by suggesting that Minako and Horse are equally important as characters.</p>

	<p>In addition, the neologism ‘wholebodily’ (line 5) and unidiomatic ‘sweating up to her chin’ (line 50) may cause some confusion for readers, but ultimately, I think their meanings are easy to deduce from the context. What is questionable is whether literature containing such unidiomatic language can be ‘enduring’.</p> <p>The mixture of Americanisms – ‘gotten’ (line 13) – and Britishisms – ‘trolley’ (line 41) – were perhaps too subtle for some in the target audience, and I could have emphasised this by also mixing British and US spellings.</p> <p>Combining informal language, ‘wasn’t into’ (line 35), with formal, ‘metamorphosised’ (line 61), will likely highlight the text’s translatedness for target readers, and allowed the TT to articulate a sense of the fantastical in everyday descriptions, the horse’s Kafkaesque introduction into Miyako’s life.</p>
<p>Works Cited</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • <i>use of sources and reference material</i> 	<p>The Society for the Promotion of Japanese Literature. “芥川賞受賞者一覧（2021 年 1 月現在） [Summary of Akutagawa Prize winners (as of 1st January 2021)].” Accessed May 20, 2020. https://www.bunshun.co.jp/shinkoukai/award/akutagawa/list.html.</p> <p>Open Letter. “About.” Accessed May 20, 2021. https://www.openletterbooks.org/pages/about.</p> <p>Venuti, Lawrence. 2008. The Translator’s Invisibility: A History of Translation. Abingdon: Routledge.</p>

Source Text

首里の馬

未名子の真面目で誠実なふたりの友人であるヴァンダとギバノの想いが通じてしまったのだろう。仕事を終えた未名子が家に戻ってきたとき、大きな生き物は暗くなった庭の、朝とまったく変わらない位置に、同じかっこうでうずくまっていた。未名子が朝見たのは夢でも幻でも、もちろん見まちがいでもありませんと全身で訴えかけてでもいるように、塊はたしかに存在していた。

出るときに残しておいた洗面器を覗きこむと、中の水は半分ほどに減っている。容器が傾いたりしているわけではないので、わざとこぼしていなければきちんと飲んでいるんだろう。見たところ、すくなくとも死んではいない。朝と変わらない様子だということは、ひどく弱っているということではないんだろう。ただ、朝見たときより元気になっているというふうでもない。

ギバノもいっていたけれど、そもそもこの生き物が元気なのであれば、知らない人間である未名子が近寄れば逃げるか、す

Target Text

A Horse from Shuri

1 Minako's sincere, honest two friends, Vanda and Gibano, had a theory
2 and it looked like it had come good. With her work done, when Minako
3 came back home, the large creature was in the now-dark garden, in a
4 place completely unchanged from the morning, crouching in that same
5 position. As if what Minako had seen that morning urged wholebodily
6 that it was neither a dream nor apparition, and certainly not a mistake of
7 the eye, the mass definitely existed.

8 When she peered into the wash bowl she'd left before going out,
9 the water inside had gone down by about half. It wasn't that the container
10 was on a slant or anything, so if he was intentionally not spilling it, he
11 must have been drinking it carefully. By the looks of it, he wasn't dying at
12 least. That the situation hadn't changed since morning probably didn't
13 mean he had gotten seriously weak. Yet, he didn't seem to be any perkier
14 than when she saw him that morning.

15 But Gibano had also mentioned that if this creature was in fact
16 healthy, and Minako, a Human he didn't know, approached him, he'd
17 probably run away, or at least be wary. With him not even being trapped
18 and having as much as a day, he would probably have tried to head home.
19 There shouldn't have been any need for him to stay here all the while.
20 Even Minako – not at all well-informed about animals – could understand

くなくとも警戒するだろう。閉じこめられているでもない状態で一日も時間があれば、家に向かって帰ろうとする。ずっとここにいつづけるなんてことはないはずだ。動物についていっさい詳しくない未名子でも、このことは理解できた。紐で繋がれていない生き物は、よっぽどのがない限りその場所から動いてみるものだ。それをしない、ということは、なんらかの不都合な理由があってしかるべきなんじゃないのか。ヴァンダのいうように、この場所や、未名子のことが気に入っているようにも見えなかった。

未名子は、逃げる気配のない動物を眺めながらしばらくの間考え、庭から家の裏手を通して物置に向かった。うす暗い中、鍵束の中にある一体を手さぐりで見つけて挿そうとするものの、しばらく使われていなかった簡単な造りの鍵穴は錆びかけているためか、なかなか挿さらなくなっている。物置自体も、自分が本来にかを収納し、人が開けたり閉めたりするためのものだということをおぼえているようにびくともせず、未名子が苦労しながら

that. Animals that aren't tied down, as long as nothing's wrong with them, will try to move from wherever they are. If they don't, then, shouldn't there be some inconvenient reason why? As Vanda said, he didn't seem to be taking a liking to this place, or to Minako.

She thought for a moment while gazing at the animal, who showed no signs of wanting to run away, and headed from the garden towards the shed at the back of the house. In the gloom, she felt around for one key in the set and was about to put it in but the simply-made keyhole, that hadn't been used in a while, had rusted over, so it didn't go in easily. And the shed itself, unyieldingly forgetting its nature as storage, something for Humans to open and close, seemed in a single moment, as Minako struggled, shaking it repeatedly, to suddenly remember, and opened with a gust of air.

There weren't many things stored inside the shed, like it was deserted. Minako's dad wasn't into gardening or DIY. Though the waves at the seaside weren't so strong here, there was no tent, parasol, or fishing tackle. Had Minako's dad always been like that or did he come to live that way because Minako held absolutely no interest in those sorts of things? For Minako now, it didn't matter either way.

How long it had been there, Minako didn't remember, but on top of a trolley too big for a single house perched some blue tarp that was probably used in the last big typhoon. This big trolley's presence at her

何度かゆすっているうち、ある一瞬でふと思い出したみたいに、一気に開いた。

物置の中には、あまりいろいろなものが入ってなくて、がらんとしている。未名子の父はガーデニングも日曜大工もやらなかった。海水浴場もさほど速くないのに、テントも、パラソルも、釣り道具もない。未名子の父がもともとそういう人だったのか、未名子がそういうものに一切興味を持たなかったのかで父親もそうやって暮らしてきたのか。今の未名子にとってはもうどちらでもいいことだった。

いつからあったのか、未名子は覚えていないけれど、一軒の家にあるにしては大きすぎる台車の上に、おそらく過去の大きな台風で使ったと思われるブルーシートが載っかっている。こんな大きな台車が自分の家にあったことがひどく不釣り合いな気がして、未名子は困惑する。いったいなにを載せたんだろう。おそらく人なら五、六人は載るぐらいの大きさだった。動かすだけでも重たそうだと思いながら、未名子は台車の上にある砂ぼこりの

43 house gave Minako a deeply uncanny feeling; she was disoriented. What
44 on earth would you put on it? Probably big enough for five, six people to
45 fit on. While thinking it seemed too heavy to even move, Minako swept
46 away the dust that was piled on the tarpaulin with her hand and carried
47 it up into the house.

48 She tidied up the cardboard boxes in her dad's room and laid out
49 the tarpaulin on the floor. After a full thirty minutes went by, Minako was
50 sweating up to her chin. Not just outside but inside the room too, the
51 temperature and humidity levels were rising. Another twin typhoon was
52 approaching. Minako, once again coming out to the garden, approached
53 the hairy mass and blurted out words that, if she had calmed down and
54 really thought about it, he couldn't have been expected to understand.

55 "Come in."

56 A part of the creature she thought might have been his ears
57 moved softly. Minako turned to the side without the head, the side she
58 could infer was the rump, and gently touched it. His matted hair was wet
59 and coarsened by the soil mixed in between the strands. She began
60 cautiously, then steadily applied pressure until suddenly poking him. With
61 that, the creature metamorphosised into an unexpected shape. Minako
62 looked up at the face-like part of the mass that was much higher than her
63 crouching position. Under the rounded mass, the creature's own long legs
64 seem to have been folded up. His neck extended from the top of his body,

積もったブルーシートの表面を手ではたき、抱えあげて家に入る。

父の部屋にあったいくつかの段ボール箱を片づけて、床にブルーシートを敷いた。ここまでだけでもたっぷり三十分はかかり、未名子は顎から乗れてくるほどの汗をかく。外だけでなく部屋の中も、温度、湿度が高くなってきていた。双子台風のもうひとつが近づいている。再び庭に出ると未名子はその毛の生えた塊に近づき、

「家に入って」

と、冷静になって考えれば相手に理解してもらえるはずもない言葉を口走った。生き物の、おそらく耳と思われる部分が静かに動く。頭についていない方向、たぶんこちらが尻のほうだと予想できる側に未名子が回って、そっと触れる。硬い毛は湿っぽくて、すきまに土が混じりざらついていた。最初は恐る恐る、それから徐々に力を入れて、ぐいと押す。と、生き物は、思わぬ形に変形した。未名子はかがんだ自分よりずっと高い位置にある塊

65 and from there appeared a long muzzle. Long hair from the head down
66 the back of the neck... even Minako, uninformed about animals as she
67 was, immediately recognised what kind of creature the now-standing
68 animal was. It was almost the spitting image of what she'd seen in an old
69 photograph at the museum.

70 'The Miyako Horse'

71 She had heard that this native Okinawan Horse, whose stature
72 was much smaller than a thoroughbred's, hadn't evolved to run too fast.
73 Yet, he had spent over a day in this garden, which was so small Minako
74 could touch the surrounding hedge with the fingertips of her outstretched
75 hands, and, although he hadn't been tethered, he didn't seem so docile
76 that he'd stay still. Even if she couldn't see any obvious wounds, he could
77 still be poorly. But, no matter Minako's experience with Dogs and Cats,
78 she couldn't be expected to intuit the health of this unique living being.

79 With some hesitation, Minako lightly tapped the Horse's back,
80 helped him gently up off the decking, and, with butterflies in her stomach,
81 urged him towards her dad's room. It wasn't just that the Horse wasn't
82 particularly wild. As he lowered his neck through the low-ceilinged
83 entryway, he remained calm, but, more than that, he had a carefree air
84 about him, like it was someone else's problem. And just like that, he
85 settled into the room where Minako's dad had lived.

