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Translation portfolio: portraying trauma

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MPhil in Literary Translation
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Introduction

There are many ways to tie texts together. Topic, structure, theme, period, devices used... In this portfolio, there is just one aspect that makes it come together: the topic of the texts. Trauma. I know it sounds odd, but trauma is used to describe a physical or emotional injury, and these wounds, like words, require interpretation (Kurtz XXX, I-II). Everyone goes through some level of trauma throughout their lifetime, which makes it something easily relatable. However, what causes trauma? How do we overcome it? Are we allowed to treat it as a banality, as something from our day-to-day life or does it need to be transcendental and life-changing? Do we move on and how do we move on? But what matters here the most is: how do writers portray it?

These are the questions that these texts try to answer to:

- *Una Coca Cola Calenta* by Joan Guasp reduces suicide and alcoholism to simple life choices by using metadrama.
- Fígaro, with his 1835 article *Un reo de muerte*, discusses the death penalty during Spanish Romanticism.
- Amy Harmon takes us back to the Easter Week's uprising in Dublin with her novel *What the Wind Knows*.
- With their song *Foundations of Decay*, the band My Chemical Romance breaks free from their fans' expectations to move on from their traumatic past revolving around suicide, drug, and alcohol abuse.
- Sara Ahmed, the feminist killjoy, creates a literary academic text about LGBTQIA+ feeling of strangeness, safe spaces and how to find them.
- The Spanish exiled writer Max Aub sees the Anschluss through the eyes of a Jewish widow.

- *Romance de la Luna, Luna*, by Federico García Lorca, poetically describes a child's death and its posterior grieving period by his community.
- And lastly, Alexandria Ocasio Cortez, U.S Congresswoman, makes a call-to-action in favour of reproductive rights after Roe V. Wade was overturned.

Each in their own way, these texts portray different life experiences that make them relatable to different audiences, but all targeting similar issues.

Bibliography:

Kurtz, Roger. 2018. *Trauma and Literature*. Cambridge University Press.

Furthermore, I would like to thank my supervisor Dr. Katerina García for always being there to provide wonderful feedback and suggestions. I would also like to thank my parents, brother, and sister (in-law) for helping me reach my full potential and helping me see the light, and my partner, for always being there when I need him most and being my greatest supporter. And finally, to the girls attending the M.Phil., for all those days stuck in the student room at TCLCT.

Disclaimer:

I will use the following abbreviations in my translations and translation briefs:

- ST: source text
- TT: target text
- TA: target audience
- SL: source language
- TL: target language
- SVP: subject-verb-complement
- UAB: Universitat Autònoma de Barcelona [Autonomous University of Barcelona]
- TCD: Trinity College Dublin
- MCR: My Chemical Romance

Student Number	22328467	Text Number	1
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Source Text

Target Text

Title	La Coca Cola Calenta	Title	The Warm Coke
Year Published	2011		
Author	Joan Guasp I Vidal		
Language	Catalan	Language	English
Word Count	1062	Word Count	1817

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 ST is a surrealist play script written by a Mallorcan author. He portrays a scene at a bar, where three men talk about addiction, depression, and suicide, until one of them states that he is the author of the play and can control the other two.

Guasp won the IV Contest of Short Plays of Mutxamel with this play (Pont del Petroli Poesia n.d.).

Formal features include:

- Unexpected use of metadrama —a play within a play (Hornby 1986, 32).
- To portray the day-to-day scenario, he:
 - Uses informal register, e.g., ‘és un idiota’ [you are an idiot] (ST: l. 45).
 - Keeps the formal use of the third person, e.g., ‘vostè’ [formal you] (ST: l. 28).
 - Employs the present tense, e.g., ‘Tinc tres filles’ [I have three daughters] (ST: l. 36).
- Constructed on sixty-eight dialogue interventions.
- Contains thirty-four stage directions, which comprise:
 - Directions about who the character is talking to or what they are doing, e.g., ‘Intervenint en la conversa. A CLIENT 1’ [Intervening in the conversation. To CLIENT 1] (ST: l. 19).

	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> ○ Feelings or how the actor should portray the character, e.g., 'Ofès' [offended] (ST: l. 46).
<p>Strategy</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • <i>identification of translation problems</i> • <i>knowledge of genre within target context and situation of target text</i> • <i>justification of translation production of genre for target context</i> <p>(200 words max)</p>	<p>The TT will be a novel with a TA of men between the ages of 40-50 interested in metadrama. The aim is to interpret the ST and create an expanded narration style. This will be done by:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Using the past tense narrative style: 'thought the waiter' (TT: l. 183-184) • Adding an omniscient narrator. This will allow an expansion on the stage directions written by Guasp by narrating: <ul style="list-style-type: none"> ○ what the characters are doing, e.g. 'He turned to Albert' (TT: l. 90). ○ what the characters are thinking, e.g. "'He finally stopped talking", thought the waiter.' (TT: l. 37). • Changing the ST into a narrative style to balance narration and dialogue any interventions that are: <ul style="list-style-type: none"> ○ Repetitions, e.g., '(Repeteix la mateixa pregunta d'abans)' [(He repeats the same previous question)] (ST: l. 22). ○ Characters thinking aloud, e.g., '(Després d'un breu silenci reflexiu) No s'ho creurà, però ho he pensat més de dues vegades...' [(After a reflexive silence) You wouldn't believe it, but I have thought about it more than twice...] (ST: l. 24-25).
<p>Critical Reflection</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • <i>textual analysis</i> <p>(200 words max)</p>	<p>The resulting TT keeps most of the interventions in dialogue, which creates a fast-paced reading of a novel since there is a prevalence of dialogue. While rereading the translation, I realised two changes in the text:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • English does not allow for the formal second-person singular pronoun 'vostè' to be translated. This pronoun is used in the Catalan ST to address characters who are not on a first name basis, and as a sign of respect and politeness. Thus, the formality of the TT is arguably lower than the ST.

	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • The TT refers continuously to Coke, the sugary drink. However, in the translation, there is some place for ambiguity with the drug of the same name since both are called the same in everyday speech. This double meaning in the TT adds to the theme of addiction, even though it is implied that it is the drink. Furthermore, this ambiguity might look like a clue as to the presence of double meaning that metadrama brings to the table in the text, since not everything that is happening in the TT is what it seems.
<p>Works Cited</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • <i>use of sources and reference material</i> 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Primary source: Guasp, Joan. 2011. <i>La Coca Cola Calenta</i>. Pont del Petroli. • Hornby, Richard. 1986. <i>Drama, Metadrama and Perception</i>. Lewisburg: Buckwell University Press. • Pont del Petroli Poesia. n.d. "La Coca Cola Calenta - Joan Guasp." Accessed April 14, 2023. http://pontdelpetroliedicions.net/Teatre/La-Coca-Cola-calenta/.

Source Text

La Coca Cola Calenta

CLIENT 1 Vostè no és feliç? Mai? Mai no ha estat feliç vostè?

CAMBRER Bé...Sí, algun cop. Algun cop he estat feliç... Algun cop...

CLIENT 1 Algun cop... Aleshores... Aleshores, vostè ha estat Déu. No. No ho dubti. Vostè ha estat Déu! Ser feliç és ser Déu!

CAMBRER Jo...? Déu, jo...?

CLIENT 1 Sap què passa? Que jo també vaig ser feliç algun cop. Però ara no ho sóc... Fa molts anys que no sóc feliç! Fa molts anys que no sóc Déu!

CAMBRER Jo...

CLIENT 1 No digui res! No.... No digui res. Ho he provat tot per tornar a ser feliç. Tot. Ansiolítics. Antidepressius. Drogues de tota classe. Després vaig provar la coca cola... I, d'aleshores ençà, ja ho veu... Ja em veu, quin desgraciat que sóc. Soc un pobre ric desgraciat. I les pastilles per desngarxar-se de tot plegat... Què li he de dir jo! Tranquimazin, Ansium, Dogmatil, Peromitil, Fergunol, Batasun, Carbitonex... I herbes? Herbes de tots els colors... Què li he de dir jo!

CAMBRER Però..., si...

CLIENT 1 Res! Res de res! Preferiria ser mort. Ja li ho he dit abans: només la mort podria alliberar-me d'aquest estat meu... (*Plorinya*)

CLIENT 2 (*Intervenint en la conversa. A CLIENT 1*) Per què no se suïcida, vostè?

Target Text

The Warm Coke

1 “Aren’t you happy? Never? Haven’t you ever been happy?”

2

3 “Well... Yes, sometimes,” the waiter hesitated. He tried to remember if he
4 had been happy at some point of his life. “I have been happy sometimes...
5 Sometimes...” He just stayed thinking about it, as if trying to remember
6 an exact moment where happiness had been present in his life.

7

8 Albert waited a minute, to see if the waiter would come back to reality.
9 “Sometimes... Well... Then, you have been God”, he proclaimed. Seeing
10 the reaction of the waiter, who was looking at him as if he were mad, he
11 added: “No. There is no doubt about it. You have been God! Being happy
12 is being God!”.

13

14 “Me...? God, me...?”

