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21351215

*The Art of Forgery: literary translation as reproduction,
transformation, deception and “skillful fakes”*

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Supervised by Michael Cronin and James Hadley

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Introduction

"Are students of literary translation training to be master-counterfeiters? [...] Translators may feel that this analogy belittles their expertise but good counterfeiters are enormously skilful and bad translations bear all the hallmarks of a shoddy imitation. Is it possible to divide translation into translation as reproduction and translation as transformation? Can there be reproduction without transformation as distinct from effort (as we have said, great effort can be expended on a faithful reproduction)?"

Translation and Globalization (2003: 129-130), Michael Cronin.

Translation as forgery! Some translators might take offence with the comparison, but I fell in love with it. (After graduation, there is nothing I want more than being able to tell people I have a degree

in counterfeiting.) Maybe it has to do with my peculiar sense of humour - quite visible through this portfolio, I'm afraid - or with my personal affinity with reclaiming negative appellations, but I enjoy the idea of being a literary forger. I enjoy the idea of translating to deceive: of producing a fake so perfect it outdoes the original, with a distinct forger signature only a close comparison with the source text will reveal; or of producing a "new original", a translation that is its own piece of work and what is more, the only work unsuspecting readers will know. Translators, I find, are at the same time authors' best mediums and their deadliest killers. We are not supposed to be the latter, but creative translation exercises like this portfolio provide a wide array of weapons for the task. But I digress - the leading theme here is forgery, not murder ("Murder of the Author with a Pickaxe and a Pen" as a portfolio theme, anyone?). If

after the translation process, the author has been overthrown, they are not supposed to know.

(I say all of this lovingly: I usually have the deepest respect for authors. I just happen to have, as mentioned before, a very peculiar sense of humour that has completely taken over my academic life.)

In this portfolio I decided to explore the idea of translation as forgery: translation as reproduction, transformation, deception, and, as Michael Cronin puts it in *Translation and Identity* (2006: 103), "skilful fake[s]". My translations are organised in the following order:

- two translations made to look like they have been translated a certain way
- three translations that pretend to be something completely different from their source text
- two translations that are not what they appear to be at first glance
- two translations that attempt to pass for their originals, to pretend that they *are* a source text

From folk tale to tumblr short story, my source texts span across a wide range of genres. They have no real common factor besides

the fact that I liked them (the most important factor) or that they fitted the strategy I wanted to employ. I tried to make my strategies just as diverse: fake machine translation, Hemingway parody and witty Twitter thread rank among my favourites. I admit, my main goal was to have fun and to make each translation enjoyable for myself (thank you to James Hadley and Michael Cronin for endorsing all my chaotic ideas during supervision) but hopefully, readers will find them enjoyable as well.

Past students have described in poetic terms the texts their readers will encounter in their journey through the portfolio; I think it more appropriate to let the reader discover by themselves the contents of mine and let themselves be entertained, surprised, and even duped, one text at a time.

(Unless it is just because I feel like I gave a breakdown of the contents already. You will never know which one it is.)

Please imagine that I am finishing this introduction with very inspiring words on something deep and profound about translation. Something such as: translation is a creative process, as much as writing is, and should be considered as such. Or: a translator can be invisible and visible at the same time, both a discreet forger and a

proud artist, because those status are not mutually exclusive and one can wish to be both under the spotlight and in the shadows.

Or: if translation has the potential to deceive, then you should never forget about the translator.

Let this be a playful reminder.

Disclaimer:

I will use the following abbreviations in my translation briefs:

ST: source text

TT: target text

TA: target audience

GT: Google Translate

Student Number	21351215	Text Number	1
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Source Text		Target Text	
Title	The Song the Black Fox Sang	Title	Le Chant du Renard Noir
Year Published	2013 (original: 1923)		
Author	Benjamin Peterson (original: Chiri Yukie)		
Language	English	Language	French
Word Count	1019	Word Count	982
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>The text is the English translation by Benjamin Peterson of the Song the Fox God Sang: a <i>kamui-yukar</i>, a type of Ainu folk tale chanted from the perspective of the gods of the Ainu, the <i>kamui</i> (Strong, 2009: 27). It was published in "The Song the Owl God Sang: The Collected Ainu Legends of Chiri Yukie" (2013), the most recent English translation of the collection of <i>kamui-yukar</i> transcribed by Chiri Yukie in 1923. The ST deals with the <i>shitunpe</i>, the most revered of fox gods who dwells on a promontory (Strong, 2009: 37, 38).</p> <p>Peterson's translation uses the past tense, a formal, poetic register (e.g. l. 9 or 17) and the first person perspective. He admits the original rhythm is lost, although he tried to keep the original line breaks (Peterson, 2013: location n°131). The text contains enjambments (e.g l. 5 to 9), repetitions (e.g. l. 2 and 3 or l. 30 and 31) and repeated sequences (l. 9 to 16 repeated in l. 32 to 35 or l. 41 to 44). It also contains translation mistakes, as per Peterson's own admission (Peterson, 2013: location n°155) (see <i>Table 1</i> in Strategy box).</p>		
Strategy <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • <i>identification of translation problems</i> 	<p>My TA is translation scholars speaking at least English, French and Japanese (and potentially Ainu) visiting an exhibition about indirect translations: my TT would be presented among French and English translations of the Song the Fox God Sang from the Ainu and Japanese versions (also presented), and the visitors would have to guess which one -</p>		

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

mine - is primarily based on one of the English texts. For this, I will do an indirect translation from Peterson's translation. I will also look at the Japanese and the Ainu version as I translate, to make my indirect translation less obvious. I will:

- keep the ST's past tense, enjambments, repetitions and line breaks
- translate from the Japanese text the lines where I find some of Peterson's mistranslations:

ST	JAPANESE TEXT	TT
"Trembling in fear of me?"	"恐い事があるものか" [Is there something that could scare me?]	"Qu'est-ce qui pourrait m'effrayer ?" [What could scare me?]
"I was not content to be a minor god"	"ただの身分の軽い神でもなかった" [I did not have the status of a mere minor god]	"Je n'étais pas pas qu'un dieu mineur" [I was not just a minor god]

Table 1

- translate some lines liberally to make it harder to find my ST among the English texts presented. For these lines I will use one or more of the following devices:

- addition of poetic imagery (e.g. the wave in l. 14)
- addition of more repetitions (e.g. l. 6 or 25)
- addition of interjections (e.g l. 38, 39 or l. 76)
- removal of words that do not appear in the Japanese text: e.g.

	ST	JAPANESE TEXT	TT
	On the rocky headlands of our land On the rocky headlands of the gods	国の岬, 神の岬の上に [On top of the country's cape, the gods' cape]	En haut du cap de l'île [On top of the island's headlands] En haut du cap des dieux [On top of the gods' headlands]

Table 2

Critical Reflection
 ● *textual analysis*
(200 words max)

The other French translation of the Song the Fox God Sang I could find was done by Pauline Vey in the compilation of *yukar* "Tombent, tombent les gouttes d'argent : chants du peuple aïnou" [Fall, fall silver drops: chants of the Ainu people" (Tsushima, 1996). Vey translated directly from the Japanese and Ainu texts. Her translation contains elements that do not appear in Peterson's or mine: e.g. the onomatopoeia "Pau, pau" (1996: 275) when the fox barks on l. 15 or the comparison with rice paper shrivelling in the fire (1996: 281). Based on these differences, I suppose a scholar reading the Japanese text, or both the Japanese and Ainu text, may be able to find mine as the "intruder". However, my correction of Peterson's mistakes and the liberties I took might be able to fool my TA into thinking my TT is based on the Japanese version, but translated more freely. Vey's is also written in the present tense, as in the original Ainu text (149) while the Japanese text is in the past tense, just like Peterson's translation and mine - for a reader who does not speak Ainu, this might make them think Vey's translation is the "intruder".

Works Cited
 ● *use of sources and reference material*

Peterson, Benjamin. 2013. The Song The Owl God Sang. BJS Books. Kindle edition.

Strong, Sarah M. 2009. The Most Revered of Foxes: Knowledge of Animals and Animal Power in an Ainu Kamui Yukar. *Asian Ethnology* 68, no. 1: 27–54.

Tsushima, Yûko. 1996. Tombent, tombent les gouttes d'argent : chants du peuple ainou. Trans. by Flore Coumau, Rodolphe Diot, Catherine Vansintejan, Pauline Vey and Rose-Marie Makino-Fayolle. Collection L'aube des peuples, Gallimard. iBooks.

Source Text

The Song the Black Fox Sang

Haikunterke Haikoshitemturi

On the rocky headlands of our land

On the rocky headlands of the gods

I was sitting.

One day I went out and saw

The sea stretching away broad and calm, and on the sea

Okikirmui, Shupunramka and Samayunkur

Had sailed out together to hunt for whales, and when I saw this

The evil heart I bear swelled with malice.

Over these rocks

Over the rocky headlands of our land

Over the rocky headlands of the gods

I ran from top to bottom

I ran with light feet and sinuous body

I barked with a low sound like heavy wood splintering.

I stared at the fountainhead of the river, and called to the storm
demon within.

And a violent wind, a whirling wind came forth from the spring

And blew on the ocean. And straightaway

Target Text

Le Chant du Renard Noir

1 Haikunterke Haikoshitemturi

2 En haut du cap de l'île

3 En haut du cap des dieux,

4 J'étais assis là.

5 Un jour je sortis et je vis

6 La mer, la mer large et calme qui s'étale, et sur cette mer

7 Okikirmui, Shupunramka and Samayunkur

8 Chassaient ensemble la baleine, et quand je vis ceci

9 Je devins aussi mauvais que mon cœur.

10 En haut de ce cap

11 En haut du cap de l'île

12 En haut du cap des dieux

13 De haut en bas, de haut en bas,

14 Pieds légers, corps souple comme une vague, moi, je bondis de

15 l'avant,

16 Poussant un cri grave comme un grand arbre qui se fend.

17 Je me tournai vers la source de la rivière et appelai le démon de la

18 tempête qui y vit.

19 Et un vent violent, un vent tourbillonnant jaillit de la source

The surface of the sea plunged down
And the depths of the sea rose up. Okikirmui's boat,
Caught where the coastal waters meet the ocean waters
In dire peril, in the space between the waves
Span round and round. Mountains of water
Wrapped around the boat. But
Okikirmui, Samayunkur and Shupunramka
Chanting loudly, kept on rowing.
That tiny boat was blown around like a fallen leaf
Almost already it seemed to capsize, but
Those brave Ainu nobly sent their little boat
Skipping through the wind
Slipping over the tops of the waves.
And when I saw this, the evil heart I bear swelled with malice.
I ran with light feet and sinuous body
I barked with a low sound like heavy wood splintering.
I urged the storm demon onward with all my strength
And as I did so, at last, Samayunkur
With blood running from the palms of his hands
And blood running from the backs of his hands
Collapsed from exhaustion
And a secret laugh bubbled up inside me.

20 Et souffla sur l'océan. Immédiatement
21 La surface de la mer s'enfonça
22 Et les profondeurs de la mer se levèrent. Le bateau d'Okikirmui,
23 Entre océan et eaux côtières
24 Dans les vagues, en grand péril
25 Tourna et tourna et tourna. La mer devint montagne
26 Au dessus du bateau. Mais
27 Okikirmui, Samayunkur and Shupunramka
28 Chantant, chantant ! continuèrent de pagayer.
29 Leur petit bateau était balayé comme une feuille morte
30 Déjà sur le point de chavirer, mais
31 Le petit bateau des Ainus était dirigé par leur noble courage
32 Et bondit à travers le vent
33 Et au-dessus des vagues.
34 Et quand je vis ceci, je devins aussi mauvais que mon cœur.
35 Pieds légers, corps souple comme une vague, moi, je bondis de
36 l'avant,
37 Poussant un cri grave comme un grand arbre qui se fend.
38 De toutes mes forces, je criai au démon de la tempête: plus fort, plus
39 fort !
40 Ainsi enfin, Samayunkur,
41 Du sang coulant des paumes de ses mains,

Once more, with all my strength
I ran with light feet and sinuous body
Barking with a sound like heavy wood splintering.
I cheered on the storm demon.
Okikirmui and Shupunranka
Shouting encouragement to each other, were bravely rowing onward,
but
After a while Shupunramka
With blood running from the palms of his hands
And blood running from the backs of his hands
Collapsed from exhaustion
And again I laughed to myself.
I jumped up and ran about gracefully, with light feet
I barked with a sound like hard wood splintering –
But Okikirmui was still not even looking tired.
With only a thin garment round his body
He rowed onward until
The oar snapped in his hands.
At which he sprang over to half-dead Samayunkur
Snatched from him his oar
And rowed onward single-handed.
And when I saw this, the evil heart I bear swelled with malice.

42 Du sang coulant du dos de ses mains,
43 S'écroula de fatigue
44 Et un rire monta en moi.
45 Et encore, de toutes mes forces,
46 Pieds légers, corps souple comme une vague, moi, je bondis de
47 l'avant,
48 Poussant un cri grave comme un grand arbre qui se fend.
49 Je hélai le démon de la tempête : plus fort, plus fort !
50 Okikirmui and Shupunramka
51 S'encourageaient en criant, pagayaient courageusement de l'avant,
52 mais
53 Au bout d'un moment, Shupunramka
54 Du sang coulant des paumes de ses mains,
55 Du sang coulant du dos de ses mains,
56 S'écroula de fatigue
57 Et je ris encore une fois.
58 Pieds légers, corps souple comme une vague, moi, je bondis de
59 l'avant,
60 Poussant un cri grave comme un grand arbre qui se fend -
61 Mais Okikirmui n'avait même pas l'air fatigué.
62 Avec seulement un fin vêtement autour de son corps,
63 Il pagaya de l'avant jusqu'à

Barking with a deep sound like hard wood splintering,
I ran with light feet and sinuous body
I urged on the storm demon with yet more force.
And soon the oar taken from Samayunkur, too,
Snapped in half. Okikirmui leapt over to Shupunranka
And seizing his oar rowed bravely onward
But this oar too was broken by the waves.
Then Okikirmui stood up in the middle of the boat,
Hero among humans, and though I did not believe
His eyes could search me out, yet
On the rocky headlands of our land
On the rocky headlands of the gods
His eyes stared straight into mine.
In his calm face the color of anger appeared,
He searched for something in his bag
And I saw him draw out a little wormwood bow
And a little wormwood arrow.
Seeing that, I laughed to myself.
“What is the so-called human doing? Trembling in fear of me?
What does he hope to use that feeble arrow for?”
On the rocky headlands of our land
On the rocky headlands of the gods

64 Ce que la rame se casse dans ses mains.
65 Il s'élança vers Samayunkur qui gisait presque mort
66 Lui arracha sa rame
67 Et pagaya d'une seule main.
68 Et quand je vis ceci, je devins aussi mauvais que mon cœur.
69 Poussant un cri grave comme un grand arbre qui se fend,
70 Pieds légers, corps souple comme une vague, moi, je bondis de
71 l'avant,
72 Et redoublai d'effort pour encourager le démon de la tempête : plus
73 fort, plus fort !
74 Et bientôt la rame de Samayunkur aussi,
75 Se cassa en deux. Okikirmui s'élança vers Shupunranka,
76 Lui arracha sa rame et pagaya de l'avant - quel courage !
77 Mais sa rame aussi fut brisée par les vagues.
78 Puis Okikirmui se leva au milieu du bateau,
79 Au milieu de la tempête, et je croyais impossible
80 Qu'un humain puisse me voir, mais
81 En haut du cap de l'île
82 En haut du cap des dieux,
83 Il me regarda droit dans les yeux.
84 Son calme visage se colora de colère,
85 Il chercha quelque chose dans son sac

I ran up and down with light steps
I ran up and down gracefully.
I barked with a deep sound like heavy wood splintering.
I heaped praises upon the storm demon.
Meanwhile Okikirmui's arrow came flying
It hit me exactly in the back of the neck, it went right through...
What happened after that I could not tell.
When I came to,
The weather was good, and the surface of the sea
Was wide and calm, and Okikirmui's boat was gone.
From the top of my head to my feet
I was in agony, as if my skin were burning and shrinking.
I could never have thought that little arrow of the humans
Could make so much pain. With my limbs twisted in torment
Over these rocks
Over the rocky headlands of our land
Over the rocky headlands of the gods
I screamed with pain,
I writhed with pain,
By day and by night,
Half alive and half dead,
Until finally somehow I lost consciousness.

86 Et je le vis en tirer un petit arc en armoise
87 Et une petite flèche en armoise.
88 Voyant ceci, je me mis à rire.
89 « Que pense pouvoir faire un humain ? Qu'est-ce qui pourrait
90 m'effrayer ?
91 Qu'est-ce qu'il compte faire avec cette petite flèche ? »
92 En haut du cap de l'île
93 En haut du cap des dieux,
94 De haut en bas, de haut en bas,
95 Pieds légers, corps souple comme une vague, moi, je bondis de
96 l'avant,
97 Poussant un cri grave comme un grand arbre qui se fend.
98 Je couvris le démon de la tempête d'éloges.
99 Pendant ce temps la flèche d'Okikirmui s'envola
100 Et me frappa à l'arrière du cou et me traversa
101 Et je ne sais pas ce qui s'est passé après.
102 Quand je me réveillai
103 Il faisait beau, si beau et la surface de la mer,
104 S'étalait, large et calme, et le bateau d'Okikirmui n'était plus là.
105 De la tête aux pieds
106 J'étais à l'agonie, comme si ma peau brûlait et rétrécissait.
107 Je n'aurais jamais pensé que la petite flèche des humains

When I came round again,
I was sitting between the ears of a great black fox.
After two days, Okikirmui returned
He came with the appearance of a god, and grinning from ear to ear
he said,
“Mm, a fine sight to see –
The black fox god who keeps watch
Over the rocky headlands, the rocky headlands of the gods
Because he has a good heart, a godly heart
Dies a good and splendid death.”
So saying, he took hold of my head
With vast strength he took my upper jawbone
And made out of it a latrine; my lower jaw
He made into a latrine for his wife;
And my body he left to rot in the earth.
And thus tortured by night and day
By the horrible stench
I died a pointless death, a horrible death.
I was not content to be a minor god;
Because of the evil heart I bore there was no choice –
I died a horrible death. Therefore,
Foxes of the ages to come, learn from my fate:

108 Pouvait me faire autant de mal. Mes membres tordus de douleur,
109 En haut de ce cap
110 En haut du cap de l'île
111 En haut du cap des dieux
112 Je hurlai de douleur,
113 Je convulsai de douleur,
114 Jour et nuit,
115 À moitié mort et à moitié en vie,
116 Puis enfin je m'évanouis
117 Je ne sais pas pourquoi.
118 Quand je me réveillai de nouveau,
119 J'étais entre les oreilles d'un grand renard noir.
120 Après deux jour, Okikirmui revint,
121 Avec l'apparence d'un dieu, et avec un sourire jusqu'aux oreilles il dit,
122 « Mais quelle belle vue -
123 Le renard noir, dieu tutélaire
124 Du cap, du cap des dieux,
125 Comme tu as un bon cœur, un cœur divin,
126 Tu meurs d'une mort douce et splendide. »
127 En parlant il pris ma tête
128 Et, si fort et si puissant, brisa ma mâchoire supérieure
129 Et en fit une latrine; brisa ma mâchoire inférieure

Never harbor wicked thoughts.

So said the fox god.

130 Et en fit une latrine pour sa femme;
131 Et laissa mon corps pourrir sous la terre.
132 Torturé jour et nuit
133 Par les mauvaises odeurs
134 Je suis mort d'une mort vaine et horrible.
135 Je n'étais pas pas qu'un dieu mineur; mais
136 Mon cœur était mauvais je n'avais pas le choix -
137 Je suis donc mort d'une mort horrible. Ainsi,
138 Futur renards, apprenez de mon sort:
139 N'ayez pas mauvais cœur.
140 Ainsi chanta le dieu renard.
141

Student Number	21351215	Text Number	2
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Source Text		Target Text	
Title	Ignition	Title	点火
Year Published	2020		
Author	Julie Wüthrich		
Language	English	Language	Japanese
Word Count	370	Character Count	955
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>Ignition is an unpublished poem I wrote for an online poetry contest but did not submit. It is written in free verses, in lower case letters and divided in ten stanzas prefaced by a roman numeral. It alternates between first person and second person perspective (e.g. "i am a shooting star [...] and "do you envy the tree?") but includes spoken dialogue from an exterior interlocutor also referred as "you" in the 8th and 9th stanzas (e.g. "you say: [...]").</p> <p>The poem uses vocabulary related to the semantic field of fire and heat (e.g. "fire", "burn", "Prometheus"; "a phoenix", etc.) and alludes to the apologue of the boiling frog (e.g. "boil the water slowly. that's the thing with heat: you only realize it burns once it starts hurting").</p> <p>It also makes use of fragments (e.g. "to say you've been forged wrong", "but you?"), enjambments (l. 9, 10 or l. 19, 20) and occasional wordplay (e.g. "I catch fire and I hold it", "turn the scabs into scars"). The register is a mix of familiar (e.g. "that's the thing" ; "it's easier") and formal (e.g. "i will search for" ; "you still bear the scars").</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</i> <p><i>production of genre for target context</i></p> <p>(200 words max)</p>	<p>My TA is English-speaking Japanese language students, doing an exercise in which they have to guess whether my TT was translated by GT, or by a human. My TT will mimic characteristics of GT's Japanese translations, observed after creating a corpus of 5 poems translated into Japanese by GT (see Appendix 1). I will:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> - translate everything literally - translate "you" by the formal pronoun "あなた" [you] and "it" by "それ" [it/this] - leave the roman numerals as such except "i." and "x" which will become "私" [I] and "バツ" [cross/X] - use the formal "-ます" (-masu) form except on l.8 which starts by "to" and a verb (e.g. "to say...") as GT translates this kind of sentences with either "ために" [in order to] or the verb in the infinitive form - end imperative sentences with "-てください" [please] - either use the "-て" (-te) form or the radical of the verb for action lists - for the vocabulary, pick the first result of online dictionary jisho.org to simulate GT's tendency to prefer the most popular meanings - transcribe into katakana - the syllabary for loanwords (Weblio, 2022) - one verb ("worming") without literal translation (Jisho, 2022) - remove colons or turn them into Japanese dots: "。"
<p>Critical Reflection</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> ● <i>textual analysis</i> <p>(200 words max)</p>	<p>I put my ST through GT to compare it with my TT and noticed several things:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> - GT was sometimes more idiomatic than I expected: e.g. the verb "worming" (l. 17) was translated accurately and not transcribed into katakana - It however transcribed the word "kindling" into katakana as “キンドリング” instead of translating the word.

	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> - While GT translated most sentences literally but accurately, it also made mistakes: e.g. translating "douse yourself in gasoline" (l.11) by "ガソリンを飲んでください" [please drink gasoline] - It used "あなた" [you] often but not everywhere - It was much more literal than I was - The two texts are similar in some sentences, but a lot of them differ. While I mimicked GT, I was not able to replicate it. <p>I submitted my TT along with the ST and the translation done by GT to a Japanese learner, who managed to recognize my TT as having been translated by a human translator, thanks to:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> - "kindling", transcribed by GT into katakana - "havoc-wrecker", which was translated as "大混乱をもたらす人" [person who brings havoc] in my TT while GT opted for "大混乱" [havoc]. <p>He however admitted he had difficulties guessing which was which.</p>
<p>Works Cited</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> ● <i>use of sources and reference material</i> 	<p>Jisho. "worming #verb", Jisho.org, Accessed March 27, 2021 https://jisho.org/search/worming%20%23verb</p> <p>Weblio. 2022. 英和辞典・和英辞典. Accessed April 25, 2022. http://ejje.weblio.jp/.</p> <p>See Appendix 1</p>

Source Text

IGNITION

i. i am a shooting star through the atmosphere: i catch fire and i hold it until it consumes me.

ii. boil the water slowly. that's the thing with heat: you only realize it burns once it starts hurting.

iii. it's easier to pour vodka into your injuries and pretend it is healing than to send that text in your drafts. to say you've been forged wrong. because your mouth is already a wound
and you can't re-open it.

vodka is flammable. douse yourself in gasoline. see which one burns faster. call it cauterizing.

iv. boil the water slowly. turn the scabs into scars.

v. lightning sets a tree on fire more beautifully than you ever will. but you? the burns will be inside. lightning worming its way through your organs from your head to the ground. searing as it goes.

Target Text

点火

- 1 私。私は空気を通じての流れ星です。私は火が付い、これが私を費や
2 すまで、これを持ちます。
3
4 ii。ゆっくりとお湯を沸かしてください。これは熱のものです。痛み始めて
5 いるときだけあなたはこれが焼けていることに気づきます。
6
7 iii。あなたの傷にウォッカを配ってそれが治るのを見せかけるのはあな
8 たの下書きのテキストを送るより簡単です。あなたは違く鍛えさせたと
9 言うために。だってあなたの口はもう傷です
10 そしてあなたはそれを開き直せません。
11 ウォッカは可燃です。ガソリンにあなたを沃てください。どちらが速く燃え
12 るのかを見てください。それを焼灼と呼んでください。
13
14 iv。ゆっくりとお湯を沸かしてください。膨れを傷跡に変えてください。
15
16 v。雷があなたより木をもっと美しく放火します。でもあなたは？ やけど
17 は内部です。雷があなたの頭から土まであなたの内臓に道をワーミン
18 グする。行きながら焼け付く。

but lightning is only lightning,
it doesn't do it on purpose. does that make it any less painful? you still
bear the scars.

do you envy the tree?

vi. i'm wood for the kindling, a chimney place for the cold days. but
remember: you can start a wildfire with a birthday match. with a candle
for the dead. with incense for your ancestors. one day i will search for
prometheus and tell him 'you made me'.

vii. lightning, wildfire, havoc-wrecker. i am a shooting star through the
atmosphere: my only way to land is to crash.

viii. but you tell me: "shooting stars travel at 130 000 km per second.
they go a long way. what they shed and leave behind will become new
stars, new planets, new life." you turn up the heat of the water little by
little. you say: "we wish upon the stars we are made of. hopes and
dreams sent like flying kisses to the fire of a meteor."

ix. the water is warm. you say: "nature flourishes at the foot of
volcanoes. forests bloom in the ashes of a wildfire. when lightning strikes

19 でも雷は雷だけです。

20 それがそれをわざとしません。それは痛くなくなりますか? あなたがまだ
21 傷跡を負っています。あなたは木に嫉妬しますか?

22

23 vi。私は焚き付けの木材、寒い日の煙突の場所です。でも覚えてくださ
24 い。誕生日のマッチで山火事をおこします。死者のろうそくで。先祖への
25 お香で。いつかプロメテウスを探して「あなたが私を作りました」と言い
26 ます。

27

28 vii。雷、山火事、大混乱をもたらす人。私は空気を通じての流れ星で
29 す。私の着陸方が墜落だけです。

30

31 viii。でもあなたは私に「流れ星が130000キロ/秒で旅行します。彼ら
32 は長い道を歩きます。彼らが流して取り残すことは新しい星と新しい惑
33 星と新しい人生になります」と言います。水の熱をだんだんと上げます。
34 あなたは「私たちが作られた星に願います。流星の火に飛んでいるキ
35 スのように送る希望と夢」と言います。

36

37 ix。水が暖かいです。あなたは「火山の麓で緑が栄えます。山火事の灰
38 で森が咲きます。雷が私たちに落雷するときに、これを残した傷跡がし
39 だの形です」と言います。そしてこれは愛のものです。痛み始めている
40 ときだけあなたはこれが焼けていることに気づきます。

us, the scars it leaves are fern-shaped.” and that’s the thing with love:
you only realize it burns once it starts hurting.

x. why do you think a phoenix must burn before it is reborn?
the water is boiling.

