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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-counterfeitors? [...] 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 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
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Source Text</th>
<th>Target Text</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Title</strong></td>
<td>Le Chant du Renard Noir</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Year Published</strong></td>
<td>2013 (original: 1923)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Author</strong></td>
<td>Benjamin Peterson (original: Chiri Yukie)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Language</strong></td>
<td>English</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Word Count</strong></td>
<td>1019</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

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

The text is the English translation by Benjamin Peterson of the Song the Fox God Sang: a *kamui-yukar*, a type of Ainu folk tale chanted from the perspective of the gods of the Ainu, the *kamui* (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 *kamui-yukar* transcribed by Chiri Yukie in 1923. The ST deals with the *shitunpe*, the most revered of fox gods who dwells on a promontory (Strong, 2009: 37, 38).

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 Table 1 in Strategy box).

**Strategy**
- identification of translation problems

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 -
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:

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

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.
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 ainou" [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 onomatopeia "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*

*Asian Ethnology* 68, no. 1: 27–54. |
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Source Text</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>----------------------------------------------------------------------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>The Song the Black Fox Sang</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Haikunterke Haikoshitemturi</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>On the rocky headlands of our land</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>On the rocky headlands of the gods</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I was sitting.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>One day I went out and saw</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The sea stretching away broad and calm, and on the sea</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Okikirmui, Shupunramka and Samayunkur</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Had sailed out together to hunt for whales, and when I saw this</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The evil heart I bear swelled with malice.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Over these rocks</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Over the rocky headlands of our land</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Over the rocky headlands of the gods</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I ran from top to bottom</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I ran with light feet and sinuous body</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I barked with a low sound like heavy wood splintering.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I stared at the fountainhead of the river, and called to the storm demon</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>And a violent wind, a whirling wind came forth from the spring</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>And blew on the ocean. And straightaway</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
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.
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.
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
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.
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:
Never harbor wicked thoughts.  
So said the fox god.

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

**Title**: Ignition  
**Year Published**: 2020  
**Author**: Julie Wüthrich  
**Language**: English  
**Word Count**: 370

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

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: [...]”).

The poem uses vocabulary related to the semantic field of fire and heat (e.g. "fire", "burn", “Prometheus”; “a phœnix”, 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").

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").
**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 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:  
- 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: "。

**Critical Reflection**  
- textual analysis  

(200 words max)  

I put my ST through GT to compare it with my TT and noticed several things:  
- 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.
- 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.

  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:
  - "kindling", transcribed by GT into katakana
  - "havoc-wreaker", 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].

  He however admitted he had difficulties guessing which was which.

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**Works Cited**

- *Use of sources and reference material*


  See Appendix 1
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.
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-wreaker. 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
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.
La Madeleine de Proust is an excerpt from Marcel Proust's famous novel, Swann's way (1913), the first volume of In Search of Lost Time (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.
### 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 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:

- 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

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

*(200 words max)*

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
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.

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).

Overall, I think that while my TT would not win the International Hemingway Imitation Competition, it would still be a strong contender.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Works Cited</th>
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</thead>
</table>
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, et 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 ?

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

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

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

"Severe uncertainty," he said.

It reminded him of all the times the mind fails. Its experience is useless when it is both the searcher and where it searches. "Searching?" he said. "No. I also have to create."

The mind faced something that did not exist yet. But only the mind could make it real and bring it into light.
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<th>Source Text</th>
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<tr>
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</tr>
<tr>
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<td>Tapisserie d'Ariane</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Year Published</strong></td>
<td><strong>Year Published</strong></td>
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<tr>
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**Description of Source Text**

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

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).

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.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Strategy</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>• <em>identification of translation problems</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>• <em>knowledge of genre within target context and situation of target text</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>• <em>justification of translation production of genre for target context</em></td>
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<tr>
<td>(200 words max)</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

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 (Zwekdling, 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: |
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
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 hyphaes 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 Recours Au Poème [Resort to Poetry] website, Best If Used By 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.

<table>
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<tr>
<td>--------</td>
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<tr>
<td>Zwekjdling, Alex</td>
</tr>
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</table>
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

---

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 Thèsée 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.
explorateurs d'un carré de forêt, de la taille d'un terrain de football.