86

の、顔らしき部分を見上げる。丸まっていた塊の下には、生き物自身の長い脚が折りたたまれていたらしい。胴体の上からは首が伸び、その先には長い鼻面が現れた。頭から首の後ろにかけての長い毛、動物に詳しくない未名子にも、立ち上がった生き物がどういった種類のものなのかすぐにわかったのは、資料館にあった古い写真で見たのとほぼ同じ姿だったからだ。

『官古馬』

サラブレッドに比べてずいぶん小柄なこの沖縄在来のは、あまり速く走るようにはできていないと聞いたことがある。それであっても未名子が周囲に手をのばせば生け垣に指先が触れられるくらいの狭い庭で、まる一日以上、繋がれてもいないのにずっと動かずにいられるほどおとなしいとも思えない。どこか目立つけがをしていなくても、具合が悪い可能性はある。でも、たとえ未名子が犬や猫と長く暮らしていた経験があったとしたって、こんな特殊な生き物の体調なんてわかるはずがなかった。

It took six bath towels to clean up the Horse. Everything in the house was covered in mud and autumn leaves, and Minako's whole body was dripping with sweat too. I'll have to put the washing in the dryer today, she thought, out of breath. The washing couldn't have been put outside to dry for some time. Not with the typhoons coming back.

"Hang in here, just for tonight."

With that said, she filled the basin with freshly pumped water, the Horse brought his mouth towards it and started to drink sloppily. Gulp, gulp.

Minako looked up what Horses eat on her smartphone. After searching products on online shopping sites, she got several hits for hay. She searched a few terms that Gibano had mentioned and selected several things that seemed urgently needed to care for the Horse. Supplements for when there's not enough hay... restraining rope that won't physically hurt the animal... But, surely, no matter what she ordered online, it probably wasn't going to weave its way through the lulls in the successive storms and arrive promptly at her door. Even at the best of times, delivery normally took a while around these parts. For it to be delivered today or tomorrow – that wouldn't have been easy. Minako, worried for a second, wondered if it was best to just cancel the order, but then she remembered Gibano's words: "It'll come in handy the next time you find yourself in that situation." So she left it as was.

未名子は馬の背中を、強くなり過ぎないように躊躇しながら
ぽんぽんと叩いて、縁台をゆっくりあがるのを手助けし、はらは
らした気持ちで父の部屋まで押していった。馬のほうはとくに暴
れることもないばかりか、頭上は低くなっている鴨居部分は首を
下げさえしながら、落ち着いて、というよりむしろ他人ごとみた
いにのんびりとした様子で、未名子の父が暮らしていた部屋に収
まった。

馬の体をぬぐったバスタオルは六枚、家にあったすべてが
泥と枯葉だらけになり、未名子の全身も汗でぐっしょりになっ
た。今日は洗濯のあと乾燥機をかけなくては、と息をみだしなが
ら考える。しばらくは洗濯ものを外に干すことができなかった。
また台風が来るから。

「今夜だけ、ここで我慢して」

そうって洗面器に新しく汲みなおした水を置くと、馬は
口をつけ、カプ、カプと緩慢に飲み始める。

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And she went on reading several other sites, zoo and farm sort of
websites... wandering from blog to blog, and looked around inside the
house, in her fridge, finding some leftover sliced vegetables which she put
in a bowl. She laid it down beside the water-filled basin. At first, the Horse
didn't put his mouth anywhere near it, but he might at some point if she
left it, and even if he wouldn't, he should be able to manage not eating
one way or another. If it's just for tonight.

Thinking that after the rainstorm passes, she'd have to go report
this to the police, Minako got in the bath. By the time she'd got out, the
Horse was already crouched down, with his four legs tucked underneath
him, resting with jaw on chest, just as he had been doing in the garden.
While drying her hair with a little sports towel, Minako let the door open,
and, standing outside her room, gazed at the Horse who was sleeping in
her dad's room.

未名子はスマートフォンで馬の餌について調べた。インター	131
ネット通販で商品検索をすると、牧草がいくつかヒットする。	132
ギバノがいていたいくつかのワードで検索をかけ、馬を世話す	133
るのに緊急で必要そうないくつかのものを選択した。牧草が足り	134
ないときの栄養剤や、動物の体を傷つけることがないといわれる	135
ロープ。ただ、確かにインターネット通販ではどんなものでも見	136
つかるものの、たて続けにやってくる台風の合間を縫い、急いで	137
届けてくれるとは思えなかった。ただでさえ、このあたりは通常	138
時でも商品の配達に時間がかかる。今日や明日に配達されるのは	139
難しいだろう。注文を取り消したほうがいいのかと未名子はすこし	140
の間悩んだけれど、ギバノの、	141
「つぎ、同じことが起これば、なにか、役に立つ」	142
という言葉を出して、そのままにした。	143
そうしてほかのサイトをいくつか、たとえば動物園だとか	144
牧場だとかのブログをいくつか渡り歩いて読み、冷蔵庫や家の中	145
を探り、残っていたカット野菜をボウルに入れ、洗面器の水の横	146
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に並べて置く。馬は口をつけなかったが、置いておけばなにかの	153
ときに口にするかもしれないし、そうでなくても今夜だけなら、	154
食べなくてもなんとかなるだろう。	155
	156
暴風雨が過ぎたら駐在所に届けなくては、と考えながら、	157
	158
未名子が風呂に入って出てくると、すでに馬は四本の足を折って	159
うずくまり、庭にいたときのように自分の顎を胸元に付けて休ん	160
でいる。小さなスポーツタオルで髪を乾かしつつ、未名子はドア	161
	162
をあけ放ち、部屋の外に立って父の部屋で眠る馬を眺めていた。	163

Student Number	20309867	Text Number	7
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Source Text		Target Text	
Title	<i>Déclaration de M. Emmanuel Macron, président de la République, sur les défis et priorités des politiques économiques, sociales et environnementales à l'échelle de la planète, à Paris le 26 janvier 2021.</i>	Title	<i>President of the Republic Emmanuel Macron's statement on the challenges and priorities of economic, social, and environmental policies on a global scale, in Paris 26th January 2021.</i>
Year Published	2021		
Author	Emmanuel Macron and Klaus Schwab		
Language	French	Language	English
Word Count	1488	Word Count	1394
Description of Source Text <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • <i>understanding of source text</i> • <i>knowledge of genre within source contexts</i> • <i>situation of source text familiarity with the formal features of a text (language variation(s), register, dialect)</i> (200 words max)	<p>This text is an extract from the transcript of Emmanuel Macron's statement at the Davos Agenda, where he was interviewed by Klaus Schwab, founder of the World Economic Forum. He begins with the problem of the financialisation of the economy (line 1), then declares his support for Schwab's 'Stakeholder Capitalism' (line 18) before reflecting on the environmental progress made (line 62) and concluding with the three parts of France's future climate action (line 81).</p> <p>The register is formal, befitting the occasion, with both interlocutors using 'vous' form (lines 26, 48). At the same time, being a transcript of spoken language, it features examples of inaudible speech (line 53), repetitive phrase like 'c'est-à-dire' [that is to say] (lines 3, 18, 88) and 'en quelque sorte' [in a way] (lines 7, 15, 26, 28, 43, 66) and interjections such as 'eh bien' [and well] (line 35). Some sentences also seem to meander as a result of being spontaneous speech (lines 48-53) which slightly hinders communication.</p>		

	Macron consolidates European identity with phrases like ‘tous ensemble’ [all together] (lines 75-76) but also sheds light on the wider geo-political context with his references to the USA (line 70) and China (line 77).
Strategy <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • <i>identification of translation problems</i> • <i>knowledge of genre within target context and situation of target text</i> • <i>justification of translation production of genre for target context</i> (200 words max)	<p>The target audience for my translation will be academic Remain-voters in the UK who are interested in politics, particularly in France, but I aim to challenge their potential opinion that France (and the European Union more broadly) are reacting strongly enough to the climate crisis. In doing so, I will produce a translation that is designed to be read, rather than reflect the spoken nature of the source.</p> <p>I will do this by:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Editing some sentences for clarity (rewording, splitting or merging sentences) so that the audience would best understand the content • Omitting some of the repetitive phrases • Omitting references to inaudible speech • Omitting interjections • Adding images that reveal contradictions in what Macron is saying so as to not reproduce his words uncritically, encouraging the audience to question whether France (but also the EU and USA etc.) are doing enough to combat the climate crisis • Italicising words that suggest a preoccupation with appearance rather than action, such as ‘l'idée de dire qu'on doit’ [the idea of saying we must] (lines 18-19) and ‘geste’ [gesture] (line 79) • Not clarifying terms like CAC (line 108) since the audience would likely either know about it already or be willing to search it themselves
Critical Reflection <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • <i>textual analysis</i> (200 words max)	In terms of editing the text, my strategy was effective: The meandering sentences of the ST, such as the aforementioned (lines 53-56), were also clarified, fulfilling the aim of my brief to make the target audience more easily understand the

	<p>content of the speech. I used 'in a way' only four times compared to the ST's 'en quelque sorte' which was used six times. Admittedly, they could have been cut further, since the TT's use of 'in a way' adds little to the meaning of the speech.</p> <p>The additional images were a key part of this translation, and I think that they challenged what was stated very well. The first image of Macron depicts him as ashamed, inviting the audience to critique him by immediately portraying him as someone who is not attaining his stated goals. The specifics of these failures are outlined towards the end, particularly with the 'Africa's Great Green Wall' image. I think the Kamala Harris tweet (which I put on a black background with white text since it made the whole page more impactful) is another success of this strategy, since it outlines it is not just a failure of France, but a global failure.</p>
Works Cited <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • <i>use of sources and reference material</i> 	
Notes	The raw text for this translation can be found in Appendix Three.

Source Text

Déclaration de M. Emmanuel Macron, président de la République, sur les défis et priorités des politiques économiques, sociales et environnementales à l'échelle de la planète, à Paris le 26 janvier 2021.