41

42 バツ。あなたはどのようにしてフェニックスが新生する前に燃えなければならな
43 いと思いますか？

44 水が沸騰しています。

45

46

47

48

49

50

51

Student Number	21351215	Text Number	3
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Source Text		Target Text	
Title	La Madeleine de Proust	Title	The young man and the tea
Year Published	1913		
Author	Marcel Proust		
Language	French	Language	English
Word Count	471	Word Count	440
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>La Madeleine de Proust is an excerpt from Marcel Proust's famous novel, <i>Swann's way</i> (1913), the first volume of <i>In Search of Lost Time</i> (1913-1927). Here, the protagonist eats a madeleine and drinks some tea, triggering an emotional response inside him that will lead him to reminisce about his past in the village of Combray. The passage is written in the first person and is highly introspective: there is no action, only the thoughts of the character as he analyses and tries to understand the reaction the tea produced in his mind. The text contains no dialogue but several questions the narrator asks himself ("D'où venait-elle ? Que signifiait-elle ? Où l'appréhender ?" [Where did it come from? What did it mean? Where to apprehend it?]), which are the shortest sentences of the text. Long sentences are prominent: out of 23 sentences, 10 contain more than 20 words and make up 3/4 of the total word count (340 words out of 471). The text uses the simple past but switches to the present at the 14th sentence, and uses a formal register (e.g. "breuvage" [beverage], "elle envoya chercher" [she sent for]). It contains 29 adjectives and 24 abstract nouns.</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 TA is the jury of the International Hemingway Imitation Competition of 2005, a group of writers judging the best parodies of Ernest Hemingway's writing (Futility Closet, 2018). I will try to replicate Hemingway's style by:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> - using the third person perspective, as Hemingway's first person does not fuse introspection with reality like Proust's (Halliway, 1952: 205): e.g "He first refused". - using sentences of fewer than 20 words (Litcharts, 2018) interspersed by compound sentences linking independent clauses with "and" or "but" (Ardat, 1980: 4) that can be over 20 words: e.g. "Then a winter day he came home, and his mother saw [...], and she suggested [...]" - reducing the number of adjectives and abstract nouns (Xie, 2021: 156) or replacing them with words characteristic of Hemingway's style: e.g: "gloomy", "rotten" (Litcharts, 2018) - turning some sentences into spoken lines with the dialogue tag "said" (Heaton, 1970: 13) to mimic Hemingway's heavy use of dialogue, which makes up 40% of his texts on average (Litcharts, 2018), - using coordinating conjunctions as sentence starters (ibid): e.g. "And soon enough [...]" - using verbs of three syllables or fewer (ibid: 12) including some verbs characteristic of Hemingway's style: e.g "furled" (Litcharts, 2018) - using active voice
<p>Critical Reflection</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> ● <i>textual analysis</i> <p>(200 words max)</p>	<p>Reducing adjectives and abstract nouns was harder than I predicted, as they were both an inherent part of the ST's descriptive and introspective nature. I had to actively remove adjectives by rephrasing some sentences, removing some clauses, or even cutting off sentences, and reached 19 adjectives in the TT, but only managed to reduce the number of</p>

	<p>abstract nouns by one. In terms of vocabulary, this means my TT does not accurately imitate Hemingway's style, and the jury of the competition would not consider my TT to be the best parody of Hemingway.</p> <p>However, after asking people familiar with Hemingway's writings to read my TT, they confirmed that it replicated his style when it came to sentence structure and rhythm, especially the alternating between short and long sentences. Moreover, they found that the narrator's intense introspective experience being described in the third person created a kind of absurd humour in the TT. While this was not in my strategy, this might appeal to the jury of the contest as a parody is "meant to amuse" (Dover, 1996: 1114).</p> <p>Overall, I think that while my TT would not win the International Hemingway Imitation Competition, it would still be a strong contender.</p>
<p>Works Cited</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> ● <i>use of sources and reference material</i> 	<p>Ardat, Ahmad K. 1980. THE PROSE STYLE OF SELECTED WORKS BY ERNEST HEMINGWAY, SHERWOOD ANDERSON, AND GERTRUDE STEIN. <i>Style</i> 14, no. 1: 1–21.</p> <p>Dover, Kenneth James. 1996. Greek Parody. In <i>The Oxford Classical Dictionary</i>, 3rd, Edited by: Hornblower, Simon and Spawforth, Antony. 1114–15. Oxford and New York: Oxford UP</p> <p>Futility Closet. 2018. Imitation Game. Futility Closet. Accessed on April 18th 2022: https://www.futilitycloset.com/2018/03/01/imitation-game/</p> <p>Halliday, E. M. 1952. Hemingway's Narrative Perspective. <i>The Sewanee Review</i> 60, no. 2: 202–18.</p> <p>Heaton, C. P. 1970. STYLE IN THE OLD MAN AND THE SEA. <i>Style</i> 4, no. 1: 11–27.</p> <p>Rice, Justin. 2018. What makes Hemingway Hemingway? The Litcharts Blog. Accessed on April 18th 2022: https://www.litcharts.com/blog/analytics/what-makes-hemingway/</p>

	<p>Yaochen, Xie. 2009. Hemingway's Language Style and Writing Techniques in The Old Man and the Sea. English Language Teaching. 1. 10.5539/elt.v1n2p156.</p>
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Source Text

La Madeleine de Proust

Il y avait déjà bien des années que, de Combray, tout ce qui n'était pas le théâtre et le drame de mon coucher n'existait plus pour moi, quand un jour d'hiver, comme je rentrais à la maison, ma mère, voyant que j'avais froid, me proposa de me faire prendre, contre mon habitude, un peu de thé. Je refusai d'abord et, je ne sais pourquoi, je me ravisai. Elle envoya chercher un de ces gâteaux courts et dodus appelés Petites Madeleines qui semblaient avoir été moulés dans la valve rainurée d'une coquille de Saint-Jacques. Et bientôt, machinalement, accablé par la morne journée et la perspective d'un triste lendemain, je portai à mes lèvres une cuillerée du thé où j'avais laissé s'amollir un morceau de madeleine. Mais à l'instant même où la gorgée mêlée des miettes du gâteau toucha mon palais, je tressaillis, attentif à ce qui se passait d'extraordinaire en moi. Un plaisir délicieux m'avait envahi, isolé, sans la notion de sa cause. Il m'avait aussitôt rendu les vicissitudes de la vie indifférentes, ses désastres inoffensifs, sa brièveté illusoire, de la même façon qu'opère l'amour, en me remplissant d'une essence précieuse : ou plutôt cette essence n'était pas en moi, elle était moi. J'avais cessé de me sentir médiocre, contingent, mortel. D'où avait pu me venir cette puissante joie

Target Text

The young man and the tea

1 Everything but the drama of his going to bed in Combray had gone
2 away for years now. But one winter day he came home, and his mother
3 saw that he was cold, and she suggested that he take some tea. It was
4 not in his habits. So he refused at first. But for some reason he changed
5 his mind. She sent for one of those cakes called "Petites Madeleines"
6 that seemed moulded in the valve of a scallop. And soon enough he
7 brought to his lips a spoonful of tea. He had left a piece of madeleine
8 soften in the cup. He moved lazily because of the gloomy day and the
9 prospect of a gloomier tomorrow. But when tea and cake crumbs
10 touched his palate, he flinched. Something was happening inside him.
11 Pleasure furlled within him. He did not know its cause. It made him
12 indifferent to the ups and downs of life, and made life's disasters
13 harmless, and its brevity illusory, and the pleasure was acting like love,
14 and it filled him with a precious essence. Or rather, this essence was not
15 in him. It was him. He stopped feeling disgraceful, and jealous, and
16 rotten. He wondered where this had come from. He felt it was linked to
17 the taste of the tea and the cake. But it went beyond that. It must not
18 have been of the same nature.

? Je sentais qu'elle était liée au goût du thé et du gâteau, mais qu'elle le dépassait infiniment, ne devait pas être de même nature. D'où venait-elle ? Que signifiait-elle ? Où l'appréhender ? Je bois une seconde gorgée où je ne trouve rien de plus que dans la première, une troisième qui m'apporte un peu moins que la seconde. Il est temps que je m'arrête, la vertu du breuvage semble diminuer. Il est clair que la vérité que je cherche n'est pas en lui, mais en moi. Il l'y a éveillée, mais ne la connaît pas, et ne peut que répéter indéfiniment, avec de moins en moins de force, ce même témoignage que je ne sais pas interpréter et que je veux au moins pouvoir lui redemander et retrouver intact à ma disposition, tout à l'heure, pour un éclaircissement décisif. Je pose la tasse et me tourne vers mon esprit. C'est à lui de trouver la vérité. Mais comment ? Grave incertitude, toutes les fois que l'esprit se sent dépassé par lui-même ; quand lui, le chercheur, est tout ensemble le pays obscur où il doit chercher et où tout son bagage ne lui sera de rien. Chercher ? pas seulement : créer. Il est en face de quelque chose qui n'est pas encore et que seul il peut réaliser, puis faire entrer dans sa lumière.

19 "Where did it come from?" he said. "What did it mean? Where to
20 even begin?"

21 He took a second sip but it did nothing more than the first and the
22 third sip brought him even less than the second. It was time to stop. The
23 properties of the drink were loosening. He was searching for a truth that
24 was not in the drink but in himself. The drink had started it but did not
25 contain it. The sensation could only repeat itself with less and less
26 strength. It was always the same information he could not understand.
27 But at least, he wanted to be able to question this information again, and
28 he wanted to find it intact and at his disposal in just a few moments, and
29 he wanted to shed light on this once and for all. So he put down the cup
30 and circled back to his mind. Only his mind could find the truth. He just
31 did not know how.

32 "Severe uncertainty," he said.

33 It reminded him of all the times the mind fails. Its experience is
34 useless when it is both the searcher and where it searches.

35 "Searching?" he said. "No. I also have to create."

36 The mind faced something that did not exist yet. But only the mind
37 could make it real and bring it into light.

38

Student Number	21351215	Text Number	4
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Source Text		Target Text	
Title	Entangled Life	Title	Tapisserie d'Ariane
Year Published	2020		
Author	Merlin Sheldrake		
Language	English	Language	French
Word Count	419	Word Count	413
<p>Description of Source Text</p> <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> <p><i>familiarity with the formal features of a text (language variation(s), register, dialect)</i></p> <p>(200 words max)</p>	<p>Entangled Lives by mycologist Merlin Sheldrake is a non-fiction book about fungi and their relationship to other organisms. It belongs to the nature writing genre: a literary genre encompassing both fiction and non-fiction works that are "appreciative esthetic responses to a scientific view of nature" (New York Times, 1984). Aimed at the general public, it won several prizes in 2021: the Wainwright for writing on global conservation and climate change prize (The Guardian, 2021), the Guild of Food Writers First Book Award (Guild of Food Writers, 2021) and the Royal Society Science Book prize (The Bookseller, 2021).</p> <p>The book is written from the first person point of view (e.g. "I find myself wondering") with a conversational tone: the author addresses himself to the reader using "you" and "we" (e.g. "Imagine that you could..."; "If we made"). The register is a mix of casual (e.g. "it's [...]"; "scale up again:") and formal (e.g. "If one follows [...]") and the text contains specific biological vocabulary (e.g. "fungal hyphae"; "slime moulds"; "mycelium"). The excerpt is the first three paragraphs of Chapter 2, which deal with fungal hyphae's ability to split into several branches while remaining part of a single organism.</p>		

Strategy

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

production of genre for target context

(200 words max)

My TA are readers of the international online contemporary poetry journal *Recours Au Poème* [Resort to Poetry], which publishes French poetry as well as bilingual poems for an adult audience educated in literature. I will translate the ST as a free verse poem by:

- turning each paragraph into a stanza
- dividing the sentences into free verses with enjambments (e.g. l. 19 to 27 or l. 34 to 37)
- including poetic devices like those of E. E Cummings (Tartakovsky, 2009: 219) such as parenthesis or unusual formatting: e.g:

- squelette [skeleton]
- vaisseaux sanguins [blood vessels]
- nerfs [nerves]
- muscles [muscles]

deux quatre huit
 [two four eight]

- mimicking English romantic poets such as Keats and Shelley (Zwekjdling, 1964: 341) or Yeats (Dennis, 1990) by including references to a Greek myth as an extended metaphor: i.e. references to Ariadne's thread which "defeats the labyrinth but makes another intricate web at the same time" (Miller, 1976: 62), to reflect the ST's description of hyphae's ability to find "the shortest path to the exit" (ST l. 8) of a labyrinth and their appearance as "interlaced webs" (ST l. 28): e.g. TT l. 10 or l. 83.

- adding poetic devices when possible, like:

- rhymes: e.g:

les sédiment sulfureux, des centaines de mètres sous l'océan,

[sulphurous sediments, hundreds of metres under the ocean]

les barrières de corail, les corps (la faune et la flore, le mort et le vivant)

[coral reefs, bodies (fauna and flora, the dead and the living)]

- anaphoras: e.g:

devenir leur propre fils d'Ariane,

[becoming their own Ariadne's thread]

devenir branches et rameaux face à un obstacle,

[becoming branches when facing an obstacle]

- repetitions: e.g:

	<p>(Reculons un peu.) [Let's take a little step back]</p> <p>Imaginons : [Imagine:] des millions de filaments d'hyphe, [millions of hyphae tips] dans un million de labyrinthes, [in a million mazes] dans une cuillère à soupe de terre. [in a teaspoon of earth]</p> <p>(Reculons encore.) [Let's take another step back]</p> <p>Imaginons : [Imagine:] - keeping the biological vocabulary: e.g. "myxomycètes"</p>
<p>Critical Reflection • <i>textual analysis</i> (200 words max)</p>	<p>I think my strategy worked to make the TT a poem - although dividing the TT into verses might have been enough, as it has been argued that lineation is what "separates poetry and prose" (Zawacki, 2000: 291). As such, I assume it fits my intended TA . My main concern is about the biological vocabulary: while my audience is educated - hence why I decided</p>

	<p>not to simplify the vocabulary - they are mostly educated in literature, not in science. Some of the vocabulary is very specific to mycology - and unlike the ST, the TT does not have previous chapters explaining what hyphae or slime moulds are. The obscure terms might confuse my TA: my TT might have been more accessible if I had added explanations or translation notes at the end. However, it does not mean my strategy would fail: the TT might just be considered a slightly obscure scientific poem. I even found one poem on the <i>Recours Au Poème</i> [Resort to Poetry] website, <i>Best If Used By</i> by Beatrice Marchet (2021), that also includes scientific terms like "bran germ and endosperm": my TA is not new to encountering specific scientific vocabulary and my concerns might be unnecessary.</p>
<p>Works Cited</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> ● <i>use of sources and reference material</i> 	<p>Bailey, Sian. 2021. Sheldrake wins Royal Society Science Book Prize with 'illuminating' fungi book. Accessed April 26th 2022. https://www.thebookseller.com/news/sheldrake-wins-royal-society-science-book-prize-illuminating-book-fungi-1291613</p> <p>#</p> <p>Dennis, Carl. 1997. What Is Our Poetry to Make of Ancient Myths? <i>New England Review (1990-)</i> 18, no. 4: 128–40.</p> <p>Flood, Alison. 2021. Wainwright Prize for Nature Writing goes to James Rebanks for English Pastoral. <i>The Guardian</i>. Accessed April 26th 2022. https://www.theguardian.com/books/2021/sep/07/wainwright-prize-for-nature-writing-goes-to-james-rebanks-for-english-pastoral</p> <p>Guild of Food Writers. 2021. Awards 2021 Winners. Accessed April 26th 2022. https://www.gfw.co.uk/2021/awards-2021-winners/</p>

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Source Text

Entangled Life

Imagine that you could pass through two doors at once. It's inconceivable, yet fungi do it all the time. When faced with a forked path, fungal hyphae don't have to choose one or the other. They can branch and take both routes.

One can confront hyphae with microscopic labyrinths and watch how they nose their way around. If obstructed, they branch. After diverting themselves around an obstacle, the hyphal tips recover the original direction of their growth. They soon find the shortest path to the exit, just as my friend's puzzle-solving slime moulds were able to find the quickest way out of the IKEA maze. If one follows the growing tips as they explore, it does something peculiar to one's mind. One tip becomes two, becomes four, becomes eight – yet all remain connected in one mycelial network. Is this organism singular or plural, I find myself wondering, before I'm forced to admit that it is somehow, improbably, *both*.

Watching a hypha explore a single clinical maze is bewildering, but scale up: imagine millions of hyphal tips, each navigating a different maze at the same time within a tablespoon of soil. Scale up again: imagine

Target Text

Tapisserie d'Ariane

1 Imaginons :
2 traverser deux portes en même temps.
3 (Inconcevable.)
4 Mais chaque jour,
5 champignons, hyphes fongiques, ramifiés
6 empruntent les deux voies d'une intersection.
7
8 Plongeons les hyphes dans un microscopique labyrinthe.
9 Observons-les
10 devenir leur propre fils d'Ariane,
11 devenir branches et rameaux face à un obstacle,
12 puis se retrouver. Repartir ensemble dans la direction originale
13 de leur croissance,
14 et sortir du dédale par le chemin le plus court.
15 (Un ami toujours perdu dans un magasin IKEA l'a modélisé pour ses
16 myxomycètes,
17 et devenues Thésée et fil d'Ariane,
18 elles ont aussi trouvé le chemin le plus rapide jusqu'à la sortie.)

billions of hyphal tips exploring a patch of forest the size of a football field.

Mycelium is ecological connective tissue, the living seam by which much of the world is stitched into relation. In school classrooms children are shown anatomical charts, each depicting different aspects of the human body. One chart reveals the body as a skeleton, another the body as a network of blood vessels, another the nerves, another the muscles. If we made equivalent sets of diagrams to portray ecosystems, one of the layers would show the fungal mycelium that runs through them. We would see sprawling, interlaced webs strung through the soil, through sulphurous sediments hundreds of meters below the surface of the ocean, along coral reefs, through plant and animal bodies both alive and dead, in rubbish dumps, carpets, floorboards, old books in libraries, specks of house dust and in canvases of old master paintings hanging in museums. According to some estimates, if one teased apart the mycelium found in a gram of soil – about a teaspoon – and laid it end to end, it could stretch anywhere from a hundred meters to ten kilometers. In practice, it is impossible to measure the extent to which mycelium perfuses the Earth's structures, systems and inhabitants – its weave is too tight. Mycelium is a way of life that challenges our animal imaginations.

19 Suivre les hyphes
20 dans leur croissance
21 est une expérience pour l'esprit humain: un filament devient
22 deux quatre huit
23 et un seul réseau mycénien,
24 et je me demande si c'est un organisme singulier ou pluriel avant
25 d'admettre,
26 tout improbable que cela soit,
27 qu'il est les deux en même temps.
28
29 Plongeons les hyphes dans un microscopique labyrinthe.
30 Observons-les
31 conquérir ce labyrinthe de laboratoire,
32 et étonnons-nous.
33 (Reculons un peu.)
34 Imaginons :
35 des millions de filaments d'hyphe,
36 dans un million de labyrinthes,
37 dans une cuillère à soupe de terre.
38 (Reculons encore.)
39 Imaginons :
40 des milliards de filaments d'hyphes,

41 explorateurs d'un carré de forêt,
42 de la taille d'un terrain de football.
43
44 Mycélium : tissu conjonctif écologique.
45 Mycélium : le fil vivant,
46 la couture qui maintient les pans de notre monde
47 ensemble.
48 En classe, les enfants étudient des schémas d'anatomie,
49 le corps humain en plusieurs strates
50 (- squelette
51 - vaisseaux sanguins
52 - nerfs
53 - muscles)
54 et si l'on faisait la même chose pour nos écosystèmes, un de ces
55 schémas serait une carte
56 du mycélium fongique à travers ces écosystèmes :
57 réseaux tentaculaires
58 réseaux entrelacés
59 qui parcourent la terre
60 les sédiments sulfureux, des centaines de mètres sous l'océan,
61 les barrières de corail, les corps (la faune et la flore, le mort et le
62 vivant),

63 les piles de déchets, les tapis, les planchers,
64 les vieux livres des bibliothèques, les particules de poussières
65 dans les coins de maisons,
66 les toiles des tableaux de grands maîtres,
67 accrochées dans les musées.
68 Certains estiment que si on détachait le mycélium d'un gramme de
69 terre
70 (d'une cuillère à soupe de terre)
71 si on l'étalait
72 d'une extrémité à l'autre,
73 son étendue pourrait atteindre n'importe quelle longueur entre
74 une centaine de mètres dix kilomètres.
75 Mais en pratique, mesurer jusqu'où le mycélium se répand dans les
76 structures,
77 systèmes,
78 et habitants de la Terre
79 est impossible.
80 (La tapisserie du mycélium est trop serrée.)
81 Nos imaginations ne sont qu'animales (Minotaures) et le mode de vie
82 du mycélium
83 (Thésée et fil d'Ariane)
84 les défie.



Student Number	21351215	Text Number	5
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Source Text		Target Text	
Title	にくきもの [Hateful things]	Title	Things I hate: a thread (1/?)
Year Published	10th century (edition used: 1962)		
Author	Sei Shōnagon		
Language	Japanese	Language	English
Character Count	1615	Word Count	907
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> <p>(200 words max)</p>	<p>枕草子 [the Pillow Book] is the diary of Sei Shōnagon, a lady-in-waiting at Empress Teishi's (or Sadako) service (Lesigne-Audoly, 2019: 33) with "a sharp wit and [...] an extremely opinionated voice" (Heinitiuik 2012: 8).</p> <p>The "most widely adapted Japanese literary work in English" (Ivanova, 2018: 1), this diary belongs to the literary genre <i>zuihitsu</i> (Henitiuk, 2008: 3), a "loose or miscellaneous prose [...] to set down observations, reflections or feelings in an apparently casual way" (Miner, Odagiri and Morrel, 1985: 305). It contains "diary-style sections [...], random jottings [...], and catalogues" (Midorikawa, 2008: 143).</p> <p>This excerpt is a catalogue called "にくきもの" [Hateful Things], a list of things and situations Shōnagon despises.</p> <p>The language is:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> - vernacular 10th century Japanese (McKinney, 2006: 69) - characterised by "both colloquial and refined locutions" (Midorikawa, 2008: 145) - filled with lexical repetition (Heinitiuik 2012: 16) (e.g. there are fifteen expressions derived from "にくき" [hateful], prominently "いとにくし" [I really hate this] which appears thirteen times) 		

	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> - without personal pronouns, making it unclear if it is the author, the reader or a general audience who is supposed to be experiencing what Shōnagon describes (McKinney, 2006: 47) (e.g. "物きかむと思ふほどに泣くちこ" [children that start crying when (I/you/one/we) (try/tries) to hear something]).
<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 TA is Japanese literature students using Twitter. To introduce Shōnagon's work to them under a fun, familiar format, I will translate the ST as a 2022 Twitter thread by:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> - dividing the text into paragraphs of 280 characters or fewer as per Twitter character limit (Boot <i>et al</i>, 2019: 1). - ending each paragraph with numbers between parentheses (e.g. "(4/?)"), preceded by "cont." [to be continued] <p>when I cut a point in several parts due to length</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> - keeping all historical artefacts (eg. "Iyo blinds", "mantra") - mixing: <ul style="list-style-type: none"> - haughty register (e.g. "do not"; "shall") - slang (e.g. "chug"; "won't shut up about") - oral language (e.g. "like"; "you go") - using internet slang (Bozorova, 2021: 490): <ul style="list-style-type: none"> - abbreviations: e.g. "stg" - acronyms: e.g. "smh" - popular social media expressions: e.g. "bestie"; "the tea". To avoid repetition, I will pick different ones to translate いとにくし [I really hate this] and its variations: e.g. "yikes"; "sir you are fired" - conveying tone and emphasis with: <ul style="list-style-type: none"> - punctuation as an intonation marker (Bozorova, 2021: 490): e.g. "but?? I've seen [...] this??? sir???????"

	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> - words in capital letters (ibid) - hyperboles: e.g. "you DIE INSIDE" - special formatting for some paragraphs or words: e.g. bullet points; "nOT" - emojis
<p>Critical Reflection</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> ● <i>textual analysis</i> <p>(200 words max)</p>	<p>Three Twitter users interested in Japanese literature read my TT: two of them had never read 枕草子 [the Pillow Book] and one had. They all complimented the humour of the translation and its accuracy to current social media.</p> <p>Those who had not read 枕草子 [the Pillow Book] declared they had become interested in reading it. The reader who already knew the work commented that my TT made them realise how befitting the social media format was for Shōnagon's voice and felt my TT represented accurately how she might have spoken if she had had Twitter back then. From their feedback, my strategy was successful.</p> <p>However, due to the nature of internet slang - made up and adapted by users depending on the situation (Vilariño Ferreiro, 2018: 24) - applying the same strategy with different vocabulary choices could have resulted in my TA not perceiving the TT as being accurate to social media or Shōnagon's voice. My success might not be due to my strategy itself so much as my own - instinctive - choices when I executed it. It might not be possible to make translations into a recent social media format follow an actual formula; and their reception too might be very subjective.</p>
<p>Works Cited</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> ● <i>use of sources and reference material</i> 	<p>Boot, A.B., Tjong Kim Sang, E., Dijkstra, K. <i>et al.</i> 2019. How character limit affects language usage in tweets. <i>Palgrave Commun</i> 5, 76.</p> <p>Bozorova, M. B. 2021. Linguistic features of internet slang in language change. <i>Science and Education</i>, 2 (12), 488-490.</p>

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Source Text

にくきもの

いそぐ事あるをりにきてながとするまらうど。あなづりやすき人ならば、「後に」ともやりつべけれど、さすがに心はづかしき人、いとにくくむつかし。

すずりに髪の入りにてすられたる。また、墨の中に、石のきしきしときしみ鳴りたる。

俄かにわづらふ人のあるに、験者もとむるに、例ある所にはなくて、ほかに尋ねありくほど、いと持ちどほに久しきに、からうじてまちつけて、よろこびながら加持せさするに、この頃もののけにあづかりて、困じにけるにや、あるままにすなはちねぶりごゑなる、いとにくし。

なでふことなき人の、笑がちにて物いたういひたる。

火桶の火、炭櫃などに、手のうらうち返しうち返し、おしのべなどしてあぶりをる者。いつかわかやかなる人など、さはしたりし。老いばみたる者こそ、火桶のはたに足をさへもたげて、物いふままにおしすりなどはすらめ。さやうのものは、人のもとにきて、みんとする所を、まづ扇してこなたかなたあふぎちらして、塵はきすて、みもさだまらずひろめきて、狩衣の

Target Text

Things I hate: a thread (1/?)