15

16 “You know what the problem is? I was also happy once. Not anymore
17 though... It’s been a few good years now since I was happy! Many years
18 since I was God!” The waiter noticed how Albert was about to drift off
19 and let his mind wander and tried to bring the conversation back to the
20 main topic:

CLIENT 1 (<i>Trasbalsat</i>) Com diu?	21	
CLIENT 2 (<i>Repeteix la mateixa pregunta d'abans</i>) Perquè no se suïcida, vostè?	22	"I..."
	23	
CLIENT 1 (<i>Després d'un breu silenci reflexiu</i>) No s'ho creurà, però ho he pensat més de dues vegades...	24	"Don't say a word!" Albert interrupted him again. He needed to say it out
	25	loud for the first time. "Don't... don't say a thing. I have tried everything
CAMBRER (<i>Ràpid</i>) Ha pensat suïcidat-se? Per què? Perquè és addicte a la coca cola?	26	just to be happy again. Everything. Tranquillisers. Antidepressants. All
	27	kinds of drugs. You name it. And then I tried Coke..." The waiter just
CLIENT 1 Potser sí... No ho sé. La veritat és que vostè (<i>per CLIENT 2</i>) té raó. M'hauria de suïcidat... Però...	28	stayed there, behind the bar, waiting for him to drift back from his
	29	thoughts. This happened to him at least once a week: someone would
CLIENT 2 Però què?	30	come and dump their depressing thoughts on him. Having been a waiter
CLIENT 1 No sé si ha escoltat el que he dit abans. Tinc moltes propietats, molts béns...	31	for so long, he knew not to get too involved in the conversation, although
	32	there was something in this man that made him want to listen. "And ever
CLIENT 2 Sí, ho he sentit tot, però també ha dit que no és feliç.	33	since, as you can see, I am wretched. I am a poor wretched millionaire.
CLIENT 1 És cert. No sóc feliç.	34	And the pills to come off it... What can I say! Alprazolam, Ansium,
CLIENT 2 Aleshores?	35	Dogmatil, Prolixin... And herbs? Of all kinds of colours... What can I say!"
CLIENT 1 Tinc tres filles. Les estimo molt. També estimo la meua dona... Què seria d'elles sense mi?	36	
	37	"He is finally done talking", the waiter thought. "Although... if..." He did
CLIENT 2 No tindrien problemes econòmics.	38	not know how to continue the conversation. They say that bartenders
CLIENT 1 No en tindrien a mi.	39	make good therapists, but he did not know what to say to this devastated
CLIENT 2 Vostè? Qui és vostè? Un desgraciat. Un infeliç. Escolti'm i suïcidi's.	40	man.
	41	
CAMBRER (<i>Intervenint, força àirat contra CLIENT 2</i>) Deixi de burxar-lo. Què hi guanyarà, vostè, si ell se suïcida?	42	"Nothing! Seriously nothing! I'd rather be dead! I've said this before: only
	43	death could free me from this state..." Albert kept whining about the

CLIENT 2 (A *CAMBRER*) Vostè calli, que no sap del que estem parlant. Vostè no ho pot entendre: és un idiota.

CAMBRER (*Ofès*) Que jo sóc un idiota? Un idiota! M'ha dit idiota?

CLIENT 2 (A *CLIENT 1*) Decideixi ràpid. Si no té cap sentit la vida per vostè, què hi fa vostè aquí?

CLIENT 1 Ja sé que la meva dona i les meves filles no em necessiten per a res... Ho sé. Però no m'atreveixo... No m'atreveixo.

CLIENT 2 (*Es treu una pistola*) Això és fàcil. (*Li allarga la pistola a CLIENT 1*) Agafi-la i mati's.

CLIENT 1 (*Agafant la pistola. Dubta uns moments*) No puc! No puc! Sóc un home massa ric, i això em fa ser un covard! (*Deixa la pistola sobre el taulell*)

CAMBRER (A *CLIENT 1*) No, vostè no és un covard...

CLIENT 2 És un covard. (*Agafant la pistola*) Ja ho faré jo per vostè. Jo el mataré, si m'ho permet.

CLIENT 1 (*Desesperat, s'obri la camisa i mostra el seu pit*) Si, mati'm!

CAMBRER (A *CLIENT 2*) Ho veu com no és un covard? No té por de morir. Només és que no s'atreveix a matar-se ell mateix.

CLIENT 2 (A *CAMBRER*) No es preocupi. Si jo el mato, la responsabilitat de l'acte serà exclusivament meva.

(*Passen uns instants tensos*)

44 disaster that was his life. The waiter started cleaning up behind the bar,
45 looking at Albert from time to time to acknowledge his presence. After
46 all, he needed to keep working, but he still wanted a tip.

47
48 Another man, who had been lurking around and eavesdropping in their
49 conversation, drew closer to them, focusing his attention on the man
50 sitting on the stool. "Why don't you kill yourself, sir?", he blurted out.
51 Albert, in astonishment, turned towards him on the stool. "Excuse me?"

52
53 As if he was just making a comment about the weather, he repeated the
54 question. Albert thought he had just entered a parallel reality. Thoughtful,
55 he stayed quiet while he debated whether he should tell him. He had.
56 More than twice. In the end, defeated, he told them.

57
58 "You've thought of committing suicide? Why? Just because you are
59 addicted to coke?" The waiter could not believe it. That someone could
60 be so addicted to a sugary drink that they thought of killing themselves to
61 overcome their addiction. He had never reached that level of
62 hopelessness.

63
64 "Maybe I have... I don't know. The truth is that you are right", he said
65 pointing his drink towards the new man that had joined them. "I should
66 commit suicide... But..." He could not finish the sentence. He did not even

CLIENT 1 (*De sobte i cridant com un boig*) No puc viure sense beure coca cola!!! No puc viure!!! (*S'aixeca del tamboret i se'n va cap a la sortida*)

CAMBRER Pobre home.

CLIENT 2 Això és una estúpidesa.

CAMBRER Una estúpidesa? Vostè no sent compassió d'ell?

CLIENT 2 No. Gens.

CAMBRER Vostè no té cor... Vostè és un sàdic.

CLIENT 2 No, no sóc un sàdic. Només sóc un trist autor de teatre. Al cap i a la fi, un pobre home com ell.

CAMBRER (*Desconcertat*) Un pobre home com ell? Què vol dir?

CLIENT 2 (*Compungit i amb el cap baix*) No puc viure sense escriure teatre.

CAMBRER (*Encara més desconcertat que abans*) Què té a veure el teatre amb la coca cola?

CLIENT 2 (*Alçant el cap*) L'addicció. Res més.

(*Silenci*)

CAMBRER Però... Però vostè no està desesperat, com ho està ell.

CLIENT 2 No, perquè ell és un dels meus personatges de ficció... Jo l'he creat.

CAMBRER (*Que resta més perplex que mai*) No entenc res.

67 know what he meant to say. When the man next to him insisted for him
68 to continue, Albert turned to face him, and said, angrily: "I don't know if
69 you heard it before, but I have a lot of properties, belongings..." The man
70 acknowledged it, but he also reminded him what he had said before: he
71 was not happy. What was left then?

72

73 "I have three daughters. I love them so much. I love my wife... What would
74 become of them without me?"

75 "They wouldn't have any economic problems." Albert looked at him
76 incredulously. "They wouldn't have me", he refuted.

77 "You? Who are you? An ill-fated man. An unhappy man. Listen to me and
78 kill yourself." The man proceeded to order himself a whiskey, not caring
79 about Albert's reaction or the fact that it was not banalities they were
80 talking about.

81

82 The waiter could not believe what he had just heard. He had been quiet
83 the last few minutes, but he could not keep quiet anymore. He was mad.

84 "You, stop bothering him. What difference does it make to you if he kills
85 himself or not?"

86

87 "Shut up, you don't even know what we are talking about," spat out
88 the man. He asked for his whiskey again. "You can't understand: you are

89

CLIENT 2 Vostè no ho entén, però jo sí. (*Assenyalant CLIENT 1, que s'ha quedat estàtic, d'esquena al portal, abans de sortir d'escena*) Jo el puc "descrear" quan vulgui.

CAMBRER Com? Què?

CLIENT 2 Que jo el puc "descrear" quan em doni la gana.

CAMBRER "Descrear"? Què significa "descrear"?

CLIENT 2 Posar fi a la seua vida.

CAMBRER Posar fi a la seua vida? De quina manera?

CLIENT 2 De moltes maneres. Així, per exemple. (*Dispara en direcció a CLIENT 1 quan aquest està sortint d'escena. Cau mort un cop ha traspassat el portal que dona al carrer. Deixa la pistola sobre el taulell*).

CAMBRER (*Que no pot creure el que acaba de presenciar*) Però, què ha fet? Què ha fet, vostè? (*Esverat*) Per què ho ha fet?

CLIENT 2 Perquè deixés de patir.

CAMBRER No ha dit abans que vostè és autor teatral i que havia creat aquest personatge? Aleshores l'hauria internat en una clínica de desintoxicació.

CLIENT 2 Ho hauria pogut fer, però l'autor, com molt bé diu vostè, sóc jo.

CAMBRER D'acord, d'acord, vostè és l'autor...

CLIENT 2 Aleshores sóc jo el que decideixo què faig amb els meus personatges. I el que he decidit és que ja no calia treballar més amb ell.

CAMBRER D'acord, sí, d'acord, però...

CLIENT 2 Ja veig que no li agrada així com faig les meves obres teatrals.

90 an idiot." He turned to Albert, ignoring the waiter's reaction to his words:
91 "Am I an idiot? An idiot! Did you just call me an idiot?"

92

93 Completely ignoring him, he told Albert that he should make up his mind
94 because if his life was not making any sense, then why did he insist on
95 staying alive? Albert admitted that his family would not need him, but
96 that he did not dare do it. He felt like a coward. Suddenly, the man took
97 out a gun and handed it to Albert. "That's easy. Take it and kill yourself."
98 He took it but hesitated. "I can't! I can't! I'm too rich, and this makes me
99 a coward!"

100

101 The waiter tried to calm him down, comfort him by telling him that he
102 was not a coward. "He is," said the man while taking the gun out of
103 Albert's hands. "I'll do it for you. I'll kill you if you allow it."

104

105 "Yes, kill me!" Desperate, he opened his shirt and showed his chest, in a
106 dramatic attempt to show his willingness to die. "Do you see now that
107 you are not a coward? You are not afraid to die. You just don't want to kill
108 yourself", pointed out the waiter. As if he were telling a secret, the man
109 turned towards him and said: "don't worry. If I kill him, the responsibility
110 will fall exclusively on me."

112

113

CAMBRER No és això. És que he sentit llàstima de la mort d'aquest pobre home.

CLIENT 2 Llàstima? Però, que no li estic dient que és de ficció?

CAMBRER Sí, sí, però ja li havia agafat estimació. Em queia bé. M'era simpàtic.

CLIENT 2 Ho sento: així és la vida. Vull dir, així és el teatre.