Quatrième problème, elle [la financiarisation de l'économie] a totalement externalisé le problème climatique pendant des décennies, c'est-à-dire qu'on a créé une logistique mondiale, des échanges mondiaux. On a dit au fond, il y a deux rois dans ce système : le consommateur et l'actionnaire, et le système a très bien produit pour le consommateur et l'actionnaire, mais il a ajusté sur le travailleur et sur le reste de la planète. Et en quelque sorte, on a créé des externalités négatives, comme on dit pudiquement, en termes climatiques.

Ces quatre phénomènes ont alimenté la crise des inégalités sociales, la crise de la démocratie et la crise climatique. Et donc, le modèle capitaliste marié à l'économie de marché ouverte, il ne peut plus fonctionner dans cet environnement. Pourquoi ? Parce qu'il a été le fruit historiquement d'un compromis qui étaient des sociétés démocratiques, l'individu libre, des libertés individuelles, le progrès des classes moyennes qui ont créé la soutenabilité dans chacune de nos sociétés. Et il est en quelque sorte complètement percuté, cet équilibre, ce consensus qu'il y avait, par ces 4 accélérations. Et donc, moi, je crois très profondément dans votre Stakeholder Capitalism, entre autres, c'est-à-dire dans l'idée de

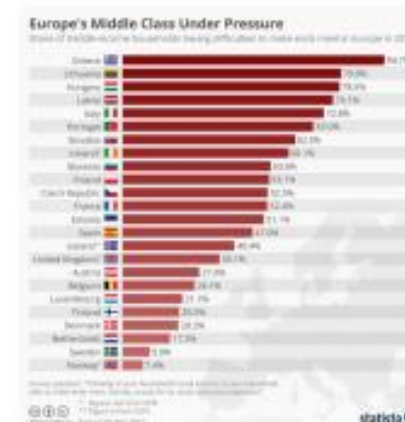
Target Text

President of the Republic Emmanuel Macron's statement on the challenges and priorities of economic, social, and environmental policies on a global scale, in Paris 26th January 2021.

President of the Republic, Emmanuel Macron's statement on the challenges and priorities of economic, social, and environmental policies on a global scale, in Paris 26th January 2021. (Excerpt)



The fourth problem is that the climate problem has been completely externalised for decades, that is to say that we have created a global logistics, global trade. It has been said that there are essentially two kings in this system: the consumer and the shareholder, for whom the system has produced a lot, but it has weighed on the worker and on the rest of the planet. In a way, we have created negative externalities, to put it mildly, in climate terms.



These four phenomena have fed the social inequality crisis, the crisis of democracy and the climate crisis. And so, the capitalist model, with the open market economy, can no longer function in this environment. Why? Because it was, historically, the result of compromise between democratic societies, the free individual, individual freedoms, and the progress of the middle classes which have made each of our societies resilient. And this balance, this consensus, is, in a way, completely destabilised by these four accelerations. And so, I believe very deeply in Stakeholder Capitalism, that is to say in the idea of saying that we must put the response to these problems back at the heart of the model.

dire qu'on doit remettre au cœur du modèle la réponse à ces problématiques.

On a au fond, durant les dernières années, essayé d'y répondre par une réponse des États. L'État seul ne peut pas le faire parce que sinon on a un problème, c'est que l'État est le seul à corriger des externalités négatives. Et donc, il s'endette de plus en plus pour payer tout seul la réponse aux problèmes climatiques, pour payer tout seul la réponse aux inégalités. Et vous avez en quelque sorte un modèle où la dette publique devient trop importante et/ou c'est le contribuable qui vient payer pour toutes ces crises. Le contribuable est en quelque sorte le sédentaire de ce modèle et celui qui ne peut pas non plus en tirer tous les bénéfices. C'est pourquoi ma conviction, c'est que le modèle capitaliste, parce que je crois malgré tout que nous construirons l'avenir de l'humanité en gardant quelques fondamentaux : la propriété privée, la coopération, les libertés individuelles et collectives qui ont fait nos sociétés. Et donc, que tout ça doit simplement conduire à repenser nos organisations pour réintégrer au cœur de l'entreprise, eh bien, la prise en compte des inégalités sociales dans nos pays, des inégalités entre les différents espaces géographiques, des conséquences climatiques que nous vivons, entre autres.

Et au fond, ce qu'on a ces dernières années appelé la responsabilité économique, environnementale, sociale de nos entreprises, l'approche par l'impact de nos entreprises, ce sont des

Wealth Taxes in Europe

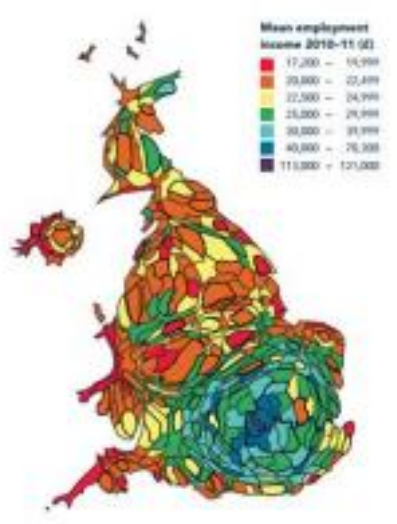
(Net Wealth Tax and Wealth Tax on Inherited Assets, 2018)



Net Wealth Tax
Wealth Tax on Inherited Assets

We have, during the last few years, essentially tried to respond at the state level. The state cannot do it alone because then we have the problem that it is only the state correcting negative externalities. And so, it goes increasingly into debt to pay for the response to climate problems all by itself, to pay for the response to inequalities all by itself. And you have a model where public debt becomes too significant and/or it is the taxpayer who has to pay for all these crises. The taxpayer is in a way stuck in this model, unable to reap all its benefits. That's why my conviction is in the capitalist model because I believe that despite everything, we will build the future of humanity by maintaining some fundamentals: private property, cooperation, the individual and collective freedoms that have made our societies. This should all simply lead to a rethinking of our organisations to put concerns like the recognition of social inequalities in our country, inequalities between the different geographic spaces, climate consequences that we experience, amongst others, back at the heart of business.

Mean employment income 2010-11 (£)



innovations qu'il nous faut maintenant pousser beaucoup plus loin et nous devons réformer nos entreprises en leur sein pour qu'en leur cœur, pour que, en quelque sorte, l'ensemble des parties prenantes, donc stakeholders, les employés, les dirigeants, les actionnaires intègrent dans leurs comportements, mais aussi dans ce qu'on mesure, eh bien, l'impact de leurs actions en termes économiques, sociales, environnementales et démocratiques.

Pr. Klaus SCHWAB : Vous avez mentionné qu'en mesure, je suis très heureux, monsieur le président, de vous dire qu'aujourd'hui même, on a annoncé l'engagement de la société ici virtuellement, de reporter régulièrement selon des critères très exacts sur le progrès qu'ils font dans leur responsabilité sociale, écologique et aussi en ce qui concerne la goutte [inaudible]. J'aimerais bien reprendre l'écologie. Je crois avec aussi l'engagement maintenant du gouvernement de la nouvelle administration américaine pour les objectifs du traité de Paris. Ma question, on a certainement fait beaucoup de progrès, mais je vous demande : est-ce que vous êtes satisfait avec ces progrès ? Ou est-ce que vous souhaitez une sorte de nouveau consensus qui va au-delà de ce qu'on a discuté et décidé auparavant ?

Le Président de la République : Je pense plusieurs choses sur ce sujet. D'abord, on a une question de mise en œuvre, on a discuté et on s'est mis d'accord sur beaucoup de choses : un agenda climatique,

What we have in recent years called the economic, environmental and social responsibility of our businesses, an approach based on their impacts, these are the innovations that we now need to push much further. We must also reform our businesses from the inside out, so that the impact of their actions (in economic, social, environmental and democratic terms) is incorporated into the behaviour of all interested parties – stakeholders, employees, managers, shareholders – as well as into what we measure.

'This is a wake-up call': the villagers who could be Britain's first climate refugees



Pr. Klaus SCHWAB: I'm very happy, Mr President, to tell you that just today, we have announced, virtually, the commitment of this organisation, to regularly report on the progress that businesses make in their social and ecological according to very precise criteria. I would like to return to the subject of ecology. I think that, now with the commitment of the new American administration, we have certainly made a lot of progress with the objectives of the Paris Agreement. But I put my question to you: are you satisfied with this progress? Or would you want a sort of new consensus that goes beyond what we have already discussed and decided?



President of the Republic: I have lots of thoughts about this subject. Firstly, there is the question of implementation, we have discussed and agree on many things: a climate agenda, the Paris Agreement. And today, we cannot all meet together, precisely because of our actions. And so, I think that the top priority is to do everything to keep to our commitments, in a coordinated fashion. I say coordinated because, in a way, the stowaway can destroy the whole system. All this will only work if we move forward together, at the same pace, so as not to create competition. And in this way the last

l'agenda de Paris. Et aujourd'hui, nous ne sommes pas au rendez-vous tous ensemble, exactement de nos actes. Et donc, je pense que la priorité des priorités, c'est de manière coordonnée, de tout faire pour tenir nos engagements. Je dis de manière coordonnée parce qu'en quelque sorte, le passager clandestin peut détruire tout le système. Tout cela ne marche que si on avance ensemble au même rythme pour ne pas créer des biais de compétitivité. Et c'est en cela que les dernières années ont été capitales au moment où les États-Unis d'Amérique avaient décidé de quitter l'accord de Paris, à l'été 2017, il y avait un grand risque. Et moi, je regarde quand même les années qui viennent de s'écouler comme des années de résistance formidable où le château de cartes ne s'est pas effondré parce qu'on a tous ensemble tenu, on a créé cette initiative du One Planet Summit le 12 décembre 2017 avec ces coalitions. Tous ensemble on a tenu, Européens, avec beaucoup de pays émergents, développés, avec la Chine il faut bien le dire aussi qui a coopéré très fortement et avec le secteur privé et les États fédérés américains. Et là on a une administration américaine dont le premier geste est de revenir dans les accords de Paris.

Donc, moi, mon premier objectif, c'est qu'on tienne ces accords de Paris ; rehaussement de nos objectifs 2030, nous l'avons fait en européen en décembre dernier avec la réduction d'émissions comme on l'a dit, - 55%, ce qui est un objectif très important. Deuxième point, neutralité



on a obtenu en décembre dernier, le 12 décembre dernier, que les 40 entreprises du CAC 40 français intègrent cette méthodologie. Ce qui veut dire qu'elles vont devoir reporter à leurs actionnaires, aux marchés, le fait qu'elles sont justement elles-mêmes conformes à ses engagements et qu'elles font des efforts.