Mycélium : tissu conjonctif écologique.
Mycélium : le fil vivant, la couture qui maintient les pans de notre monde ensemble.

En classe, les enfants étudient des schémas d'anatomie, le corps humain en plusieurs strates (- squelette - vaisseaux sanguins - nerfs - muscles) et si l'on faisait la même chose pour nos écosystèmes, un de ces schémas serait une carte du mycélium fongique à travers ces écosystèmes : réseaux tentaculaires réseaux entrelacés qui parcourent la terre les sédiment sulfureux, des centaines de mètres sous l'océan, les barrières de corail, les corps (la faune et la flore, le mort et le vivant),
les piles de déchets, les tapis, les planchers,
les vieux livres des bibliothèques, les particules de poussières
dans les coins de maisons,
les toiles des tableaux de grands maîtres,
accrochées dans les musées.
Certains estiment que si on détachait le mycélium d'un gramme de terre
(d'une cuillère à soupe de terre)
si on l'étalait
d'une extrémité à l'autre,
son étendue pourrait atteindre n'importe quelle longueur entre une centaine de mètres et dix kilomètres.
Mais en pratique, mesurer jusqu'où le mycélium se répand dans les structures,
systèmes,
et habitants de la Terre est impossible.
(La tapisserie du mycélium est trop serrée.)
Nos imaginations ne sont qu'animaux (Minotaures) et le mode de vie du mycélium
(Thésée et fil d'Ariane)
les défie.
<table>
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<tr>
<th>Source Text</th>
<th>Target Text</th>
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<tbody>
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<td>Things I hate: a thread (1/?)**</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Year Published</strong></td>
<td>10th century (edition used: 1962)**</td>
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<td>Sei Shōnagon**</td>
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**Description of Source Text**
- understanding of source text
- knowledge of genre within source contexts
- situation of source text
- familiarity with the formal features of a text (language variation(s), register, dialect) (200 words max)

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" (Heinitiuk 2012: 8).

The "most widely adapted Japanese literary work in English" (Ivanova, 2018: 1), this diary belongs to the literary genre zuihitsu (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).

This excerpt is a catalogue called "にくきもの" [Hateful Things], a list of things and situations Shōnagon despises.

The language is:
- characterised by "both colloquial and refined locutions" (Midorikawa, 2008: 145)
- filled with lexical repetition (Heinitiuk 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)
- without personal pronouns, making it unclear if it is the author, the reader or a general audience who is supposed to be experiencing what Shônagon describes (McKinney, 2006: 47) (e.g. "物きかむと思ふほどに泣ぐちど" [children that start crying when (I/you/one/we) (try/tries) to hear something]).

| Strategy | My TA is Japanese literature students using Twitter. To introduce Shônagon’s work to them under a fun, familiar format, I will translate the ST as a 2022 Twitter thread by:
| identification of translation problems | - dividing the text into paragraphs of 280 characters or fewer as per Twitter character limit (Boot et al, 2019: 1).
| knowledge of genre within target context and situation of target text | - ending each paragraph with numbers between parentheses (e.g. "(4/?)"), preceded by "cont." [to be continued] when I cut a point in several parts due to length
| justification of translation production of genre for target context (200 words max) | - keeping all historical artefacts (eg. "Iyo blinds", "mantra")
| mixing: | - haughty register (e.g. "do not"; "shall")
| slang (e.g. "chug"; "won’t shut up about") | - slang (e.g. "chug"; "won’t shut up about")
| oral language (e.g. "like"; "you go") | - oral language (e.g. "like"; "you go")
| using internet slang (Bozorova, 2021: 490): | - abbreviations: e.g. "stg"
| - acronyms: e.g. "smh" | - 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:
| punctuation as an intonation marker (Bozorova, 2021: 490): e.g. "but?? I’ve seen [...] this?? sir?????????"

42
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.

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.

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.