(Silenci. Tots dos reflexionen)

114 Nobody moved. The drinks stayed on the bar. Their breathing tense, as if
115 any sudden movement would actually kill Albert. But then, he was the
116 first to move. He had gone mad and started screaming "I can't live without
117 drinking coke! I can't!" He stood up and, furiously, headed for the door.
118 "Poor man," the waiter thought, contrary to the man who had caused the
119 whole dilemma about suicide, and who actually voiced his thoughts: "This
120 is stupid."

121
122 "Stupid? Don't you feel any sort of compassion?" The waiter still failed to
123 understand that man.

124 "No. None."

125 "You have no heart... You're a sadist."

126 "No, I am not a sadist. I am just a sad drama author. At the end of the day,
127 just a poor man like him." This last statement left the waiter in a state of
128 bewilderment.

129 "A poor man like him? What do you mean?"

130 "I can't live without writing drama," he said, dejected and sorrowful.

131 "What does drama have to do with coke?" He did not get it, he did not
132 know what one had to do with the other.

133 "Addiction. That's it." He looked the waiter straight in the eyes. Neither
134 of them knew what to say. Even after this attempt at an explanation, the
135 waiter did not understand the situation. He did not see the same level of

136

137 desperation or madness. He could not see any similarity between the two
138 men.

139

140 So, he asked him:

141 “But... But you are not desperate, not the way he is.”

142 “I am not, because he is one of my fictional characters... I created him.”

143 He took a sip of his drink for the first time in ages while the waiter looked
144 at him, perplexed as he had never been before.

145 “I don’t understand.”

146 “You don’t, but I do.” He pointed at Albert, who was static, back towards
147 the door, just about to exit the bar, or the scene. “I can ‘uncreate’ him
148 whenever I please.” The waiter could not believe it. He thought he had
149 heard him wrong and asked the man to repeat himself, as if his words
150 were just a mistake and not a conscious decision. He said the exact same
151 words.

152

153 “‘Uncreate’ him? What does ‘uncreate’ mean?”

154 “End his life.”

155 “End his life? In what sense?”

156 “In any way. Like this, for example,” the man said, shooting the gun
157 towards Albert while he was leaving the bar, or the scene. His lifeless body
158 fell to the ground just when he had reached the street. He was dead. The
159 drama addict man had just shot him. He left the gun on top of the bar and

160 took a sip of his drink calmly. The waiter could not believe what he had
161 just witnessed. He looked at the man on the other side of the bar and did
162 not see someone who seemed to have just taken a life.
163 “What did you just do? What did you do? Why?”
164 “Just so that he would not leave.”
165 “Didn’t you say before that you were a drama author and that you had
166 created his character, that character? Well then, you should have sent
167 him to a rehab centre.” The waiter started acting as if he had not just
168 witnessed a murder. He could not make sense of what was happening but
169 figured to go with it. Not to question the author. After all, they were living
170 in the same reality. He could also be a product of his imagination.
171
172 “I could’ve done that, but the author, as you well said, is me.”
173 “Okay, okay, you are the author...” He needed the man to continue
174 talking, to explain himself.
175 “Therefore, I am the one who decides what happens to my characters.
176 And I decided that it wasn’t worth it to continue working on him.” The
177 man said this frivolously.
178
179 “Okay, okay, but...” The waiter still did not understand. He was making
180 time until he could distract the man and call the police.
181 “I see you don’t like how I write my dramas.”
182 “It’s not that. I just felt sorry for this poor man’s death.”

183 “You felt sorry? But, didn’t I just tell you that this is fiction?” He thought
184 the waiter was not grasping the reality of the situation. Albert did not
185 matter. He was not real. Therefore, neither was his death.

186

187 “Yes, yes, but I started to care about him. I liked him. He was nice.”

188 “I’m sorry: this is how life is. I mean, this is how drama works.” He took a
189 sip of his whiskey.

Student Number	22328467	Text Number	2
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Source Text		Target Text	
Title	Un reo de muerte	Title	Un reo de muerte
Year Published	1835		
Author	Mariano José de Larra		
Language	Spanish C2	Language	Spanish B1
Word Count	1488	Word Count	1502
Description of Source Text	<p>The ST was written by a Spanish journalist, writer, and politician from the Spanish Romantic Movement (Civalero-Fernandez 2021, 1), who criticises nineteenth century Spanish society and politics (Civalero-Fernandez 2021, 3). The excerpt is part of his article <i>Un reo de muerte</i> [a death row prisoner], in which he condemns the death penalty by describing an execution and his own thought process while watching it.</p> <p>Formal features of the text include:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Formal register, e.g., ‘abyecto’ [wretched] (ST: l. 60), ‘parapetarme’ [take refuge] (ST: l. 1), ‘acomodaticia’ [adaptable] (ST: l. 66). • Elaborative and long sentences, which go up to 81 words in ST: l. 14-20. • Recurrent use of compound sentences, e.g., ST. l. 1-5, 5-8, 8-12. • Paragraphs with only one sentence, e.g., ST: l. 14-20. • Use of rhetorical questions, e.g., ‘¿Cuándo veremos una sociedad sin bayonetas?’ [When will we see a society without bayonets?] (ST: l. 109-110), ‘¿qué loco se atrevería a rebatir ése?’ [what madman would dare to refute that?] (ST: l. 118-119). 		
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • <i>understanding of source text</i> • <i>knowledge of genre within source contexts</i> • <i>situation of source text</i> • <i>familiarity with the formal features of a text (language</i> 			

<p><i>variation(s), register, dialect)</i></p> <p>(200 words max)</p>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Usage of metaphors, e.g., ‘gérmenes’ [germs] (ST: l. 64) to refer to religion, ‘muere muerto’ [he dies dead] (ST: l. 60) referring to the lack of honour.
<p>Strategy</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • <i>identification of translation problems</i> • <i>knowledge of genre within target context and situation of target text</i> • <i>justification of translation production of genre for target context</i> <p>(200 words max)</p>	<p>My TA is made up of first-year students attending Introduction to Spanish and Spanish American Literature - SPU11032 (Trinity College Dublin 2019, 1-2) at TCD, in which the translation will be used as an educational text to teach about politics and writers of nineteenth century Spain. The text will be an intralingual translation, turning it into a B1 level of Spanish by:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Adjusting the grammar features to a B1 level, as specified in by the regulatory institution of Spanish Centro Virtual Cervantes (2023b). Previous levels —A1 and A2 (Centro Virtual Cervantes 2023a)— will be considered. • Using the vocabulary itemised in levels A1, A2 and B1 by the regulatory Spanish institution (Centro Virtual de Cervantes 2023d; 2023c) • For unrecorded vocabulary, Spanish words with the same etymological roots to English will be used to make it simpler to understand their meaning, e.g., ‘cruel’ (TT: l. 36) → English: cruel. • Simplifying the syntax by parcelling long sentences (up to 81 words) and substituting commas and semicolons with full stops to shorten. • Providing synonyms or explanations of words that are above a B1 as a glossary at the end to expand the reader’s vocabulary — TT: l. 119-184.
<p>Critical Reflection</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • <i>textual analysis</i> <p>(200 words max)</p>	<p>With the feedback from two sample readers who have a B1 Spanish level, there are a few notes to consider:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • The TT was understandable, and it gave them opportunities to learn new vocabulary through the glossary. However, it was commented that the glossary might have been longer than needed. Therefore, it could be considered to lower the vocabulary

	<p>level of some words to shorten it, since some of them —e.g., ‘fingir’ [to fake] (TT: l. 35) could be changed to ‘aparentar’ [to pretend]— are above the B1 level. Even though these words were specifically included to improve the student’s level, the vocabulary could be lowered further.</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • The meaning of the text and its message were understood by all sample readers, even though they had questions about the literary movement and historical setting. These two facts need to be taken into consideration since, when working with it in class, the TT and its background would be first explained by the teacher.
<p>Works Cited</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • <i>use of sources and reference material</i> 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Primary source: Larra, Mariano José De. 2000. “Un Reo de Muerte.” [a death row prisoner] In <i>Fíguro: Colección de Artículos Dramáticos, Literarios, Políticos y de Costumbres</i> [Fíguro: a Collection of Articles about Theatre, Literature, Politics and Customs], edited by Alejandro Pérez Vidal, 339–343. Barcelona: Editorial Crítica. • Centro Virtual de Cervantes. 2023a. “Gramática. Inventario A1-A2.” [Grammar. Inventory A1-A2]. 2023. https://cvc.cervantes.es/ensenanza/biblioteca_ele/plan_curricular/niveles/02_gramatica_inventario_a1-a2.htm. • Centro Virtual de Cervantes. 2023b. “Gramática. Inventario B1-B2.” [Grammar. Inventory B1-B2].2023. https://cvc.cervantes.es/ensenanza/biblioteca_ele/plan_curricular/niveles/02_gramatica_inventario_b1-b2.htm. • Centro Virtual de Cervantes. 2023c. “Nociones Específicas. Inventario A1-A2.” [Specific Notions. Inventory A1-A2]. 2023. https://cvc.cervantes.es/ensenanza/biblioteca_ele/plan_curricular/niveles/09_nociones_especificas_inventario_a1-a2.htm. • Centro Virtual de Cervantes. 2023d. “Nociones Específicas. Inventario B1-B2.” [Specific Notions. Inventory B1-B2]. 2023. https://cvc.cervantes.es/ensenanza/biblioteca_ele/plan_curricular/niveles/09_nociones_especificas_inventario_b1-b2.htm. • Civalero Fernandez, Fernanda Belén. 2021. “Mariano José de Larra y La Realidad de Su Tiempo: ‘La Palabra Todo Ruido, Confusión’.” [Mariano José de Larra and the Reality of his Time: ‘The Loud Noise Word, Confusion’] In <i>Jornadas de Jóvenes Hispanistas</i> [I Conference of Young Hispanists]. http://eventosacademicos.filo.uba.ar/index.php/JJH/IJJH/paper/view/5477.