Troisième pilier de notre action, c'est qu'on fasse la même chose sur la biodiversité. Moi je crois beaucoup qu'on ne tiendra l'engagement climatique que si on arrive à engager nos entreprises, nos investisseurs, nos pays sur un agenda biodiversité. C'est tout le sens d'ailleurs de ce qu'on a fait avec One Health, qui est de rassembler notre sujet santé humaine, biodiversité, lutte contre le réchauffement climatique et contre la désertification. Mais je crois véritablement qu'on n'est encore qu'au début sur le climat, sur la biodiversité. Et c'est très important parce que c'est des changements de production dans notre agriculture, c'est des changements de notre mode de consommation, de notre mode de vie. Et donc là, nous avons à bâtir cette année les règles communes. Et donc quand vous dites qu'est-ce que l'on doit réussir à négocier de plus ? Eh bien moi, je pense qu'à la COP de Kunming, on doit réussir à négocier l'équivalent de l'accord de Paris pour la biodiversité. Nous avons réuni, il y a quelques jours à Paris et en mode virtuel, un One Planet Summit biodiversité, c'était le premier du genre. On a pris plusieurs initiatives très fortes : la Grande Muraille verte, justement, pour dans 11 pays du Sahel

Africa's Great Green Wall just 4% complete halfway through schedule

Report calls for more support if plan to plant seven hectares of vegetation is to be met



areas, with a meeting that will be held this summer. And so, that is the key point. Voilà, the three planks.

The third plank of our action is that we do the same for biodiversity. I really think that we will only keep to our climate commitment if we manage to engage our businesses, our investors, our countries with a biodiversity agenda. It is, for that matter, the exact route that we have taken with One Health, which is to bring together our subjects – human health, biodiversity, struggle against global warming and against desertification. But I truly believe that we are still only at the start with the climate and biodiversity. And it's very important because it means changes in our food production, in our mode of consumption, in our lifestyles. Now, this year, we have to establish common rules. So when you say what more must we manage to negotiate – I think that at the COP in Kunming, we must manage to negotiate the equivalent of the Paris Agreement for biodiversity. A few days ago, in Paris, we held a virtual One Planet Summit on biodiversity, the first of its kind. We have taken many very strong initiatives: the Great Green Wall, in the 11 countries of the Sahel and of the Horn of Africa, to win the fight against desertification; many initiatives concerning biodiversity. And we have now also launched an initiative of financial disclosure to incorporate biodiversity in these

et de la Corne de l'Afrique, réussir à lutter contre la désertification ;	130
beaucoup d'initiatives en matière de biodiversité. Et on a lancé une	131
initiative, là aussi, de disclosure en matière financière pour intégrer la	132
biodiversité dans ces critères, avec un rendez-vous qui se tiendra cet été.	133
Et donc, ça, c'est le point clé. Voilà les trois piliers.	134

Student Number	20309867	Text Number	8
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Source Text		Target Text	
Title	<i>Inundación</i>	Title	<i>Flood</i>
Year Published	2018		
Author	Francisco Serrano		
Language	Spanish (Spain)	Language	English
Word Count	1161	Word Count	1214
Description of Source Text <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • <i>understanding of source text</i> • <i>knowledge of genre within source contexts</i> • <i>situation of source text</i> • <i>familiarity with the formal features of a text (language variation(s), register, dialect)</i> (200 words max)	<p>This is an extract from a collection of climate fiction (or cli-fi, a genre that is concerned with climate crisis) short stories. Its protagonist travels by sea to find her father in a future Benidorm, where rising sea-levels have completely changed the landscape and human society. It another representation of ‘the drowned world’ (Milner and Burgmann 2018, 6) one of the main tropes in depictions of the climate catastrophe that may originate in the Genesis story of Noah or the story of Ūta-napišti in the Epic of Gilgamesh.</p> <p>The extract, with its detailed descriptions of characters’ lives and work (lines 16-25), falls under the Spanish literary tradition of <i>Costumbrismo</i>, which ‘stresses realistic description of characters, manners, and customs’ (Chandler and Swartz 1991, 326). Accordingly, it features highly specific technical and nature vocabulary, such as ‘cabrestante’ [capstan] (line 17) and ‘encina’ [holm oak] (line 13).</p> <p>The language reflects the mixture of the characters’ cultures (some are Portuguese [line 6], the protagonist is Spanish [lines 7-8], others speak Polynesian [line 36]) by using words of Greek origin, like ‘ciánica’ [line 6], Latinate Spanish (line</p>		

	92) and the neologism ‘portuñol’ (line 37) – a portmanteau of <i>portugués</i> [Portuguese] and <i>español</i> [Spanish] describing their pidgin.
<p>Strategy</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • <i>identification of translation problems</i> • <i>knowledge of genre within target context and situation of target text</i> • <i>justification of translation production of genre for target context</i> <p>(200 words max)</p>	<p>The target audience is British ‘anti-establishment pessimists’ (Carter and Lowles 2019, 16) who are ‘strongly anti-immigration and anti-multiculturalism’ and ‘overwhelmingly pessimistic’ about the future. They are ‘working class’ and the group ‘least likely to have a degree’ (ibid). Reportedly, 44% of this group think that ‘the threat of global warming is exaggerated’ (ibid, 48).</p> <p>My strategy will be to:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Highlight the realism of the setting to suggest that climatic disasters are a real threat by retaining specific technical vocabulary • Highlight the importance of the natural world by retaining specific natural vocabulary and references to the way in which our planet functions, such as ‘de poniente a levante’ (line 42) which can be translated as ‘from west to east’ but literally refers to the setting and rising of the sun • Adopt foreignisation (Venuti 2008, 21) to reflect the characters’ nomadic lives (‘Nacían en las barcas’ [they were born on the boats]) and challenge the audience’s anti-immigration views by: <ul style="list-style-type: none"> ○ Maintaining Latinate Spanish syntax ○ Using cognates ○ Footnoting ‘portuñol’ • Encourage sympathy with the story’s characters by: <ul style="list-style-type: none"> ○ Using British slang ○ Emphasising the shared class of the characters and target audience

<p>Critical Reflection</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • <i>textual analysis</i> <p>(200 words max)</p>	<p>My strategy produced a foreignised translation that may not be completely accessible to the target audience. The footnote (line 38) is more typical of academic writing than novels, and the retention of the specific technical vocabulary may be too specialist for this non-academic audience.</p> <p>In contrast, the natural vocabulary is largely intuitive – though a ‘holm oak’ (line 13) may be unknown, readers are sure to be able to work out that it is a type of oak tree. This translation also drew on the homophonic resonance in English between ‘holm’ and ‘home’ which underlined nature’s centrality to the survival of humanity.</p> <p>Benidorm has a different connotation in the target culture, since it is perceived as a holiday destination for working class Brits (Prieto-Arranz and Casey 2014, 74), so the target audience are more likely to know this foreign location and therefore sympathise on a deeper level with its destruction. Therefore, it is a good starting point to encourage sympathy for these characters – compared to if they were Eastern European, who the UK media demonises (Rozenfeld 2011, 45) – and I think it successfully treads the fine line between appealing to the audience’s anxieties about immigration and prompting sympathy for these characters.</p>
<p>Works Cited</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • <i>use of sources and reference material</i> 	<p>Carter, Rosie, and Nick Lowles. Fear & Hope 2019: How Brexit is changing who we are. London: HOPE not hate Charitable Trust, 2019. Accessed May 19, 2021. https://www.hopenothate.org.uk/wp-content/uploads/2019/07/fear-and-hope-report-2019-07-final-1.pdf.</p> <p>Chandler, E. Richard, and Kessel Schwartz. 1991. A New History of Spanish Literature. Baton Rouge: Louisiana State University Press.</p>

Milner, Andrew, and J. R. Burgmann. "A Short Pre-History of Climate Fiction." *Extrapolation* 59, no. 1 (2018): 1–23. doi:10.3828/EXTR.2018.2.

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Source Text***Inundación***

Un hombre y un par de mujeres estaban haciendo ejercicios de respiración, hinchaban los pechos desnudos, exhalaban despacio. Otra de las mujeres hablaba por radio en la cabina de popa, un dialecto portugués que ella casi entendía. Tras unas horas se reunió con ellos un barco a motor. Los buceadores ya habían estado sumergiéndose, entrando y saliendo de la oscuridad ciánica. Los del nuevo barco eran portugueses, otros expatriados. Ella había nacido en la costa extremeña, que era en su mayor parte el territorio que restaba de Portugal, otro país desaparecido, sepultado por las aguas y desmantelado por la Unión Europea. El Atlántico había entrado en Lisboa acompañado de olas inmensas en el tercer Gran Tifón. Las Azores desaparecieron de la noche a la mañana. A los que vivían tierra adentro les dejó la imagen alucinada de barcos transoceánicos destrozados en la dehesa y ballenas varadas entre encinas. Generaciones después algo de ese impacto se seguía filtrando en forma de locura, de trauma heredado. Ella lo llevaba como llevaba los ojos de su madre y, ahora lo sabía, la constitución nervuda de su abuelo. Los portugueses echaron el ancla y levantaron un cabrestante. Soltaron el cable al mar con un peso y dejaron que se hundiera. Los buceadores nadaban despacio las olas y sonreían al sol. Se sumergieron. Al cabo de unos minutos emergieron de nuevo y alzaron los pulgares. Los portugueses encendieron