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まへまき入れてもゐるべし。かかることは、いふかひなき者のきはにやと思へど、すこしよろしきものの式部の大夫などいひしがせしなり。

また、酒のみてあめき、口をさぐり、ひげあるものはそれをなで、さかづき、こと人にとらすほどのけしき、いみじうにくしとみゆ。また、「のめ」といふなるべし、身ふるひをし、かしらふり、口わきをさへひきたれて、わらはべの、「こふ殿にまゐりて」などうたふやうにする、それはしも、まことによき人のし給ひしを見しかば、心づきなしとおもふなり。

物うらやみし、身のうへなげき、人のうへいひ、つゆちりのこともゆかしがり、きかまほしうして、いひしらせぬをば怨じ、そしら、また、わづかに聞きえたることをば、俄もとよりしりたることのやうに、こと人にもかたりしらぶるもいとにくし。

物きかむと思ふほどに泣くちご。

からすのあつまりてとびちがひ、さめき鳴きたる。

しのびてくる人見しりてほゆる犬。

あながちなる所にかくしふせたる人の、いびきしたる。また、しのびくる所に、長鳥帽子して、さすがに人に見えじとまどひ入るほどに、物につきさはりて、そよるといはせたる。

伊豫簾などかけたるにうちかづきて、さらさらと鳴らしたるも、いとにくし。帽額の簾は、まして、こはじのうちおかるるおとしるし。それも、やを

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Empress Sadako's best court lad @itsseishonagor · Jun 1 ...
People who just talk and talk, smiling and all, but have nothing special to say like... girlie. no. (6/?)
1 1.2K 2.1K

Empress Sadako's best court lad @itsseishonagor · Jun 1 ...
Old people who sit at a brazier and keep on turning their hands to warm themselves up. Do you see young ppl doing that?? no!! I even see some old people rubbing their feet on the edge of the brazier while they speak! yikes!! cont. (7/?)
1 95 258

Empress Sadako's best court lad @itsseishonagor · Jun 1 ...
and it is the SAME people who when they visit you:
- fan their seat to get rid of the dust
- can't decide how to sit when they finally do it
- spread the front of their hunting costume or tuck it under their knees
cont. (8/?)
1 108 300

Empress Sadako's best court lad @itsseishonagor · Jun 1 ...
one would THINK only commoners do that but?? I've seen people of high-status do this like?? I have seen the COMMISSIONER OF CEREMONIES do this??? sir???????? (9/?)
1 986 1K

らひきあげて入るは、さらに鳴らず。あしうあくれば、障子などもごほめ
かしうほとめくこそしるけれ。

ねぶたしとおもひてふしたるに、蚊のほそごゑにわびしげに名のりて、
顔のほどにとびありく。羽風さへその身のほどにあるこそいとにくけれ。

きしめく車にのりてありく者。耳もきかぬにやあらんといとにくし。わが乗
りたるは、その車のぬしさへにくし。

また、物語するに、さし出でて我ひとりさいまくる者。すべてさしいで
は、わらはもおとなもいとにくし。

あからさまにきたる子ども・わらはべを、見入れらうたがりて、をかききも
のとらせなどするに、ならひて常にきつつ、ぬ入りて調度うちちらしぬ
る、いとにくし。

家にても官づかへ所にても、あはでありなんとおもふ人の來たるに、そ
ら寝をしたるを、わがもとにあるもの、おこしにより來て、いぎたなしとお
もひ顔にひきゆるがしたる、いとにくし。

いままりのさしこえて、物しり顔にをしへやうなる事いひ、うしろみた
る、いとにくし。

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わがしる人にてある人の、はやう見し女のことほめいひ出でなどするも、程へたることなれど、なほにくし。まして、さしあたりたらんこそおもひやられ。されど、なかなかさしもあらぬなどもありかし。

はなひて誦文する。おほかた、人の家のをとこ主ならでは、たかくはなひたる、いとにくし。

蚤もいとにくし。衣のしたにをどりありきてもたぐるやうにする。

犬のもろ聲にながながとなきあげたる。まがまがしくさへにくし。

あげて出で入る所たてぬ人、いとにくし。

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The image shows a screenshot of a Twitter thread on a dark background. The thread consists of five tweets, each starting with a circular profile picture of a woman with a red hat. The tweets are as follows:

- Tweet 1:** "Empress Sadako's best court lad @itsseishonagor · Jun 1 ...
- try to know all the tea and get mad when you don't tell them
- then if they learn stg they make it SO dramatic when they spread it around and pretend they knew all along...
do you take constructive criticism?? (13/?)
1 reply, 1.1K retweets, 1.2K likes
- Tweet 2:** "Empress Sadako's best court lad @itsseishonagor · Jun 1 ...
Babies!! who cry!! just when you're trying to hear something!!
😭😭 (14/?)
1 reply, 1.2K retweets, 2.2K likes
- Tweet 3:** "Empress Sadako's best court lad @itsseishonagor · Jun 1 ...
Murders of crows flying around going all CAW CAW CAW!!
(15/?)
1 reply, 84 retweets, 385 likes
- Tweet 4:** "Empress Sadako's best court lad @itsseishonagor · Jun 1 ...
Dogs that bark when your secret lover is sneaking in 🐶 (16/?)
1 reply, 1.4K retweets, 1.5K likes
- Tweet 5:** "Empress Sadako's best court lad @itsseishonagor · Jun 1 ...
When you have to hide a man somewhere and it is a terrible hiding spot and he!!! starts!!! to snore!!! (17/?)
1 reply, 900 retweets, 986 likes

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Empress Sadako's best court lady @itsseishonago · Jun 1 ...
Or you have a secret meeting with a man and he is wearing a tall lacquered hat so OF COURSE when that GENIUS hurries to enter bc he doesn't want to be seen, he bangs his hat against something. (18/?)

1 1.1K 1.3K

Empress Sadako's best court lady @itsseishonago · Jun 1 ...
Also hate the rattle that the Iyo blinds make when they're up and get knocked by someone passing under! The bottom part of bamboo blinds makes an even worse noise when it drops 🤬
cont. (19/?)

1 358 465

Empress Sadako's best court lady @itsseishonago · Jun 1 ...
if you lift it CAREFULLY when you enter, it won't make a sound!!
And same with sliding doors!! they will make NOISE if you open them too roughly!! (20/?)

1 237 388

Empress Sadako's best court lady @itsseishonago · Jun 1 ...
You're in bed and about to doze off and then. Lo and behold! Mosquito. You hear the bzz, you feel it around your face, you can even FEEL the lil wind of its wings and you DIE INSIDE.
(21/?)

1 900 986

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Empress Sadako's best court lad @itsseishonagor · Jun 1 ...

People in a carriage with creaking wheels. How can they not hear this??? If I travel in someone's carriage and it has creaking wheels, the owner shall promptly perish in my eyes <3 hope that helps (22/?)

1 1K 1.3K

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Empress Sadako's best court lad @itsseishonagor · Jun 1 ...

Also people who slide into conversations and butt in like they're the only one in the room when you're in the middle of telling a story. Kids, adults, I simply do not care. If you butt in, you are a Certified Nuisance. (23/?)

1 984 1.3K

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Empress Sadako's best court lad @itsseishonagor · Jun 1 ...

Children visit your house so you fuss over them and do your best to give them things they like!

... then they become used to it and start coming regularly and force their way in and

knock.

your.

things.

over.

🙄🙄 (24/?)

1 2.4K 2.5K

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Empress Sadako's best court lad @itsseishonagor · Jun 1 ...

Someone you do NOT want to see visits at home or at the Castle so you pretend to sleep but then someone comes and wakes you up and they give you a disapproving look because you were asleep... sir you are fired (25/?)

1 810 907

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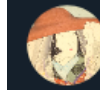
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Empress Sadako's best court lad @itsseishonagor · Jun 1 ...

When a newcomer barges in, pretends to know everything and lectures everyone else. Bestie who hurt you??? (26/?)

1 1.2K 1.3K



Empress Sadako's best court lad @itsseishonagor · Jun 1 ...

The man you're dating won't shut up about some woman he was seeing before you. Even when they're over... c r i n g e. And it's worse if you imagine if they were still together!! (But sometimes actually it's... fine?) (27/?)

1 896 965



Empress Sadako's best court lad @itsseishonagor · Jun 1 ...

Saying a mantra when you sneeze. Overall except the master of the house people who sneeze loudly are sooooo annoying (28/?)

1 305 400



Empress Sadako's best court lad @itsseishonagor · Jun 1 ...

Oh and also? FLEAS. They dance about under your clothes so much it's like your clothes are going to fly up!! Besties i am in tears!! 🥲 (29/?)

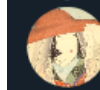
1 900 1.1K



Empress Sadako's best court lad @itsseishonagor · Jun 1 ...

A group of dogs just howling on and on it is rly creepy I really wish they just would nOT (30/?)

1 806 963



Empress Sadako's best court lad @itsseishonagor · Jun 1 ...

People who do not close the doors after them. You don't deserve rights. (31/31)

1 1.2K 1.3K

Student Number	21351215	Text Number	6
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Source Text		Target Text	
Title	Night Running	Title	Night Running
Year Published	2020		
Author	Shin Sakiura feat. AAAMYYY		
Language	Japanese	Language	English
Character Count	547	Word Count	413
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> <p>(200 words max)</p>	<p>Night Running is a J-pop song produced as the ending song of each episode of the Japanese animation series <i>BNA: Brand New Animal</i> by Studio Trigger. The song is about someone running to an unknown destination to find themselves after being affected by a change in their situation, and wishing to live freely.</p> <p>It has an inconsistent rhyme scheme overall:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> - the verses have an A-B-A-B rhyme scheme - the pre-choruses have an inconsistent A-B-C rhyme scheme - the chorus has an A-B-A-B-C rhyme scheme - the bridge has a A-B-B-C rhyme scheme <p>The song uses simple vocabulary and sentence structures (e.g. "祈りも届かない" [My prayers won't be heard either]; "世界は動き出す" [The world is going to move]) as well as an informal register (e.g. all verbs are in plain form: "変わり出す" [to change]; "止まらない" [will not stop]). It contains English words in two lines ("Upside down" ; "Ups and downs"). While the song is written in the first person point of view (e.g. "僕" [I]), it also addresses an unknown interlocutor (e.g. "教えて" [Tell me]) or refers to both the narrator and interlocutor together (e.g. "僕ら" [We]).</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 TA is English-speaking fans of both the song and the English translations of Japanese group YOASOBI's songs done by Aoki Konnie. Konnie's translations “prioritize[s] things like rhyming over word-for-word semantic accuracy” so that an audience can sing both English and Japanese choruses together in a concert and “share a sense of oneness” (Tomohiro, 2021). I will replicate this by:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> - creating close end and inner rhymes between TT and ST (e.g. ST: "教えて" (Oshiete) → TT: "Oh hear and tell") - keeping the meaning of each sentence or at least verse through imagery or phrasing with a somewhat similar meaning (e.g. ST: "意味を求めて走り続けて" [Looking for a meaning, I keep running] → TT: "Meaning lost but I'm on it, I'm dashing till you get there") - prioritising sounds over grammatical accuracy and fluency in target language: I will use odd or agrammatical English to preserve the sonorities and some of the overall meaning (e.g.: in the ST "何度でも立ち上がるきっと" (nando demo tachiagaru kitto) sounds like "No, don't stay more touching ground, get up keep on" in the TT but "don't stay more touching ground" should be "don't stay any longer on the ground") - keeping the English words as such
<p>Critical Reflection</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> ● <i>textual analysis</i> <p>(200 words max)</p>	<p>I asked an English and Japanese-speaking singer to perform my TT and she confirmed that she was able to sing it. Although the strange phrasings first confused her, after actively for the meaning, she could see the relation between the sentences: while my TT might not make much sense at first glance, by focusing on the core ideas of the sentence and looking past the grammatical inaccuracies, it is possible to find a streamlined meaning in the song. She however</p>

	<p>commented that the odd grammar made the sentences at l. 7 and l. 35 difficult to sing as she was not used to the word order.</p> <p>I uploaded recordings of the TT and the ST together as an mp3 file, with the ST playing in one ear and the TT in the other (see Appendix 2) and had English speakers listen to it. They reported that they had trouble differentiating which was which and praised how seamlessly the two versions blended.</p> <p>My strategy was successful in creating a TT that rhymes and sounds strikingly similar to the ST, but it might take a bit of practice to sing the TT due to the prioritisation of sounds over fluency in English.</p>
<p>Works Cited</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <i>use of sources and reference material</i> 	<p>Tomohiro Osaki. 2021. "Yoasobi's breakout hit song is just as catchy in English". The Japan Times. Accessed March 20, 2021. https://www.japantimes.co.jp/culture/2021/08/14/music/yoasobi-translation-yoru-ni-kakeru/</p> <p>See Appendix 2</p>

Source Text

Night Running

突然にもUpside down

世界は変わり出す

祈りも届かない

僕が変わり出す

意味を求めて走り続けて

自分が誰かわからなくなる

泣きそうだけど 負けたくないから

教えて

夜に馳せるこのゆらめきと

思いのままに飛びまわって

もっと自由に駆けて行こうよ

星を見上げてさ

一生分のUps and downs

世界は動き出す

痛みは止まらない

覚醒して飛び出せ

Target Text

Night Running

- 1 Suddenly more upside down
- 2 Sky, world turn and redo soon
- 3 Ignoring more, told all, cannot
- 4 But could I turn and redo soon?
- 5
- 6 Meaning lost but I'm on it, I'm dashing till you get there
- 7 Jibbing at that wreck, I waste "I" that I could not lose
- 8 Nagging sob that cut off; my decline couldn't be like that
- 9
- 10 Oh hear and tell
- 11 Your wings are set tonight you're making it done
- 12 Oh, nothing on my mind, need to be unrestricted
- 13 More to gleam you flee like no getting caught, you're
- 14 Holding a mirror to the stars
- 15
- 16 It's so full of ups and downs
- 17 Sky, world should walk in too soon
- 18 And taming wounds turned bad all night
- 19 Curving, shifting to be the same

意味もなくまた走り続けて
終わりの見えない旅を続ける
きらめく夜に世界を見たいから

教えて
夜に馳せるこのゆらめきと
思いのままに飛びまわって
最後まで走り切ったら
僕らはどうなるの

いつかまたこの場所に立って
何度でも立ち上がるきっと
最後まで見届けてずっと
自由に生きてたい

意味を求めて走り続けて
自分が誰かわからなくなる
泣きそうだけど
負けたくないの

教えて

20
21 Meaning lost yet could not stop, I'm cheering till you get there
22 Oh worry not, hidden eyes, to be where I could get you
23 Caring, making your world near, set where brilliant midnights grow
24 out
25
26 Oh hear and tell
27 Your wings are set tonight you're making it done
28 Oh nothing on my mind, need to be unrestricted
29 Sign gone - what if, dashing, we're seizing that line?
30 But could I ask what do I do now?
31
32 It's coming time, coming back home is certain
33 No, don't stay more touching ground, get up keep on
34 Sign gone, that end means to look and take just on
35 This journey: we're keeping life free
36
37 Meaning lost but I'm on it, I'm dashing till you get there
38 Jibbing at that wreck, I waste "I" that I could not lose
39 Nagging sob that cut off
40 My decline couldn't be now
41

夜に馳せるこのゆらめきと
思いのままに飛びまわって
最後まで走り切ったら
僕らはどうなるの

いつかまたこの場所に立って
何度でも立ち上がるきつと
最後まで見届けてずっと
自由に生きてたい

意味を求めて走り続けて
自分が誰かわからなくなる
意味もなくまた走り続けて
終わりの見えない旅を続ける
意味を求めて走り続けて
自分が誰かわからなくなる..

42 Oh hear and tell
43 Your wings are set tonight you're making it done
44 Oh nothing on my mind, need to be unrestricted
45 Sign gone - what if, dashing, we're seizing that line?
46 But could I ask what do I do now?
47
48 It's coming time, coming back home is certain
49 No, don't stay more touching ground, get up, keep on
50 Sign gone, that end means to look and take just on
51 This journey: we're keeping life free
52
53 Meaning lost but I'm on it, I'm dashing till you get there
54 Jibbing at that wreck, I waste "I" that I could not lose
55 Meaning lost yet could not stop, I'm cheering till you get there
56 Oh worry not, hidden eyes, to be where I could get you
57 Meaning lost but I'm on it, I'm dashing till you get there
58 Jibbing at that wreck, I waste "I" that I could not lose...
59

Student Number	21351215	Text Number	7
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Source Text		Target Text	
Title	Dante's Inferno	Title	Chant Un
Year Published	1994 (original: 1321)		
Author	Steve Ellis (original: Dante Alighieri)		
Language	English	Language	French
Word Count	1537	Word Count	1697
<p>Description of Source Text</p> <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> <p><i>familiarity with the formal features of a text (language variation(s), register, dialect)</i></p> <p>(200 words max)</p>	<p>These are lines 1 to 111 of the Canto I of Dante's Inferno, translated by poet and translator Steve Ellis with annotations in the footnotes. It was first published in 1994 by Chatto & Windus, then re-edited several times by Vintage Classics. Ellis' translation is "first of all a colloquial version" (Ellis, 1994: xiii) that "tries to recapture some of the vigour and directness of Dante's original" (ibid): the register is low, with familiar expressions (e.g. "since I got some good there"; "well, this one upset me so much"; etc.). He also uses "primarily the language of the 1980s and 1990s" (ibid: xiv) and draws on his Yorkshire background for "basic speech-tone" (ibid). He ignores Dante's <i>terza rima</i> (ibid), translating the poem in free verse tercets instead. The "line length and the number of words and stresses by line" are regular (ibid: xv).</p> <p>16 footnotes provide explanations on "Dante's mythical and political allusions" (Balmer, 1994), on lines with a contested meaning (e.g. "105 he'll be born etc: another much-disputed line"), and on Ellis' translation. The beginning of each annotation indicates the line and the fragment of the text they are referring to.</p>		

Strategy

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

My TA are participants of an experiment as part of French translation scholars' research on the reception of footnotes. My translation resembles a presentation on various elements of the Canto I: I will put the translated footnotes where the ST poem is and the translated poem where the ST footnotes are, to see how quickly people notice this inversion. I will:

- remove the beginning of the annotations
- rephrase the annotations to be independent from the line they explain (e.g. ST: "1 **Halfway** etc: at thirty-five years of age" → TT: "Dante descend aux Enfers à l'âge de 35 ans" [Dante descends into hell at age 35])
- group them by topics with titles and pictures (e.g. "Les Animaux" [the Animals])
- remove footnotes that do not fit these topics ("38 **the sun rising** etc..." and "74 **Anchises' son...**")
- rework the poem:
 - add connectors between verses (e.g.: ST: "I was in such a heavy slumber" → TT: "car j'étais dans un sommeil si profond" [because I was in such a heavy slumber]).
 - remove the lineation
 - rework the punctuation (e.g. ST: "...to talk about/this place..." → TT: "...d'en parler. Cet endroit..." [...to talk about. This place...])
 - divide it into footnotes

Critical Reflection

- *textual analysis*
- (200 words max)**

I asked several French-speakers, both familiar and unfamiliar with Dante's work, to read my TT without telling them what my strategy was. Only one of them, who had studied Dante's work, noticed that the poem was in the footnotes and commented that the main body of my TT looked like clear and detailed explanations on elements of the Canto I, like those of a museum or a school handbook. The others did not notice the inversion on first read, either telling me that

	<p>they were not familiar with the topics presented or that they also thought my explanations were well-written. It is only once I told them to look at the footnotes that they noticed the inversion.</p> <p>My strategy allowed me to translate Ellis's annotations as believable "presentation slides" and make them look like coherent explanations of a certain topic, while making the footnotes unobtrusive enough that people who tend to look over footnotes did not pay them attention. It is however possible that they would have looked past the footnotes even if I had left the poem in verse form and that the reworking of the poem was not crucial for my strategy to succeed.</p>
<p>Works Cited</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> ● <i>use of sources and reference material</i> 	<p>Alighieri, Dante. 2013. Dante's Inferno. Trans. by Steve Ellis. 3rd ed. London: Vintage.</p> <p>Josephine Balmer. 1994. BOOK REVIEW / The lost in translation: 'Hell' - Dante Alighieri, trs Steve Ellis: Chatto 14.99. The Independent UK. Accessed on March 27th 2022.</p> <p>www.independent.co.uk/arts-entertainment/book-review-the-lost-in-translation-hell-dante-alighieri-trs-steve-ellis-chatto-14-99-1428926.html</p>

Source Text

Dante's Inferno

Halfway through our trek in life¹
I found myself in this dark wood²,
miles away from the right road.
It's no easy thing to talk about,
this place, so dire and dismal
I'm terrified just remembering it!
Death itself can hardly be worse;
but since I got some good there
I'll talk about the bad as well.
I can't say how much I wandered in,
I was in such a heavy slumber
the moment I left the right way.

¹ **1 Halfway** etc: at thirty-five years of age, half of the Biblical 'three-score years and ten' (Psalms, 90: 10). The poem is set in the year 1300 (Dante was born in 1256), near the beginning of spring (see later in this canto, ll. 37-40). In XXI, 112-14 we are told that Dante's journey to the afterlife begins exactly 1266 years after Christ's death, which serves to fix the descent into Hell as occurring on Good Friday 1300, the day that dawns at l. 37. Dante leaves Hell on Easter Sunday, in a symbolic concordance with Christ's death and resurrection.

² **2 this dark wood:** the symbolic wood of Dante's own sense of sin and spiritual travail, and more generally the benighted state of a whole civilisation gone astray, the remedy for which will be outlined, in the political and religious teachings of the *Comedy*.

Target Text

Canto 1

DANTE ET LA DESCENTE AUX ENFERS

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Portrait de Dante, Gustave Doré (1860)

But then I reached rising ground³
where this wood came to an end
that had so horrified my heart,
and I looked up: the hill top
already wore that planet's rays
that light up the paths of men.
So my fear thawed out a little
that had iced over my heart
on this night of such misery.
I was like a weary swimmer
getting from the sea onto shore,
gazing back at the huge waves;
so my spirit was still escaping
as it went back over that stretch
no one ever comes through alive⁴.
Now I rested for a moment,
then on up that lonely slope

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Dante descend aux Enfers à l'âge de 35 ans, soit la moitié des «
soixante-dix ans » (Psaume 90: 10) bibliques¹⁷. Le poème se déroule en
l'an 1300 (Dante est né en 1256), autour du début du printemps (voir II.
37-40). Dans XXI, 112-14, on nous dit que le voyage de Dante dans
l'au-delà commence précisément 1266 ans après la mort du Christ, ce
qui permet de déterminer que la descente aux Enfers se passe le
Vendredi saint de l'an 1300, le jour qui se lève à la l. 37. Dante quitte les
Enfers le dimanche de Pâques, en accord symbolique avec la mort du
Christ et sa résurrection.

³ 13 **rising round**: the hill Dante comes to represent the virtuous life, illuminated by the sun ((l. 17) of God's grace.

⁴ 27 **no one ever** etc: the wood of sin leads to the death of damnation; so few survive it that Dante can be permitted his hyperbole here: the hill on the far side of it is 'lonely' (l. 29).

¹⁷ À mi-chemin de la longue marche de notre vie, je me trouvai

with the firm foot always lower⁵.
And here, just at the beginning,
there was a spotted animal
like a leopard⁶, racing about,
who wouldn't get away from me:
in fact he impeded me so much
I often turned round to return.
It was right at the start of day,
the sun rising⁷ with those stars
he'd risen with the first time
God started all this beauty going,
so they seemed like good omens,
the hour and sweet season, against
this beast with the brilliant skin.
But they couldn't stop my panic

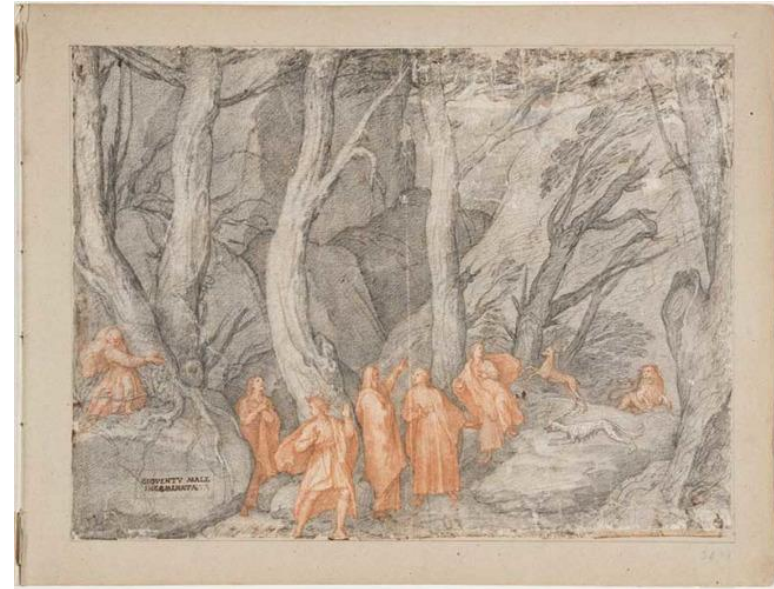
⁵ 30 **with the firm foot** etc: the line has caused much controversy. The simplest explanation is that Dante's weight tends to be backwards rather than forwards in the climb, indicating the difficulty and even reluctance involved in the arduous ascent to virtue.

⁶ 33 **like a leopard**: the Italian is 'lonza' rather than 'leopardo' but it's clear that an animal like a leopard, if not identical with it, is meant. It symbolises lust, as the lion and wolf we're about to meet represent pride and greed for possessions, this latter in particular being the root cause of the world's corruption in Dante's eyes (l. 51). Again, we are meant to see the animals as having a much wider social import than as sins specific to Dante.

⁷ 38 **the sun rising** etc: the sun was thought to have been in the first sign of the zodiac, Aries (21 March-21 April) at the Creation.

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LIEUX



La Forêt Sombre, Frederico Zuccari (1586)

when I found a lion there too,
and he came for me, I thought,
his head high, mad with hunger,
so even the air seemed terrified.

Next a wolf, greediness itself,
oozing from her famished body,
the cause of hurt to so many –
well, this one upset me so much
just from the fear of her look,
I gave the hill up completely.
I was like him that likes to win,
but then the time to lose comes,
and all his thoughts turn sour;

45 La forêt sombre¹⁸ est la forêt qui symbolise la notion du péché de
46 Dante et de son travail spirituel. De manière plus générale, c'est l'état
47 d'ignorance de toute une civilisation égarée, le remède qui sera expliqué
48 dans les enseignements politiques et religieux de la Comédie.

49 La colline¹⁹ qu'il atteint ensuite représente la vie vertueuse,
50 illuminée par le soleil (l. 17) de la grâce de Dieu. La forêt du péché mène
51 à la mort et la damnation ; si peu y survivent que Dante s'autorise
52 l'hyperbole « dont personne ne sort vivant » (l. 27)²⁰ et considère la
53 colline de l'autre côté de la forêt comme étant « esseulée » (l. 29)²¹.
54 Dante monte sur la colline avec son poids en arrière plutôt qu'en avant²²,
55 indiquant la difficulté et même la réticence qu'impliquent l'ascension
56 ardue vers la vertu.
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¹⁸ dans cette forêt sombre, si loin du bon chemin. Il n'est pas simple d'en parler. Cet endroit, si terrible et lugubre, je tremble rien que d'y penser ! La mort elle-même ne peut être pire ; mais puisque j'y ai trouvé de bons côtés, je parlerai aussi des mauvais. Je ne peux dire combien de temps j'errais, car j'entrai dans un sommeil si profond dès que j'eus quitté le droit chemin.

¹⁹ Mais j'atteignis une montée là où cette forêt se terminait, alors qu'elle avait tant horrifié mon cœur, et je levai les yeux : le haut de la colline brillait déjà des rayons de cette planète qui éclaire les voies des hommes. Et donc ma peur fondit un peu - celle qui avait gelé mon cœur en une telle nuit de misère. J'étais comme un nageur épuisé quittant la mer pour le rivage, jetant un dernier regard vers les grandes vagues ; mon esprit s'échappait donc encore, retournant vers ces terres

²⁰ dont personne ne sort vivant.

²¹ Là je me reposai un instant, et puis grimpai cette montée esseulée

²² d'un pied sûr toujours plus bas.

so this animal that never rests
pushed me backwards, bit by bit
to where the sunshine's silent.
Now as I plummeted downwards,
a figure rose before my eyes,
hoarse from long silence⁸, it seemed.
When I saw him in this wasteland,
I shouted out, 'Have pity on me,
whatever you are, man or ghost!'
He says⁹, 'Not man, though I was:
my parents came from Lombardy,
both born in Mantua; I was born
*sub Julio*¹⁰, even though it was late,

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LES ANIMAUX



La Panthère, Gustave Doré (1857)

⁸ 63 **hoarse from long silence**: Virgil is best understood at this point as representing allegorically the voice of reason and human wisdom, which hasn't spoken to Dante for a long time; hence his situation.

⁹ 67 **He says** etc: The figure is Virgil, symbol of wisdom, reason and human learning, and author, in the *Aeneid*, of an epic poem that the *Comedy* pays tribute to and emulates. The imperialist politics of Virgil's poem are the inspiration of Dante's own worldview, both in this present work and in his treatise *Monarchia*; Virgil's own account of the underworld in *Aeneid* VI, and his reputation in the Middle Ages as a prophet of Christianity, supplement his qualifications to be Dante's guide. The humanistic heritage is thus co-opted here into medieval Catholicism.

¹⁰ 70 **sub Julio** etc: in the time of Julius Caesar, though before he came to power (Virgil was born in 70 BC). Caesar was assassinated in 44 BC, so Virgil was born too late to enjoy his patronage.

then I lived under good Augustus,
when our sham gods lied to us.
I was a poet; I sang of him,
Anchises' son¹¹, that noble Trojan
who left the proud, burning city.
But you, why sink under again?
Why not climb this gorgeous hill,
this road to perfect happiness?'
'You're not that Virgil, that spring
where all the river of style rises?'
I ask this, awe all over my face.
'O light, O glory of every poet,

¹¹ 74 **Anchises' son**: Aeneas, whose flight from Troy and founding of the Roman state form the matter of the *Aeneid*.