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Source Text

Un reo de muerte

Habiendo de parapetarme en las costumbres, la primera idea que me ocurre es que el hábito de vivir en ellas, y la repetición diaria de las escenas de nuestra sociedad, nos impide muchas veces pararnos solamente a considerarlas, y casi siempre nos hace mirar como naturales cosas que en mi sentir no debieran parecernoslo tanto. Las tres cuartas partes de los hombres viven de tal o cual manera porque de tal o cual manera nacieron y crecieron; no es una gran razón; pero ésta es la dificultad que hay para hacer reformas. He aquí por qué las leyes difícilmente pueden ser otra cosa que el índice reglamentario y obligatorio de las costumbres; he aquí por qué caducan multitud de leyes que no se derogan; he aquí la clave de lo mucho que cuesta hacer libre por las leyes a un pueblo esclavo por sus costumbres.

Pero nos apartamos demasiado de nuestro objeto; volvamos a él; este hábito de la pena de muerte, reglamentada y judicialmente llevada a cabo en los pueblos modernos con un abuso inexplicable, supuesto que la sociedad al aplicarla no hace más causa de que se oiga con la mayor indiferencia el fatídico grito que desde el amanecer resuena por las calles del gran pueblo, y que uno de nuestros amigos acaba de poner atinadísimamente por estribillo a un trozo de poesía romántica.

Target Text

Un reo de muerte

1 Protegiéndome en las **costumbres**, la primera idea en la que puedo
2 pensar es a fuerza de vivir en ellas, y la repetición diaria de actos en
3 nuestra **sociedad** que nos dificultan, muchas veces, a pensar en las
4 costumbres y casi siempre nos hacen ver como naturales, cosas que no
5 deberían serlo. Tres cuartas partes de los hombres viven de la misma
6 manera en la que nacieron y crecieron, sin pensarlo demasiado. Pero esta
7 es la dificultad que hay para hacer **reformas**. Esta es la razón por la que
8 las **leyes** pueden ser otra cosa diferente a las costumbres obligatorias, la
9 razón por la que **caducan** leyes que no se **eliminan**. Este es el secreto de
10 porqué cuesta tanto liberar de leyes a un pueblo costumbrista.

11
12 Pero **nos vamos por las ramas**; la **pena de muerte**, reglamentada y
13 abusada en la justicia en pueblos modernos, haciendo que no se escuche
14 el terrible grito que desde el amanecer suena por las calles del gran
15 pueblo, y que **uno de nuestros amigos acaba de poner por estribillo a un**
16 **trozo de poesía romántica**.

17
18 Para hacer bien por el alma
19 Del que van a **ajusticiar**.

20

Para hacer bien por el alma
del que van a ajusticiar.

Ese grito, precedido por la lúgubre campanilla, tan inmediata y constantemente como sigue la llama al humo, y el alma al cuerpo; este grito que implora la piedad religiosa en favor de una parte del ser que va a morir, se confunde en los aires con las voces de los que venden y revenden por las calles los géneros de alimento y de vida para los que han de vivir aquel día. No sabemos si algún reo de muerte habrá hecho esta singular observación, pero debe ser horrible a sus oídos el último grito que ha de oír de la coliflorera que pasa atronando las calles a su lado.

Leída y notificada al reo la sentencia, y la última venganza que toma de él la sociedad entera, en lucha por cierto desigual, el desgraciado es trasladado a la capilla, en donde la religión se apodera de él como de una presa ya segura; la justicia divina espera allí a recibirle de manos de la humana. Horas mortales transcurren allí para él; gran consuelo debe de ser el creer en un Dios, cuando es preciso prescindir de los hombres, o, por mejor decir, cuando ellos prescinden de uno. La vanidad, sin embargo, se abre paso al través del corazón en tan terrible momento, y es raro el reo que, pasada la primera impresión, en que una palidez mortal manifiesta que la sangre quiere huir y refugiarse al centro de la vida, no

21 Ese grito; que sigue a una pobre campanilla, tan **inmediata y tan**
22 **inevitablemente** como la llama sigue al humo, y el alma al cuerpo; que
23 pide perdón para quien va a morir, se mezcla en el aire con las voces de
24 los vendedores callejeros de alimentos y de vida para aquellos que van a
25 vivir. No sabemos si algún **reo** de muerte se ha dado cuenta, pero debe
26 ser horrible escuchar el último grito de la verdulera que pasa por las calles
27 de su lado.

28
29 Ya leída y notificada al reo la sentencia, que es la última venganza de la
30 sociedad, el **desgraciado** es trasladado a la **capilla**, donde busca refugio
31 en la religión. La justicia divina le espera después de la humana. Pasan
32 horas, en las que busca ayuda para creer en un Dios, cuando es
33 abandonado por los hombres, que no quieren estar con él. La **vanidad**,
34 sin embargo, le llega al corazón en ese terrible momento, y es raro el reo
35 que no intente **fingir** una tranquilidad pocas veces posible. Esta sociedad
36 **cruel** pide algo del hombre hasta que se lo quita todo; una **injusticia** que
37 no se entiende; pero se reirá del reo en su último momento. La sociedad
38 pide **valentía** y tranquilidad al reo, con constantes preocupaciones, al
39 tiempo que la justicia se sorprende de que no se la critique a ella ni sus
40 sentencias insignificantes.

41
42 En ese especial momento, pocas veces el reo reniega de su vida y
43 educación, cada uno tiene sus preocupaciones hasta el momento que se

trata de afectar una serenidad pocas veces posible. Esta tiránica sociedad exige algo del hombre hasta en el momento en que se niega entera a él; injusticia por cierto incomprensible; pero reirá de la debilidad de su víctima. Parece que la sociedad, al exigir valor y serenidad en el reo de muerte, con sus constantes preocupaciones, se hace justicia a sí misma, y extraña que no se desprecie lo poco que ella vale y sus fallos insignificantes.

En tan críticos instantes, sin embargo, rara vez desmiente cada cual su vida entera y su educación; cada cual obedece a sus preocupaciones hasta en el momento de ir a desnudarse de ellas para siempre. El hombre abyecto, sin educación, sin principios, que ha sucumbido siempre ciegamente a su instinto, a su necesidad, que robó y mató maquinalmente, muere maquinalmente. Oyó un eco sordo de religión en sus primeros años y este eco sordo, que no comprende, resuena en la capilla, en sus oídos, y pasa maquinalmente a sus labios. Falto de lo que se llama en el mundo honor, no hace esfuerzo para disimular su temor, y muere muerto. El hombre verdaderamente religioso vuelve sinceramente su corazón a Dios, y éste es todo lo menos infeliz que puede el que lo es por última vez. El hombre educado a medias, que ensordeció a la voz del deber y de la religión, pero en quien estos gérmenes existen, vuelve de la continua afectación de despreocupado en que vivió, y duda entonces y tiembla. Los que el mundo llama impíos y ateos, los que se han formado una religión acomodaticia, o

44 despide de ellas. El hombre desgraciado, sin educación, sin **valores**, que
45 ha hecho lo que le dice su naturaleza, que robó y mató **maquinalmente**,
46 muere maquinalmente. Oyó un eco de religión en sus primeros años, que
47 no entiende, lo escucha en la capilla, en sus oídos, y pasa
48 automáticamente a sus labios. No esconde su miedo y muere muerto. El
49 hombre religioso da su corazón a Dios y es menos infeliz por última vez.
50 Un hombre medio educado que perdió la religión se da cuenta de su error,
51 y duda. Los que el mundo llama ateos, con una religión cómoda o los sin
52 religión, no ven nada al dejar el mundo. Por último, para aquellos a
53 quienes la opinión política da **valor**, la muerte es más tranquila.

54
55 Cuando llega la hora **fatal** cantan los **presos** de la cárcel, compañeros y
56 seguidores del **sentenciado**, una canción monótona, no como las **jácaras**
57 y **coplas populares profanas** e inmorales, que se mezclaban con los
58 cantos religiosos en los patios y calabozos de la **prisión**. El que hoy canta,
59 la escuchará mañana.

60
61 La **cofradía** que el pueblo llama la Paz y **Caridad** se encuentra con el reo
62 que, vestido con una **túnica** y gorro amarillos va atado de pies y manos
63 sobre un animal, que sin duda por ser el más útil y paciente, es el más
64 despreciado, y la **marcha fúnebre** comienza.

las han desechado todas para siempre, no deben ver nada al dejar el mundo. Por último, el entusiasmo político hace veces casi siempre de valor; y en esos reos, en quienes una opinión es la preocupación dominante, se han visto las muertes más serenas.

Llegada la hora fatal entonan todos los presos de la cárcel, compañeros de destino del sentenciado, y sus sucesores acaso, una salve en un compás monótono, y que contrasta singularmente con las jácaras y coplas populares, inmorales e irreligiosas, que momentos antes componían, juntamente con las preces de la religión, el ruido de los patios y calabozos del espantoso edificio. El que hoy canta esa salve se la oirá cantar mañana.

Enseguida, la cofradía vulgarmente dicha de la Paz y Caridad recibe al reo, que, vestido de una túnica y un bonete amarillos, es trasladado atado de pies y manos sobre un animal, que sin duda por ser el más útil y paciente, es el más despreciado, y la marcha fúnebre comienza.

Un pueblo entero obstruye ya las calles del tránsito. Las ventanas y balcones están coronados de espectadores sin fin, que se pisan, se apiñan, y se agrupan para devorar con la vista el último dolor del hombre.

—¿Qué espera esta multitud? —diría un extranjero que desconociese las costumbres—. ¿Es un rey el que va a pasar; ese ser coronado, que es todo

67 El pueblo está en las calles. Las ventanas y balcones están llenos de
68 **espectadores** que intentan mirar el último dolor del hombre.

69
70 —¿Qué quiere esta gente? —diría un extranjero que no conoce las
71 costumbres—. ¿Va a pasar un rey; ese **ser** coronado, que es un espectáculo
72 para el pueblo? ¿Es un día **solemne**? ¿Es una fiesta **pública**? ¿Qué les hace
73 felices? ¿Qué **cotillea** esta nación?

74
75 Nada de eso. Ese pueblo de hombres va a ver morir a un hombre.

76
77 —¿Dónde va?

78 —¿Quién es?