Target Text***Flood***

A man and some women were doing breathing exercises: they were filling their bare chests and exhaling slowly. Another one of the women was speaking a Portuguese dialect over the radio in the poop deck cabin, which she could almost understand. After a few hours they were joined by a motorboat. The divers had already started going down, coming in and out of the cyanic darkness. The ones off the new boat were Portuguese, more refugees. She had been born on the Extremaduran coast, which was largely formed from the last remaining land of Portugal, another country swept away, buried underwater and decommissioned by the European Union. The Atlantic had flooded through Lisbon alongside immense waves in the Third Great Typhoon. The Azores disappeared overnight. The inlanders were left with the haunting image of battered ocean liners in meadows and beached whales amongst holm oaks. Generations later, the remains of that impact were still seeping through, as madness, as hereditary trauma. There was no doubt that she carried it with her, as there was no doubt that she had her mother's eyes and, as she now knew, her grandfather's nervous constitution. The Portuguese dropped the anchor and started a capstan. They released the cable to the sea with a weight and let it sink. The divers swam slowly with the waves and smiled at the sun. They went under. At the end of a few minutes they

el motor del cabrestante y el cable comenzó a subir. Traía enganchada una red llena de objetos, trastos diversos, bobinas de cobre recuperada del suelo y las paredes de las casas, del alumbrado y del tendido eléctrico derribado y rescatado del cieno. Subieron cuatro redes, el trabajo de varios días, no solo de aquella mañana. Cuando los portugueses se fueron una de las buceadoras, todavía empapada y desnuda de cintura para arriba, le explicó en una mezcla de portugués y español que recorrían la antigua línea costera comparando mapas de carreteras con las nuevas cartas de navegación. Buscaban pueblos y los desmantelaban. No siempre a pulmón, a veces con equipos de buceo, explosivos y maquinaria. Cooperativas como la de los portugueses compraban casi cualquier cosa rescatada. Esta vez habían conseguido dinero y dos sacos de patatas. Patatas fue lo que comieron, hechas muy despacio al fuego de los braseros. Le preguntaron sobre su vida y ella les habló del pantano en el que vivía, un embalse de agua dulce en el que se reflejaban las luces de los macrocasinos. Se hacían comentarios en polinesio que luego le traducían a portuñol. Les habló de su viaje a través del país, les contó que había vareado olivos y vendimiado, que había recogido tomates en las nuevas tierras de cultivo del oeste, que había sido camarera en un restaurante de carretera, había limpiado habitaciones en un hotel, les dibujó como pudo la línea quebrada de su trayecto, su ir y venir, del sur al

emerged again and raised their thumbs. The Portuguese fired the engine of the capstan and the cable began to lift up. It reeled in a net full of objects, various bits of rubbish, coils of copper recovered from houses' floors and walls, from streetlights and overhead power lines, felled and salvaged from the mud. They brought up four nets, the work of several days, not just that morning. When the Portuguese left, one of the women divers, still soaking and naked from the waist up, explained, in a mixture of Portuguese and Spanish, that they swam the old coastline comparing road maps with the new nautical charts. They were looking for settlements and taking them apart. Not always by holding their breath, sometimes with diving equipment, explosives, and machinery. Cooperatives like the Portuguese one would buy almost anything that was salvaged. This time they'd got money and two bags of potatoes. Potatoes was what they ate, slow-cooked on the campfire. They asked her about her life, and she spoke to them about the wetland on which she lived, a freshwater dam in which the lights of the macro-casino were reflected. They made comments amongst themselves in Polynesian that they then translated into Portuñol¹. She told them about her journey across the country, how she'd knocked down olives and harvested grapes, that she'd picked tomatoes in the new farmlands of the west, that she'd been a waitress in a roadside restaurant, had cleaned rooms in a hotel, she draw

¹ Portmanteau of Portugués ("Portuguese") and Español ("Spanish"), the name given to the mixture of the two languages

norte, de poniente a levante, en tren, en autocar, en barcos fluviales que eran lentos y flotaban como enormidades muertas, nada que ver con las estructuras rápidas y veloces en las que ellos vivían. La vida tierra adentro para ellos era un misterio. Nacían en las barcas, parían en las barcas, la placenta se mezclaba con el agua, y los hundían amortajados entre las olas al morir. Nadie quiso saber el motivo de su peregrinaje. ¿Qué llevas en la mochila?, le preguntó la buceadora. Libros y una navaja, respondió ella.

Los edificios sobresalían hasta cuatro plantas del nivel del mar, un diminuto sol rojo en cada ventana, la noche filtrándose desde el este con un color azul desvaído. Escaleras, pasarelas, desembarcaderos apuntalados en el hormigón, la cresta de unas sierras que se habían convertido en islas y poblaban cabras y maleza. La familia se congregó de nuevo allí. Los buceadores la dejaron en uno de los desembarcaderos y ella les dio el dinero prometido. Se internó en la ciudad, las plataformas y las pasarelas estaban iluminadas ya con guirnaldas y neones. La noche caía rápido, apretaba contra la última membrana del día hasta disolverla y entonces llegaba la apoteosis de la luz eléctrica. Los techos estaban llenos de placas solares y generadores eólicos, en cada azotea el giro hipnótico de los molinos, los cables enrevesados y fijos con nudos de cinta aislante pendían de paredes y vigas como vegetación alienígena, comidos por la sal y el sol, empalmados, parchados, reparados mil veces. Barracones prefabricados unos sobre otros, hileras de ropa tendida y banderas de

for them as best she could the rough line of her route, her goings and comings, from the south to the north, from where the sun rises to where it sets, on trains, on coaches, on riverboats that were slow and floated like dead enormities, nothing like the swift, rapid structures on which they lived. Inland life for them was a mystery. They were born on the boats, they gave birth on the boats, the placenta mixed with the water, and, sank, wrapped in shrouds, amongst the waves upon death. No one wanted to know the reason for her pilgrimage. What do you have in the backpack? the diver asked her. Books and a knife, she responded.

The buildings stood up to four floors above sea level, a tiny red sun in each window, the night filtering through from the east with a faded blue colour. Stairs, walkways, piers with concrete struts, the crest of mountains that had turned into islands populated by goats and weeds. The family congregated there again. The divers left her on one of the piers and she gave them the promised money. She headed into the city, the decks and the walkways were now lit in neon and fairy lights. Night fell quickly, pressing against the last membrane of the day until it dissolved and then came the grand spectacle of electric light. The rooves were full of solar panels and wind turbines, on each terrace the hypnotic turning of the windmills, the cables – complex and fixed with knots of electrical tape – hung from walls and beams like alien vegetation, eaten by salt and sun, overlapping, cobbled together, repaired a thousand times. Prefabs piled

naciones diversas. Luces de trópico alucinado, reflejos de colores en las aguas viscosas de aceite y heces. El movimiento del mar bajo las plataformas como el movimiento del mundo, sutil, imperceptible, en perpetuo diálogo con los mecanismos del oído interno. Deja que tus pies te lleven, deja que tus pies comprendan el oleaje. El aire era espeso y oloroso, comida y gasolina y gente hacinada. Recorrió una larga avenida flotante, la mochila a un hombro, la mirada baja, larguirucha y flaca, la camiseta empapada de sudor. Tan lejos de casa, el pueblo junto al embalse como una cosa una vez soñada y envuelta en niebla, todos los rostros conocidos eran rostros de fantasmas, su madre, sus tíos, sus amigos, tan lejos de casa, tan lejos de casa que has olvidado tu nombre.

Se sentó en el velador de un café y pidió algo de beber y comer. Le echó un vistazo a una gaceta local que había tirada en el suelo, impresión borrosa y papel barato. El artículo de portada reclamaba que el asentamiento fuera reconocido por las instituciones europeas, que cesara el acoso del Ministerio de Costas y la Guardia Civil, volver a llamarse Benidorm de manera oficial, unas elecciones vinculantes para elegir alcalde, un buque escuela para los hijos de los ciudadanos. Los ciudadanos. Ella los contempló sobre la gaceta. Contrabandistas, buscavidas, prófugos, hombres y mujeres a los que les faltaban dedos, ojos, tenían cicatrices de peleas y tatuajes carcelarios. Se preguntó si

on top of another, rows of washing lines and flags of many nations. Dazzling tropical lights, colours reflected in waters thickened with oil and sediment. The movement of the water below the decks like the movement of the planet, subtle, imperceptible, in perpetual dialogue with the workings of the inner ear. Let your feet take you, let your feet know the waves. The air was heavy and fragrant, food and petrol and people packed together. She went down a long floating avenue, backpack over one shoulder, lanky and thin, her t-shirt soaked with sweat. So far from home, the town by the dam distant like a dream and shrouded in mist, all the familiar faces were the faces of ghosts, her mother, her aunties and uncles, her friends, so far from home you've forgotten your name.

She sat down at a little table outside a café and asked for something to drink and to eat. She glanced over the local gazette, that had dropped onto the floor, printed hazily on cheap paper. The front-page article demanded that the settlement be recognised by European institutions, that the harassment from the Ministry of Coastal Zones and the Civil Guard be put to an end, that Benidorm is restored as its official name, binding mayoral elections, a training ship for the children of the citizens. The citizens. She contemplated them over the top of the gazette. Smugglers, chancers, fugitives, men, and women who were missing

aquello reflejaba algún sentir general, si alguien de allí quería de verdad mayor control, funcionarios europeos, pagar impuestos, declarar el origen de lo que se vende en el mercado. Un hombre estaba regando un patio de limoneros en enormes macetas de cerámica. El agua de la manguera se volvía rosa o verde a la luz de los neones cercanos. El olor de la tierra mojada. Alquiló una habitación en un hostal. Corrían cucarachas por el suelo. No había luz pero entraba la claridad eléctrica del exterior. Para dormir, para ahuyentar las pesadillas, imaginó que seguía con la familia, tendida en la hamaca de red, la mochila apretada del mismo modo, un rumor de olas en el casco de las barcas y un rumor humano justo al alcance de la mano, los cuerpos tibios, semidesnudos, levantando una muralla, una oscuridad protectora contra la oscuridad exterior, muy lejos de la costa, en pleno océano, donde nada podía tocarlos.

Durante la noche escuchó gritos y peleas y su sueño fue ligero.

fingers, eyes, had scars from fighting and prison tattoos. She wondered if that reflected any general feeling at all, if anyone over there really wanted greater control, really wanted European civil servants, really wanted to pay taxes and declare where their market products came from. A man was watering a patio of lemon trees in enormous ceramic pots. The water from the hosepipe turned pink or green in the light of the nearby neon lights. The smell of wet earth. She rented a room in a hostel. Cockroaches ran about the floor. There was no light, but the electric glow came through from outside. To sleep, to flee the nightmares, she imagined she was still with her family, stretched out on the mesh hammock, the backpack similarly flattened, the sound of the waves on the boats' hulls and the sound of human voices just within arm's reach, warm bodies, half-naked, building a city wall, a protective darkness against the darkness outside, so far from the coast, in the middle of the ocean, where nothing could touch them.