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En Italien, le mot utilisé est « lonza » et non pas « leopardo », mais il est clair qu'il s'agit d'un animal qui ressemble à un léopard²³, ou qu'il s'agit même réellement d'un léopard. Il symbolise la luxure, comme le lion et le loup représentent l'orgueil et la cupidité matérielle, ce dernier péché en particulier étant la cause de la corruption du monde aux yeux de Dante (l. 51). Là aussi, nous sommes censés percevoir les animaux comme ayant une importance sociale plus large que celle des péchés pour Dante.

²³ Et là, tout au début, il y avait un animal tacheté comme un léopard, qui courait ici et là, et ne s'éloignait pas de moi : de ce fait il me gênait tellement que je fis souvent demi-tour pour revenir sur mes pas. C'était au début de la journée, et le soleil se levait. Ces mêmes étoiles avec qui il s'était levé la première fois que Dieu avait animé toute cette beauté se levaient aussi. Cela semblait donc être un bon présage, l'heure et la douce saison, contre cette bête à la peau brillante. Mais cela n'empêcha pas ma panique, quand j'y rencontrai aussi un lion, et je pensai qu'il venait sur moi, la tête haute, rendu si fou par la faim, que même l'air autour semblait apeuré. Puis une louve, l'avarice même exsudant de son corps malfamé, la cause des maux de tant - eh bien, celle-là me terrifia tellement rien qu'avec son apparence, que j'abandonnai complètement la colline. J'étais comme celui qui aime gagner, mais quand vient le moment de perdre, ses pensées deviennent acides ; ainsi cet animal qui ne dort jamais me poussa vers l'arrière, petit à petit, vers l'endroit où la lumière du soleil est silencieuse.

may my devotion benefit me now,
and all my studying of your book.
You're my master, and my author,
only source of that noble style¹²
that's helped me to some honour.
You see this beast that stops me:
O mighty poet, help me with her,
she makes all my pulses tremble.
'You'll have to go another way,'
he says, watching while I cried,
'if you want to leave this waste:
this creature you're hollering at,
she lets no one past her, rather
she'll hound him till his dead;
and her nature's one so monstrous
she'll never feed her greedy guts,
after she eats she's hungriest.
Yet she never lacks for husbands

¹² 86 **that noble style:** in the *De vulgari* (II, iv, 5-8) Dante discusses the 'tragic' style of poetry, that most elevated in subject and construction, and which is suited to works that deal with arms, love and virtue. The philosophical and love poetry he'd written before 1300 would then fall into the same general category as the *Aeneid*.

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VIRGILE



Dante et Virgile, Priamo Della Quercia (XVème siècle)

and never will – until the Dog¹³
 comes, who'll hunt her to death.
 He won't chase gold or territory
 but wisdom and love and virtue¹⁴;
 He'll be born into felt swaddling¹⁵.
 He'll rescue this prostrate Italy
 that the wounded fell for, Turnus,
 the maid Camilla, Euryalus, Nisus¹⁶.

101 À ce moment précis, Virgile se comprend mieux comme représentation
 102 allégorique de la voix de la raison et de la sagesse humaine, qui n'a pas
 103 parlé à Dante depuis longtemps; ce qui explique sa situation²⁴. Il²⁵ est
 104 symbole de la sagesse, la raison et de l'apprentissage humain et il est
 105 auteur, dans l'Énéide, d'un poème épique que la Comédie honore et
 106 imite. La politique impérialiste du poème de Virgile a inspiré la vision du
 107 monde de Dante, dans cette œuvre-ci et dans son traité Monarchia. Le
 108 récit que Virgile fait de l'outre-monde dans l'Énéide VI, et sa réputation

¹³ 101 **the Dog**: this famous prophecy of the wolf's pursuit and death has never been satisfactorily explained, the two most favoured identities for the Dog being probably the Emperor Henry VII and Can Grande della Scala, ruler of Verona from 1308 to 1329 and a patron of Dante's. Dante purposely leaves the identity undisclosed, and he may indeed have had no specific individual in mind; the following lines suggest however a religious rather than a secular leader, one who would cleanse the church of its covetousness, a recurring complaint in the poem.

¹⁴ 104 **but wisdom** etc: the three attributes of the Trinity (the Son, Holy Ghost, Father respectively).

¹⁵ 105 **he'll be born** etc: another much-disputed line. The Italian, 'tra feltro e feltro', has sometimes been thought to indicate a geographical location for the Dog's birth, between Feltre (in the Veneto) and Montefeltro (Romagna). The literal reading 'between felt and felt' seems preferable – i.e., the Dog will be born into a low estate (felt would make a rough, coarse swaddling) or even brought up by the Franciscans.

¹⁶ 107 **Turnus** etc: Dante records figures killed on both sides in the conquest of Latium (lower Italy, including the region where Rome was subsequently founded) by the Trojans. Turnus, leader of the Rutilians, was killed by Aeneas himself

²⁴ Tandis que je chutais vers le fond, une silhouette apparut devant mes yeux, rauque du long silence, il me semble. Quand je la vis dans ce désert, je criai : « Ayez pitié de moi, peu importe ce que vous êtes, homme ou fantôme ! »

²⁵ Il dit : « Pas un homme, bien que je le fus : mes parents sont de Lombardy, les deux nés à Mantua ;

He'll chase her through every city
till she's hunted back into hell,
where she was till malice freed her.

109 au Moyen-Âge comme prophète de la Chrétienté, complètent ses
110 qualifications en tant que guide de Dante. L'héritage humaniste est ici
111 intégré dans le Catholicisme médiéval. Virgile est né *sub Julio*²⁶, au temps
112 de Jules César mais avant qu'il ne prenne le pouvoir (Virgile est né en 70
113 avant J.C.). César ayant été assassiné en 44 avant J.C., Virgile est né trop
114 tard pour profiter de son mécénat.

115 Son style a beaucoup influencé celui de Dante : dans le De vulgari
116 (II, iv, 5-8), Dante parle du style de poésie « tragique », le plus éminent
117 en termes de sujet et de construction, et le style approprié pour des
118 œuvres qui parlent des armes, de l'amour et de la vertu. Les poèmes
119 philosophiques et les poèmes d'amour qu'il a écrits avant 1300 se
120 trouveraient ainsi dans la même catégorie générale que l'Énéide²⁷.

(*Aen.*, XII, 697-952), Camilla was the daughter of the king of the Volscians and died in battle (*Aen.*, XI), while Euryalus and Nisus were Trojans killed fighting the Volscians (IX, 179-445).

²⁶ je suis né *sub Julio*, bien que tardivement, et j'ai vécu sous le règne du bon Auguste, quand nos dieux de pacotille nous ont menti. J'étais poète ; j'ai chanté à son sujet, le fils d'Anchises, ce noble Troyen qui a quitté la fière cité brûlante. Mais toi, pourquoi te replonger dans la souffrance ? Pourquoi ne pas monter cette belle colline, cette route vers le bonheur parfait ? - N'es-tu pas ce Virgile, cette source d'où toute la rivière du style s'écoule ? demandai-je, l'air ébahi. Oh lumière, oh gloire de tout poète, puisse ma dévotion me servir maintenant, et toute mon étude de votre livre. Vous êtes mon maître, et mon auteur adoré,

²⁷ seule source de ce style noble grâce auquel j'ai été couvert d'honneurs. Voyez cette bête qui m'arrête : Oh puissant poète, aide moi, elle fait trembler mon poulx et mon cœur. - Tu devras trouver un autre chemin, dit-il, en me regardant pleurer, si tu veux

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LE CHIEN



Dante et le Chien, James Dromgole Linton (1899)

quitter ce désert ; cette créature contre laquelle tu cries ne laisse passer personne, ou sinon elle le poursuivra jusqu'à sa mort; et sa nature est si monstrueuse qu'elle ne remplira jamais son avide estomac, c'est après avoir mangé qu'elle a le plus faim. Pourtant elle ne manque pas de maris et n'en manquera jamais - jusqu'à ce que

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140 La célèbre prophétie à propos de la poursuite et la mort de la
141 louve n'a jamais été expliquée de façon satisfaisante. Les deux identités
142 les plus acceptées pour le Chien²⁸ sont certainement l'Empereur Henri
143 VII et Can Grande della Scala, régent de Vérone de 1308 à 1329 et un des
144 mécènes de Dante. Dante fait exprès de ne pas révéler l'identité du
145 chien, et il se peut qu'il n'ait eu personne à l'esprit ; mais la ligne 104
146 suggère plutôt un chef religieux que laïque, quelqu'un qui purifierait
147 l'église de sa convoitise - dont Dante se plaint régulièrement dans le
148 poème. La ligne 104²⁹ liste les trois attributs de la Trinité (le Fils, le Saint
149 Esprit et le Père respectivement). La ligne 105³⁰, à propos de la naissance
150 du Chien, est aussi controversée. L'Italien 'tra feltro e feltro' a parfois été
151 considéré comme indiquant le point géographique de la naissance du
152 Chien, entre Feltre (dans la Vénétie) et Montefeltro (Romagne). Une
153 lecture littérale de « entre feutre et feutre » semble préférable – par
154 exemple, le Chien serait de basse fortune (le feutre ferait un lange rèche
155 et grossier) ou aurait même été élevé par les Franciscains.

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²⁸ le Chien ne vienne, celui qui la chassera à mort. Il ne courra pas
après l'or ou les terres,

²⁹ mais après sagesse et amour et vertu ;

³⁰ il naîtra dans un lange de feutre. Il sauvera cette Italie
prosternée pour laquelle les blessés sont tombés,

FIGURES DE LA CONQUÊTE DE LATIUM

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Énée terrassant Turnus, Luca Giordano (XVIIème siècle)

177 Dante parle des personnages³¹ tués des deux côtés de la conquête de
178 Latium (Italie du sud, qui comprend la région où Rome a été fondée) par
179 les Troyens dans l'Énéide. Turnus, le chef des Rutiliens, est tué par Énée
180 lui-même (Énéide, XII, 697-952), Camilla est la fille du roi des Volsques et
181 est morte durant la bataille (Énéide, XI), tandis qu'Euryalus et Nisus sont
182 des Troyens tués dans le combat contre les Volsques (IX, 179-445).
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³¹ Turnus, la servante Camilla, Euryalus, Nisus. Il la poursuivra à travers chaque ville jusqu'à ce qu'elle retourne en enfer, où elle se trouvait avant que le mal ne la libère.

Student Number	21351215	Text Number	8
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Source Text		Target Text	
Title	Wolvendaughter	Title	ウオルベンドーター(WORUVENDŌTĀ) [Wolvendaughter]
Year Published	2020		
Author	VER		
Language	English	Language	Japanese
Word Count	614	Character Count	1592
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> <p>(200 words max)</p>	<p>Wolvendaughter is a one-shot comic published after a Kickstarter campaign (Kickstarter, 2021). It is a fantasy story dealing with the themes of cycle, destruction and rebirth, in which a young girl is chosen to be the Daughter, the guide and companion of a wolf-like monster called the Beast in its journey to burn down the world.</p> <p>There are five speaking characters:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> - the Daughter (D) - the Beast (B) - the Daughter's little sister (LS) - the Mother of the order of the Ash-Sisters, which the two girls belong to (M) - the Mother's older sister who only appears in the beginning (OS) <p>None of the human characters are named as they are part of a cycle.</p> <p>While the text is only speech and onomatopoeia, M's monologues and OS's speech sometimes serve as narration. Her tone, just like the overall register of the story, is formal (e.g. "perhaps"; "someone must"; etc.).</p>		

	<p>D and LS speak in a familiar register (e.g. "I'll miss you too"; "you're hopeless"; etc.), denoting their youth.</p> <p>The text is literary (e.g. "heroes and hopefuls") and uses metaphors and poetic imagery (e.g. "rise from the ashes"; "your hearts which burn so bright"; "doubt will not crumble her heart.").</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 TA are readers of Kodansha's 月刊モーニングtwo [Monthly Morning Two], a bimonthly manga magazine for adult readers. I will translate the TT as a Japanese manga by:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> - changing the reading order from right to left - adding a black-and-white filter - translating onomatopoeia - keeping four words ("Wolvendaughter"; "Daughter"; "heroes"; "mantle") in English transcribed into katakana, the "syllabary used primarily for loanwords" (Weblio, 2022): e.g. ST: "Daughter" → TT: "ドーター" [Daughter] - mimicking the intuitiveness and indirectness of Japanese communication (Clancy, 1987: 213) by removing, when inferable from context: <ul style="list-style-type: none"> - textual elements: e.g. ST: "I'll miss you when you're away" → TT: "寂しくなるよ" [I'll miss you] - pronouns - favouring idiomatic translation by: <ul style="list-style-type: none"> - using free translation for metaphors and idioms: e.g. ST: "What's gone is gone" → TT: "燃えたら燃えちゃった" [if it burns, it's burnt down] - adapting characters' speech to their personalities or interlocutor: <ul style="list-style-type: none"> - characters use the informal "-う" (-u) form with those younger than them and the formal "-ます" (-masu) form with those older than them

	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> - D and LS speak informally together, denoting their closeness - D speaks informally with B - "she" is translated by "お姉さん" [older sister] when LS talks to or about D - M uses old-fashioned vocabulary (e.g. "我々" [we])
<p>Critical Reflection</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> ● <i>textual analysis</i> <p>(200 words max)</p>	<p>Despite my attempts at an idiomatic translation, I felt that some sentences might sound off to native Japanese speakers where I tried to stay close to the ST's phrasing to convey its meaning properly. After asking a Japanese reader to read my TT, they confirmed that while the TT read overall quite fluent, a few sentences did not feel entirely natural: notably "君は他人が分かるように他人は君がそれほどしかわからない。" [People only know you as much as the way you know them], which felt a little convoluted to them. My strategy was thus not entirely successful, as it is possible for my TA to guess that my TT is a translation and not an original work.</p> <p>My reader however praised my translation of the characters' voices and noted that the theme of the ST felt very fitting to a Japanese context - as the theme of destruction and rebirth is also found in Japanese apocalyptic works (Napier, 2001: 1).</p> <p>Should I redo my translation, I would sacrifice the ST's meaning for fluency in the target language to achieve better success in my strategy and maybe do research on the language used in Japanese apocalyptic works to lean more into the genre.</p>
<p>Works Cited</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> ● <i>use of sources and reference material</i> 	<p>Clancy, Patricia M. 1987. The Acquisition of Communicative Style in Japanese. In <i>Language Socialization across Cultures</i>, edited by Bambi B. Schieffelin and Elinor Ochs, 213–50. Studies in the Social and Cultural Foundations of Language. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press.</p>

	<p>Napier, S.J.2001. Waiting for the End of the World: Apocalyptic Identity. In: Anime from Akira to Princess Mononoke. Palgrave Macmillan, New York.</p> <p>Quindrie Press. 2021. Quindrie Press: the 2021 comic collection. Kickstarter. Accessed on April 28th 2022. https://www.kickstarter.com/projects/evewood/quindrie-press-2021?lang=fr</p> <p>Weblio. 2022. 英和辞典・和英辞典. Accessed April 25, 2022. http://eje.weblio.jp/.</p> <p>Lewis, Mia. 2010. Painting Words and Worlds: The Use of Ateji in Clamp's Manga. <i>Columbia East Asia Review</i> 3:28–45.</p>
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Source Text

Wolvenddaughter

Target Text

ウォルヴェンドーター



WOLVENDAUGHTER
by VER



ウオルヴェンドーター
VER



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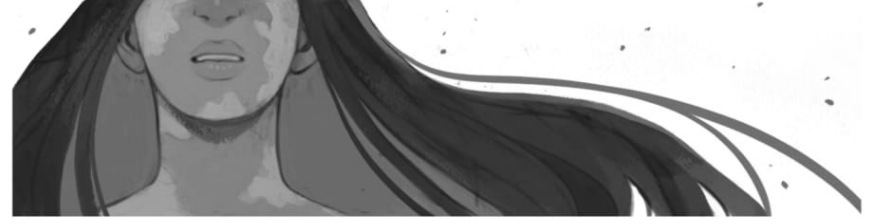
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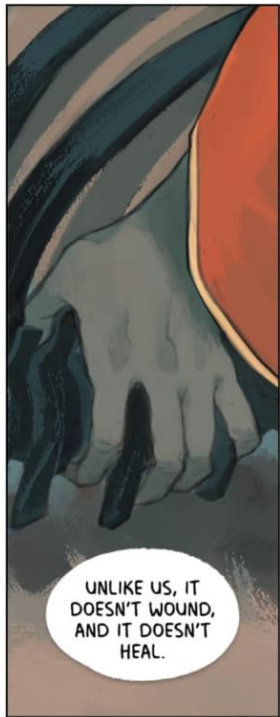
PEOPLE WILL FORGET THE DESTRUCTION.



THOSE WHO LIVED DID NOT SUFFER THE MOST TERRIBLE TALES TO TELL.
AND THOSE WHO DIED WILL REMAIN SILENT.



BUT THE LANDSCAPE... THE ASHES, THE FIRE.
OH, IT SEEMS TERRIBLE NOW, DOESN'T IT?
BUT THE WORLD HAS A WAY ABOUT IT...



UNLIKE US, IT DOESN'T WOUND, AND IT DOESN'T HEAL.



IT JUST CONTINUES ON, IN ENDLESS CYCLES.



MINDLESS AND PERSEVERING.

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人は壊滅を忘れる。



今酷そうなんだろ？
でも土、灰、炎。
それでも世界は...



生き残った者が最悪話を引き抜かなかった。
死んだ者がいつまでも黙っている。



意思なく、執拗に。



ただ続けて、永遠に繰り返してる。

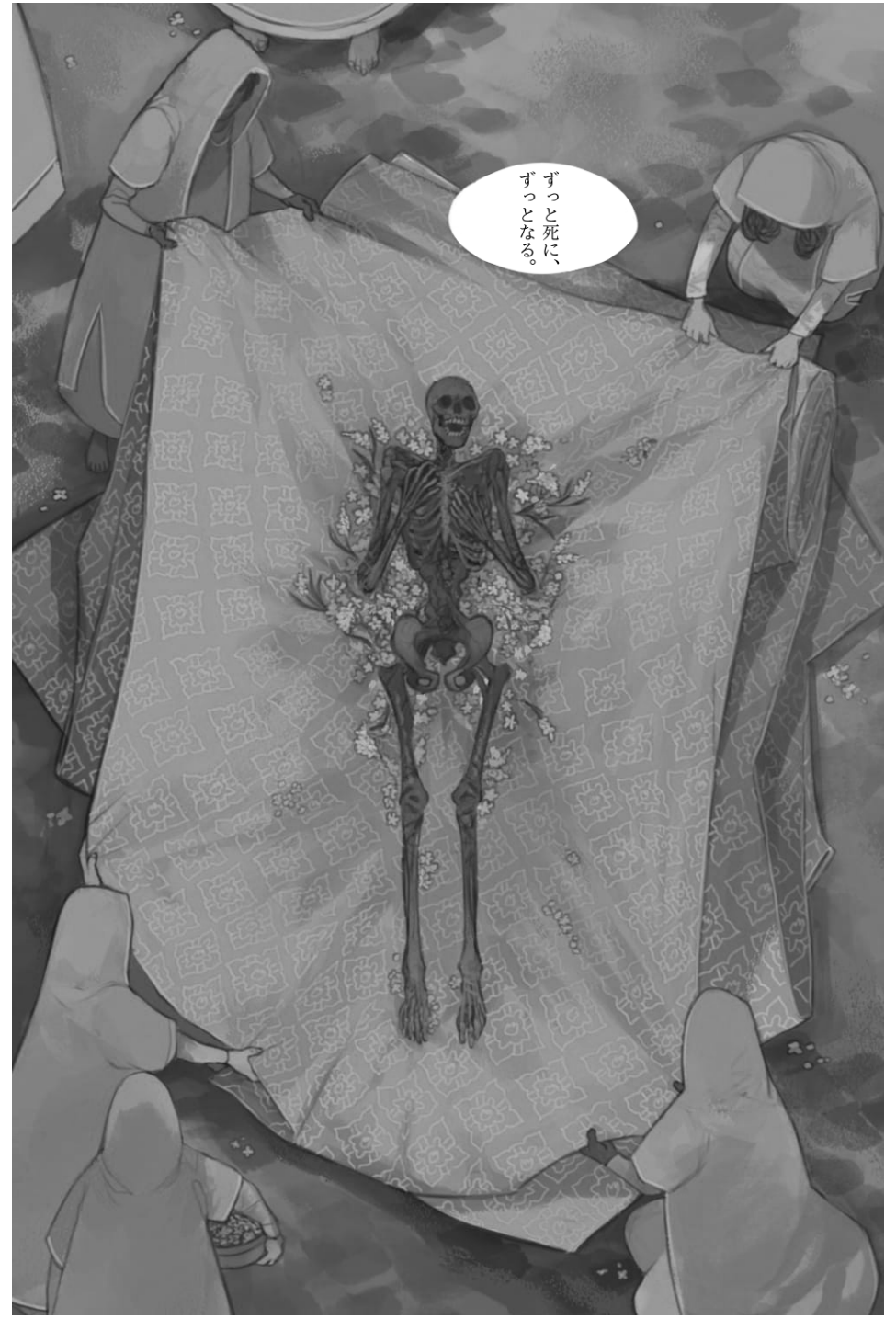


人間に反して、傷つかなかく、治らなく、



ALWAYS DYING, AND ALWAYS BECOMING.

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ずっと死に、
ずっとなる。

AH, SISTER...
YOU'RE AWAKE!
I'VE MISSED
YOU SO...



DID YOU SAY
SOMETHING?



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お姉さん、起きた！
会いたかったの・・・



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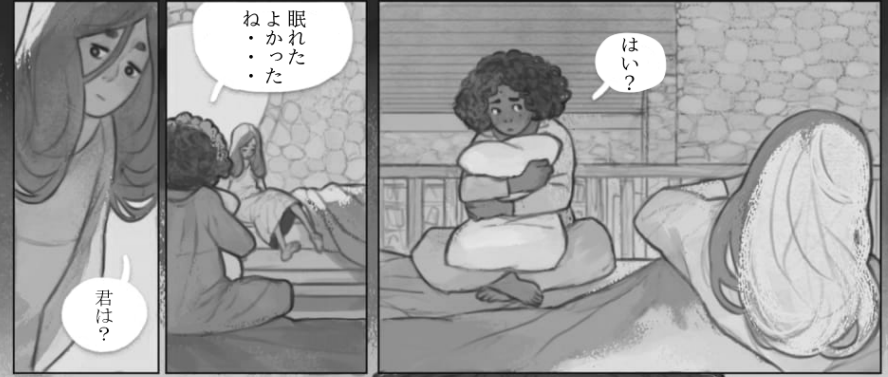
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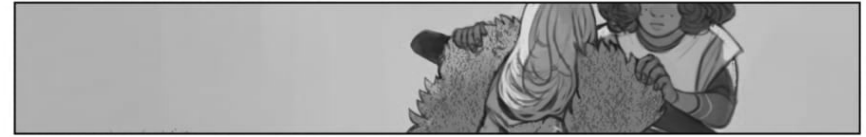
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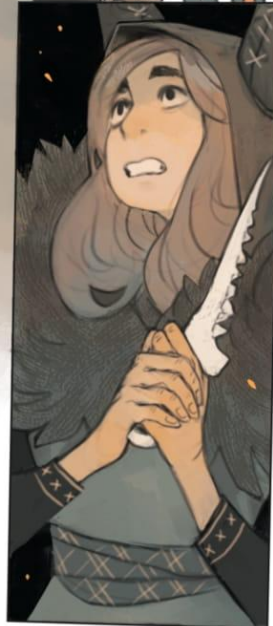
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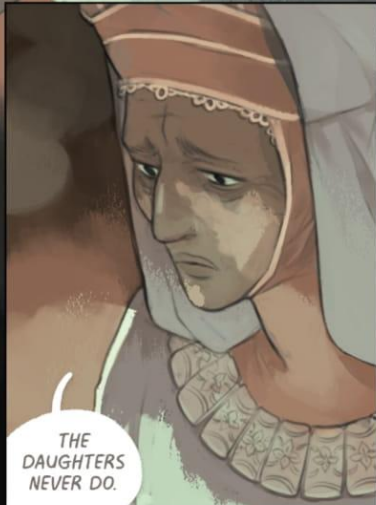
WHY ME?

SOMEONE MUST WEAR THE MANTLE.

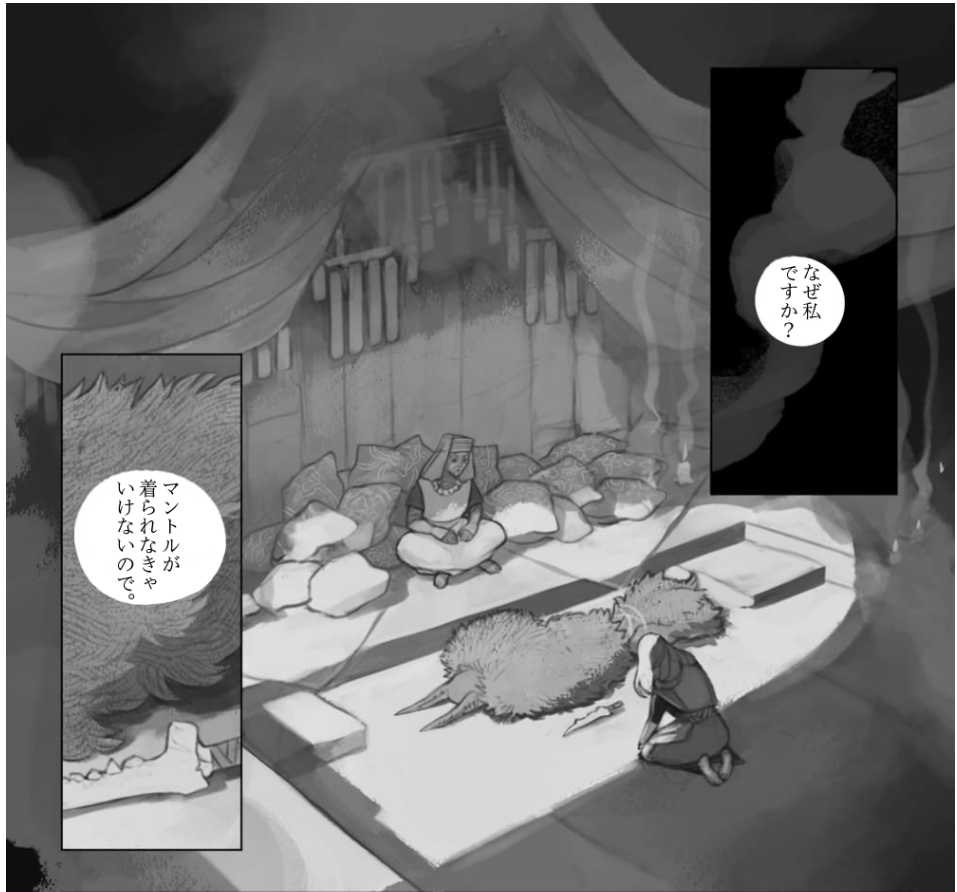
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I NEVER ASKED FOR THIS.



THE DAUGHTERS NEVER DO.