79 —¡Pobrecillo!

80 —Merecido lo tiene.

81 —¡Ay!, si va muerto ya.

82 —¿Va sereno?

83 —¡Qué **entero** va!

84
85 Estas son las preguntas y expresiones que se **oyen**. Numerosos grupos de
86 **infantería** y **caballería** esperan al lado de la plataforma. He notado que
87 en este tipo de **actos** siempre hay alguna estampida. El terror de la
88 situación causa la mitad del caos, la otra mitad es a causa del ejército que
89 pone orden. ¡Siempre **armas** en todas partes! ¿Cuándo veremos una

un espectáculo para un pueblo? ¿Es un día solemne? ¿Es una pública festividad? ¿Qué hacen ociosos esos artesanos? ¿Qué curiosean esta nación?

Nada de eso. Ese pueblo de hombres va a ver morir a un hombre.

—¿Dónde va?

—¿Quién es?

—¡Pobrecillo!

—Merecido lo tiene.

—¡Ay!, si va muerto ya.

—¿Va sereno?

—¡Qué entero va!

He aquí las preguntas y expresiones que se oyen resonar en derredor. Numerosos piquetes de infantería y caballería esperan en torno del patíbulo. He notado que en semejante acto siempre hay alguna corrida; el terror que la situación del momento imprime en los ánimos causa la mitad del desorden; la otra mitad es obra de la tropa que va a poner orden. ¡Siempre bayonetas en todas partes! ¿Cuándo veremos una sociedad sin bayonetas? ¡No se puede vivir sin instrumentos de muerte! Esto no hace por cierto el elogio de la sociedad ni del hombre.

90 sociedad sin armas? ¡No se puede vivir sin armas! No honran ni la
91 sociedad ni el hombre.

92

93 No sé por qué al llegar siempre a la **plaza de la Cebada** mis ideas se
94 vuelven tristes, negras. No quiero hablar del **derecho** que tiene la
95 sociedad de matarse a sí misma. La respuesta siempre sería el derecho de
96 la fuerza, y ¿qué loco diría que no? Pienso en la sangre **inocente** que se
97 ha quedado en la plaza y la que se quedará. ¡Un ser como el hombre no
98 puede vivir sin matar, tiene la **arrogancia** de creer que es perfecto!

99

100 La plataforma de madera desnuda se levanta, dice que el reo no es **noble**.
101 ¿Qué quiere decir un reo noble? ¿Qué quiere decir **garrote vil**? Quiere
102 decir, sin ninguna duda, que no hay nada bueno que el hombre no haga
103 **ridículo**.

104

105 Mientras pienso en estas ideas, el reo ha llegado a la plataforma. Ya no
106 son tres palos, sino uno el que cambiará la vida del hombre. Esta
107 diferencia entre **horca** y garrote me recuerda al cuento de los Carneros
108 de Casti, a quienes su amo les preguntaba si querían morir cocidos o
109 asados. Mientras sonrío por esto, las cabezas que se giran para mirar me
110 dicen que ha llegado la hora. Quien había robado de la sociedad, iba a
111 morir por ella. Si había hecho mal matando a otro, la sociedad iba a hacer
112 bien matándole. El reo se sienta. ¡Horrible asiento! Miro el reloj: las doce
113

No sé por qué al llegar siempre a la plazuela de la Cebada mis ideas toman una tintura singular de melancolía, de indignación y de desprecio. No quiero entrar en la cuestión tan debatida del derecho que puede tener la sociedad de mutilarse a sí propia; siempre resultaría ser el derecho de la fuerza, y mientras no haya otro mejor en el mundo, ¿qué loco se atrevería a rebatir ése? Pienso sólo en la sangre inocente que ha manchado la plazuela; en la que la manchará todavía. ¡Un ser que como el hombre no puede vivir sin matar, tiene la osadía, la incomprensible vanidad de presumirse perfecto!

Un tablado se levanta en un lado de la plazuela: la tablazón desnuda manifiesta que el reo no es noble. ¿Qué quiere decir un reo noble? ¿Qué quiere decir garrote vil? Quiere decir indudablemente que no hay idea positiva ni sublime que el hombre no impregne de ridiculeces.

Mientras estas reflexiones han vagado por mi imaginación, el reo ha llegado al patíbulo; en el día no son ya tres palos de que pende la vida del hombre; es un palo sólo; esta diferencia esencial de la horca al garrote me recordaba la fábula de los Carneros de Casti, a quienes su amo proponía, no si debían morir, sino si debían morir cocidos o asados. Sonreíame todavía de este pequeño recuerdo, cuando las cabezas de todos, vueltas al lugar de la escena, me pusieron delante que había llegado el momento de la catástrofe; el que sólo había robado acaso a la sociedad, iba a ser

114 y diez minutos; el hombre vive todavía... La campana de San Millán suena,
115 abriendo las puertas de la **eternidad**, y el hombre ya no vive; no eran ni
116 las doce y once minutos. «La sociedad estará contenta: ha muerto un
117 hombre.»

119 GLOSARIO:

- **Acto:** espectáculo.
- **Ajusticiar:** dar justicia.
- **Arma:** máquina que sirve para matar.
- **Arrogancia:** alguien lleno de sí mismo.
- **Caballería:** militares a caballo.
- **Caducar:** acabar por antiguo.
- **Capilla:** iglesia pequeña.
- **Caridad:** actitud solidaria hacia el pobre.
- **Cofradía:** grupo.
- **Copla:** canción popular española con influencia sobre todo del flamenco y de tema principalmente amoroso.
- **Costumbre:** tradiciones, hábitos, prácticas, el día a día. Género literario del siglo XIX que presenta los hábitos de una sociedad.
- **Cruel:** violento.
- **Cotillear:** acción de ser curioso.
- **Derecho:** sistema de normas que dice cómo comportarse, lo que se merece.

muerto por ella; la sociedad también da ciento por uno: si había hecho
mal matando a otro, la sociedad iba a hacer bien matándole a él. Un mal
se iba a remediar con dos. El reo se sentó por fin. ¡Horrible asiento! Miré
el reloj: las doce y diez minutos; el hombre vivía aún... De allí a un
momento una lúgubre campanada de San Millán, semejante el estruendo
de las puertas de la eternidad que se abrían, resonó por la plazuela; el
hombre no existía ya; todavía no eran las doce y once minutos. «La
sociedad –exclamé– estará ya satisfecha: ya ha muerto un hombre.»

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- **Desgraciado:** infeliz, un pobre hombre.
- **Eliminar:** quitar, descartar.
- **Entero:** (en este caso, metáfora) digno, con honra.
- **Espectador:** público, aquellos que miran.
- **Eternidad:** sin fin. Dicho del momento después de la muerte.
- **Fatal:** que causa muerte.
- **Fingir:** aparentar, ocultar.
- **Garrote vil:** máquina de matar un sentenciado, que rompe el cuello. Usado en España desde 1820 hasta la Constitución de 1978.
- **Horca:** manera de matar a un sentenciado, que se cuelga con una cuerda por el cuello.
- **In-justicia:** prefijo que indica que es lo contrario, un antónimo.
- **Infantería:** militares a pie.
- **Inmediato:** rápido.
- **Inocente:** no culpable.
- **Irse por las ramas:** cambiar de tema de conversación sin querer.
- **Jácara:** poema español de los siglos XVI-XVII que se recita en el entreacto de las comedias.
- **Ley:** reglas del gobierno, estado.
- **Maquinalmente:** de máquina, de manera automática.
- **Marcha fúnebre:** camino hacia la muerte.
- **Noble:** con honra, inocente.

- 160 • **Pena de muerte:** muerte de un acusado por parte del estado.
- 161 • **Plaza de la Cebada:** plaza de Madrid donde se daba lugar a la pena
- 162 de muerte.
- 163 • **Preso:** acusado, sentenciado.
- 164 • **Prisión:** cárcel.
- 165 • **Profano:** laico, del pueblo, no religioso.
- 166 • **Público:** del estado o gobierno, de la sociedad.
- 167 • **Oír:** escuchar.
- 168 • **Reforma:** cambio político.
- 169 • **Renegar:** repudiar, desertar, decir que no a algo.
- 170 • **Reo:** acusado, prisionero.
- 171 • **Ridículo:** que causa risa porque es raro.
- 172 • **Sentenciado:** acusado, prisionero, reo.
- 173 • **Ser:** objeto animado, que vive.
- 174 • **Sociedad:** personas que viven juntas con unas normas.
- 175 • **Solemne:** importante.
- 176 • **Túnica:** vestido exterior.
- 177 • **Uno de nuestros amigos acaba de poner por estribillo a un trozo**
- 178 **de poesía romántica:** habla del poema “Un Reo de Muerte” de
- 179 José de Espronceda, el poeta español más representativo del siglo
- 180 XIX de la época del Romanticismo español.
- 181 • **Valentía:** fuerte, sin miedo.
- 182 • **Valor:** moral, ético.

183

- **Valor:** valentía.

184

- **Vanidad:** soberbia, altivez, orgullo.

Student Number	22328467	Text Number	3
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Source Text

Target Text

Title	What the Wind Knows	Title	El que sap el vent
Year Published	2019		
Author	Amy Harmon		
Language	English	Language	Catalan
Word Count	1085	Word Count	1186

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 ST is an excerpt of a novel about a time-traveller who goes back to 1921. The excerpt is written as an entry to a character's diary, where the character describes the events of the Easter Rising in Dublin. Formal linguistic features include:

- Juxtaposition of the narration of the past events —e.g., 'I moved' (ST: l. 19)— and the present reality —e.g., 'Declan is dead' (ST: l. 3).
- First-person narration, which resonates as a testimonial, e.g., 'I intended to fight' (ST: l. 10).
- Descriptive language to add detail and realism to the narrations, e.g., 'Flies buzzed round their heads, some of them burned beyond recognition' (ST: l. 70).
- Mention of different Dublin locations, e.g., 'General Post Office' (ST: l. 12), 'Mountjoy Square' (ST: l. 32).
- Reference to historical figures, e.g., 'Seán Mac Diarmada' (ST: l. 3) 'Connolly' (ST: l. 51).
- Formal and literary vocabulary, e.g. 'Every detail is a wound' (ST: l. 6) which is a metaphor, 'I lifted him up, over my shoulder, and ran for help' (ST: l. 87-88) which created imagery.