During the night she heard shouts and fights and her sleep was light.

Student Number	20309867	Text Number	9
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Source Text		Target Text	
Title	<i>2063 y otras distopías</i>	Title	<i>D063</i>
Year Published	2018		
Author	José Rabelo		
Language	Spanish (Puerto Rico)	Language	English (US)
Word Count	1383	Word Count	966
Description of Source Text <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • <i>understanding of source text</i> • <i>knowledge of genre within source contexts</i> • <i>situation of source text familiarity with the formal features of a text (language variation(s), register, dialect)</i> (200 words max)	<p>These seven short stories are selected from a sci-fi collection set in the year 2063 – <i>Lluvia</i> centres two brothers’ escape from acid rain; <i>Ojos</i> hints at a human zoo; <i>Jadeante</i> features a hypnopompic assassination; <i>Panorama</i> shows the landscape of a futuristic New York; <i>Marte</i> tells of an adoption on a Martian colony; <i>9:43 AM</i> alludes to an alien lover; and <i>Multiversos</i> invokes a father-son relationship across parallel worlds.</p> <p>Being flash fiction, they open <i>in media res</i>, have short sentences (12 words per sentence on average) and language that is to-the-point, such as ‘Trató de acelerar la huida, pero el rostro y los brazos se le fisuraron’ [He tried to hasten his escape, but his face and arms split open]. One exception to this is the story <i>Multiversos</i>, in which repetition (lines 85-86, 90, 138) is used to create the effect of experiencing the same situation in different universes. The stories often feature a twist at the end, such as <i>9:43 AM</i> only revealing the alien in the last sentence (line 77), and they all hint at an intriguing, larger world that is but glimpsed within the story itself – typical of the genre (Swartwood 2011, 2).</p>		

<p>Strategy</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • <i>identification of translation problems</i> • <i>knowledge of genre within target context and situation of target text</i> • <i>justification of translation production of genre for target context</i> <p>(200 words max)</p>	<p>I will adapt these short stories for Twitter. My target audience will be Americans, since they constitute the majority of Twitter users (Tankovska 2021), who are ‘younger, more likely to identify as Democrats, more highly educated and have higher incomes than U.S. adults overall’ (Pew Research Center 2019).</p> <p>Tweets are limited to 280 characters (Twitter 2021a) and hashtags, which I will use to boost tweets’ popularity (Twitter 2021c), must begin with letters.</p> <p>Given the target audience and restrictions of the platform, my strategy is to:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Split each story into several tweets in a tweet thread (Twitter 2021b), apart from <i>Ojos</i> which I will fit into one tweet • Translate by the shortest possible word choices • Employ the abbreviation ‘w/’ instead of ‘with’ • Omit repetition (such as the light imagery in <i>Ojos</i> [lines 23, 25]) – an exception to this will be <i>Multiversos</i>, where repetition is a key narrative device • Begin tweets with #[short story’s title] – I will translate <i>9:43 AM</i> as ‘Horizon’ given hashtag restrictions and since this relates to the story without revealing the plot twist • Indicate the tweets’ order in each thread by numbering them, e.g. (1/4) • End tweets with #D063 for coherency of the collection • Use American English
<p>Critical Reflection</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • <i>textual analysis</i> <p>(200 words max)</p>	<p>My strategy was successful regarding the tweet threads, but it was perhaps too ambitious to render <i>Ojos</i> as a single tweet because it involved heavy omission, like the light being so bright it pierced their eyelids (line 23) and the emphasis on this situation being reality (line 24). This meant that the lead up to the decision to open their eyes is less anticipated in the TT (line 23) than the ST (line 26). Nevertheless, the narrative and plot twist are maintained.</p>

	<p>In fact, the tweet threads enabled me to increase dramatic tension in <i>Gasping</i> where the first tweet ends on a cliff-hanger (line 35) which was not possible in the ST since the entire story is laid out on a single page. Limiting myself to short words also made me borrow the word ‘barrio’ (line 2) since I discovered that this Spanish word is occasionally used in American English (Cambridge Dictionary, “barrio”) and is much shorter than ‘neighbourhood’. It also introduces a cultural and class connotations to the TT, being associated with poor, Spanish-speaking neighbourhoods (ibid).</p> <p>Ultimately, while this text conformed to the formal constraints of Twitter, other genres, such as poetry (particularly pictographic), may not be able to.</p>
<p>Works Cited</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • <i>use of sources and reference material</i> 	<p>Pew Research Center. 2019. “Sizing Up Twitter Users.” Pew Research Center, April 24, 2019. https://www.pewresearch.org/internet/2019/04/24/sizing-up-twitter-users/</p> <p>Swartwood, Robert. 2011. <i>Hint Fiction</i>. New York, London: W.W. Norton.</p> <p>Tankovska. H. 2021. “Countries with the most Twitter users 2021.” Statista, February 9, 2021. https://www.statista.com/statistics/242606/number-of-active-twitter-users-in-selected-countries/</p> <p>Twitter. 2021a. “How to Tweet.” Accessed February 27, 2021. https://help.twitter.com/en/using-twitter/how-to-tweet</p> <p>Twitter. 2021b. “How to create a thread on Twitter.” Accessed February 27, 2021. https://help.twitter.com/en/using-twitter/create-a-thread</p>

	Twitter. 2021c. "How to use hashtags." Accessed February 27, 2021. https://help.twitter.com/en/using-twitter/how-to-use-hashtags
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	Cambridge Dictionary. "barrio." Accessed May 19, 2021. https://dictionary.cambridge.org/dictionary/english/barrio .
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Source Text
2063 y otras distopías

Lluvia

-¡Corre, se acerca la lluvia! -fue el aviso del hermano mayor quien corrió hacia el barrio a las 16:57 de la tarde.

Los hermanos corrieron junto a otros chicos calle abajo.

Un trueno anunció la inminencia del aguacero. Las aves volaron hacia unas cuevas en lo alto de un monte cercano. Por las montañas se notaba la negrura matizada por una columna gris, muy parecida a una cascada desde las nubes.

El viento trajo gotas hasta el barrio en donde los habitantes cerraron puertas y ventanas. El hermano mayor y los otros muchachos se refugiaron en la primera casa de la vecindad.

El menor quedó rezagado. Las gotas cayeron sobre él al llegar al puente sobre el arroyo. Al contacto con la ropa y con la piel, unas nubecillas de vapor se formaron alrededor de su cuerpo. El niño gimió al correr. La cortina de lluvia lo agarró a pocos metros de la primera casa del barrio. Trató de acelerar la huida, pero el rostro y los brazos se le fisuraron. Las vestimentas desaparecieron, la piel se disolvió, los músculos se expusieron por unos instantes hasta mostrar los huesos y los órganos internos desgastados por el torrente del cielo.

La última gota del niño desapareció entre unas rocas a las 17:03 de aquella tarde.

Target Text
D063

1 #Rain (1/4) 4:57pm: "Run, the rain's coming!" warned the big brother.
2 The brothers ran to the barrio w/ the other kids. Thunder announced the
3 imminent downpour. Birds flew to nearby mountain caves, where the
4 darkness was tinged w/ a gray column cascading from the clouds. #D063
5
6 #Rain (2/4) The wind blew raindrops to the barrio where the neighbors
7 shut doors and windows. The big brother and the other kids took shelter
8 in the first house they came to. The little brother was left behind. #D063
9
10 #Rain (3/4) The raindrops fell on him as he arrived at the bridge over the
11 stream. And when they touched his clothes and skin, wisps of steam rose
12 from his body. The boy ran, wailing. Sheets of rain caught him only a few
13 yards from the first house in the barrio. #D063
14
15 #Rain (4/4) He tried to hurry, but his face and arms split open. His clothes
16 disintegrated, his skin dissolved, his muscles were exposed for a second,
17 showing bones and organs corroded by the torrent from the sky. 5:03pm:
18 The last drop of the boy dripped between some rocks. #D063
19
20
21

Ojos

Percibo la luz, aunque tengo los ojos cerrados. No quisiera abrirlos, pero debo enfrentar la realidad, mi realidad. Todas las mañanas ocurre lo mismo, me despierta una claridad purpúrea y escucho golpes a las afueras del ventanal. Por fin decido mirar. Allí están los chicos acompañados por sus adultos. Ninguno me quita los ojos de encima. Han llegado para admirar a este espécimen en su jaula adornada con escenarios de paisajes terrestres ya extintos. Cada observador, con sus cinco ojos montados en tentáculos babosos, me escudriña.

Jadeante

Anoche soñé que alguien soñaba conmigo. En aquella pesadilla vi al soñador huyendo de mi presencia. Escuché su respirar jadeante y sus pasos en ascenso por una escalinata acaracolada. “¡No me mates!”, me suplicó en lo más alto de la torre. Me acerqué a él sin mala voluntad y el soñador se alejó. Sin desearlo, lo hice caer al vacío. Me despertó el timbrado del teléfono. Una mujer habló: “El trabajo fue bien realizado, felicidades, asómele por su ventana a ver el muerto.”

22 #Eyes: Every day's the same, a purple light and bangs on glass awaken me.
23 I didn't want to, but I look at last. There're kids w/ adults, who gape at
24 this specimen in a cage decorated like the extinct landscapes of Earth.
25 Each observer, w/ 5 eyes on tentacles, watched me. #D063

32 #Gasping (1/2) Last night, I dreamed that someone was dreaming about
33 me. In the nightmare, I saw the dreamer running away from me. I heard
34 his gasping breath and his steps going up the spiral staircase. “Don't kill
35 me!” he begged at the top of the tower. #D063

37 #Gasping (2/2) I approached him w/ no ill will and the dreamer stepped
38 back. Not wanting to, I made him fall into the abyss. I woke to a ringing a
39 telephone. A woman spoke: “Job done, congratulations, lean out your
40 window to see the body.” #D063

Panorama

Desde el ventanal de aquel hotel en Nueva York, la vista nocturna no era memorable: edificios iluminados con los destellos de pancartas comerciales de obras teatrales. Las ventanas achicadas por lo colosal de las construcciones. Por momentos, parecí encontrarme inmerso en un mundo futurista, casi me imaginaba los vehículos voladores por las inmediaciones. Taxis amarillos pasaban raudos entre las filas de naves para llegar de prisa hasta una recepción en cualquier punto de la capital del mundo. Al regresar a la cama encontré a un androide dormido, parecía humano, pero un cable que salía de la oreja derecha delató su naturaleza mecánica. Me acosté y conecté el cordón a mi oreja izquierda. Desde entonces no hemos dejado de soñar juntos.