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**Works Cited**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Author</th>
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<th>Publication Details</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Henitiuk, Valerie</td>
<td>‘Easyfree translation?’ How the modern West knows Sei Shônagon's Pillow Book. Translation Studies</td>
<td>1: 1,2 — 17.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Robert E. Morrell.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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</table>
にくきもの

はしばやうにらば、「後に」とてもやりつべけれど、さすがに心はづかしき人、いとにくむつかし。

すずりに髪の入てすられたる。また、墨の中に、石のきしきときしみ鳴りたる。

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、いと持ちほどに久しくに、からじてまちつけて、よろびながら加持せするに、この頃もののけにあふりて、困じにけるのにや、ゐのりにすなはちねぶりごなる、いとにくし。

なでふことなき人の、笑かちにて物いひたる。

火桶の火、炭櫃などに、手のうらうち返しうち返し、おしのべなしてあふりる者。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。さやうのものは、人のもとにきて、ゐんとする所を、まづ扇してこなたかなたふぎちて、塵はきすぎて、おもさだまらずひろめきて、狩衣の
まへまき入れてもあるべし。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や。

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、ことにとらするほどのけしき、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、口をさぐり、さかづき、こと人人にとらするほどのけしき、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、口をさぐり、さかづき、こと人人にとらするほどのけしき、いみじうにくしとみゆ。また、「のめ」といふなるべし、身のうへなげき、人のうへいひ、つゆちりのこともゆかしかり、きかまぼしして、いひしらせぬをば怨じ、そらし、また、わづかに聞きてあたることをば、俄もとよりしりたることのように出、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こ。

からすのあつまりてとびちがひ、さめき鳴きたる。

しのびくる人見しりてほゆる犬。

あなたがちなる所にかくふせたる人の、いびきしたる。また、しのびくる所に、長烏帽子して、さすがに人に見えしとまどひ入るほどに出、物につきさはりて、そろよといはせたる。

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いとしろし。それも、やを
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
かしゅうほともとしろしきれ。

ねぶたしとおもひてふしたるに、蚊のほそぎ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。

きしめく車のりてありく者。耳もきかぬにやあらんといにくし。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、さし出でして我ひとりさいまる者。すべてらしいで
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、をかしきも
のとらせなどするに、ならひて常にきつつ、お入りて調度うちらしぬ
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、いきたなしとお
もひ顔にひきゆるがしたる、いとにくし。

いまままひのさしこえて、物しり顔にをしへやうなる事いひ、うしるみた
る、いとにくし。
わがしる人にてある人の、はやう見し女のことほめひ出でなどするも、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るれ。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。衣のしたにどりありきてもたぐるやうにする。

犬のもろ声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。
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/?)

打得 1 11K ⤵ 1.3K

Empress Sadako’s best court lady @itsseishonago • Jun 1

Also hate the rattle that the lyo 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/?)

打得 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/?)

打得 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 ill wind of its wings and you DIE INSIDE. (21/?)

打得 1 900 ⤵ 986
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

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

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

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
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/?)

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... crying. And it’s worse if you imagine if they were still together! (But sometimes actually it’s fine?) (27/?)

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/?)

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/?)

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/?)

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)
### Source Text

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Night Running</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Year Published</td>
<td>2020</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Author</td>
<td>Shin Sakiura feat. AAAMYYY</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Language</td>
<td>Japanese</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Character Count</td>
<td>547</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Description of Source Text**
- understanding of source text
- knowledge of genre within source contexts
- situation of source text

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

(200 words max)

Night Running is a J-pop song produced as the ending song of each episode of the Japanese animation series *BNA: Brand New Animal* 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.

It has an inconsistent rhyme scheme overall:
- 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

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]).
| Strategy                                                                 | 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:  
- 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 |
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Critical Reflection</strong></td>
<td>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</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
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.

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.