なぜ私ですか？

マントルが
着られない
ので。

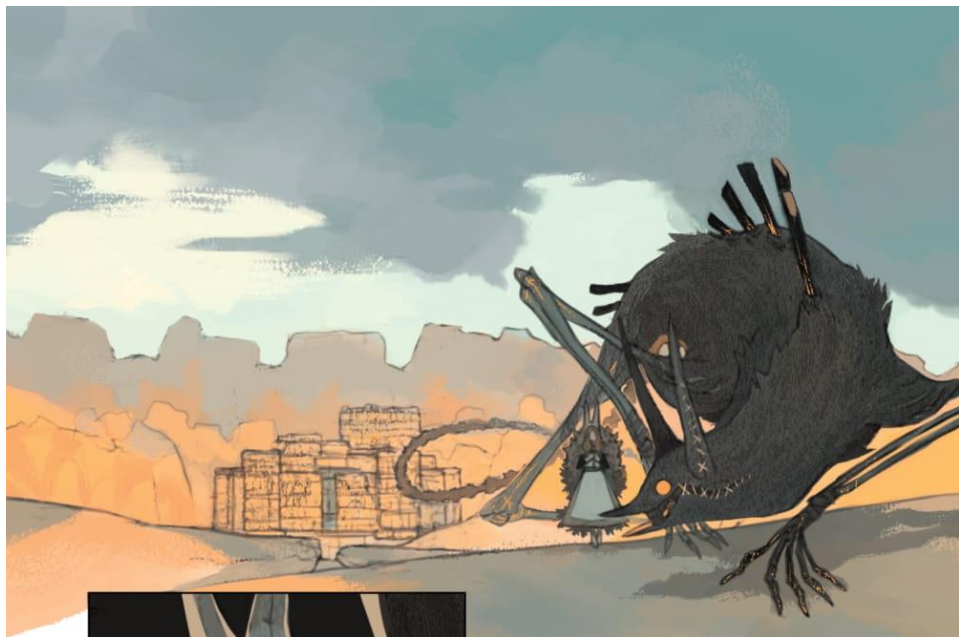
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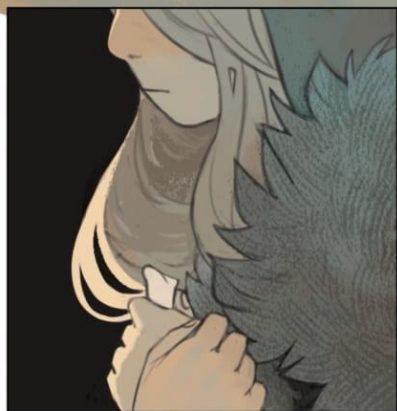
他の
ドーター
と同じ。



着たくない
でした。



WHAT HAPPENS NEXT?



THE BEAST WILL BE YOURS.

YOU WILL DO AS IT WILLS.

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今からどうになりますか？



獣のまにまに演じてあげる。

獣が君の。



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FEED THE FLAMES,
OR THE FLAMES WILL
FEED ON YOU.



WE ASH-SISTERS
DO NOT BURN. YOU
WILL BE ALL THAT
CAN REMAIN.



HEROES AND
HOPEFULS WILL RISE
TO STOP THE RAMPAGE,
AS THEY ALWAYS
HAVE...



AND THE
BEAST WILL BURN
THEM ALL.

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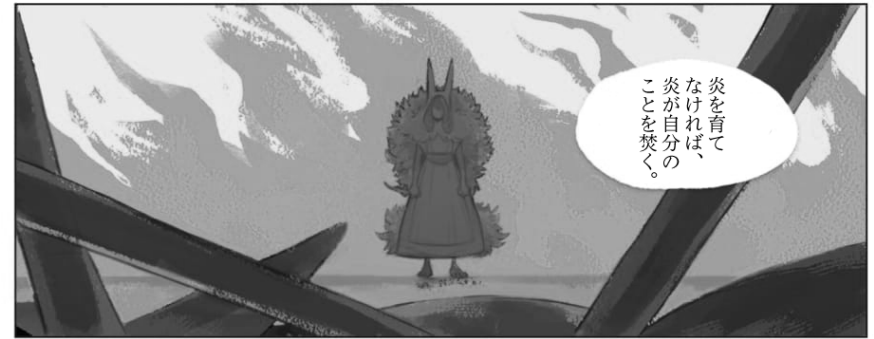
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炎を育て
なければ、
炎が自分の
ことを焚く。



我々は灰道女。
燃えられない。
生き残りものは
君だけだ。



相変わらず、
荒れ狂いを
止めるために、
ヒーローと希望に
満ちた人は立ち
上がつても...



獣が全部
も燃やす。



REMEMBER
THE GENTLE TOUCH OF
GRASS BENEATH YOUR
FEET, AND HOLD THAT
MEMORY DEAR.



REMEMBER THE
BLUE SKIES, AND THE
TURN OF SEASONS AS
THEY ONCE WERE.



AND REMEMBER
THE KINDNESS PEOPLE
ONCE SHOWED YOU,
AS THEY WILL HOLD NO
LOVE FOR YOU NOW.

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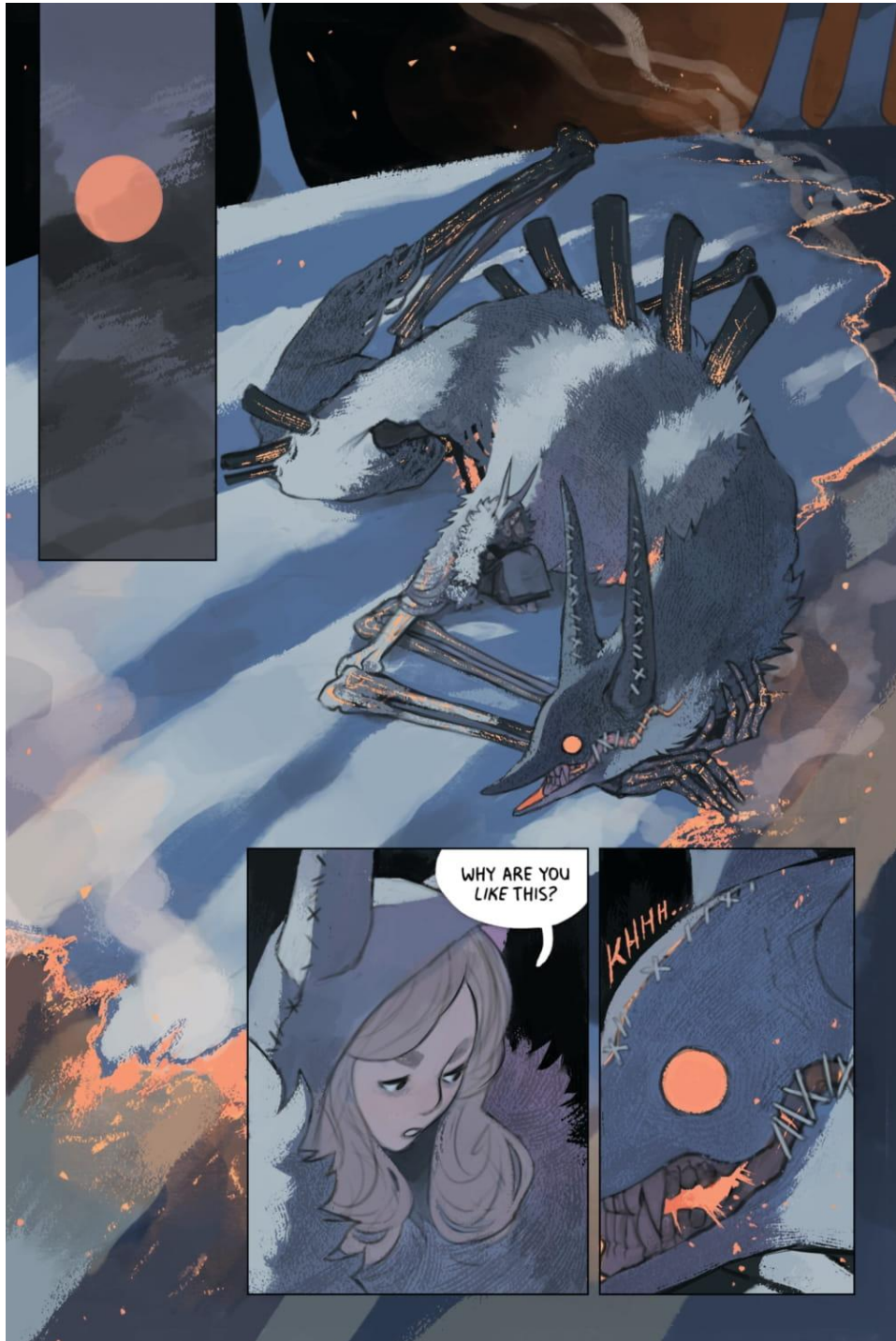
足の下に草の
優しい感触を
覚えて
その覚えを
大事にして。



青空と季節の
移り変わりを
覚えて。



人の優しさを
覚えて、
その優しさが
今から消える
ので。



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DO YOU
EVEN KNOW
WHAT YOU'RE
DOING?

YOU'RE
HOPELESS.

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何してゐるって
分かるの？

だめだよ。



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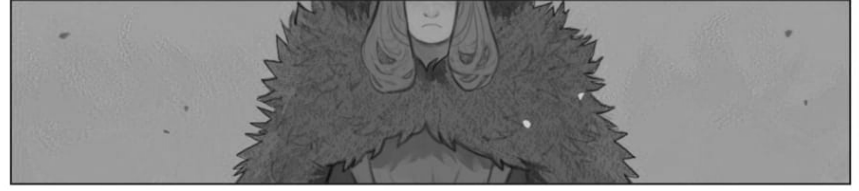
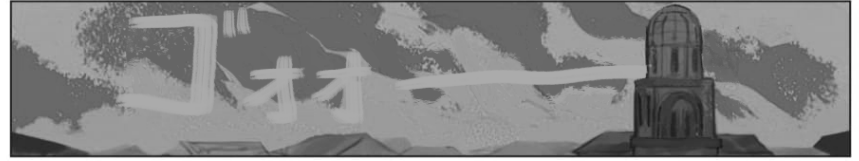
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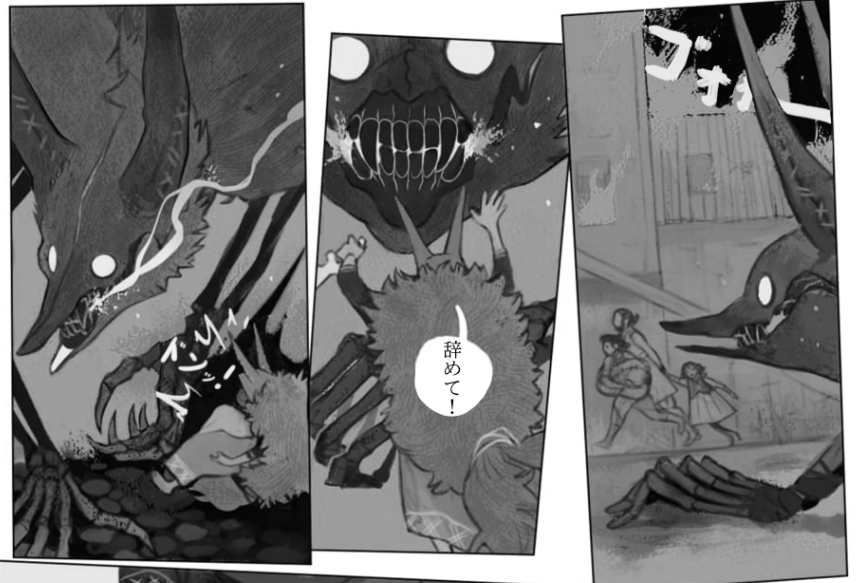
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BURNING A TOWN CAN BE A MERCY.

BURNING CROPS WILL CAUSE ITS PEOPLE TO SUFFER IN STARVATION.



WE KNOW PERSEVERANCE.



YOU MAY THINK YOU KNOW THE HEARTS OF PEOPLE, TO JUDGE THEM JUSTLY--

BUT DON'T FOOL YOURSELF.



WE KNOW RIGHTEOUSNESS.



YOU KNOW PEOPLE FOR AS MUCH AS THEY KNOW YOU.



WE KNOW WHO WE ARE.

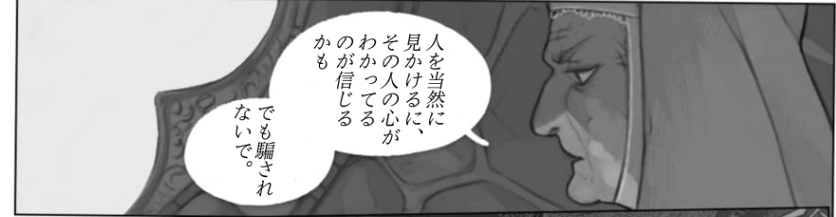


作物を燃やすと人が飢える。

町を燃やすのが辛い可能性もある...



私たちは執拗がわかる。



人を当然に見かけるに、その人の心がわかってるが、信じてるかも

でも騙され



正義がわかる。



君は他人がわかるように、他人は君がわからない。



私たちは自分のことがわかる。

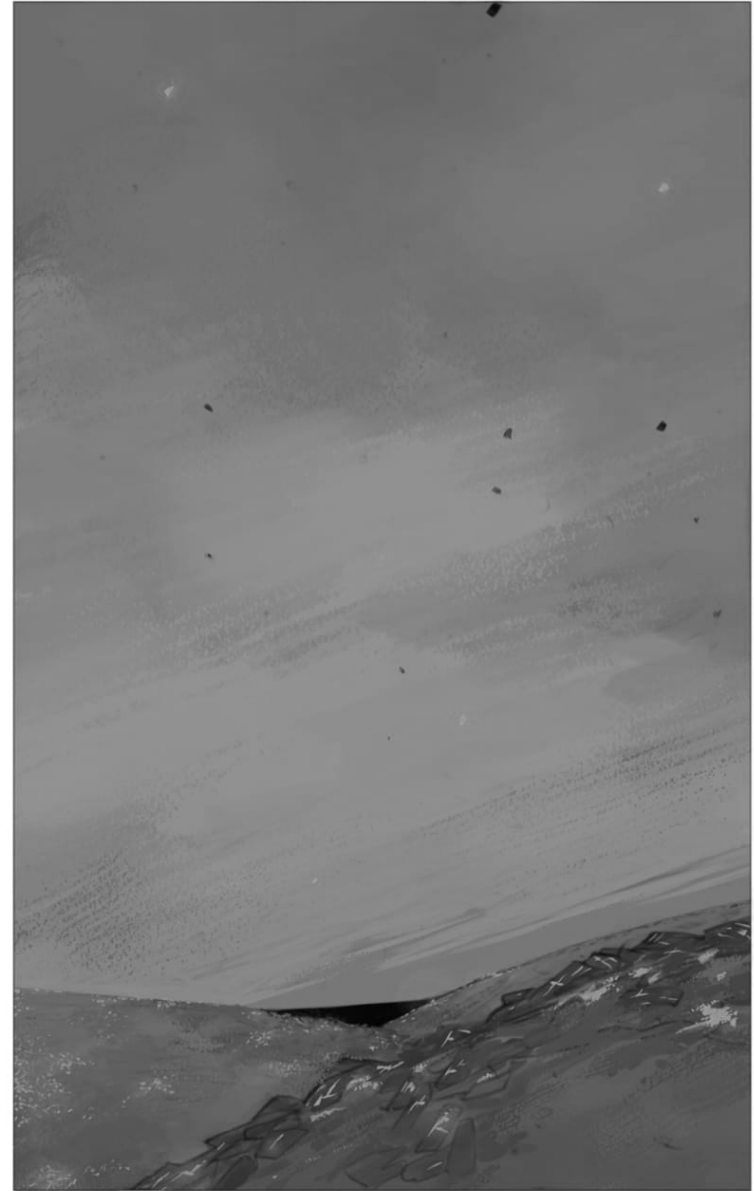


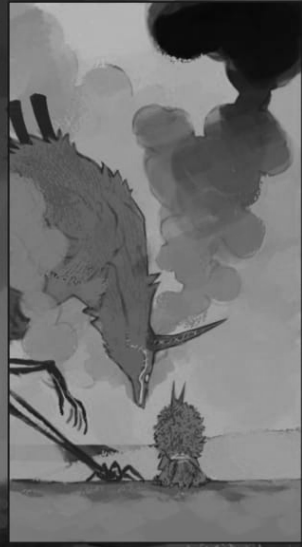
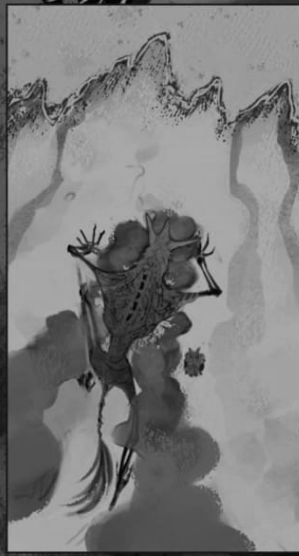
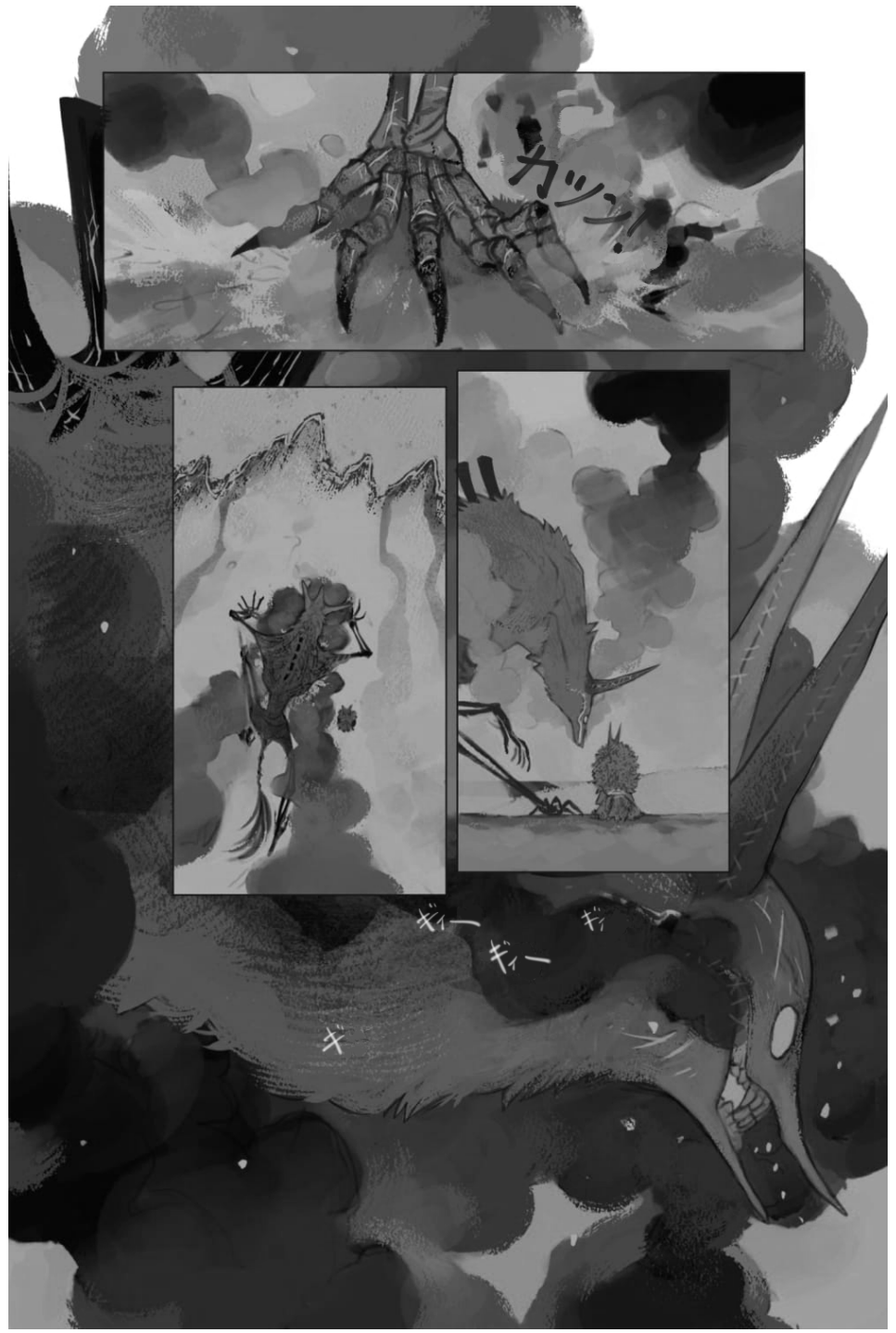
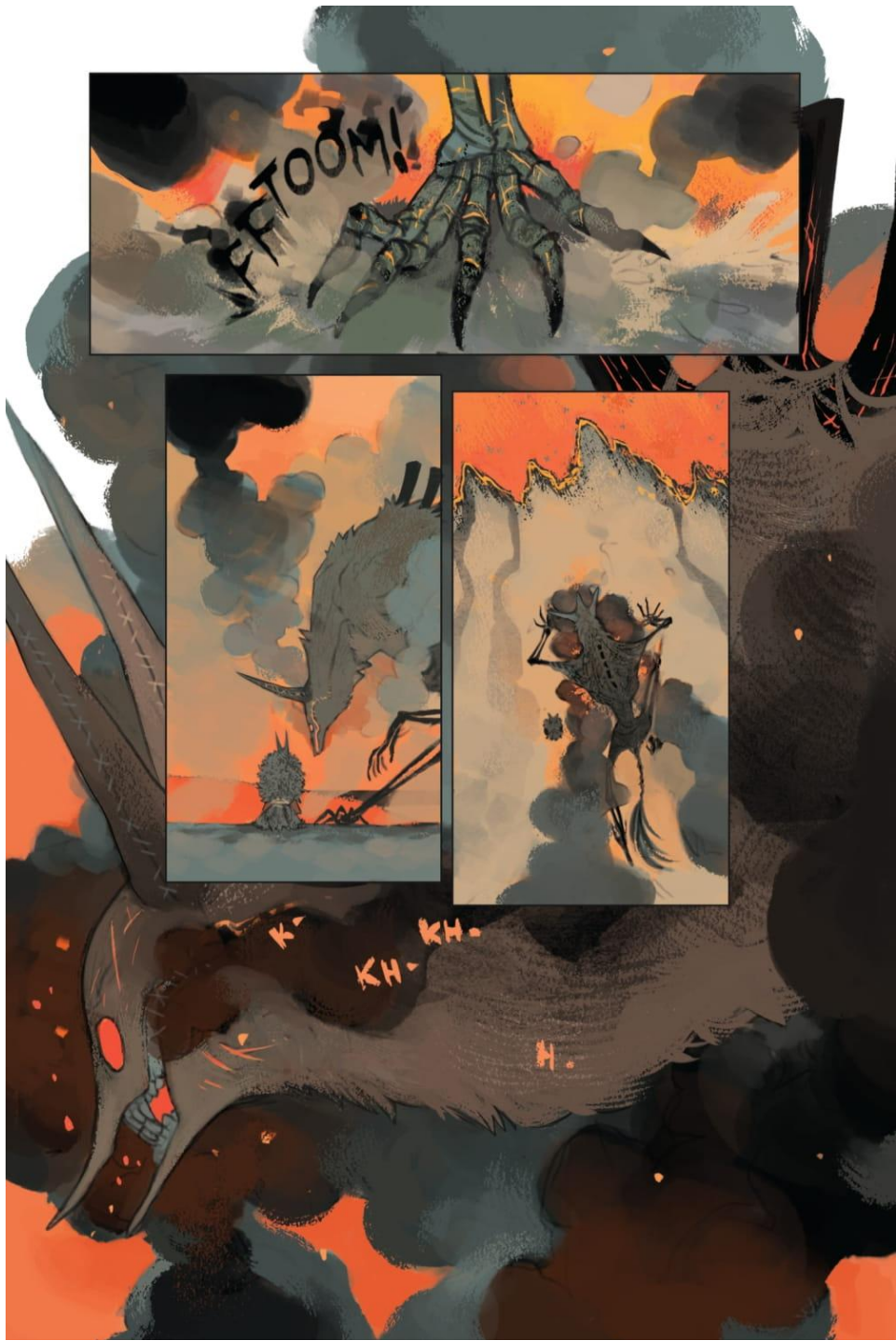
YOUR HEARTS
WHICH BURN SO
BRIGHT, IN A WORLD
THAT BURNS TOO
QUICK.



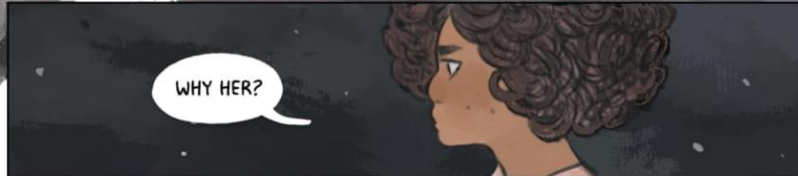
この速すぎる
燃える世界で
心が鮮やかで
燃える。



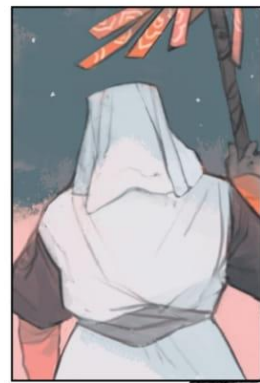








WHY HER?

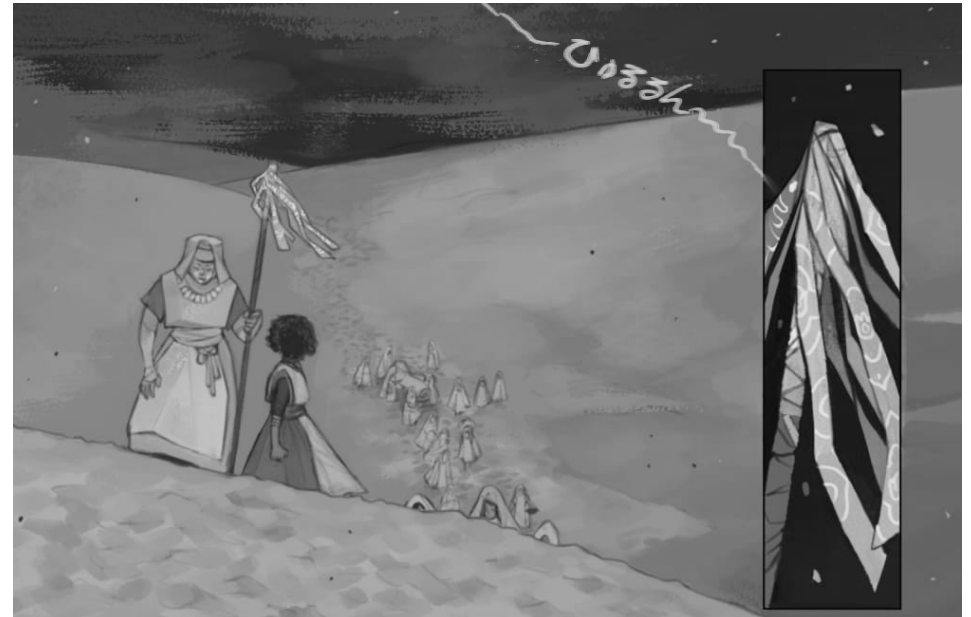


WHY DID SHE HAVE TO BECOME THE DAUGHTER?



YOU KNOW YOUR BELOVED SISTER. SHE WILL STRIVE TO MAKE THE BEST OF THIS MISERY.

DOUBT WILL NOT CRUMBLE HER HEART.



なぜお姉さんですか。



大切なお姉さん。この不幸の中でどうにか最善を尽くす。

心が壊れないで迷わないわ。



なぜドクターにならないんですか。





AND YET THE WORLD STILL BURNS. IS SHE NOT ENOUGH?!



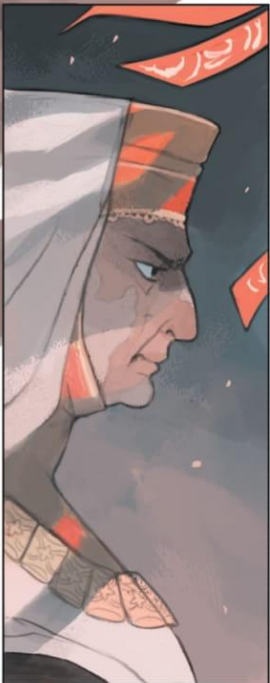
FOOTSTEPS?



PEOPLE HAVE COME HERE BEFORE US...