Marte

“No tiene mamma, no pappá”, dijo el hombre con acento oriental al mostrar con regocijo una niña de siete días. Sería la primera hija de Agatha. Adoptada, pero sería su primogénita. La criaría en una de las nuevas colonias de Marte. Al aceptarla, la emoción le corrió por todos los huesos. Al fin tendría una hija.

No tardó en darse cuenta del semblante resquebrajado de aquel hombre; una mueca se dibujaba en ese rostro amarillento cuando ya docenas de lágrimas habían sido liberadas. Agatha le dio un beso de

44 #Panorama (1/2) The hotel view is forgettable: buildings lit by theater ads,
45 tiny windows in colossal structures. For a moment, I’m immersed in a
46 futuristic world, almost imagining the flying cars. Cabs zoom through
47 traffic to arrive anywhere in the capital of the world. #D063

48
49 #Panorama (2/2) When I went back to bed, I found a sleeping android, it
50 seemed human, but a wire coming out of its right ear betrayed its
51 mechanical nature. I lay down and connected the cord to my left ear.
52 Since then, we haven't stopped dreaming together. #D063

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57 #Mars (1/2) “She has no mamma, no pappá,” said the Asian man, gleefully
58 exhibiting a 7-day old girl. She’d be Agatha’s first child. Adopted, her first
59 born. She'd raise her in one of the new colonies on Mars. She held her
60 and emotion ran through her bones. A child, at last. #D063

61
62 #Mars (2/2) She soon noticed the broken expression on his tearful face.
63 Agatha kissed her goodbye, her child for seconds, and returned her to the
64 man, who held her tightly. Before vanishing down a corridor, the baby’s
65 guardian shot Agatha a look of the deepest gratitude. #D063

despedida a la niña, a su hija de menos de un minuto. Se la devolvió al hombre, quien la aceptó sin titubeos. A punto de perderse por un pasillo, el encargado de la bebé le lanzó a Agatha una mirada del más profundo agradecimiento.

9:43 AM

La anciana del abrigo rojo esperaba, como todas las mañanas, al pie de una colina en Roma. Contemplaba la lejanía. Miraba también el reloj en su muñeca derecha. En sus gafas oscuras se reflejaban los autos y motocicletas que pasaban frente a ella, como todos los días. A las 9:44 am le echó una última mirada al reloj. Algún día, a las 9:43, regresaría su amante extraterrestre.

Multiversos

Multiverso 1

El niño va con su padre hacia la escuela. Papi, ¿por qué los árboles tienen hojas verdes y amarillas? No preguntes tonterías, eso no es importante. Entonces, ¿qué es importante para ti? Ahora no tengo tiempo para contestar esas estupideces tuyas, siempre estás hablando de esas zanganerías. El chico se echa hacia atrás para acercarse al espaldar del asiento. Sus ojos brillan a causa de unas pocas lágrimas. No vuelve a hacerle otra pregunta a su padre durante el resto de su vida.

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#Horizon The old lady waits, like every morning, at the foot of a hill in Rome. She gazes at the horizon and checks her wristwatch. Her dark glasses reflect the traffic going by, like every day. 9:44am, she leaves. One day, at 9:43, her alien lover would return. #D063

#Multiverse1 Boy goes to school w/ his dad. Dad, why do trees have green and yellow leaves? Stop asking, it's not important. What's important to you? I've got no time for your silliness, be quiet for once. The boy leans back, tearful. He never asks his dad anything again. #D063

Multiverso 13g

El chico se echa para atrás para acercarse al espaldar del asiento. Sus ojos brillan a causa de unas escasas lágrimas, toma un respiro para responderle a su padre. Otros papás les contestan todas las preguntas a sus hijos por más zánganas que sean. El padre piensa por unos segundos. Permanece en silencio mientras observa hacia el frente. De repente, mientras esperan en un semáforo, le grita. No me gusta que me digas esas cosas, suenas como si fueras un viejo, como si pudieras regañarme, ahora cállate si no quieres llegar con una bofetada marcada en la cara. Al niño se le pone la cara roja, los ojos se le saturan con ira, no con lágrimas. No vuelve a hacerle otra pregunta a su padre hasta muy tarde en la adolescencia.

Multiverso 230m

Al niño se le pone la cara roja, los ojos se le saturan con ira, no con lágrimas. Las respiraciones se tornan rápidas y superficiales. El padre le pregunta cómo se siente. El niño no puede hablar. Luce pálido. El padre detiene el auto para provocar la rabia de los conductores que vienen detrás. ¡Se mueren mi hijo!, les grita. Entra a la parte posterior de su transporte. El niño está bañado en vómito. Nota los pedazos de hojuelas de maíz que desayunó solo en la mesa de la cocina. No sé por qué algunas

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#Multiverse2 The boy leans back, tearful: Other dads answer their sons. The dad thinks, waiting silently in traffic, and shouts: Shut up or you'll get a slap, you sound like an old man. The boy's eyes, full of anger, not tears. He doesn't ask his dad anything until he's 18. #D063

#Multiverse3a The boy's eyes, full of anger, not tears. His breath, quick, shallow. The dad asks him how he feels. He can't talk. He looks pale. The dad stops the car, provoking the anger of the drivers behind. My son's dying! #D063

#Multiverse3b He sits in the back by the boy drowning in vomit. He sees bits of cereal he ate alone at breakfast. I don't know why some leaves are

hojas son verdes y otras amarillas, hijito, cuando lleguemos a la escuela lo preguntaremos. El niño está frío, no responde, tiene las pupilas dilatadas. ¡Se muere mi hijo! ¡Se muere mi hijo!

Multiverso 2759c

Al niño se le pone la cara roja, los ojos se le saturan de ira, no con lágrimas. Me gustaría verte sufrir, dice el hijo, eres malo. El padre permanece en silencio. Si le hubieras preguntado eso al abuelo cuando eras pequeño, ¿te hubiera contestado así mismo? o ¿tendría la sensibilidad de, al menos, inventarse una respuesta? No eres buen padre y tampoco serás un buen abuelo. Espero no ser como tú, porque si existieran muchos hombres iguales a ti, este mundo sería un infierno en donde todos los hijos serían unos infelices, frustrados y terminarían locos. El padre permanece en silencio.

Multiverso 13406w

El niño va con su padre hacia la escuela. Piensa hacerle una pregunta al padre cuando unos destellos en el cielo captan su atención. El padre se percata de la anomalía celestial. Detiene el transporte, sale del mismo para colocarse en posición de ataque ante la amenaza descendente. Los destellos se perciben con mayor intensidad. El padre apunta con un arma de metal cobrizo. Dispara sendos rayos brillantes,

green and others yellow, son, we'll ask at school. The boy's cold, pupils dilated. No response. My son's dying! My son's dying! #D063

#Multiverse4 The boy's eyes, full of anger, not tears. I want to see you suffer, says the son. The dad keeps quiet. Grandad would have answered you. You're a bad dad. I hope I'm never like you, a world of you would be a hell of sad, angry, insane sons. The dad keeps quiet. #D063

#Multiverse5a Boy goes to school w/ his dad. He's about to ask his dad something when some glitters in the sky catch his attention. The celestial anomaly dawns on the dad. He stops the car, goes out to get into attack position against the descending threat. #D063

pero silentes. Da en el blanco. Al suelo caen dos seres alados. Al poco rato se convierten en dos montículos de polvo dorado y se dispersan por el viento. Papi, ¿qué era eso?, pregunta el niño cuando el padre retorna al vehículo. Dos ángeles exterminadores, hijo, ángeles de la muerte.

Multiverso 90208361397ñ

El chico se echa hacia atrás para acercarse al espaldar del asiento en espera de una respuesta. Hijo, muy buena pregunta, creo que eso se debe a la edad de las hojas, unas son nuevas, las verdes y las amarillas son viejas. Con el tiempo pierden color para desprenderse. Luego se secan en el suelo y sirven como fertilizante para el árbol. Por lo menos eso pienso, pero si quieres le preguntas a la maestra de ciencia para ver si ella tiene mejor información. Gracias, papi. De nada, hijo, de nada. Papi, te amo. Yo te amo mucho más.

132 #Multiverse5b The glimmers intensify. The dad aims a weapon and zaps,
133 silent. Bullseye. Two winged beings fall to the ground. They turn into
134 mounds of gold dust and are scattered on the wind. Dad, what was that?
135 the boy asks. Two exterminating angels, son, angels of death. #D063
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137 #Multiverse6 The boy leans back. Good question son, green leaves are
138 new, yellows are old. They lose color w/ age, fall to the ground and
139 fertilize the tree, I think. You can ask your teacher, she knows best. Thanks
140 dad. You're welcome, son. Love you dad. Love you more. #D063
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Appendix One

She

She

kept between her legs

a sea

He

became a desert

The breasts of She

produced honey

He

was a calf

She

became a path

He

could not tread

Appendix Two

The Scarecrow Spirit by Keijiro Suga

When first you step upon the earth

The grassy ground goes squelch, squelch

Your foot starts to sink, slump, slump

And out comes the water, slosh, slosh

Being and water

You can't help getting your shoes soaked

So take care not to slip

And let's go

This field was a marsh

Where lots of frogs go hippety-hop

Where the river snakes from the sea

across the whole, wide field

and seawater, freshwater mixes

becoming brackish water

Flocks of birds on a quest for critters

Who shelter in the swishy swashy reeds

The reeds on the water's edge offer them hiding places

One day, perhaps two hundred years ago

People worked hard

To change the running rivers into canals

To change the wintry wetlands into paddy fields

And for a while there was rice

But then, some years ago

A whopping wave swept the land

And to the sea the land returned.

Until the waters pulled back

and the land was returned.