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.

|------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

See Appendix 2
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Source Text</th>
<th>Target Text</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Night Running</strong></td>
<td><strong>Night Running</strong></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

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

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  Meaning lost but I'm on it, I'm dashing till you get there
6  Jibbing at that wreck, I waste "I" that I could not lose
7  Nagging sob that cut off; my decline couldn't be like that
8  Oh hear and tell
9  Your wings are set tonight you're making it done
10 Oh, nothing on my mind, need to be unrestricted
11 More to gleam you flee like no getting caught, you're
12 Holding a mirror to the stars
13 It's so full of ups and downs
14 Sky, world should walk in too soon
15 And taming wounds turned bad all night
16 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
僕はどうなるの

いつかまたこの場所に立って
何度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

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>20</th>
<th>Meaning lost yet could not stop, I'm cheering till you get there</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>21</td>
<td>Oh worry not, hidden eyes, to be where I could get you</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>22</td>
<td>Caring, making your world near, set where brilliant midnights grow out</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>23</td>
<td>Oh hear and tell</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>24</td>
<td>Your wings are set tonight you're making it done</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>25</td>
<td>Your wings are set tonight you're making it done</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>26</td>
<td>Oh nothing on my mind, need to be unrestricted</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>27</td>
<td>Sign gone - what if, dashing, we're seizing that line?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>28</td>
<td>But could I ask what do I do now?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>29</td>
<td>It's coming time, coming back home is certain</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>30</td>
<td>No, don't stay more touching ground, get up keep on</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>31</td>
<td>Sign gone, that end means to look and take just on</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>32</td>
<td>This journey: we're keeping life free</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>33</td>
<td>Meaning lost but I'm on it, I'm dashing till you get there</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>34</td>
<td>Jibbing at that wreck, I waste &quot;I&quot; that I could not lose</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>35</td>
<td>Nagging sob that cut off</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>36</td>
<td>My decline couldn't be now</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>42</td>
<td>Oh hear and tell</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Your wings are set tonight you're making it done</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>44</td>
<td>Oh nothing on my mind, need to be unrestricted</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>45</td>
<td>Sign gone - what if, dashing, we're seizing that line?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>46</td>
<td>But could I ask what do I do now?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>47</td>
<td>It's coming time, coming back home is certain</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>48</td>
<td>No, don't stay more touching ground, get up, keep on</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>50</td>
<td>Sign gone, that end means to look and take just on</td>
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<td>51</td>
<td>This journey: we're keeping life free</td>
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<td>Meaning lost but I'm on it, I'm dashing till you get there</td>
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<td>Meaning lost yet could not stop, I'm cheering till you get there</td>
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<td>Oh worry not, hidden eyes, to be where I could get you</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>57</td>
<td>Meaning lost but I'm on it, I'm dashing till you get there</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>58</td>
<td>Jibbing at that wreck, I waste &quot;I&quot; that I could not lose...</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
## Description of Source Text

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

(200 words max)

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 terza rima (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).

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.
### 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
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.

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.

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

Halfway through our trek in life\(^1\)
I found myself in this dark wood\(^2\),
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.

\(^1\) 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.

\(^2\) 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*. 
But then I reached rising ground\(^3\) 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 alive\(^4\). Now I rested for a moment, then on up that lonely slope

---

\(^3\) 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).
with the firm foot always lower\(^5\).
And here, just at the beginning,
there was a spotted animal
like a leopard\(^6\), 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 rising\(^7\) 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.
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 sombre\textsuperscript{18} est la forêt qui symbolise la notion du péché de Dante et de son work spirituel. De manière plus générale, c’est l’état d’ignorance de toute une civilisation égarée, le remède qui sera expliqué dans les enseignements politiques et religieux de la \textit{Comédie}.
46  La colline\textsuperscript{19} qu’il atteint ensuite représente la vie vertueuse, illuminée par le soleil (l. 17) de la grâce de Dieu. La forêt du péché mène à la mort et la damnation ; si peu y survivent que Dante s’autorise l’hyperbole « dont personne ne sort vivant » (l. 27)\textsuperscript{20} et considère la colline de l’autre côté de la forêt comme étant « esseulée » (l. 29)\textsuperscript{21}.
47  Dante monte sur la colline avec son poids en arrière plutôt qu’en avant\textsuperscript{22}, indiquant la difficulté et même la réticence qu’impliquent l’ascension ardue vers la vertu.
48  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
49  dont personne ne sort vivant.
50  Là je me reposai un instant, et puis grimpai cette montée esseulée dont personne ne sort vivant.
51  \textsuperscript{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.
52  \textsuperscript{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
53  \textsuperscript{20} dont personne ne sort vivant.
54  \textsuperscript{21} Là je me reposai un instant, et puis grimpai cette montée esseulée
55  \textsuperscript{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 Julio¹⁰, even though it was late,