WHY WOULD THEY FOLLOW IN THE BEAST'S WAKE?



それでも世界が燃えています。お姉さんの方がいいですか。



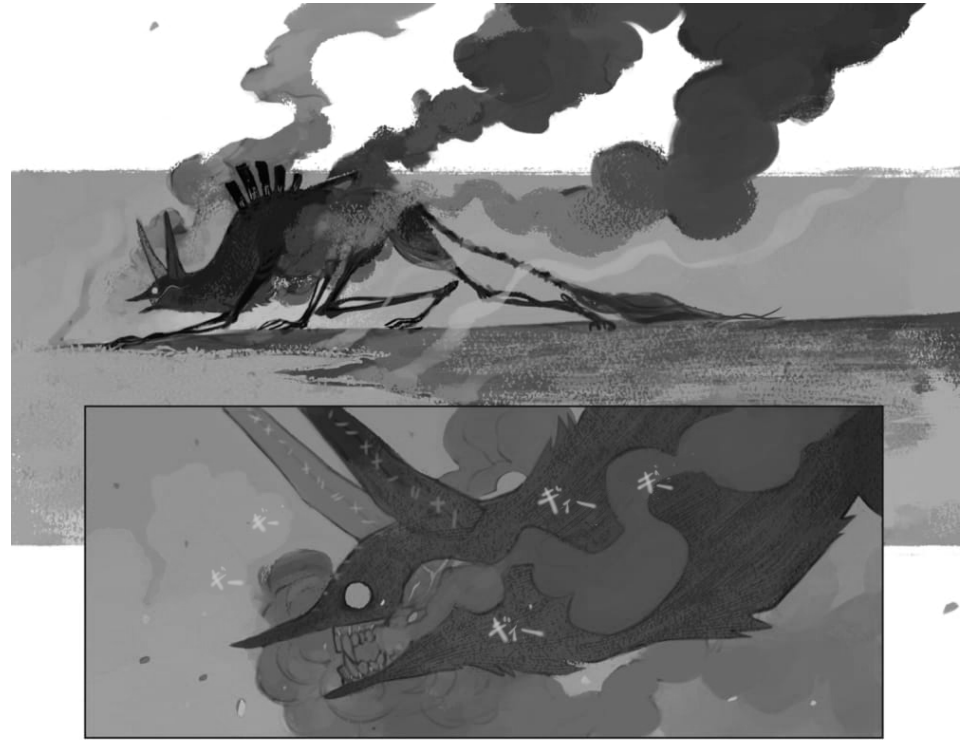
足跡？

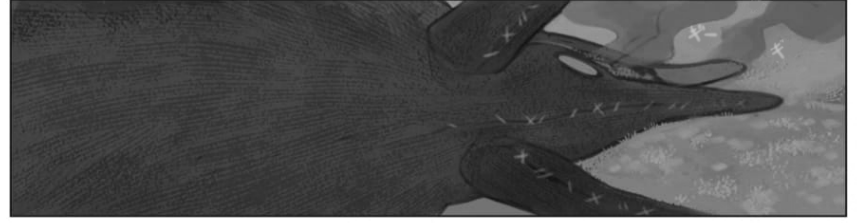
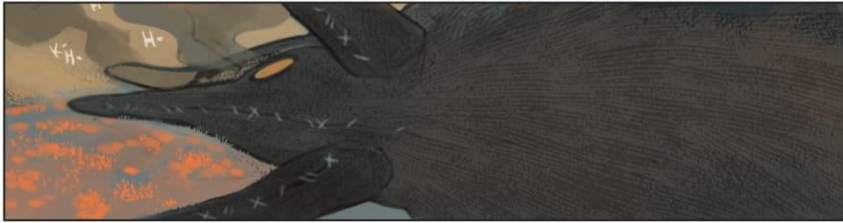


でもなぜ獣を追うんですか。



もう、人が来ていました...







OH,
DAUGHTER
OF THE BEAST,
KINDLING TO
DEATH.

YOU SPARED
THEIR LIVES...

BUT THE
BEAST DEVoured
ALL THEY KNOW.

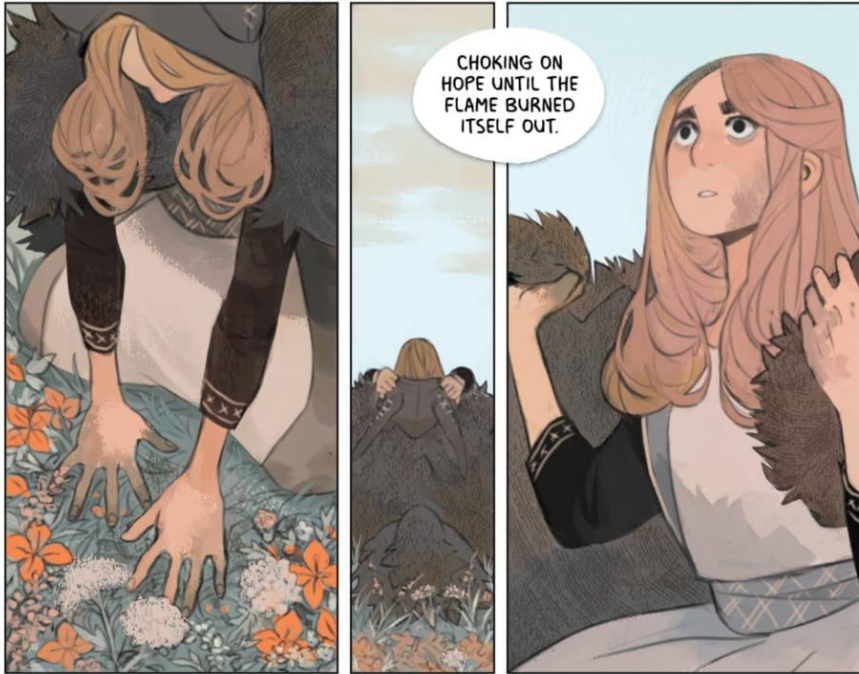


獸のドーター、
死の焚き付け、

命を助けて
くれても・・・

獸がその
命の全てを
燃やした。

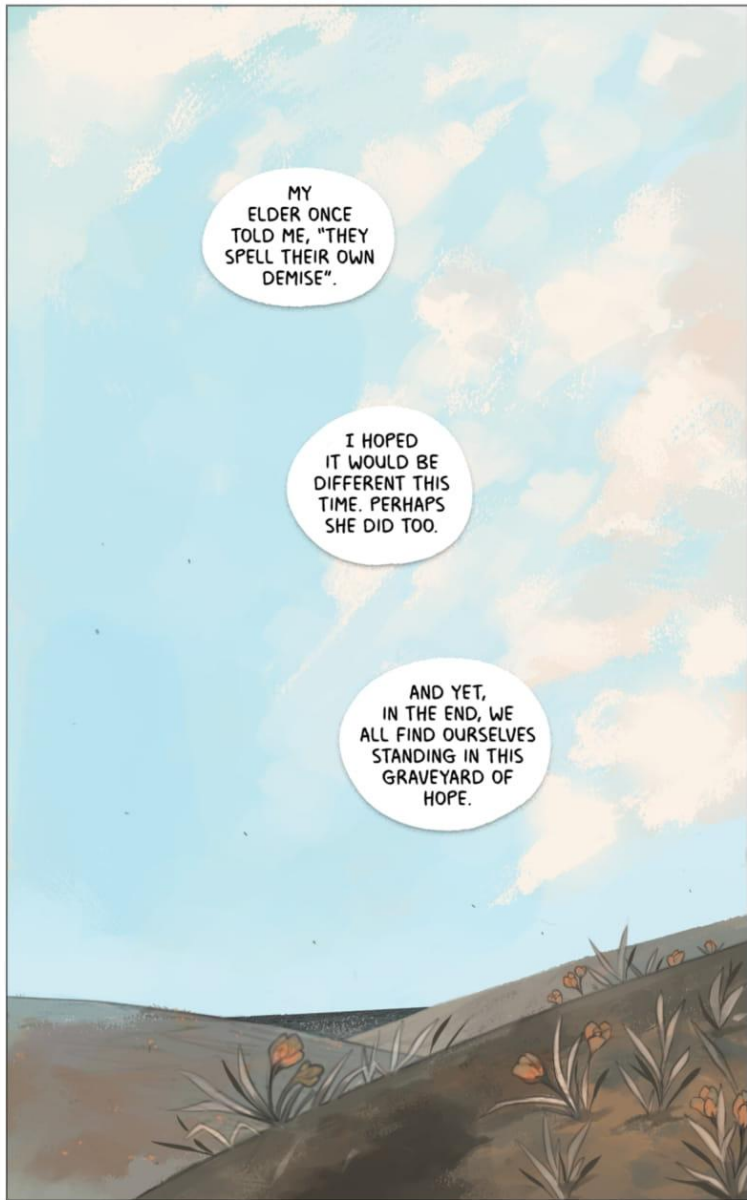




WITH NO BEAST
IN SIGHT, AND ONLY
THE DAUGHTER
TO BLAME.



獣がなく、
ドーターが
残らないか。



MY
ELDER ONCE
TOLD ME, "THEY
SPELL THEIR OWN
DEMISE".

I HOPED
IT WOULD BE
DIFFERENT THIS
TIME. PERHAPS
SHE DID TOO.

AND YET,
IN THE END, WE
ALL FIND OURSELVES
STANDING IN THIS
GRAVEYARD OF
HOPE.



「自分の終わり
を作っている」
って自分の姉が
言った。

今度違うと望んだ。
彼女も望んだかも。

それでも今更、
皆もこの希望の
墓場に帰って来る。

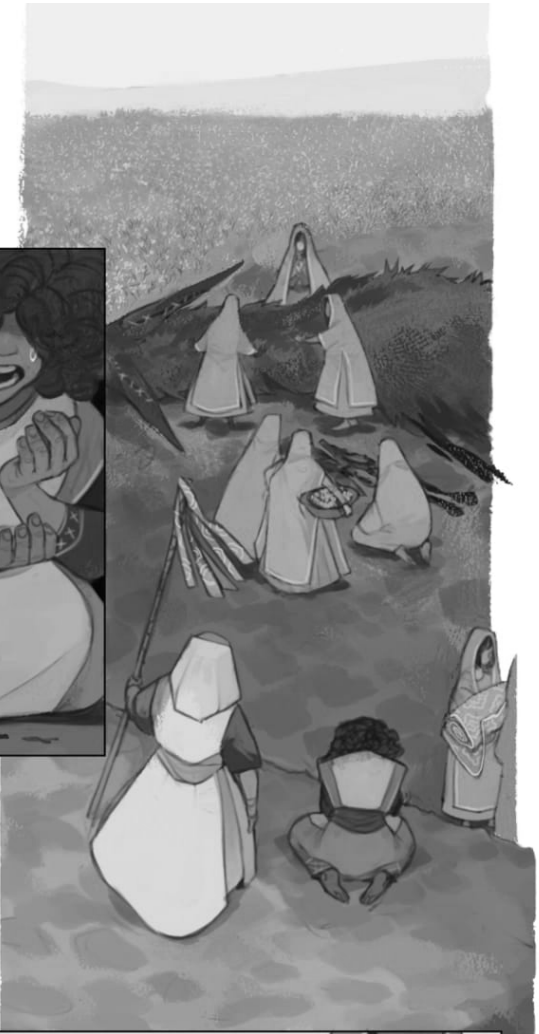


REMEMBER HER.
YOU'LL KNOW
WHAT TO SEEK
IN THE NEXT
DAUGHTER.

THE CYCLE
IS ENDLESS AND
PERSEVERING.



ALWAYS
DYING, AND
ALWAYS BECOMING.
NEVER TO HEAL.

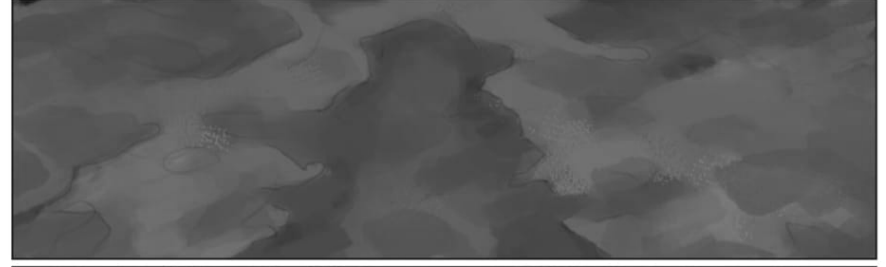
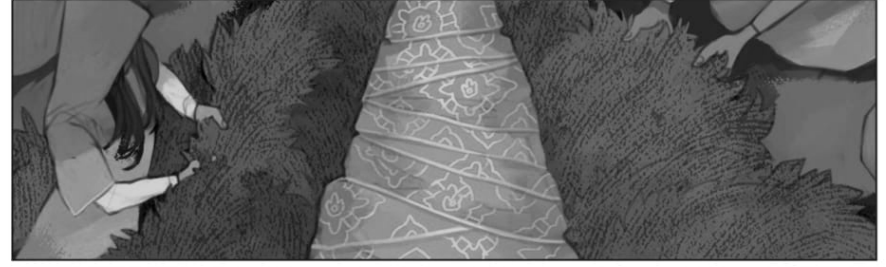
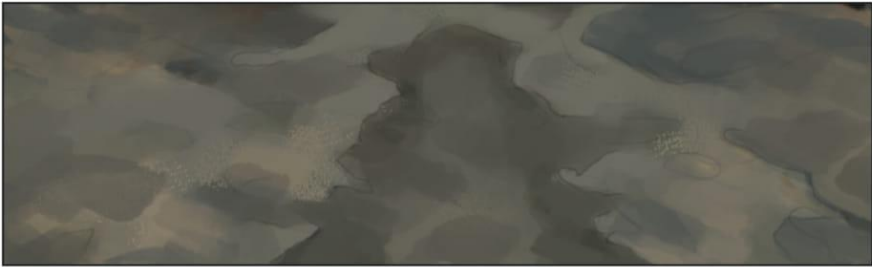


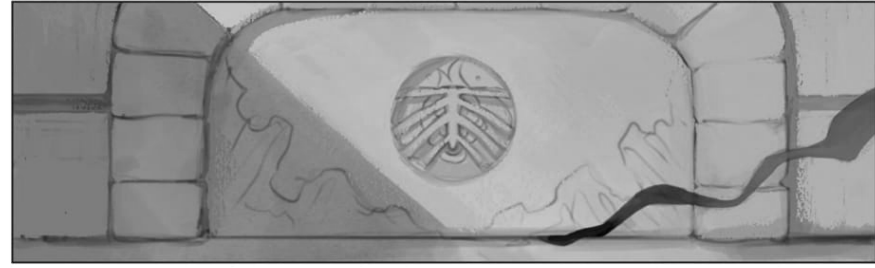
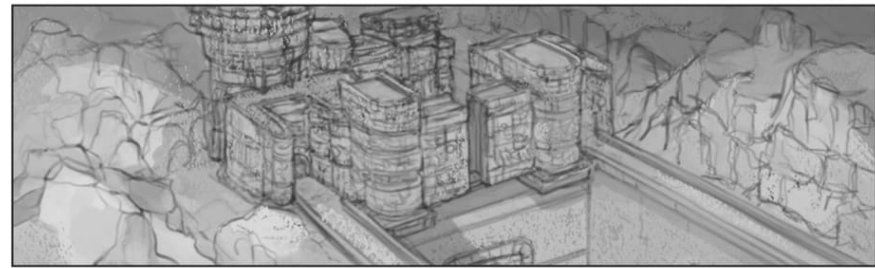
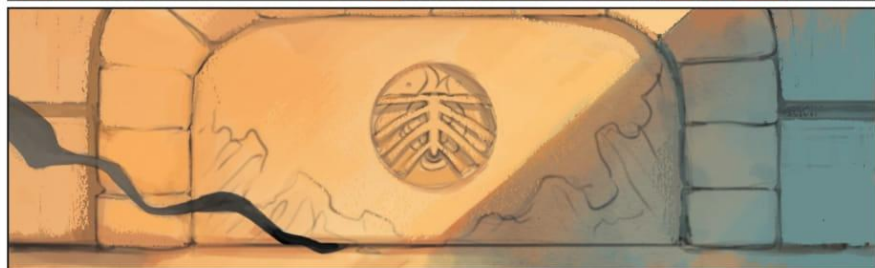
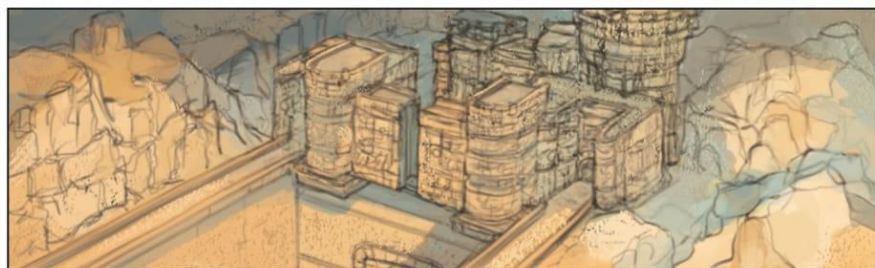
彼女を覚えて。
次のドーター
の選び方が
わかる。

繰り返しは
永遠し、
執拗し。



ずっと死に、
ずっとなり、
治らない。









HA...
HA...
KHA...



AH,
SISTER...

HA...
KHA...
HA...

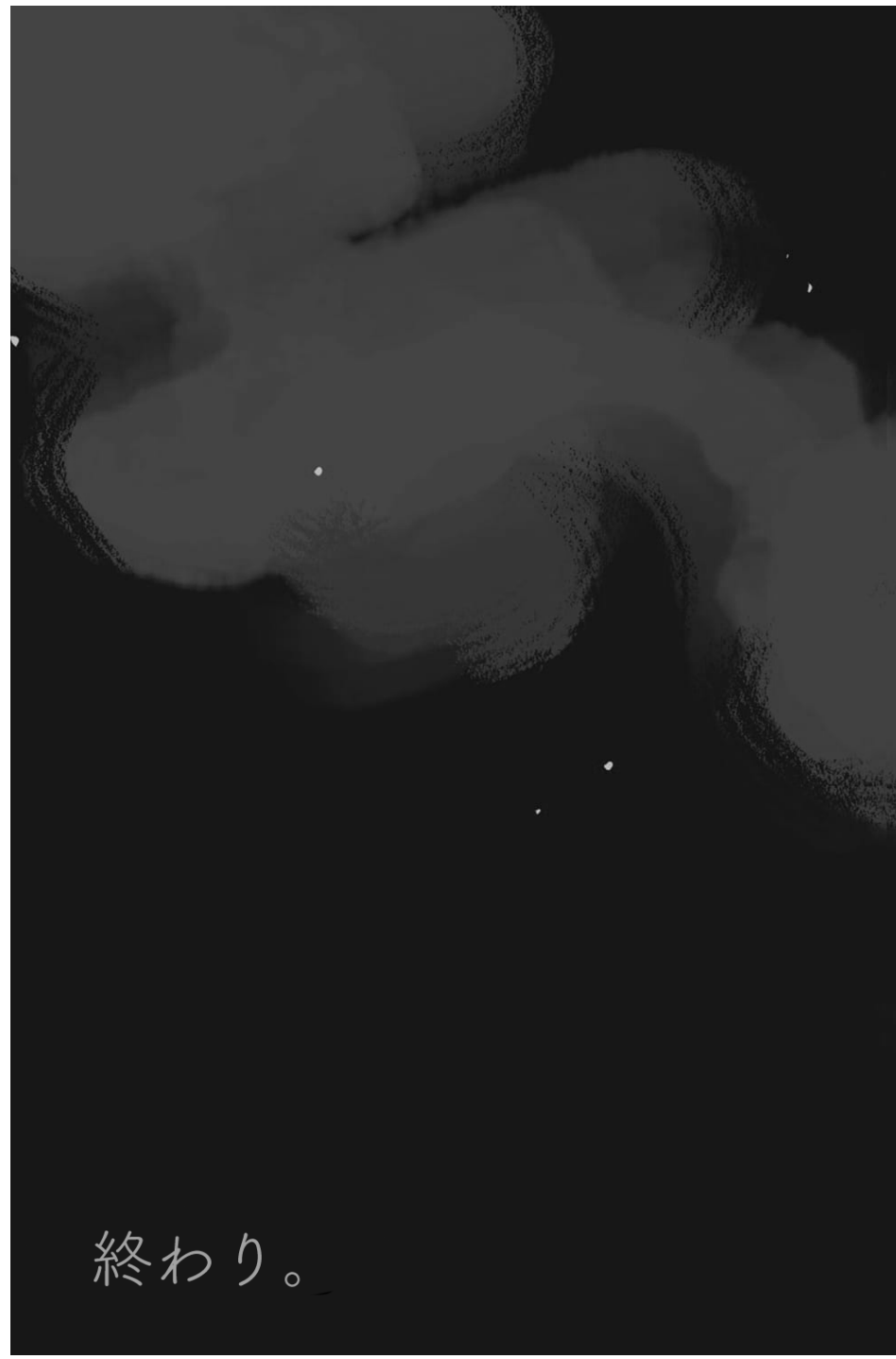
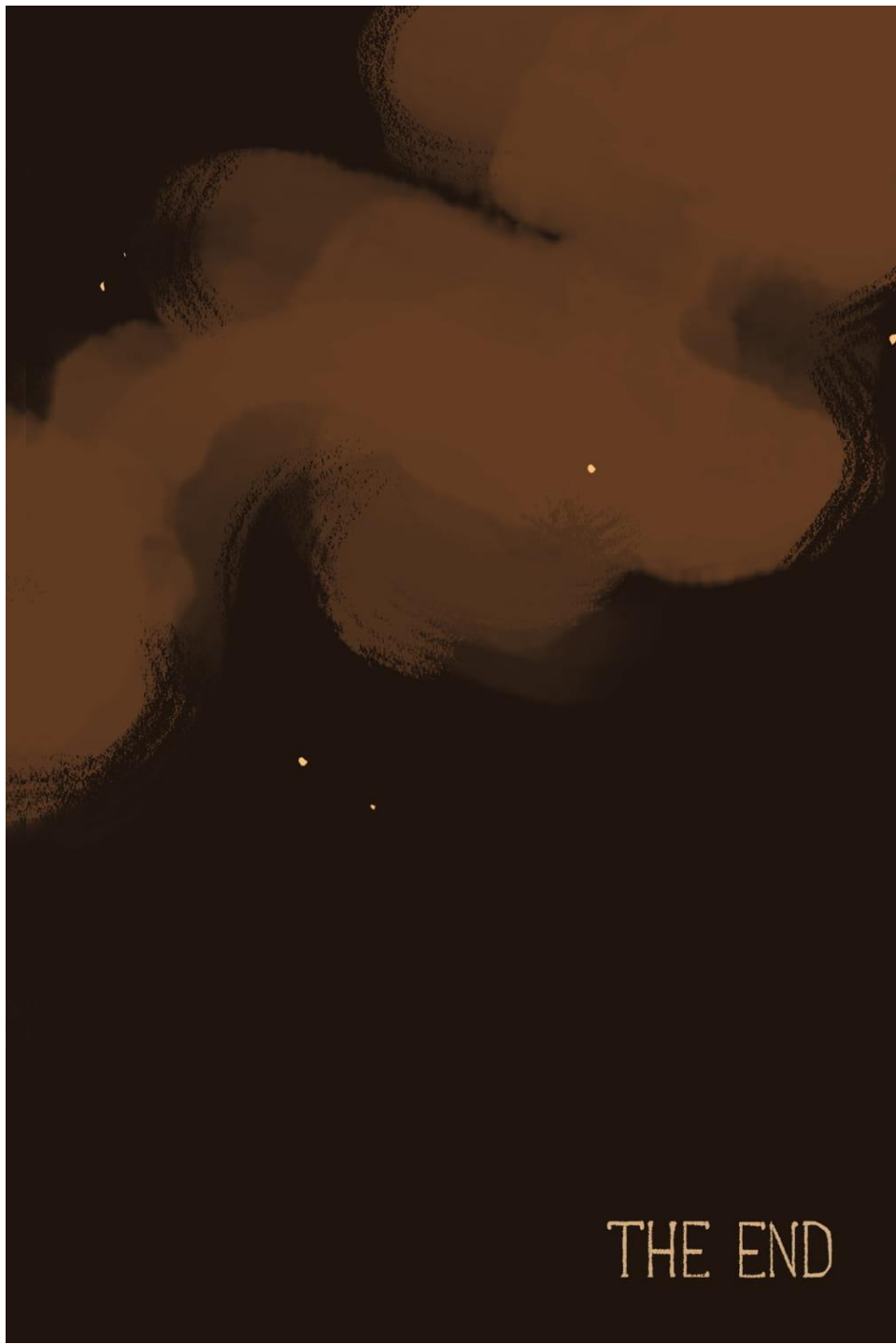


HA...
HA...
KHA...



お姉さん...





|

Student Number	21351215	Text Number	9
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Source Text		Target Text	
Title	Untitled	Title	Sans titre
Year Published	2017		
Author	@inkskinned		
Language	English	Language	French
Word Count	3393	Word Count	3824
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 untitled short story was posted on the microblogging social media platform tumblr in December 2017 in response to a writing prompt posted by the blog @writing-prompt-s. It deals with the superhero genre. The story follows a nameless main character as she climbs through the ranks of a superhero hierarchy throughout her life. The short story became quite popular as the post has 173,192 notes as of April 19th 2022.</p> <p>The text is written almost entirely in the lower case, with the exception of three words ("Phoenix" or "Squadron" and "Division" in the first three paragraphs). It is written from the second person point of view although it shifts to the first person in the last two paragraphs. It is divided into fourteen paragraphs of varying lengths. The register is familiar (e.g. "ass", "gross, shay?", "ooh buddy" and "like" used as a filler words during dialogues) and a narration akin to oral speech (e.g. "kind of"; "well, okay. so, that's, not, like. great"; "so whatever"). Although technically fantasy, the text contains references to American brands ("chef boyardee", "chili's") but also some invented cultural elements ("the starlight banner kids" and "candlenights eve") which blur the story's actual location.</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 TA is French-speaking tumblr users: people between 18 and 25 as they make up most of tumblr users (Financesonline, 2022). As my TT will be posted on social media, a non-professional setting without specific formatting rules, I will:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> - keep the English dialogue format and quotation marks instead of the French ones - maintain the format in lower case except when they were in upper case in the ST - translate "you" by the familiar "tu" (Gilman & Brown, 1958, 169) - alternate between omitting "ne" in the negation, which usually belongs to oral speech (Morel, 1994: 96-17) and adding it, as its omission is not yet part of "standard written French" (Martineau & Mougeon, 2003: 118). - use familiar vocabulary ("on" as a familiar way of saying "nous" [us] (Petit Robert, 2020), "ouais" [yeah], "et merde" [well shit]) and oral expressions ("je sais pas moi" [well I dunno], "truc comme ça" [that kind of stuff]) to match the orality of the ST <p>I will keep the references to American brands, as about 48% of tumblr users are American (Statista, 2022): with the omnipresence of Americans on tumblr, my TA might be used to seeing American references whether they get them or not.</p>
<p>Critical Reflection</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> ● <i>textual analysis</i> <p>(200 words max)</p>	<p>Keeping the orality in the TT was challenging, as in French, oral language and written language are often opposed due to their differences in formality and perception (Bidaud & Megherbi, 2005: 19). If I leaned too much into the oral language, reading it in a literary text felt odd because the register felt too familiar for written language in French; but if I stuck to standard written French, I lost the orality I aimed to keep. After submitting my TT to French-speaking tumblr</p>

	<p>users, they reassured me that my TT had the right balance. The English dialogue formatting did not bother them as they reported being used to reading in English on social media. In that regard, my strategy was successful.</p> <p>However, some of the French people among my readers pointed out that the American brand "Chef Boyardee" stood out to them, as French people are not usually familiar with it. While my other non-French French-speaking readers were not bothered by the reference, should I redo my translation, I would change the American brands to brands that are also well-known outside the USA so as not to distract any of my readers from the text.</p>
<p>Works Cited</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> ● <i>use of sources and reference material</i> 	<p>Bidaud, Eric, et Hakima Megherbi. 2005. "De l'oral à l'écrit" [From oral text to written text], <i>La lettre de l'enfance et de l'adolescence</i>, vol. no 61, no. 3, pp. 19-24.</p> <p>Clement, J. 2022. "Regional distribution of desktop traffic to Tumblr.com as of June 2021, by country". Satista. Accessed April 27th 2022. https://www.statista.com/statistics/261413/distribution-of-tumblr-traffic-by-country/</p> <p>Eira, Astrid. 2022. "Number of Tumblr Blogs in 2022/2023: User Demographics, Growth, and Revenue". FinancesOnline. Accessed April 27th 2022. https://financesonline.com/number-of-tumblr-blogs/</p> <p>Gilman, Albert, and ROGER BROWN. 1958. "WHO SAYS 'TU' TO WHOM." <i>ETC: A Review of General Semantics</i> 15, no. 3.</p> <p>Morel, Mary-Annick. 1994. "PAS et NE...PAS en français oral", "PAS and NE... PAS in oral French] <i>Cahiers de praxématique</i>, 23 97-116</p> <p>Martineau, France, and Raymond Mougeon. 2003. "A Sociolinguistic Study of the Origins of Ne Deletion in European and Quebec French." <i>Language</i> 79, no. 1: 118–52.</p>

	<p>Rey, Alain and Rei-Debove Josette, 2020. "Le petit Robert : dictionnaire alphabétique et analogique de la langue française" [Le petit Robert: alphabetical and analogical dictionary of the French language]. New edition of the Petit Robert of Paul Robert. Paris: Le Robert. xl, 2836 p.</p>
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Source Text

Untitled

Prompt: At 18, everyone receive a superpower. Your childhood friend got a power-absorption, your best friends got time control, and they quickly rise into top 100 most powerful superheroes. You got a mediocre superpower, but somehow got into the top 10. Today they visit you asking how you did it.