<p>Strategy</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • <i>identification of translation problems</i> • <i>knowledge of genre within target context and situation of target text</i> • <i>justification of translation production of genre for target context</i> <p>(200 words max)</p>	<p>My TA are Catalan members of Arran, a youth organisation of the Catalan Countries pro-independence left.</p> <p>To bring it closer to the TA, the text will be transposed to Catalonia 2017 during the Independence Referendum. To be able to make this change, all cultural references will need to be adapted by:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Changing the names of the characters by Catalanizing them, e.g., 'Declan' (ST: l. 3) turns into 'Declà' (TT: l. 3), 'Anne' (ST: l. 31) turns into 'Anna' (TT: l. 35). • Substituting Irish historical figures with Catalan politicians who were involved in the Referendum (Hardt 2019, 170). E.g., 'Seán Mac Diarmada' (ST: l. 3) will be replaced by 'Oriol Junqueras' (TT: l. 3), 'the former vice president of Carles Puigdemont's secessionist regional government of Catalonia' (ibid, 170) who was also in prison (ibid, 171). • Switching Irish locations to places in Barcelona and Catalonia: <ul style="list-style-type: none"> ○ By selecting the Catalan Government's institutional buildings e.g., 'General Post Office' (ST: l. 12) will be 'Palau de la Generalitat' (TT: l. 13). ○ The referendum results will determine which cities had independentist presence and will be used (CCMA n.d.), e.g., 'Cork' (ST: l. 54) will be 'Reus' (TT: l. 60).
<p>Critical Reflection</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • <i>textual analysis</i> <p>(200 words max)</p>	<p>I compared my ST and TT and there are a few aspects to consider:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • The TT ends up being a bit longer than the ST, given that the average number of words in sentences increases from one to the other: <ul style="list-style-type: none"> ○ ST average number of words per sentence: 12 words. ○ TT average number of words per sentence: 15 words.

	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Changing the location of the TT to Barcelona and Catalonia overall could appeal to the members of Arran but also to members of other political parties with similar ideology. This might be something to consider since it will create a sense of familiarity in the readership. • When assessing how realistic the TT is, the TA might feel connected to it not only through the ideological background of the characters, but also through the location, since the streets are most likely some that the TA knows.
<p>Works Cited</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • <i>use of sources and reference material</i> 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Primary source: Harmon, Amy. 2019. <i>What the Wind Knows</i>. Seattle: Lake Union Publishing. • CCMA. n.d. "Resultats Del Referèndum 1-0." [Referendum results]. Accessed April 14, 2023. https://www.ccma.cat/324/els-resultats-del-referendum-de-l-1-o/. • Hardt, Sascha. 2020. "Fault Lines of the European Parliamentary Mandate: The Immunity of Oriol Junqueras Vies: ECJ 19 December 2019, Case C-502/19, Junqueras, ECLI:EU:C:2019:1115." <i>European Constitutional Law Review</i> 16 (1): 170–85. https://www.cambridge.org/core/journals/european-constitutional-law-review/article/fault-lines-of-the-european-parliamentary-mandate-the-immunity-of-oriol-junqueras-vies-ecj-19-december-2019-case-c50219-junqueras-eclieuc20191115/5552E577A19F04D4560DB41F7F21839D.

Source Text

What the Wind Knows

2 May 1916

He's dead. Declan is dead. Dublin is in ruins, Seán Mac Diarmada is in Kilmainham Gaol awaiting the firing squad, and I don't know what's become of Anne. Yet here I sit, filling the pages of this book as though it will bring them all back. Every detail is a wound, but they are wounds I feel compelled to reopen, to examine, if only to make sense of it all. And someday, little Eoin will need to know what happened.

I intended to fight. I started Easter Monday with a rifle in my hands that I put down and never picked up again. From the moment we stormed into the General Post Office, I was up to my elbows in blood and chaos in the makeshift first aid post. There was very little organisation and a great deal of excitement, and for the first few days, no one knew what to do. But I knew how to bind wounds and staunch blood flow. I knew how to make a splint and dig out a bullet. For five days, under constant shelling, that's what I did.

I moved through the days in a dream, never resting, so tired I could have slept on my feet, my head bobbing in time with the artillery rounds.

Target Text

El que sap el vent

1 7 d'octubre 2017

2

3 És mort. El Declà és mort. Barcelona està en ruïnes, l'Oriol Junqueras està
4 a Lledoners esperant l'escamot d'afusellament, i no sé el que li ha passat
5 a l'Anna. Així i tot, aquí em trobo assegut, omplint les pàgines d'aquest
6 llibre com si això pogués fer-los tornar. Cada detall és una ferida, però són
7 ferides que em veig forçat a reobrir, a examinar, si tan sols li pogués
8 trobar un sentit. I algun dia, el petit Èric necessitarà saber el que ha
9 passat.

10

11 Tenia la intenció de lluitar. Vaig començar dia 1 d'octubre amb un fusell a
12 les mans que vaig deixar a terra i mai vaig tornar a agafar. Des del moment
13 que entràrem al Palau de la Generalitat de Catalunya, em vaig veure
14 envoltat de sang i caos al centre de primers auxilis que havíem improvisat.
15 Hi havia molt poca organització i molta agitació, i durant els primers dies
16 ningú no sabia què fer. Però jo sabia com tancar ferides i returar la sang.
17 Sabia com posar una fèrula i com treure una bala. Durant cinc dies, amb
18 constant bombardeig, això és el que vaig fer.

19

20

Through it all, I couldn't believe it was happening. Declan was euphoric, and Anne was moved to tears when the gunboat started firing on Sackville Street, as if the use of big weapons solidified our dreams of a rebellion. She was sure the British were finally listening. I teetered between pride and despair, between my boyhood dreams of nationalism and Irish rebellion, and the sheer destruction being meted out. I knew it was futile, but I was compelled through friendship or loyalty to take part, even if my part was only to see that the rebels—the whole ragtag, idealistic, fatalistic lot—had someone looking after their wounded.

Declan had made Anne promise to stay out of harm's way. She, Brigid, and little Eoin were holed up in my house in Mountjoy Square when Declan and I joined the Volunteers marching through the streets, intent on carrying out our revolution. Anne joined Declan in the GPO on Wednesday, kicking in a window and climbing over the jagged edge to reach him. She hadn't even noticed the blood streaming from a slice on her left leg and palm from the broken glass until I made her sit so I could tend to it. She told Declan that if he was going to die, she was going to die with him. Rage and threaten as he would, she turned a deaf ear and made herself useful playing messenger between the GPO and Jacob's factory, since no one would give her a gun. The women were much more able to move about without being questioned or fired upon. I don't know when her luck gave out. The last time I saw her was early Friday morning, when

21 Em movia a través dels dies com en un somni, sense descansar mai, tan
22 cansat que hagués pogut dormir dret, el meu cap movent-se amunt i avall
23 amb el so de les rondes d'artilleria. Amb tot això, no em podia creure que
24 estigués passant. El Declà estava eufòric, i l'Anna es va emocionar quan
25 els canons començaren a disparar a les Rambles, com si els nostres somnis
26 de rebel·lió se solidifiquessin mentre els espanyols usessin grans armes.
27 L'Anna estava segura que els espanyols finalment ens escoltaven. Jo em
28 balancejava entre l'orgull i la desesperació, entre els meus somnis
29 d'infantesa de nacionalisme i rebel·lió catalana, i la pura destrucció que
30 s'estava produint. Sabia que era fútil, però les amistats i la lleialtat em
31 forçaven a participar, fins i tot si la meva única contribució era fer que els
32 rebels—tot el variat grup, idealista, fatalista—tinguessin algú que
33 prengués cura dels ferits.

34
35 Declà li havia fet prometre a l'Anna que es mantindria fora de perill. Ella,
36 la Beatriu i el petit Èric estaven tancats a la meva casa a Tetuán quan Declà
37 i jo ens vam unir als votants que marxaven pels carrers decidits a dur a
38 terme la nostra revolució. L'Anna es va unir a Declà al Palau el dilluns, va
39 haver de rompre una finestra i travessar-la per el marc de la finestra
40 rompuda per arribar on era ell. Ni tan sols s'havia adonat de la sang que
41 brollava d'un tall del vidre trencat a la seva cama esquerra i al palmell fins
42 que la vaig fer seure perquè pogués curar-la. Li va dir a Declà que si ell
43 anava a morir, ella moriria amb ell. Per molt que ell s'enfadés i

the flames creeping down both sides of Abbey Street made abandoning the post office unavoidable.

I had started evacuating the wounded to Jervis Street Hospital with a stretcher I'd begged off a St. John Ambulance worker. He gave me three Red Cross armlets as well so that we wouldn't be fired upon—or stopped—as we moved south on Henry Street to Jervis and back again. Connolly's ankle was shattered, but he wouldn't leave. I left him in the care of Jim Ryan, a medical student who'd been there since Tuesday. I made the trip three times before darkness fell and barricades prevented two Volunteers—boys from Cork who'd come to Dublin to join the fight—and me from returning. I told the boys to get out of the city. To start walking. The rebellion was over, and they were needed at home. Then I went back to the Jervis Street Hospital and found an empty corner, folded my coat beneath my head, and collapsed, only to be awakened by a nurse, who was certain that the hospital was going to be evacuated due to the flames that had followed me from the GPO. I went back to sleep, too spent to care. When I awoke, the fire had been contained, and the rebel forces had surrendered.

The staff at Jervis Street Hospital told the British soldiers that I was a surgeon when they came to round up the insurgents, and miraculously I wasn't detained. Instead, I spent the rest of the day attending to the dead

44 l'amenacés, ella es va fer la sorda i es va fer útil fent de missatgera entre
45 el Palau i un dels col·legis electorals, ja que ningú no li va voler donar una
46 pistola. Les dones es podien moure fàcilment sense que fossin
47 interrogades o disparades. No sé quan se li va acabar la sort. L'última
48 vegada que la vaig veure va ser el divendres al matí a primera hora, quan
49 les flames que es van arrossegar pels dos costats del carrer de Ferran van
50 fer que l'abandonament del Palau fos inevitable.