In winter, swans come flying in

To this wet field

In autumn, salmon swim upstream

In this slightly sunken southern river

And no one catches them

Salmon live for salmon's sake

Now in the spring, on northern lands

Little blue blossoms bloom

Flowers that have come back home

You might go walking through this field

You might head somewhere, maybe

You should find something, maybe

You're not sure

You're not visiting anyone

no people live here anymore

But this land flows with power

Enough to make you cry

It looks like something's growing here

You want to see that power

You want to see that appear

Your journey has just started, thump thump

Wild boar come down the hill, oink oink
Bodies awash with fresh mud, splat splat
Being and mud
Monkey troupes abandon this place
And move somewhere inland
You try to look in every cranny
Of this open land
Through your “invisible glasses”
Maybe you’ll walk on
When you came here before
A bright red vending machine
Against a clear blue sky
Towered over you
That giant, slanted vending machine
Kept selling giant, old soft drinks
Even without power
Invisible people come to buy

Invisible cans that open pshu pshu

Tons of time flies, flows like whirling tides

The vending machine without a soul is deeply grateful

“Thank you kindly”

“You’re welcome”

And those kind words warm the heart

You drink up the drink

And while walking round and round

lose your way and forget the time

This field confuses your head

You can’t even find your first thought

People who have forgotten what they have lost

Have even lost the feeling of loss

Memories rapidly overwritten

Like a beach covered in snow at winter

All that remains is a short-lived feeling, fading like a summer’s day

Even the lost town is lost

And everyone starts to think

There was nothing here from the start.

But saying that

Apart from the start

there was always something here

In the great centre

of all indivisible life

You cannot count up

every seed that makes up the world

Walking doesn't feel right so

you try out different ways of moving

On tiptoes round and round you spin

On tiptoes like a cat you pad

In a rustley-dry spot you lie

Then bow kow-tow

and though it's not the wonderland you headed for

Soon four, five cows appear and
Try to cross the river on the broken concrete bridge
You call out and make their ears twitch but
That's where their interest ends.
Suddenly up you look
and see a boat sailing over the horizon
A fishing boat, about ten people in the cabin
Coming down the canal above the fields
at an impossible angle
A family waved from the boat
Wearing swimsuits and sunglasses, like Dutch tourists
If you think about it, this field's at about sea level now
Maybe several metres below
We might come to live at the bottom of the sea
With all the plants and animals of this land.
"I know you're trying too hard,"
Said a husky voice

When you look, a toad was peering up

We met at just the right time

“Where is the library?” you asked.

“The library is no more, and books are all swish, swished away,” the toad responded.

“Are there no books left?”

“Only ones like Real Estate Manager Exam Questions.”

“What should I do if I want to find out about the history of the land?”

“You should go to see the scarecrow,” the toad said.

“He doesn’t move but he knows everything.”

Someone who remembers everything.

“Where is the scarecrow?” you asked.

“Have a look yourself,” the toad said.

Then I realised the toad had a little extra arm.

“Well, I’m off,” you said

and decided to walk along the flowery railway tracks.

From the field to the town there was no one

And you lie on the road and bark, woof woof

You could see, like a scene in a film

A man in a monkey mask, walking a cow

turning the corner by the cinema

You could see, through the closed newsagents' window

A pile of four-and-a-half-year-old newspapers

You couldn't see the dogs who were barking

You couldn't see but you could hear the birds who were twittering

Without knowing if that endless blue sky was real

Even the sound of the seas seemed a splendid sham.

So you go from the town towards the field

Thinking town and field, townandfield, townfield

The words blend into each other

Because there's no division between them anymore

Is there no scarecrow either?

What do scarecrows do?

Do they threaten crows and sparrows?

Do they talk about the boars and deer and bears here on humans' farmland?

Do they recall all the chitter-chatter carried on the wind?

You stay standing still, not leaving

A year walking round and round

And even then, you don't find the scarecrow

Because you haven't lived there

You're a stranger, wrapped in innocence

Wondering

where is the scarecrow

who knows everything?

Clouds cover the sky, slowly slowly

Seasons quickly change, winter, dizzy dizzy

Snow that started to fall in your mind, flows out to

The sky and falls from edge to edge

The ground is covered in white, slightly, lightly

And bustling buffalo barrel by

Bodies blazed brown like mountains

Bounding like puppies

Coming and going, as if they're playing

Joy, overflowing

Joy, spilling out like the sunshine

Still nowhere to be seen

Is the scarecrow spirit

Appendix Three

President of the Republic, Emmanuel Macron's statement on the challenges and priorities of economic, social, and environmental policies on a global scale, in Paris 26th January 2021. (Excerpt)

The fourth problem is that the climate problem has been completely externalised for decades, that is to say that we have created a global logistics, global trade. It has been said that there are essentially two kings in this system: the consumer and the shareholder, for whom the system has produced a lot, but it has weighed on the worker and on the rest of the planet. In a way, we have created negative externalities, to put it mildly, in climate terms.

These four phenomena have fed the social inequality crisis, the crisis of democracy and the climate crisis. And so, the capitalist model, with the open market economy, can no longer function in this environment. Why? Because it was, historically, the result of compromise between democratic societies, the free individual, individual freedoms, and the progress of the middle classes which have made each of our societies resilient. And this balance, this consensus, is, in a way, completely destabilised by these four accelerations. And so, I believe very deeply in Stakeholder Capitalism, that is to say in the idea of saying that we must put the response to these problems back at the heart of the model.

We have, during the last few years, essentially tried to respond at the state level. The state cannot do it alone because then we have the problem that is it only the state correcting negative externalities. And so, it goes increasingly into debt to pay for the response to climate problems all by itself, to pay for the response to inequalities all by itself. And you have a model where public debt becomes too significant and/or it is the taxpayer who has to pay for all these crises. The taxpayer is in a way stuck in this model, unable to reap all its benefits. That's why my conviction is in the capitalist model because I believe that despite everything, we will build the future of humanity by maintaining some fundamentals: private property, cooperation, the individual and collective freedoms that have made our societies. This should all simply lead to a rethinking of our organisations to put concerns like the recognition of social inequalities in our country, inequalities between the different geographic spaces, climate consequences that we experience, amongst others, back at the heart of business.

What we have in recent years called the economic, environmental and social responsibility of our businesses, an approach based on their impacts, these are the innovations that we now need to push much further. We must also reform our businesses from the inside out, so that the impact of their actions (in

economic, social, environmental and democratic terms) is incorporated into the behaviour of all interested parties – stakeholders, employees, managers, shareholders – as well as into what we measure.

Pr. Klaus SCHWAB: I'm very happy, Mr President, to tell you that just today, we have announced, virtually, the commitment of this organisation, to regularly report on the progress that businesses make in their social and ecological according to very precise criteria. I would like to return to the subject of ecology. I think that, now with the commitment of the new American administration, we have certainly made a lot of progress with the objectives of the Paris Agreement. But I put my question to you: are you satisfied with this progress? Or would you want a sort of new consensus that goes beyond what we have already discussed and decided?

President of the Republic: I have lots of thoughts about this subject. Firstly, there is the question of implementation, we have discussed and agree on many things: a climate agenda, the Paris Agreement. And today, we cannot all meet together, precisely because of our actions. And so, I think that the top priority is to do everything to keep to our commitments, in a coordinated fashion. I say coordinated because, in a way, the stowaway can destroy the whole system. All this will only work if we move forward together, at the same pace, so as not to create competition. And in this way the last few years have been very important. It was a great risk when the USA had decided to leave the Paris accord, in the summer of 2017. Personally, I see the years that have just collapsed as years of formidable resistance when the house of cards didn't fall because we all held on together. We created this One Planet Summit initiative on 12th December 2017 with these coalitions. We have all held on, Europeans, with many developing and developed countries, with China too, it must be said, who have cooperated very closely, and with the private sector and the federal American states. And now we have an American administration whose first gesture is to come back into the Paris Agreement.

My first objective is that we keep to the Paris Agreement; enhancement of our 2030 objectives. We have done this in the European Union last December with the reduction of emissions by 55%, which is a very important objective. Second point, carbon neutrality 2050. These are the two absolutely decisive crossing points to structure our behaviour around in the next few years. Next, we need to offer these strategies on a regional and national level. That is where it is the most difficult: having a sufficiently high carbon price, mechanisms that encourage our businesses and our investors to make greater progress in that direction, support mechanisms and sanctions so that businesses and households can make greater progress at a faster rate, a more rapid renewal of our car reserves, faster changes to building renovations, etc. etc. So that's the first plank, which is essential.

The second plank is to truly include the whole financial sector and all the businesses, which brings us back to our previous discussion. We have some very important coalitions in that regard, and I really believe in the initiative we have implemented with the One Planet Summit, sovereign wealth funds, asset managers and private equity. It was held virtually last December 12th, and now we have managed to come up with a shared language. Everyone is committed with the task force for Climate-related financial disclosure, TCFD, which is a real step forward in this regard. We have a shared methodology and we are making progress. So, the investors are committed to a measured methodology that corresponds exactly to what you have just said and that is now in the process of being offered to businesses. In fact, last December 12th, we got the 40 businesses of the CAC 40 to incorporate this methodology. This means that they ought to report to their shareholders, to the markets, the fact that they themselves are rightly keeping to their commitments and that they are making an effort.

The third plank of our action is that we do the same for biodiversity. I really think that we will only keep to our climate commitment if we manage to engage our businesses, our investors, our countries with a biodiversity agenda. It is, for that matter, the exact route that we have taken with One Health, which is to bring together our subjects – human health, biodiversity, struggle against global warming and against desertification. But I truly believe that we are still only at the start with the climate and biodiversity. And it's very important because it means changes in our food production, in our mode of consumption, in our lifestyles. Now, this year, we have to establish common rules. So when you say what more must we manage to negotiate – I think that at the COP in Kunming, we must manage to negotiate the equivalent of the Paris Agreement for biodiversity. A few days ago, in Paris, we held a virtual One Planet Summit on biodiversity, the first of its kind. We have taken many very strong initiatives: the Great Green Wall, in the 11 countries of the Sahel and of the Horn of Africa, to win the fight against desertification; many initiatives concerning biodiversity. And we have now also launched an initiative of financial disclosure to incorporate biodiversity in these areas, with a meeting that will be held this summer. And so, that is the key point. Voilà, the three planks.