-

"Power absorption?" you ask him over your pasta, which you are currently absorbing powerfully. in the background, a tv is reading out what the Phoenix extremist group has done recently. bodies, stacking.

tim nods, pushing his salad around. "it's kind of annoying." he's gone vegan ever since he could talk to animals. his cheeks are sallow.

"yesterday i absorbed static and i can't stop shocking myself."

"you don't know what from," shay is detangling her hair at the table, even though it's not polite. about a second ago, her hair was perfect, which implies she's been somewhere in the inbetween. "try millions of multiverses that your powers conflict with."

"did we die in the last one?" you grin and she grins and tim grins but nobody answers the question.

Target Text

Sans titre

1 **Prompt :** À 18 ans, tout le monde reçoit un superpouvoir. Ton ami
2 d'enfance peut absorber des pouvoirs, ta meilleure amie contrôle le
3 temps, et les deux se hissent rapidement au top 100 des superhéros les
4 plus puissants. Tu as un pouvoir médiocre, mais contre toutes attentes,
5 tu es dans le top 10. Aujourd'hui, tes amis viennent te voir et te
6 demandent comment tu as réussi.

7

8 -

9

10 "Absorber des superpouvoirs ?" tu lui demandes en mangeant tes
11 pâtes, que tu absorbes avec grand pouvoir. en bruit de fond, la télé
12 détaille les derniers méfaits du groupe extrémiste Phoenix. les victimes
13 s'accumulent.

14 tim hoche la tête en poussant sa salade avec sa fourchette. "c'est pas
15 pratique." il est devenu végétarien depuis qu'il peut parler aux animaux. ses
16 joues ont une couleur jaunâtre. "hier j'ai absorbé le pouvoir d'électricité
17 statique, et depuis, j'arrête pas de m'électriser."

18 "tu ne sais même pas d'où tu l'as absorbé." shay est en train de
19 démêler ses cheveux à table, ce qui n'est pas très poli. il y a environ une

now she has a cut over her left eye and her hair is shorter. she looks tired and tim looks tired and you look down at your 18-year-old hands, which are nothing.

they ship out tomorrow. they go out to the frontlines or wherever it is that superheroes go to fight supervillains; the cream of the crop. the starlight banner kids.

“you both are trying too hard,” you tell them, “couldn’t you have been, like, really good at surfing?”

“god,” shay groans, “what i’d give to only be in the olympics.”

xxx

in the night, tim is asleep. on the way home, he absorbed telekinesis, and hates it too.

shay looks at you. “i’m scared,” she says.

you must not have died recently, because she looks the same she did at dinner, cut healing slowly over her eye the way it’s supposed to, not the hyper-quickness of a timejump. just shay, living in the moment when the moment is something everyone lives in. her eyes are wide and dark the way brown eyes can be, that swelling fullness that feels so familiar and warm, that piercing darkness that feels like a stone at the back of your tongue.

20 seconde, sa coiffure était parfaite, ce qui veut dire qu’elle a été quelque
21 part entre-temps. "essaye plutôt des millions de multivers qui entrent en
22 conflit avec tes pouvoirs."

23 "est-ce qu’on est morts dans le dernier ?" tu souris et elle sourit et
24 tim sourit mais personne ne répond à la question.

25 maintenant, elle a une blessure au-dessus de l’œil gauche et ses
26 cheveux sont plus courts. elle a l’air fatiguée et tim a l’air fatigué et toi,
27 qu’est-ce que tu as ? tu regardes tes mains de gamine de 18 ans, qui ne
28 sont rien.

29 ils partent demain. on les expédie au front, ou peu importe là où les
30 superhéros se battent contre le mal ; ils sont la crème de la crème. les
31 enfants qui se battent sous la bannière super-étoilée.

32 "vous en faites trop, tous les deux," tu leur dis. "vous auriez pas pu
33 être juste, je sais pas moi, super bons en surf ?"

34 "bon sang," grogne shay, "ce que je donnerais pas pour être juste
35 championne olympique."

36
37 xxx

38
39 c’est la nuit et tim dort. sur le chemin du retour, il a absorbé le
40 pouvoir de télékinésie et il déteste ça aussi.

41 shay te regarde. “j’ai peur,” avoue-t-elle.

“you should be,” you say.
her nose wrinkles, she opens her mouth, but you plow on.
“they’re going to take one look at you and be like, ‘gross, shay? no thanks. you’re too pretty. it’s bringing down like, morale, and things’. then they’ll kick you out and i’ll live with you in a box and we’ll sell stolen cans of ravioli.”
she’s grinning. “like chef boyardee or like store brand?”
“store brand but we print out chef boyardee labels and tape them over the can so we can mark up the price.”
“where do we get the tape?”
“we, uh,” you look into those endless dark eyes, so much like the night, so much like a good hot chocolate, so much like every sleepover you’ve had with the two of your best friends, and you say, “it’s actually just your hair. i tie your hair around the cans to keep the label on.”
she throws a pillow at you.
you both spend a night planning what you’ll do in the morning when shay is kicked out of Squadron 8, Division 1; top rankers that are all young. you’ll both run away to the beach and tim will be your intel and you’ll burn down the whole thing. you’re both going to open a bakery where you will do the baking and she’ll use her time abilities to just, like, speed things up so you don’t have to wake up at dawn. you’re both going to become wedding planners that only do really extreme weddings.

42 tu ne dois pas être morte récemment, parce qu’elle est comme elle
43 l’était pendant le dîner. la plaie sur son œil guérit doucement,
44 normalement, pas à la super-vitesse d’un saut temporel. c’est shay, juste
45 shay, qui vit dans le moment présent, mais le moment présent est le
46 moment dans lequel tout le monde vit. ses yeux sont grand ouverts, de
47 cette couleur sombre propre aux yeux bruns, cette plénitude qui s’étend,
48 familière et chaleureuse, cette obscurité perçante qui pèse comme une
49 pierre à l’arrière de ta langue.
50 “tu devrais,” réponds-tu.
51 elle fronçe le nez et ouvre la bouche, mais tu continues.
52 “au premier coup d’œil ils vont te dire ‘beurk, shay ? trop jolie, non
53 merci. c’est mauvais pour le - tu sais - le moral, et tout ça.’ et puis ils vont
54 te jeter dehors et je viendrai vivre avec toi dans un carton et on vendra
55 des boîtes de ravioli volées.”
56 elle sourit. “du genre chef boyardee ou sous-marque pas cher ?”
57 “sous-marque, mais on imprime les étiquettes chef boyardee et on les
58 scotche sur les boîtes pour les vendre plus cher.”
59 “on le trouve où, le scotch ?”
60 “on, euh.” tu la regardes dans les yeux, ces yeux sombres et sans fin
61 comme la nuit, comme un chocolat chaud en hiver, comme chaque
62 pyjama party avec tes meilleurs amis. “en fait, c’est juste tes cheveux.
63

she falls asleep on your shoulder. you do not sleep at all.
in the morning, they are gone.

xxx

squadron 434678, Division 23467 is basically "civilian status." you still have to know what to expect and all that stuff. you're glad that you're taking extra classes at college; you're kind of bored re-learning the stuff you were already taught in high school. there are a lot of people who need help, and you're good at that, so you help them.

tim and shay check in from time to time, but they're busy saving the world, so you don't fault them for it. in the meantime, you put your head down and work, and when your work is done, you help the people who can't finish their work. and it kind of feels good. kind of.

xxx

at twenty, squadron 340067, division 2346 feels like a good fit. tim and you go out for ice cream in a new place that rebuilt after the Phoenix group burned it down. you've chosen nurse-practitioner as your civilian job, because it seems to fit, but you're not released for full status as civilian until you're thirty, so it's been a lot of office work.

64 j'attache tes cheveux autour des boîtes de conserve pour que l'étiquette
65 tienne."

66 elle te jette un oreiller à la figure.

67 vous passez la nuit à organiser ce que vous ferez le matin quand shay
68 se fera virer de l'Escadron 8, Division 1 ; les plus jeunes hauts gradés.
69 vous allez vous enfuir à la mer et tim sera votre agent secret et vous allez
70 tout brûler. vous allez ouvrir une boulangerie et tu feras le pain et elle
71 utilisera ses pouvoirs temporels pour - mais si - accélérer le processus,
72 comme ça tu n'auras pas à te réveiller à l'aube. vous allez monter une
73 agence de *wedding planners* qui ne fera que des mariages de l'extrême.
74 elle s'endort sur ton épaule. tu ne t'endors pas.

75 le jour se lève, et ils sont partis.

76

77 xxx

78

79 être dans l'escadron 434678, division 23467, c'est comme avoir le
80 statut de "civil", mais il faut quand même que tu saches à quoi t'attendre
81 et ce genre de choses. heureusement que tu prends des cours
82 supplémentaires à l'université : le reste, c'est ce que tu as déjà fait au
83 lycée, et tu t'ennuies. il y a beaucoup de gens qui ont besoin d'aide, et tu
84 es plutôt douée pour ça, donc tu les aides.

85

tim's been on the fritz a lot lately, overloading. you're worried they'll try to force him out on the field. he's so young to be like this.

"i feel," he says, "like it all comes down to this puzzle. like i'm never my own. i steal from other people's boxes."

you wrap your hand around his. "sometimes," you say, "we love a river because it is a reflection."

he's quiet a long time after that. a spurt of flame licks from under his eyes.

"i wish," he says, "i could believe that."

xxx

twenty three has you in squad 4637, division 18. really you've just gotten here because you're good at making connections. you know someone who knows someone who knows you as a good kid. you helped a woman onto a bus and she told her neighbor who told his friend. you're mostly in the filing department, but you like watching the real superheroes come in, get to know some of them. at this level, people have good powers but not dangerous ones. you learn how to help an 18 year old who is a loaded weapon by shifting him into a non-violent front. you get those with pstd home where they belong. you put your head down and work, which is what you're good at.

86 tim et shay passent te voir de temps en temps, mais comme ils sont
87 occupés à sauver le monde, tu ne leur en veux pas. en attendant, tu te
88 plonges dans le travail, et quand ton travail est terminé, tu aides les gens
89 qui n'arrivent pas à finir le leur. et c'est pas si mal. ça pourrait être pire.

90

91 xxx

92

93 à vingt ans, être dans l'escadron 340067, division 2346, ça te va bien.
94 tim et toi allez manger une glace chez le nouveau glacier, celui qui a été
95 reconstruit après avoir été brûlé par le groupe Phoenix. pour ton métier
96 de civil, tu as choisi d'être infirmière parce que tu t'es dit que ça t'allait
97 bien, mais tu n'auras pas ton vrai statut de civil avant tes 30 ans, donc
98 pour l'instant c'est beaucoup de travail de bureau.

99 tim est toujours kaput, ces jours-ci. toujours en surcharge. ils vont
100 peut-être essayer de l'envoyer sur le terrain et ça t'inquiète. il est trop
101 jeune pour vivre comme ça.

102 "j'ai l'impression," explique-t-il, "qu'au fond, je ne suis qu'un puzzle.
103 comme si je n'étais jamais moi-même. je vole les pièces des autres."

104 tu poses ta main sur la sienne. "parfois," dis-tu, "on aime une rivière
105 parce que c'est un reflet."

106 après, il garde le silence pendant un long moment. une flammèche
107 perle sous ses yeux.

long nights and long days and no vacations is fine until everyone is out of the office for candlenights eve. you're the only one who didn't mind staying, just in case someone showed up needing something.

the door blows open. when you look up, he's bleeding. you jump to your feet.

"oh," you say, because you recognize the burning bird insignia on his chest, "I think you have the wrong office."

"i just need," he spits onto the ground, sways, collapses.

well, okay. so, that's, not, like. great. "uh," you say, and you miss shay desperately, "okay."

you find the source of the bleeding, stabilize him for when the shock sets in, get him set up on a desk, sew him shut. two hours later, you've gotten him a candlenights present and stabilized his vitals. you've also filed him into a separate folder (it's good to be organized) and found him a home, far from the warfront.

when he wakes up, you give him hot chocolate (god, how you miss shay), and he doesn't smile. he doesn't smile at the gift you've gotten him (a better bulletproof vest, one without the Phoenix on it), or the stitches. that's okay. you tell him to take the right medications, hand them over to him, suggest a doctor's input. and then you hand over his folder with a new identity in it and a new house and civilian status. you take a deep breath.

108 "j'aimerais bien", dit-il, "pouvoir croire ça."

109

110 xxx

111

112 à vingt-trois ans, tu es dans l'escadron 4637, division 18. mais,

113 vraiment, tu es juste arrivée là parce que tu es douée pour rencontrer

114 des gens. tu connais quelqu'un qui connaît quelqu'un qui sait que tu

115 travailles bien. tu as aidé une femme dans le bus et elle l'a dit à son

116 voisin qui l'a dit à son ami. tu travailles principalement dans le service

117 administratif, mais tu aimes bien voir les vrais superhéros passer, tu finis

118 par sympathiser avec quelques-uns. à ce niveau, les gens ont des

119 pouvoirs puissants, mais pas dangereux. tu rencontres un gamin de 18

120 ans, instable comme une bombe à retardement, et tu l'aides en le

121 transférant à un front non-violent. ceux traumatisés par les combats, tu

122 les renvoies chez eux, où ils devraient être. tu te plonges dans le travail,

123 c'est ce que tu fais de mieux.

124 les journées sont longues et les nuits sont longues et tu ne prends pas

125 de vacances mais ça te va, jusqu'à la veille de la nuit des chandelles. tout

126 le monde est rentré sauf toi. ça ne te dérangeait pas de rester au bureau,

127 au cas où quelqu'un aurait besoin de quelque chose.

128 la porte s'ouvre brutalement. quand tu lèves la tête, il saigne. tu

129 bondis sur tes pieds.

he opens it and bursts into tears. he doesn't say anything. he just leaves and you have to clean up the blood, which isn't very nice of him. but it's candlenights. so whatever. hopefully he'll learn to like his gift.

xxx

squadron 3046, division 2356 is incredibly high for a person like you to fit. but still, you fit, because you're good at organization and at hard work, and at knowing how to hold on when other people don't see a handhold.

shay is home. you're still close, the two of you, even though she feels like she exists on another planet. the more security you're privy to, the more she can tell you.

you brush her hair as she speaks about the endless man who never dies, and how they had to split him up and hide him throughout the planet. she cries when she talks about how much pain he must be in.

"can you imagine?" she whispers, "i mean, i know he's phoenix, but can you imagine?"

"one time i had to work retail on black friday," you say.

she sniffles.

130 "oh," t'exclames-tu parce que tu reconnais l'emblème de l'oiseau
131 brûlant sur sa poitrine, "je crois que vous avez le mauvais bureau."
132 "il me faut juste—" il crache sur le sol, tangué, s'effondre.
133 ok. ok. bon, c'est, pas, genre. génial. "ouais," lâches-tu, et shay te
134 manque désespérément. "ok."
135 tu trouves la source du saignement, tu le prends en charge quand il
136 passe en état de choc, tu l'allonges sur une table et tu le recouds. deux
137 heures plus tard, tu lui as trouvé un cadeau pour la nuit des chandelles
138 et ses signes vitaux sont stables. tu as aussi rangé son fichier dans un
139 dossier à part (c'est bien d'être organisé) et tu lui as trouvé un logement,
140 loin du front.
141 quand il se réveille, tu lui offres du chocolat chaud (bon sang, ce que
142 shay te manque), et il ne sourit pas. il ne sourit pas quand il voit le
143 cadeau que tu lui as dégoté (une meilleure veste pare-balle, une sans
144 l'insigne des Phoenix), ou les points de suture. ce n'est pas grave. tu lui
145 dis quels médicaments prendre, tu les lui donnes, tu lui suggères d'aller
146 voir un médecin. ensuite tu lui tends son fichier avec sa nouvelle identité
147 et sa nouvelle maison et son statut de civil. tu prends une grande
148 inspiration.
149 il l'ouvre et éclate en sanglots. il ne dit rien. il part, c'est tout, et tu
150 dois nettoyer le sang, ce qui n'est pas très gentil de sa part. mais c'est la
151

“one time my boss put his butt directly on my hand by accident and i couldn’t say anything so i spent a whole meeting with my hand directly up his ass,” you say.

her eyes are so brown, and filling, and there are scars on her you’ve never noticed that might be new or very, very, very old; and neither of you know exactly how much time she’s actually been alive for.

“i mean,” you say, “yeah that might hurt but one time i said goodbye to someone but they were walking in the same direction. i mean can you imagine.”

she laughs, finally, even though it’s weakly, and says, “one time even though i can manipulate time i slept in and forgot to go to work even though i was leading a presentation and i had to look them in the face later to tell them that.”

“you’re a complete animal,” you tell her, and look into those eyes, so sad and full of timelines you’ll never witness, “you should be kicked out completely.”

she wipes her face. “find me in a box,” she croaks, “selling discount ravioli.”

xxx

152 nuit des chandelles, donc peu importe. avec un peu de chance, il
153 apprendra à apprécier son cadeau.

154

155 xxx

156

157 tu ne devrais pas faire partie de l'escadron 3046, division 2356. c'est
158 beaucoup trop haut pour quelqu'un comme toi. mais tu en fais partie,
159 parce que l'organisation, c'est ton fort, et tu travailles dur, et tu sais
160 t'accrocher là où les autres ne voient pas la prise.

161 shay est rentrée. vous êtes restées proches, toutes les deux, même si
162 elle donne l'impression qu'elle existe dans une autre dimension. plus tu
163 es autorisée à recevoir des informations confidentielles, plus elle peut
164 t'en dire.

165 tu démêles ses cheveux pendant qu'elle te parle de l'homme sans fin
166 qui ne meurt jamais, qu'ils ont dû le découper et cacher les morceaux
167 aux quatre coins du monde. elle pleure quand elle te décrit sa
168 souffrance.

169 "est-ce que tu peux imaginer ça ?" murmure-t-elle. "je veux dire, je
170 sais qu'il fait partie des phoenix, mais est-ce que tu peux imaginer ça ?"

171 "un jour, j'ai dû travailler en boutique durant le black friday,"
172 réponds-tu.

173 elle renifle.

you don't know how it happens. but you guess the word gets around.
you don't think you like being known to them as someone they can go to,
but it's not like they've got a lot of options. many of them just want to be
out of it, so you get them out, you guess.

you explain to them multiple times you haven't done a residency yet
and you really only know what an emt would, but they still swing by.
every time they show up at your office, you feel your heart in your chest:
this is it, this is how you die, this is how it ends.

"so, like, this group" you say, trying to work the system's loopholes to
find her a way out of it, "from ashes come all things, or whatever?"

she shrugs. you can tell by looking at her that she's dangerous. "it's
corny," she says. another shrug. "i didn't mean to wind up a criminal."

you don't tell her that you sort of don't know how one accidentally
becomes a criminal, since you kind-of-sort-of help criminals out,
accidentally.

"i don't believe any of that stuff," she tells you, "none of that whole...
burn it down to start it over." she swallows. "stuff just happens. and
happens. and you wake up and it's still happening, even though you wish
it wasn't."

you think about shay, and how she's covered in scars, and her crying
late at night because of things nobody else ever saw.

"yeah," you say, and print out a form, "i get that."

174 "un jour, mon boss s'est assis directement sur ma main par accident
175 et je ne pouvais rien dire, du coup, j'ai passé tout un meeting avec ma
176 main dans son cul."

177 ses yeux sont si bruns, si comblants, et elle a des cicatrices que tu
178 n'avais jamais remarquées qui pourraient être toutes récentes ou très
179 vieilles ; et ni elle ni toi ne sait depuis combien de temps elle est
180 vraiment en vie.

181 "je veux dire," continues-tu, "oui ça doit être insupportable, mais un
182 jour j'ai dit au revoir à quelqu'un qui partait dans la même direction que
183 moi. je veux dire, est-ce que tu t'imagines."

184 elle rit enfin, même si son rire est faible, et elle dit, "même avec le
185 pouvoir de contrôler le temps, une fois j'ai réussi à manquer mon réveil,
186 et j'ai oublié d'aller bosser alors que j'avais une présentation à mener, et
187 j'ai dû regarder tout le monde en face en leur expliquant ça."

188 "mais quelle barbare," lui dis-tu en la regardant dans les yeux, ces
189 yeux remplis de tristesse et de lignes temporelles que tu ne verras
190 jamais. "ils devraient te mettre à la porte."

191 elle essuie ses joues. "je serais dans un carton," dit-elle d'une voix
192 rauque, "en train de vendre au rabais des boîtes de ravioli."

193

194 xxx

195

and you find a dangerous woman a normal home.

xxx

“you’re squadron 905?”

“division 34754,” you tell him. watch him look down at your ID and certification and read your superpower on the card and then look back up to you and then back down to the card and then back up at you, and so on. he licks his chapped lips and stands in the cold.

this happens a lot. but you smile. the gatekeeper is frowning, but then hanson walks by. “oh shit,” he says, “it’s you! come right on in!” he gives you a hug through your rolled-down window.

the gatekeeper is in a stiff salute now. gulping in terror. hanson is one of the strongest people in this sector, and he just hugged you.

the gate opens. hanson swaggers through. you shrug to the gatekeeper. “i helped him out one time.”

inside they’re debriefing. someone has shifted sides, someone powerful, someone wild. it’s not something you’re allowed to know about, but you know it’s bad. so you put your head down, and you work, because that’s what you’re good at, after all. you find out the gatekeeper’s name and send him a thank-you card and also handmade chapstick and some good earmuffs.

196 tu ne sais pas comment c'est arrivé. c'est le bouche-à-oreille, tu
197 supposes. tu n'es pas sûre d'aimer le fait qu'ils te considèrent comme
198 quelqu'un qu'ils peuvent venir voir, mais ce n'est pas comme s'ils avaient
199 beaucoup d'autres options. pas mal d'entre eux veulent se tirer de là,
200 donc bon, tu les tires de là.

201 tu leur expliques plusieurs fois que tu n'as pas encore fait ton internat
202 et que tes connaissances se limitent à celle d'un secouriste, mais ils
203 viennent quand même. à chaque fois qu'ils débarquent dans ton bureau,
204 ton cœur tambourine dans ta poitrine : ça y est, c'est comme ça que tu
205 meurs, c'est comme ça que ça se termine.

206 "et donc, ce groupe." tu fais la conversation en essayant d'exploiter
207 les failles du système pour l'en sortir. "tout renaît de ses cendres, truc
208 comme ça ?"

209 elle hausse les épaules. tu sais rien qu'en la regardant qu'elle est
210 dangereuse. "c'est ringard," explique-t-elle. "c'était pas dans mes plans
211 de finir criminelle."

212 tu ne lui dis pas que tu n'es pas bien sûre de savoir comment on
213 devient criminel accidentellement, étant donné que tu aides - juste un
214 peu - des criminels, accidentellement.

215 "j'y crois pas, à tout ça," te raconte-t-elle, "à tout ce truc de... tout
216 brûler pour tout recommencer." elle avale sa salive. "mais il y a des
217 choses qui arrivent. et qui arrivent. et un jour tu te réveilles et il y a

shay messages you that night. i have to go somewhere, she says, i can't explain it, but there's a mission and i might be gone a long time.

you stare at the screen for a long time. your fingers type out three words. you erase them. you instead write where could possibly better than stealing chef boyardee with me?

she doesn't read it. you close the tab.

and you put your head down. and work.

xxx

it's in a chili's. like, you don't even like chili's? chili's sucks, but the boss ordered it so you're here to pick it up, wondering if he gave you enough money to cover. things have been bad recently. thousands dying. whoever switched sides is too powerful to stop. they destroy anyone and anything, no matter the cost.

the phoenix fire smells like pistachios, you realize. you feel at once part of yourself and very far. it happens so quickly, but you feel it slowly. you wonder if shay is involved, but know she is not.

the doors burst in. there's screaming. those in the area try their powers to defend themselves, but everyone is civilian division. the smell of pistachios is cloying.

218 toujours des choses qui arrivent même si tu aimerais qu'elles n'arrivent
219 plus."

220 tu penses à shay, couverte de cicatrices, qui pleure au milieu de la
221 nuit à cause de choses que personne d'autre ne vit.

222 "ouais," dis-tu en imprimant un formulaire, "je vois."

223 et cette femme dangereuse, tu lui trouves un foyer comme les autres.

224

225 xxx

226

227 "vous faites partie de l'escadron 905 ?"

228 "division 34754," précises-tu. tu l' observes. il regarde ta carte
229 d'identité et ton certificat et y lit ton superpouvoir, puis te regarde de
230 nouveau, puis tes papiers, puis toi, et ainsi de suite. il lèche ses lèvres
231 sèches et se tient immobile dans le froid.

232 ça arrive souvent. mais tu souris. le garde fronce les sourcils, mais au
233 même moment, hanson passe par là.

234 "et merde," s'exclame-t-il, "c'est toi ! entre !"

235 il t'enlace à travers la fenêtre baissée de ta voiture.

236 le garde se tient au garde à vous, maintenant. il déglutit de peur.

237 hanson est l'un des plus puissants du secteur, et il vient de te faire la
238 bise.

239

then they see you. and you see them. and you put your hands on your hips.

“excuse me, tris,” you say, “what are you doing?”

there’s tears in her eyes. “i need the money,” she croaks.

“From a chili’s?” you want to know, “who in their right mind robs a chili’s? what are you going to do, steal their mozzarella sticks?”

“it’s connected to a bank on the east wall,” she explains, “but i thought it was stupid too.”

you shake your head. you pull out your personal checkbook. you ask her how much she needs, and you see her crying. you promise her the rest when you get your paycheck.

someone bursts into the room. shouts things. demands they start killing.

but you’re standing in the way, and none of them will kill you or hurt you, because they all know you, and you helped them at some point or another, or helped their friend, or helped their children.

tris takes the money, everyone leaves. by the time the heroes show up, you’ve gotten everyone out of the building.

the next time you see tris, she’s marrying a beautiful woman, and living happily, having sent her cancer running. you’re a bridesmaid at the wedding.