⁸ 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 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 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’ son, 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,
...
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 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.
and never will – until the Dog\textsuperscript{13} comes, who’ll hunt her to death. He won’t chase gold or territory but wisdom and love and virtue\textsuperscript{14}; He’ll be born into felt swaddling\textsuperscript{15}. He’ll rescue this prostrate Italy that the wounded fell for, Turnus, the maid Camilla, Euryalus, Nisus\textsuperscript{16}. 

À ce moment précis, Virgile se comprend mieux comme représentation allégorique de la voix de la raison et de la sagesse humaine, qui n’a pas parlé à Dante depuis longtemps; ce qui explique sa situation\textsuperscript{24}. Il\textsuperscript{25} est symbole de la sagesse, la raison et de l’apprentissage humain et il est auteur, dans l’\textit{Énéide}, d’un poème épique que la Comédie honore et imite. La politique impérialiste du poème de Virgile a inspiré la vision du monde de Dante, dans cette œuvre-ci et dans son traité \textit{Monarchia}. Le récit que Virgile fait de l’outre-monde dans l’\textit{Énéide VI}, et sa réputation

\textsuperscript{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. 

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

\textsuperscript{15} 105 he’ll be born etc: another much-disputed line. The Italian, ‘tra feltro e feltrò’, 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.

\textsuperscript{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.

\textsuperscript{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 criaï : « Ayez pitié de moi, peu importe ce que vous êtes, homme ou fantôme ! » 

\textsuperscript{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.
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
La célèbre prophétie à propos de la poursuite et la mort de la louve n'a jamais été expliquée de façon satisfaisante. Les deux identités les plus acceptées pour le Chien sont certainement l'Empereur Henri VII et Can Grande della Scala, régent de Vérone de 1308 à 1329 et un des mécènes de Dante. Dante fait exprès de ne pas révéler l'identité du chien, et il se peut qu'il n’ait eu personne à l'esprit ; mais la ligne 104 suggère plutôt un chef religieux que laïque, quelqu’un qui purifierait l’église de sa convoitise - dont Dante se plaint régulièrement dans le poème. La ligne 104 liste les trois attributs de la Trinité (le Fils, le Saint Esprit et le Père respectivement). La ligne 105, à propos de la naissance du Chien, est aussi controversée. L’Italien ‘tra feltro e feltro’ a parfois été considéré comme indiquant le point géographique de la naissance du Chien, entre Feltre (dans la Vénétie) et Montefeltro (Romagne). Une lecture littérale de « entre feutre et feutre » semble préférable – par exemple, le Chien serait de basse fortune (le feutre ferait un lange râche et grossier) ou aurait même été élevé par les Franciscains.

le Chien ne vienne, celui qui la chassera à mort. Il ne courra pas après l’or ou les terres,
mais après sagesse et amour et vertu ;
il naîtra dans un lange de feutre. Il sauvera cette Italie prosternée pour laquelle les blessés sont tombés.
Énée terrassant Turnus, Luca Giornado (XVIIème siècle)

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.
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>Year Published</td>
<td>2020</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Author</td>
<td>VER</td>
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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.

There are five speaking characters:
- 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)

None of the human characters are named as they are part of a cycle.

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.).
D and LS speak in a familiar register (e.g. "I'll miss you too"); "you're hopeless"; etc.), denoting their youth. 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.").