51
52 Havia començat a evacuar els ferits a l'Hospital del Mar amb una llitera
53 que havia suplicat que em donés a un treballador de la Creu Roja. També
54 em va donar tres braçalets de voluntari perquè no ens desapareixin —o
55 atuessin— mentre ens traslladàvem cap al nord per la Via Laietana fins a
56 l'Hospital i tornàvem. Puigdemont es va trencar el turmell, però no se'n
57 va voler anar. El vaig deixar al càrrec de Jaume Roig, un estudiant de
58 medicina que hi havia estat des del dimarts. Vaig fer el viatge tres vegades
59 abans que caigués la foscor i les barricades impedissin que dos militants
60 d'Arran —nois de Reus que havien vingut a Barcelona per unir-se a la
61 lluita— i jo tornéssim. Vaig dir als nois que marxessin de la ciutat. Que
62 comencessin a caminar. La rebel·lió s'havia acabat, i els necessitaven a
63 casa. Llavors, vaig tornar a l'Hospital del Mar i vaig trobar un racó buit,
64 vaig doblegar l'abric sota el meu cap i vaig col·lapsar, només per ser
65 despertat per una infermera, que estava segura que evacuarien l'hospital
66 a causa de les flames que m'havien seguit des del Palau. Vaig tornar a

and dying on Moore Street, where forty men had tried to secure a line of retreat from the burning GPO. Civilians and rebels alike had been mowed down by Crown forces. Women, children, and old men had been caught in the crossfire, and their dead faces were covered in soot. Flies buzzed round their heads, some of them burned beyond recognition. In my heart of hearts, I could not divorce myself from some of the blame. It is one thing to fight for freedom; it is another to condemn the innocent to die in your war.

That is where I found Declan.

I said his name, ran my hands down his blackened cheeks, and he opened his eyes to my voice. My heart leapt. I thought for a minute I might be able to save him.

“You’ll take care of Eoin, won’t you, Thomas? You’ll take care of Eoin and my mother. And Anne. Look after Anne.”

“Where is she, Declan? Where’s Anne?”

But then his eyes closed, and his breath rattled in his throat. I lifted him up, over my shoulder, and ran for help. He was gone. I knew it, but I carried him to the Jervis Street Hospital, demanded a place to lay him down, and

67 dormir, massa cansat perquè m’importés. Quan em vaig despertar,
68 havien contingut el foc, i les forces catalanes s’havien rendit.

69 El personal de l’Hospital del Mar va dir a la Guàrdia Civil que jo era un
70 cirurgià quan van venir a reunir els insurgents, i miraculosament no em
71 van detenir. Al contrari, em vaig passar la resta del dia atenent els morts
72 i als que els faltava poc per morir al carrer de la Portaferrixa, on quaranta
73 homes havien intentat assegurar una línia de retirada del Palau en flames.
74 Civils i rebels segats per les forces de l’Estat Espanyol. Dones, nens i vells
75 havien quedat atrapats en el tiroteig, i els seus rostres sense vida coberts
76 de sutge. Les mosques brunzien pels seus caps, alguns tan cremats que
77 eren irreconeixibles. Dins meu, no em podia llevar part de la culpa. Una
78 cosa és lluitar per la llibertat; però una altra és la de condemnar a
79 innocents a morir a la teva lluita.

80

81 Allà vaig trobar a Declà.

82

83 Vaig dir el seu nom, vaig passar les mans per les seves galtes ennegrides,
84 i va obrir els ulls en sentir la meua veu. El meu cor es va aturar. Vaig
85 pensar, per un minut, que tindria possibilitats de salvar-lo.

86

87 —Te’n cuidaràs de l’Èric, veritat, Toni? Te’n cuidaràs de l’Èric i de la meua
88 mare. I de l’Anna. Cuida’m l’Anna.

89

washed the blood and grit from his skin and hair and straightened his clothes. I bandaged his wounds, which would never heal, and then I carried him through the streets again, up Jervis, across Parnell, through Gardiner Row, and into Mountjoy Square. Nobody stopped me. I carried a dead man on my shoulders through the centre of town, and the people were so shell-shocked, they looked the other way.

I don't think Declan's mother, Brigid, will ever recover. The only person who might love Declan more than Anne is Brigid. I am taking him home to Dromahair. Brigid wants to bury him in Ballinagar, beside his father. And then I'll come back to Dublin for Anne. God forgive me for leaving her behind.

T.S.

90 —On és, Declà? On és l'Anna?

91

92 Però se li tancaren els ulls, i la respiració se li quedà atrapada a la gola. El

93 vaig agafar i posar damunt la meva espatlla, i vaig córrer a cercar ajuda.

94 Havia mort. Ho sabia, però el vaig dur fins a l'Hospital, i vaig exigir que em

95 donessin un lloc on el pogués tombar, i li vaig llevar la sang i la graveta de

96 la pell i els cabells i li vaig arreglar la roba. Li vaig embenar les ferides, que

97 mai es curarien, i el vaig dur, una altra vegada, a través dels carrers, cap

98 amunt al carrer de la Princesa, seguint pel carrer del Comerç, fins arribar

99 a Tetuán. Ningú no em va aturar. Portava un home mort a l'esquena pel

100 centre de la ciutat, i la gent estava tan en xoc que miraven cap a un altre

101 costat.

102

103 No crec que la mare del Declà, la Brigita, mai es recuperi. L'única persona

104 que segurament estima més a Declà que l'Anna és ella. L'estic portant a

105 casa, a Lleida. La Brigita el vol enterrar a Igualada, devora el seu pare.

106 Llavors, tornaré a Barcelona a cercar l'Anna. Que Déu em perdoni per

107 haver-la deixat.

108

109 T.S.

Student Number	22328467	Text Number	4
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Source Text		Target Text	
Title	The Foundations of Decay	Title	Queridos seguidores
Year Published	2022		
Author	My Chemical Romance		
Language	English	Language	Spanish
Word Count	305	Word Count	389
Description of Source Text <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <i>understanding of source text</i> <i>knowledge of genre within source contexts</i> <i>situation of source text</i> <i>familiarity with the formal features of a text (language variation(s), register, dialect)</i> (200 words max)	<p>The ST is the comeback song by the emo rock-punk band and their first new song since 2014. In it, they look back through a third person perspective on their past career and future goals. The themes are decay, rebellion, and freedom.</p> <p>Formal features include:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> A structure of four verses, two choruses, one bridge and an outro. Use of the past, present, and future tenses. The past to look at where they were as a band and what was expected of them, present to look at where they are now and their goals, and future to express their resilience on not giving up. Inconsistent rhyme, e.g.: 		

	<p>See the man who stands upon the hill He dreams of all the battles won But fate had left its scars upon his face With all the damage they had done And so tired with age, he turns the page Let the flesh submit itself to gravity</p> <p>Let our bodies lay while our hearts will stay Let our blood invade if I die in pain Now, if your convictions were a passing phase May your ashes feed the river in the morning rays And as the vermin crawls, we lay in the foundations of decay (ST: l. 1-12)</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Metaphors, e.g., ‘See the man who stands upon the hill’ (ST: l. 1). • Repetition of the central message to be conveyed, e.g., ‘let our bodies lay while our hearts will stay’ (ST: l. 8). • Antithesis to contrast their wishes with those of their fans, e.g., ‘Against change (we wander through the ruins)’ (ST: l. 30).
<p>Strategy</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • <i>identification of translation problems</i> • <i>knowledge of genre within target context and situation of target text</i> • <i>justification of translation production of genre for target context</i> 	<p>My TT is a statement made by a MCR Spanish-speaking fan-account as a set of Instagram Stories. The TA is made up of Spanish-speaking MCR’s followers. This will be done by:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Explicitly mentioning to whom it is directed to and signing it, e.g., ‘Queridos seguidores:’ [Dear fans] (TT: l. ≈2) and ‘My Chemical Romance’ (TT: l. ≈59). • Choosing a background image from the video. • Interpreting, decomposing, and explaining the ST message with colloquial, relatable vocabulary: <ul style="list-style-type: none"> ○ E.g., ‘the day the towers fell’ (ST: l. 14) → ‘11S’ [9/11] (TT: l. ≈24).

<p>(200 words max)</p>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> ○ E.g., ‘let our bodies lay while our hearts will stay’ (ST: l. 8) → ‘Anhelamos enterrar nuestro trabajo original y vuestras expectativas. Pero nuestra esencia no cambiará’ [We wish to bury our original work as well as your expectations. But our essence will not change] (TT: l. ≈12-14). • Ending with a call-to-action to engage, e.g., ‘¿nos acogeréis cuando salgamos del exilio?’ [Will you take us in when we get out of our exile?] (TT: l. ≈57-58). • Adding references to the band’s past, MCR’s documentary <i>Life on the Murder Scene</i> (2006) will be used.: e.g., ‘después del disco <i>Black Parade</i>’ [after the album <i>Black Parade</i>] (TT: l. ≈28).
<p>Critical Reflection</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • <i>textual analysis</i> <p>(200 words max)</p>	<p>Upon reflecting on the final TT, there are aspects to consider:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Due to the coded message from the ST —which might be complicated to understand without previous knowledge of MCR—, specific references needed to be added to the TT, e.g., ‘<i>May death never stop you</i>’ (TT: l. ≈4). This resulted in a clearer TT that will reach a broader audience. • Furthermore, the ST’s structure had to be edited, due to its repetitive nature. Consequently, the TT has a linear structure and non-repetitive structure. In order to carry this out, some original ideas from the ST had to be erased, e.g., ‘Against change (we wander through the ruins)’ (ST: l. 30).
<p>Works Cited</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • <i>use of sources and reference material</i> 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Primary source: My Chemical Romance. 2022. “My Chemical Romance - The Foundations of Decay.” 12th May 2022. https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=V2kWUJkRvVs. • Kaplan, Greg, and Brad Nolan. 2006. <i>My Chemical Romance: Life on the Murder Scene</i>. Reprise. https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=gUb_pJXVaoY