240 le portail s'ouvre. hanson entre avec assurance. tu hausses les
241 épaules à l'adresse du garde. "je lui ai filé un coup de main, une fois."
242 à l'intérieur, ils font un débrief. quelqu'un a changé de camp,
243 quelqu'un de puissant, hors de contrôle. tu n'es pas autorisée à en savoir
244 plus, mais tu sais que c'est mauvais signe. donc tu te plonges dans le
245 travail, parce qu'après tout, c'est ce que tu fais de mieux. tu trouves le
246 nom du garde et tu lui envoies une carte de remerciements avec un
247 baume à lèvres fait-main et des cache-oreilles bien chauds.
248 shay t'envoies un message cette nuit-là. je dois partir, écrit-elle, je ne
249 peux pas t'expliquer mais je suis en mission et il se peut que je ne
250 revienne pas avant un bon bout de temps.
251 tu regardes l'écran pendant un bon bout de temps. tes doigts tapent
252 trois mots. tu les effaces. à la place tu écris, qu'est-ce qui pourrait être
253 mieux que de voler des raviolis chef boyardee avec moi ?
254 elle ne le lit pas. tu fermes l'onglet.
255 et tu te plonges dans le travail.
256
257 xxx
258
259 ça se passe dans un chili's. le truc, c'est que tu n'aimes même pas
260 chili's ? chili's, c'est nul, mais le chef y a commandé son déjeuner donc tu
261 y vas en te demandant s'il t'a donné assez d'argent pour tout payer. tout

xxx

“you just,” the director wants to know now, “sent them running?”
hanson stands between her and you, although you don’t need the protection.

“no,” you say again, for the millionth time, “i just gave her the money she needed and told her to stop it.”

“the phoenix group,” the director of squadron 300 has a vein showing, “does not just stop it.”

you don’t mention the social issues which confound to make criminal activity a necessity for some people, or how certain stereotypes forced people into negative roles to begin with, or how an uneven balance of power punished those with any neurodivergence. instead you say, “yeah, they do.”

“i’m telling you,” hanson says, “we brought her out a few times. it happens every time. they won’t hurt her. we need her on our team.”

your spine is stiff. “i don’t do well as a weapon,” you say, voice low, knowing these two people could obliterate you if they wished. but you won’t use people’s trust against them, not for anything. besides, it’s not like trust is your superpower. you’re just a normal person.

hanson snorts. “no,” he says, “but i like that when you show up, the fighting just... stops. that’s pretty nice, kid.”

262 va mal, en ce moment. des milliers de morts. quiconque a changé de
263 camp est trop puissant pour être arrêté, et détruit tout et tout le monde,
264 peu importe à quel prix.

265 tu te rends compte que le feu des phoenix sent la pistache. tu as
266 l'impression d'être à la fois toi-même et hors de ton corps. ça arrive si
267 vite, mais tu le perçois comme au ralenti. tu te demandes si shay est
268 dans le coup mais tu sais qu'elle n'est pas là.

269 les portes s'ouvrent d'un grand coup. des cris résonnent. les
270 personnes présentes essayent d'utiliser leurs pouvoirs pour se défendre,
271 mais tout le monde appartient à une division de civils. l'odeur de
272 pistache est écœurante.

273 puis ils te voient. et tu les vois. et tu mets tes mains sur tes hanches.
274 "non mais oh, tris," lances-tu, "qu'est-ce que tu fiches ?"
275 elle a les larmes aux yeux. "j'ai besoin d'argent," dit-elle d'une voix
276 éraillée.

278 "d'un chili's ?" tu insistes. "mais *qui* vole un chili's ? tu vas faire quoi,
279 leur piquer leur bâtonnets à la mozzarella ?"

280 "c'est relié à une banque par le mur est", explique-t-elle, "mais moi
281 aussi j'ai trouvé ça con."

282 tu secoues la tête. tu sors ton propre chéquier. tu lui demandes
283 combien il lui faut, et tu la vois qui se met à pleurer. tu lui promets de lui
284 donner le reste quand tu seras payée.

“do you know... what we are dealing with.... since agent 25... shifted....?” the director’s voice is thin.

“yeah,” hanson says, “that’s why i think she’d be useful, you know? add some peace to things.”

the director sits down. sighs. waves her hand. “whatever,” she croaks, “do what you want. reassign her.”

hanson leads you out. over your shoulder, you see her put her head in her hands. later, you get her a homemade spa kit, and make sure to help her out by making her a real dinner from time to time, something she’s too busy for, mostly.

at night, you write shay messages you don’t send. telling her things you cannot manage.

one morning you wake up to a terrible message: shay is gone. never to be seen again.

xxx

you’re eating ice cream when you find him.

behind you, the city is burning. hundreds dead, if not thousands.

he’s staring at the river. maybe half-crying. it’s hard to tell, his body is shifting, seemingly caught between all things and being nothing.

285 quelqu'un débarque dans la pièce en criant. demande qu'on

286 commence le carnage.

287 mais tu te tiens en travers de son chemin, et personne ne te tuera ou

288 ne te blessera, parce qu'ils te connaissent tous, et tu les as aidé à un

289 moment ou un autre, ou aidé leurs amis, ou aidé leurs enfants.

290 tris prend l'argent, ils partent tous. quand les héros arrivent, tu as

291 évacué tout le monde hors du restaurant.

292 quand tu revois tris, elle est en train d'épouser une femme

293 magnifique, et elle vit heureuse après avoir vaincu son cancer. tu es

294 demoiselle d'honneur au mariage.

295

296 xxx

297

298 "vous les avez juste," la directrice veut savoir, "fait fuir ?"

299 hanson se tient entre elle et toi, même si tu n'as pas besoin d'être
300 protégée.

301 "non," répètes-tu pour la énième fois, "je lui ai juste donné l'argent
302 dont elle avait besoin et je lui ai dit d'arrêter."

303 "le groupe phoenix," articule la directrice de l'escadron 300, une
304 veine apparente sur sa tempe, "ne s'arrête pas comme ça."

305 tu ne parles pas des problèmes sociaux qui poussent certains à

306 commettre des crimes, ou des stéréotypes qui forcent d'autres à avoir le

“ooh buddy,” you say, passing him a cone-in-a-cup, the way he likes it,
“talk about a night on the town.”

the bench is burning beside him, so you put your jacket down and
snuff it out. it’s hard sitting next to him. he emits so much.

“hey tim?” you say.

“yeah?” his voice is a million voices, a million powers, a terrible curse.

“can i help?” you ask.

he eats a spoonful of ice cream.

“yeah,” he says eventually. “i think i give up.”

xxx

later, when they praise you for defeating him, you won’t smile. they
try to put you in the media; an all-time hero. you decline every interview
and press conference. you attend his funeral with a veil over your head.

the box goes into the ground. you can’t stop crying.

you’re the only one left at the site. it’s dark now, the subtle night.

you feel her at your side and something in your heart stops hurting. a
healing you didn’t know you needed. her hands find yours.

“they wanted me to kill him,” she says, “they thought i’d be the only
one who could.” her hands are warm. you aren’t breathing.

“beat you to it,” you say.

307 mauvais rôle dès le départ, ou du fait qu'un rapport de force inégal punit
308 systématiquement les personnes neuroatypiques. à la place, tu réponds,
309 "en fait, si."

310 "je vous l'ai déjà dit," intervient hanson, "on l'a prise avec nous
311 quelques fois et c'était comme ça tout le temps. ils ne veulent pas lui
112 faire de mal. on a besoin d'elle dans l'équipe."

313 tu te tiens bien droite. "je ne suis pas une très bonne arme,"
314 murmures-tu, sachant que ces deux là pourraient t'anéantir s'ils le
315 voulaient. mais les gens ont confiance en toi et tu ne retourneras pas
316 cette confiance contre eux. pour rien au monde. en plus, ce n'est pas
317 comme si inspirer confiance était ton superpouvoir. tu es juste une
318 personne normale.

319 hanson émet un petit rire. "non," te rassure-t-il. "mais ce que j’aime
320 bien quand tu débarques, c'est que le combat... s’arrête. c’est plutôt
321 sympa, ça, gamine."

322 "tu sais... ce à quoi on a affaire depuis qu'agent 25 a... changé de
323 camp... ?" demande faiblement la directrice.

324 "ouais," répond hanson. "c'est pour ça que je pense qu'elle serait
325 utile, vous savez ? un peu de paix, ça fait pas de mal."

326 la directrice s'assoit. agite la main. "peu importe," dit-elle d'une voix
327 éraillée. "fais ce que tu veux, réassigne la."

328

“i see that,” she tells you.

you both stand there. crickets nestle the silence.

“you know,” she says eventually, “i have no idea which side is the good one.”

“i think that’s the point of a good metaphor about power and control,” you say, “it reflects the human spirit. no tool or talent is good or bad.”

“just useful,” she whispers. after a long time, she wonders, “so what does that make us?”

xxx

it’s a long trek up into the mountains. shay seems better every day. more solid. less like she’s on another plane.

“heard you’re a top ten,” she tells me, her breath coming out in a fog. you’ve reclassified her to civilian. it took calling in a few favors, but you’ve got a lot.

“yeah,” you say, “invulnerable.”

“oh, is that your superpower?” she laughs. she knows it’s not.

“that’s what they’re calling it,” you tell her, out of breath the way she is not, “it’s how they explain a person like me at the top.”

“if that means ‘nobody wants to kill me’, i think i’m the opposite.” but she’s laughing, in a light way, a way that’s been missing from her.

329 hanson te raccompagne dehors. par dessus ton épaule, tu la vois qui
330 tient sa tête entre ses mains. plus tard, tu lui fais toi-même un kit
331 détente, et tu t'assures de l'aider en lui préparant un vrai repas de temps
332 en temps, vu qu'elle n'a presque plus le temps pour ça.

333 pendant la nuit, tu écris des messages que tu n'envoies pas à shay. tu
334 lui dis des choses que tu ne peux pas garder pour toi.

335 un matin tu te réveilles et tu reçois un terrible message : shay a
336 disparu. personne ne sait où elle est.

337

338 xxx

339

340 tu manges une glace quand tu le trouves.

341 derrière toi, la ville est en feu. des centaines de morts, sinon des
342 milliers.

343 il regarde la rivière. il se peut qu'il ait les larmes aux yeux. c'est dur à
344 dire, son corps mute sans cesse, comme pris entre être tout et être rien.

245 "ooh mec." tu lui passes un cornet dans un petit pot, comme il l'aime.

346 "tu parles d'une nuit!"

347 le banc à côté de lui brûle, donc tu y poses ta veste pour étouffer les
348 flammes. c'est dur de s'asseoir à côté de lui. il irradie tellement.

349 "eh, tim ?"

350

the cabin is around the corner. the lights are already on.

"somebody's home," i grin.

tim, just tim, tim who isn't forced into war and a million reflections,
opens the door. "come on in."

xxx

squadron one, division three. a picture of shay in a wedding dress is
on my desk. she looks radiant, even though she's marrying little old me.
what do i do? just what i'm best at. what's not a superpower. what
anyone is capable of: just plain old helping.

351 "ouais ?" sa voix est un million de voix, un million de pouvoirs, une
352 terrible malédiction.

353 "je peux aider ?"

354 il mange une cuillerée de glace.

355 "ouais," dit-il au bout d'un moment. "je pense que j'abandonne."

356

357 xxx

358

359 plus tard, quand on te félicite de l'avoir vaincu, tu ne souris pas. on
360 essaye de te faire passer dans les médias; un héros de tous les temps. tu
361 déclines chaque interview et conférence de presse. tu vas à son
362 enterrement avec un voile sur le visage.

363 le cercueil est porté en terre. tu ne peux pas t'arrêter de pleurer.

364 tu restes seule dans le cimetière. il fait sombre, maintenant, la nuit
365 subtile.

366 tu la perçois à tes côtés et une douleur, dans ton cœur, disparaît. tu
367 ne savais même pas que tu avais besoin de cette guérison. ses mains
368 trouvent les tiennes.

369 "ils voulaient que je le tue," dit-elle. "ils pensaient que je serais la
370 seule qui pourrait le faire." ses mains sont chaudes. tu ne respirez pas.

371 "je t'ai devancée."

372 "je vois ça."

373 vous vous tenez là. les criquets se blottissent dans le silence.
374 "tu sais," reprend-t-elle, "je ne sais vraiment pas quel côté est celui
375 des héros."
376 "il y a une bonne analogie, comme ça, à propos de pouvoir et de
377 contrôle," dis-tu, "et c'est ça, que ça veut dire. c'est juste le reflet de
378 l'esprit humain. aucun outil ou talent n'est bon ou mauvais."
379 "juste utile," murmure-t-elle. au bout d'un moment, elle se demande
380 à voix haute, "et nous, dans tout ça ?"
381
382 xxx
383
384 c'est une longue randonnée à travers les montagnes. shay a l'air
385 d'aller mieux de jour en jour. plus solide. moins perdue dans une autre
386 dimension.
387 "apparemment, t'es dans le top dix," me dit-elle, et de la
388 condensation s'échappe de ses lèvres. tu l'as reclassée au statut de
389 civile. il a fallu demander des faveurs ici et là, mais on t'en doit
390 beaucoup.
391 "ouais," réponds-tu, "je suis invulnérable."
392 "oh, c'est ton superpouvoir ?" rit-elle. elle sait très bien que ce n'est
393 pas ça.
394

395 "c'est comme ça qu'ils l'appellent." tu es à bout de souffle,
396 contrairement à elle. "c'est comme ça qu'ils expliquent le fait qu'une
397 personne comme moi soit tout en haut de l'échelon."
398 "si ça veut dire 'personne ne veut me tuer', je pense que moi, c'est le
399 contraire." mais elle rit de nouveau, avec une légèreté qu'elle n'avait
400 plus depuis longtemps.
401 le chalet est juste dans le coin. les lumières sont déjà allumées.
402 je souris. "quelqu'un est à la maison."
403 tim - juste tim, tim qui n'est pas forcé de se battre et d'être un million
404 de reflets - ouvre la porte.
405 "entrez."
406
407 xxx
408
409 escadron un, division trois. une photo de shay en robe de mariage sur
410 mon bureau. elle a l'air radieuse, même si c'est moi, juste moi, qu'elle
411 épouse.
412 ce que je fais ? juste ce que je fais de mieux. ce qui n'est pas un
413 superpouvoir. ce que tout le monde peut faire : aider, c'est tout.
414
415

Appendix 1

To analyse the patterns in GT's translation of English poems into Japanese, I created a corpus of 5 poems, 2 from poetry blogger @inkskinned on tumblr which have the same format as my ST, and 3 of my own unpublished poems in order to have texts with a poetry style similar to my ST's.

1. *"How do you heal?" ... well stefan frankly i don't // r.i.d* by @inkskinned (2022)
<https://ridinkskinned.com/post/673217803517558784/i-theres-three-stages-of-wound-healing> [Accessed on April 26th 2022]
2. *Untitled poem* by @inkskinned (2022) <https://ridinkskinned.com/post/680887588569169920/i-august-the-earth-let-the-blue-chemical-of-the>
[Accessed on April 26th 2022]
3. *The Lighthouse* by Julie Wüthrich (2021)
4. *beloved, starlight, I love you like a monster does* by Julie Wüthrich (2021)
5. *BLUE WHALE IN A GOLDFISH TANK* by Julie Wüthrich (2021)

Source Text

"How do you heal?" ... well stefan frankly i don't // r.i.d

- i. there's three stages of wound healing (sometimes considered four, depending on the document). the last is largely invisible; called *remodeling*.
- ii. they tore down my high school.
- iii. the final wound healing stage happens below the dermis, after the scab has flaked off. it is a slow process involving repairing muscle and tissue - and often replaces lost viscera with scar tissue.
- iv. i can't remember the order of it, but i know it went something like - pink blue purple white. since you braided it for me, i wore the bracelet for two years, long after it had started to disintegrate.
- v. *remodeling* can last up to a year.
- vi. i'm getting surgery soon. *medically included hole*. i can't wear metal during the process, so i have to take off all my jewelry. i told you once, right - i've been wearing this ring every day since i was 22. i'm worried

GT Translation

「どうやって癒すの？」...まあステファン率直に言って私はしません
//r.i.d

- 1 私。創傷治癒には3つの段階があります(文書によっては4つと見なされ
- 2 ることもあります)。最後のものはほとんど見えません。リフォームと呼
- 3 ばれます。
- 4
- 5 ii。彼らは私の高校を壊した。
- 6
- 7 iii。かさぶたが剥がれた後、最終的な創傷治癒段階は真皮の下で起
- 8 きます。それは筋肉と組織の修復を伴う遅いプロセスであり、失われた
- 9 内臓を瘢痕組織に置き換えることがよくあります。
- 10
- 11 iv。順番は思い出せませんが、ピンクブルーパープルホワイトのよう
- 12 になっていることは知っています。あなたが私のためにそれを編んだの
- 13 で、私はそれが崩壊し始めてからずっと後の2年間ブレスレットを身に
- 14 着けていました。
- 15
- 16 v。改造は最大1年続くことがあります。
- 17
- 18

about my cartilage piercing - i've never had to take it out before, i don't know how to put it back in.

vii. it is possible for skin cells to begin to lose their ability to duplicate, thereby losing their ability to heal. this might happen, for example, when a wound has not completed the remodeling stage but a second wound interrupts the healing process. repeated trauma causes a breakdown on the cellular level.

viii. can a body be a church? there is a vaulted difference between life's call *before* and the echo, resounding - *after, after, after*. the ringing click of heels on a stone floor. without looking, i know the steps are always leaving.

ix. scar tissue has no blood. it cannot coagulate. injury to scar tissue does not follow the same wound healing cycle as normal tissue.

x. it's okay. the high school had asbestos. the bracelet was something you made in five minutes. my abdomen will be professionally stitched back together. the worship i wasted will leak somewhere else, onto a different sun, a different life. a different poem

19 vi. もうすぐ手術を受けます。医学的に含まれている穴。その過程で金
20 属を身につけることができないので、ジュエリーをすべて外さなければ
21 なりません。一度お話ししましたが、22歳の時から毎日このリングをつ
22 けています。軟骨のピアスが気になります。これまで外す必要がなかつ
23 たので、入れ方がわかりません。に戻ります。

24
25 vii. 皮膚細胞が複製する能力を失い始め、それによって治癒する能力
26 を失う可能性があります。これは、たとえば、創傷がリモデリング段階を
27 完了していないが、2番目の創傷が治癒プロセスを中断した場合に発
28 生する可能性があります。繰り返される外傷は、細胞レベルでの崩壊を
29 引き起こします。

30
31 viii. 体は教会になることができますか？人生の前の呼びかけとエコー
32 の間にアーチ型の違いがあり、響き渡ります-後、後、後。石の床のか
33 かとの鳴るクリック。見ずに、私はステップが常に去っていることを知っ
34 ています。

35
36 ix. 瘢痕組織には血液がありません。凝固できません。瘢痕組織への
37 損傷は、正常組織と同じ創傷治癒サイクルには従いません。

38
39 バツ。大丈夫。高校にはアスベストがありました。ブレスレットはあなた
40 が5分で作ったものでした。私の腹部は専門的に縫い合わされます。私

41 が無駄にした崇拜はどこか別の場所、別の太陽、別の人生に漏れるで
しょう。別の詩

Source Text
Untitled poem

i. august the earth. let the blue chemical of the morning shush the way
the too-sweet waking burns in your stomach.

ii. i forgot to go to therapy yesterday, because the reason i go to therapy
is also the same reason i forget things.

iii. they won't let you talk about it, but the truth is that the illness wants
to outlive you. and there is something beautiful about anxiety; about the
press of my tongue to the roof of my mouth. that immediate,
single-toned insanity. where would i be without panic? she is protecting
me, goddamn it.

iv. i'm going to die alone. i'm going to die with my hand over my eyes.

v. they made this world for lovers, didn't they. the exit has a single red
eye over it. they won't let you talk about it, but being sick is addictive. it
needs to be, or none of us would be sick, would we? it makes the effort
of surviving horrifying. why would i do that? why would i get better and
force myself through the endless hurt and rehurting - when i could just

Target Text
無題の詩

1 私。地球の8月。朝の青い化学物質が、甘すぎる目覚めがあなたの胃
2 の中で燃える方法を静めましょう。

3

4 ii。昨日セラピーに行くのを忘れました。セラピーに行く理由も、物事を
5 忘れるのと同じ理由だからです。

6

7 iii。彼らはあなたにそれについて話させませんが、真実は病気があなた
8 より長生きしたいということです。そして不安には美しいものがありま
9 す。私の舌を私の口の屋根に押し付けることについて。その即時の、単
10 調な狂気。パニックなしでどこにいるのでしょうか？彼女は私を守ってく
11 れています。

12

13 iv。私は一人で死ぬつもりです。目の上に手を置いて死ぬつもりです。

14

15 v。彼らは愛好家のためにこの世界を作りましたね。出口には赤い目が
16 1つあります。彼らはあなたにそれについて話させませんが、病気にな
17 ることは中毒性があります。それは必要です、さもなければ私たちの誰
18 もが病気になることはありませんか？それは恐ろしい生き残りの努力を
19 します。なぜ私はそれをするのですか？なぜ私は良くなり、終わりのな

waste? when i could turn rotten? it's easier, this way. succumb to the hike
of her skirt, trembling up a pale leg. the soft, mesh sack over an open
mouth.

vi. lay down, lay down. let the train pass over you, so close your skull
shakes.

20 い傷と再傷を乗り越えなければならないのですか？いつ腐ってしまう
21 の？この方法の方が簡単です。彼女のスカートのハイキングに屈し、薄
22 い脚を震わせた。開いた口の上の柔らかいメッシュの袋。
23
24 vi。横になり、横になります。電車があなたの上を通過するようにして、
25 頭蓋骨の揺れを閉じます。
26
27

Source Text
The Lighthouse

my room at night is a beacon in the raging sea: come knock at the door and sit by my side and we'll talk until tomorrow comes; curl on my bed and i'll watch over you. that's why I sleep the odd hours: after so many nights spent awake lacking safety, I now stay awake because someone needs mine. how strange that something can be foreign all your life and when you finally learn what it is, you realize: oh, it's me. it's me, now. it's always been me.

and the nightmares like summer hazes, the ones we wake up from sweating and feeling like the world isn't real, they're the ones that have gotten weaker and weaker since the day i met you. we made home with our torn off guts and our broken bones and the blood we lost along the way and it holds on alright, you know - it holds on alright. when rain beats at our window and the wind blows too strong, the only thing that shall collapse is me into your skin and your sorrow into my hands; and i'll keep it all there, safe and secure, or i'll crush it all if you ask me.

and the lights, they will carry me home:
they will carry me home for as long as I have you.

GT Translation
灯台

1 夜の私の部屋は荒れ狂う海の灯台です。ドアをノックして私のそばに
2 座ってください。明日が来るまで話します。私のベッドでカールして、私
3 はあなたを見守ります。それが私が奇妙な時間に眠る理由です。安全
4 性に欠けて目を覚まして過ごした多くの夜の後、誰かが私のものを必
5 要としているので、私は今日を覚まし続けています。何かがあなたの人
6 生を通して異質である可能性があることはどれほど奇妙であり、あなた
7 がそれが何であるかを最終的に学ぶとき、あなたは気づきます: ああ、
8 それは私です。今は私です。それはいつも私でした。

9
10 そして、夏の霞のような悪夢、私たちが汗から目覚め、世界が現実では
11 ないように感じるもの、それらは私があなたに会った日からますます弱
12 くなってきたものです。私たちは、引き裂かれた内臓と骨折、そして途中
13 で失った血で家に帰りました、そしてそれは大丈夫です、あなたが知っ
14 ている-それは大丈夫です。雨が私たちの窓に当たり、風が強すぎると
15 き、崩壊するのは私があなたの肌に、あなたの悲しみが私の手にある
16 ことだけです。そして、私はそれをすべてそこに安全に保管します、また
17 はあなたが私に尋ねたら私はそれをすべて粉碎します。

18
19 そしてライト、彼らは私を家に運びます:

20 私があなたを持っている限り、彼らは私を家に連れて帰ります。

21

22

23

24

Source Text

beloved, starlight: i love you like a monster does

I want a love like worship, where I am god and I pray at your feet. For you
I dress like a sheep: I wear peter pan collars and pleated skirts. You
introduce me to your parents and I bring them flowers. At dinner, your
mother says I have the eyes of a butcher,
that I would put a cleaver through a man.
And I would, wouldn't I? I'd eat half the world bleu if you ever asked me.
I'd cook the other half well just the way you like it. We would feast on
buildings and countries, drink oceans straight from the bottle; I would
bring down the apocalypse and turn the sky into fire blossoms.
You have never been afraid. You run your fingers through my hair when I
sleep. I am an apex predator and I bare my throat
for your lips.

GT Translation

最愛のスターライト: モンスターのようあなたを愛しています

- 1 私は神であり、あなたの足元で祈る、崇拜のような愛が欲しいのです。
- 2 あなたのために私は羊のように服を着ます: 私はピーターパンの襟とプ
- 3 リーツスカートを着ています。あなたは私をあなたの両親に紹介し、私
- 4 は彼らに花を持ってきます。夕食時に、あなたのお母さんは私が肉屋
- 5 の目をしていると言います、
- 6 包丁を男に通すと。
- 7 そして、私はそうしませんか？ あなたが私に尋ねたら、私は世界のブ
- 8 ルーの半分を食べるでしょう。残りの半分は好きなように上手に調理し
- 9 ます。私たちは建物や国でごちそうを食べ、ボトルから直接海を飲みま
- 10 した。私は黙示録を降ろし、空を火の花に変えました。
- 11 あなたは恐れたことはありません。私が寝ているとき、あなたは私の髪
- 12 に指を走らせます。私は頂点捕食者で喉をむき出しにしています
- 13 あなたの唇のために。
- 14
- 15
- 16

Source Text

BLUE WHALE IN A GOLDFISH TANK

of course there's something wrong with me. i am the smallest
matryoshka doll. i ask god to free me and it stares back with eyes brown
like graveyard dirt. of course there's something wrong when the living is
already dead and every godforsaken word out of your stained-glass
mouth is a eulogy. when you ought to be sky-wide and you dwell within
the broken nail of a pinkie finger. they built my chariot upside-down,
reversed like a tarot card: horses in the backseat, wheels riding shotgun,
yoke between my teeth. what part of this is right? i need the sun to sear
my skin like parchment in a fireplace, mapmake new lines into my palms -
charcoal black, roasted-pig scented. if i tear every page off the book,
surely i can fill the cover with a rainforest. rewrite the three-line poetry
into a roads-long epic. i need to grow tall enough to throw the world off
atlas's shoulders. "this is mine," i tell him, fingers wound around his
throat. voice like a dragon before its gold. eyes like a supplicant at the
altar. "this is mine. this is me."

GT Translation

金魚の水槽のシロナガスクジラ

1 もちろん、私には何か問題があります。私は最小のマトリョーシカ人形
2 です。私は神に私を解放するように頼みます、そしてそれは墓地の土
3 のように茶色の目で見つめ返します。もちろん、生き物がすでに死んで
4 いて、ステンドグラスの口から見捨てられた言葉はすべて賛辞である場
5 合、何か問題があります。空全体にいる必要があり、小指の壊れた爪
6 の中に住んでいるとき。彼らは私の戦車を逆さまに作り、タロットカード
7 のように裏返しました。後部座席の馬、ショットガンに乗った車輪、私の
8 歯の間のくびき。これのどの部分が正しいですか？暖炉の羊皮紙のよ
9 うに肌を焦がし、手のひらに新しい線をマップメイクするために太陽が
10 必要です-チャコールブラック、ローストピッグの香り。本からすべての
11 ページを引き裂くと、確かに私は熱帯雨林で表紙を埋めることができま
12 す。3行の詩を道路の長い叙事詩に書き直します。私は世界をアトラス
13 の肩から投げ出すのに十分な高さに成長する必要があります。「これ
14 は私のものです」と私は彼に言います、彼の喉に指が巻かれていま
15 す。その金の前にドラゴンのような声。祭壇のサプリカントのような目。"
16 これは私のものです。これが私です。"
17
18

Appendix 2

This is a recording of both the original Japanese version and my translated English version of the song Night Running, sung by Candice Moreau, with lyrics on the screen. As both songs are being played at the same time, one in each ear, I recommend listening to it with earphones.

Link: https://youtu.be/Lyan2Xpyb_I