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Strategy</th>
<th>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:</th>
</tr>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>identification of translation problems</td>
<td>- changing the reading order from right to left</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>knowledge of genre within target context and situation of target text</td>
<td>- adding a black-and-white filter</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>justification of translation</td>
<td>- translating onomatopoeia</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>production of genre for target context</td>
<td>- keeping four words (&quot;Wolvendaughter&quot;; &quot;Daughter&quot;; &quot;heroes&quot;; &quot;mantle&quot;) in English transcribed into katakana, the &quot;syllabary used primarily for loanwords&quot; (Weblio, 2022): e.g. ST: &quot;Daughter&quot; → TT: &quot;ドーター&quot; [Daughter]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>200 words max</td>
<td>- mimicking the intuitiveness and indirectness of Japanese communication (Clancy, 1987: 213) by removing, when inferable from context:</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>- textual elements: e.g. ST: &quot;I’ll miss you when you’re away&quot; → TT: &quot;寂しくなるよ&quot; [I'll miss you])</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>- pronouns</td>
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<td>- favouring idiomatic translation by:</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>- using free translation for metaphors and idioms: e.g. ST: &quot;What’s gone is gone&quot; → TT: &quot;燃えたら燃えちゃった&quot; [if it burns, it's burnt down])</td>
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<td></td>
<td>- adapting characters' speech to their personalities or interlocutor:</td>
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<td></td>
<td>- characters use the informal &quot;-う&quot; (-u) form with those younger than them and the formal &quot;-ます&quot; (-masu) form with those older than them</td>
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</tbody>
</table>
- 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])

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

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.

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).

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.

**Works Cited
● use of sources and reference material**


<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Source Text</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Wolvendaughter</td>
<td>ウオルヴェンドーター</td>
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</table>
Fwooosh!

They spell their own demise.
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.

Mindless and persevering.

Life continues on, in endless cycles.
ALWAYS DYING AND ALWAYS BECOMING.
AH, SISTER... YOU'RE AWAKE! I'VE MISSED YOU SO...
No?

I'm glad you got some sleep...

DID YOU?

No really...

I'll miss you when you're away.

I'll miss you too.

ええ眠ったかったちた？

はい?

ううん...。

ならしく

私も
IT'S TIME, MY DEAR.

I HOPE YOU'RE RESTED.
YOU'VE A LONG JOURNEY AHEAD OF YOU.

I KNOW...
WHY ME?

SOMEONE MUST WEAR THE MANTLE.

I NEVER ASKED FOR THIS.

THE DAUGHTERS NEVER DO.
WHAT HAPPENS NEXT?

THE BEAST WILL BE YOURS.

YOU WILL DO AS IT WILLS.
AND ALL IT KNOWS IS ANGER.
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.
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.
DO YOU EVEN KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING?

YOU'RE HOPELESS.
FEWDOOM

SSCRREEEEE!!!
STOP!

I SAID-

STOP!

BAM!!

STOP!

静めえて！

靜めえて！

静めえて！

静めえて！

静めえて！
WHAT'S GONE IS GONE.

BUT WHAT REMAINS WILL HEAL.

I'LL STEER THE FLAMES. IF THE WORLD MUST BE DESTROYED...

I WILL MAKE SURE IT CAN RISE FROM THE ASHES TOO.
BURN THE FRUITS OF THEIR LABOUR...

THEIR GENERATIONS OF WORK...

THEIR LEGACY, THEIR HISTORY.

SPILL YOUR ANGER, BEAST.

YOU KNOW DESTRUCTION. WE KNOW REBIRTH.
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.
YOUR HEARTS WHICH BURN SO BRIGHT, IN A WORLD THAT BURNS TOO QUICK.
WOULD YOU FORGIVE THE BEAST?

I WOULD.

AND YOU BELIEVE OTHERS WOULD, TOO?

IF THEY UNDERSTOOD...

YES.
WHY HER?

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

WHY DID SHE HAVE TO BECOME THE DAUGHTER? DOUBT WILL NOT CRUMBLE HER HEART.
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?
OH, DAUGHTER OF THE BEAST, KINDLING TO DEATH

YOU SPARED THEIR LIVES...

BUT THE BEAST DEVoured ALL THEY KNOW.
CHOKING ON HOPE UNTIL THE FLAME BURNED ITSELF OUT.

WITH NO BEAST IN SIGHT, AND ONLY THE DAUGHTER TO BLAME.
MY ELDER ONCE TOLD ME, “THEY SPELL THEIR OWN DEMISE”.

I HOPE 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.
Rember 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.
Ah, sister...

KRAH!

Haaaaa!
YOU'RE AWAKE!

I'VE MISSED YOU SO...

醒了！

会いたかったの…
THE END

終わり。
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.

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.

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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:

- 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.

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.

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
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.

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.

Works Cited

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.
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.
“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.
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.
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.
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.
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 sniffs.

"oh," t'exclames-tu parce que tu reconnais l'emblème de l'oiseau brûlant sur sa poitrine, "je crois que vous avez le mauvais bureau."

"il me faut juste—" il crache sur le sol, tangue, s'effondre.

ok. ok. bon, c'est, pas, genre. génial. "ouais," lâches-tu, et shay te manque désespérément. "ok."

tu trouves la source du saignement, tu le prends en charge quand il passe en état de choc, tu l’allonges sur une table et tu le recouds. deux heures plus tard, tu lui as trouvé un cadeau pour la nuit des chandelles et ses signes vitaux sont stables. tu as aussi rangé son fichier dans un dossier à part (c'est bien d'être organisé) et tu lui as trouvé un logement, loin du front.

quand il se réveille, tu lui offres du chocolat chaud (bon sang, ce que shay te manque), et il ne sourit pas. il ne sourit pas quand il voit le cadeau que tu lui as dégoté (une meilleure veste pare-balle, une sans l'insigne des Phoenix), ou les points de suture. ce n'est pas grave. tu lui dis quels médicaments prendre, tu les lui donnes, tu lui suggères d'aller voir un médecin. ensuite tu lui tends son fichier avec sa nouvelle identité et sa nouvelle maison et son statut de civil. tu prends une grande inspiration.

il l’ouvre et éclate en sanglots. il ne dit rien. il part, c’est tout, et tu dois nettoyer le sang, ce qui n’est pas très gentil de sa part. mais c’est la
“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
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.”
and you find a dangerous woman a normal home.

“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.

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

donc bon, tu les tires de là.

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

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

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

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

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

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.

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“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.
“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 reclassed 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.
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.
vous vous tenez là. les criquets se blottissent dans le silence.
"tu sais," reprend-t-elle, "je ne sais vraiment pas quel côté est celui des héros."
"il y a une bonne analogie, comme ça, à propos de pouvoir et de contrôle," dis-tu, "et c'est ça, que ça veut dire. c'est juste le reflet de l'esprit humain. aucun outil ou talent n'est bon ou mauvais."
"juste utile," murmure-t-elle. au bout d'un moment, elle se demande à voix haute, "et nous, dans tout ça ?"

xxx

c'est une longue randonnée à travers les montagnes. shay a l'air d'aller mieux de jour en jour. plus solide. moins perdue dans une autre dimension.
"apparemment, t'es dans le top dix," me dit-elle, et de la condensation s'échappe de ses lèvres. tu l'as reclassée au statut de civile. il a fallu demander des faveurs ici et là, mais on t'en doit beaucoup.
"ouais," réponds-tu, "je suis invulnérable."
"oh, c'est ton superpouvoir ?" rit-elle. elle sait très bien que ce n'est pas ça.
"c'est comme ça qu'ils l'appellent." tu es à bout de souffle, contrairement à elle. "c'est comme ça qu'ils expliquent le fait qu'une personne comme moi soit tout en haut de l'échelon."

"si ça veut dire 'personne ne veut me tuer', je pense que moi, c'est le contraire." mais elle rit de nouveau, avec une légèreté qu'elle n'avait plus depuis longtemps.

le chalet est juste dans le coin. les lumières sont déjà allumées. je souris. "quelqu'un est à la maison."

tim - juste tim, tim qui n'est pas forcé de se battre et d'être un million de reflets - ouvre la porte.

"entrez."

xxx

escadron un, division trois. une photo de shay en robe de mariage sur mon bureau. elle a l'air radieuse, même si c'est moi, juste moi, qu'elle épouse.

ce que je fais ? juste ce que je fais de mieux. ce qui n'est pas un superpouvoir. ce que tout le monde peut faire : aider, c'est tout.
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)

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)
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...
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
が無駄にした崇拝はどこか別の場所、別の太陽、別の人生に漏れるでしょう。別の詩
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...
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.
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.
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。
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.
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.”
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