Source Text

The Foundations of Decay

See the man who stands upon the hill
He dreams of all the battles won
But fate had left its scars upon his face
With all the damage they had done
And so tired with age, he turns the page
Let the flesh submit itself to gravity

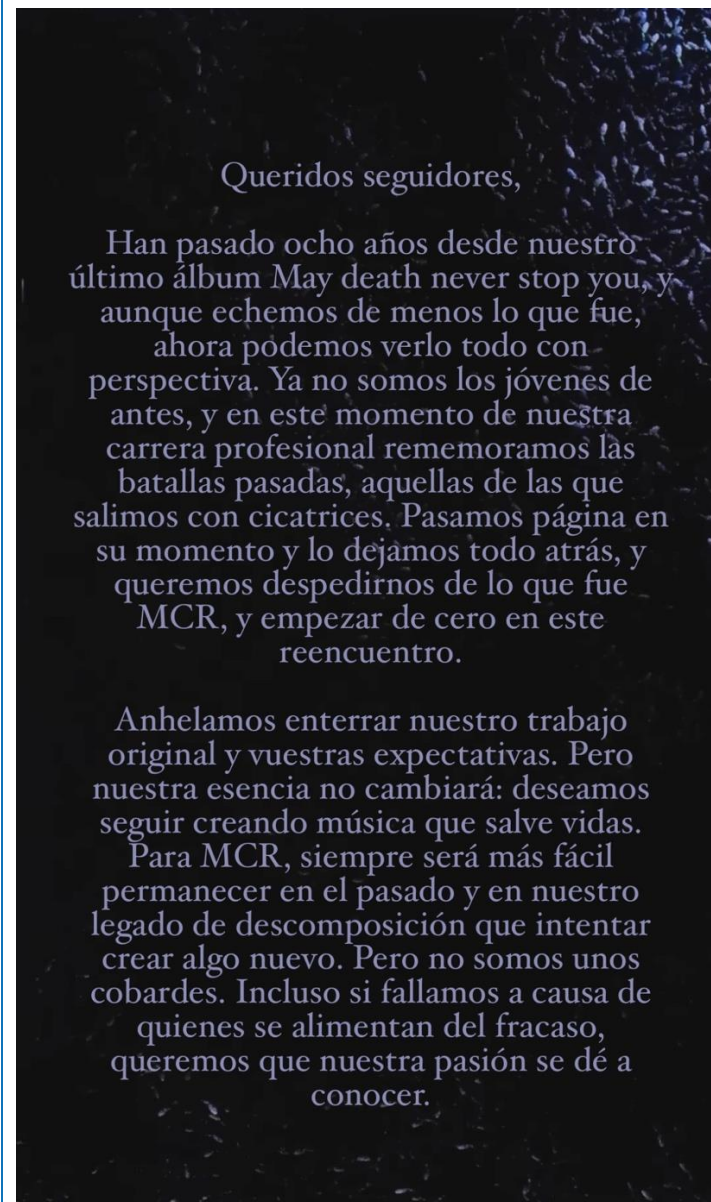
Let our bodies lay while our hearts will stay
Let our blood invade if I die in pain
Now, if your convictions were a passing phase
May your ashes feed the river in the morning rays
And as the vermin crawls, we lay in the foundations of decay

He was there the day the towers fell
And so he wandered down the road
And we would all build towers of our own
Only to watch the rooms corrode
But it's much too late, you're in the race
So we'll press and press 'til you can't take it anymore

Target Text

Queridos seguidores

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Let our bodies lay while our hearts will stay

Let our blood invade if I die in pain

And if, by his own hand, his spirit flies

Take his body as a relic to be canonized

Now, and so he gets to die a saint

But she will always be a whore

Against faith (antihero)

Against all odds (as if it must be pure)

Against change (we wander through the ruins)

We are free (the guiltiness is yours)

You must fix your heart

And you must build an altar where it rests

When the storm decays and the sky, it rains

Let it flood, let it flood, let it wash away

And as we stumble through your last crusade

Will you welcome your extinction in the morning rays?

And as the swarming calls, we lay in the foundations

Yes, it comforts me much more

Yes, it comforts me much more

To lay in the foundations of decay

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Fue el IIS y el efecto que tuvo en Gerard lo que impulsó a MCR. Caminando de vuelta a casa, pensaba en cómo crear sus propias torres: quería dejar su huella en el mundo y moldear su propia vida. Años después, la presión de superación personal y de lo que MCR debería ser después del disco Black Parade, supuso la destrucción de esa torre y del propio Gerard. La demolición se convirtió en negocio.

Nuestros fans deseabais tener una canonización del Santo emo, un mártir a quien adorar, pero ahora denunciamos este camino.

Durante los últimos años, hemos sido capaces de caminar por las ruinas de lo que fuimos. Hemos cambiado. Habéis cambiado. El mundo ha cambiado. Y la pregunta es, ¿queremos quedarnos en los restos del pasado y luchar contra ese veneno, o renacer de las cenizas a pesar del miedo a otra destrucción? Queremos reconciliarnos con el pasado y reclamar nuestro mensaje: MCR puede desaparecer, pero nuestra esencia perdurará en la historia.

Get up, coward

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Antes de volvernos a juntar, debemos solucionar los problemas que nos llevaron a la destrucción. Superar la batalla. Siempre hemos amado MCR, pero esta vez será bajo nuestros propios términos.

No nos vamos a esconder ya en nuestros miedos. Sería más fácil ser uno de los olvidados, de los caídos, no volver a las cruzadas y formar parte de los cimientos de la descomposición. Pero nos alzamos con valentía. Así que, ¿nos acogeréis cuando salgamos del exilio?

My Chemical Romance

Student Number	22328467	Text Number	5
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Source Text

Target Text

Title	Queer fragility	Title	Fragilitat Queer
Year Published	2016		
Author	Sarah Ahmed		
Language	English	Language	Catalan
Word Count	1070	Word Count	1043

<p>Description of Source Text</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • <i>understanding of source text</i> • <i>knowledge of genre within source contexts</i> • <i>situation of source text familiarity with the formal features of a text (language variation(s), register, dialect)</i> <p>(200 words max)</p>	<p>The ST is an article on Sarah Ahmed’s research blog <i>Feminist Killjoy</i> from the director in the Centre for Feminist Research at Goldsmiths (Ahmed n.d.). This fragment calls to action the LGBTQIA+ community to embrace the feeling of strangeness and find their safe space to be themselves. Formal features include:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • First person perspective, e.g., ‘For if it is my hands’ (ST: l. 3-4). • Non-linear structure since the text moves back and forth between ideas and topics. • Poetic language, which creates a sense of strangeness in the ST, such as: <ul style="list-style-type: none"> ○ Metaphors, e.g., ‘a kitchen table becomes a publishing house’ (ST: l. 85). ○ Personifications, e.g., ‘she [feminism] has a hand in it’ (ST: l. 96). ○ Repetition of words, e.g., ‘table’, which appears thirteen times. ○ Wordplay, e.g., ‘racism: when we spill, we spit’ (ST: l. 65), ‘the spiller is a spoil sport’ (ST: l. 54). ○ Personification, e.g., ‘it allows the object to breathe not through a forgetting of its history’ (ST: l. 22-23). ○ Rhetorical questions to engage the reader, e.g., ‘how did you get here?’ (ST: l. 24).
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<p>Strategy</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • <i>identification of translation problems</i> • <i>knowledge of genre within target context and situation of target text</i> • <i>justification of translation production of genre for target context</i> <p>(200 words max)</p>	<p>My TA is made up of fourth-year students attending the course Literatura, Gèneres i Sexualitats [Literature, Gender, and Sexuality] - 100263 at UAB (Universitat Autònoma de Barcelona 2021, 1-8). The text will be read in class and debated among students. The TT will have the following adaptations:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Giving prevalence to the message rather than to literary features such as wordplay since these rely on phonetically similar segments in the ST: <ul style="list-style-type: none"> ○ E.g., ‘Spit it out, spill it out’ (ST: l. 63) → ‘amolla-ho. Vessa-ho’ [let it go. Spill it] (TT: l. 70). ○ E.g., ‘Helter-skelter. What a shelter.’ (ST: l. 98-99) → ‘Ràpidament. Quin refugi [quickly. What a shelter] (TT: l. 104-105). • Using the English word and a gloss translation in sentences that would not make sense in the translation due to, for example, etymology. <ul style="list-style-type: none"> ○ E.g., ‘To spill derives from the word to spoil.’ (ST: l. 54) → “<i>Spill</i>” (vessar) deriva de la paraula “<i>spoil</i>” (arruïnar)’ [Spill (spill) derives from the word spoil (spoil)] (TT: l. 57-58).
<p>Critical Reflection</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • <i>textual analysis</i> <p>(200 words max)</p>	<p>Having sent the TT to some students who attended the course, there are a few aspects to consider after receiving their feedback:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • There is less presence of some of the literary language, especially wordplay, because this kind of rhetorical device relies on etymology and phonetics. This made it easier for the students to understand the overall meaning of the TT since language became more straightforward than in the ST. • Erasing some of the literary language also meant that the non-linear structure was emphasised. This might mean that the students will need guidance when reading the text to keep up with the writer’s ideas on queer safe spaces. • However, adding the gloss translations of words to maintain the author’s line of writing slowed down the pace of reading since students had to understand the relation between words in the SL, as well as in the TL. This is of

	<p>particular interest since the text is already complex to understand, and it needs to be considered when commenting on the text in class.</p>
<p>Works Cited</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • <i>use of sources and reference material</i> 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Primary source: Feministkilljoy. 2016. "Queer Fragility." April 21, 2016. https://feministkilljoys.com/2016/04/21/queer-fragility/. • Ahmed, Sara. n.d. "About." Accessed April 15, 2023. https://feministkilljoys.com/about/. • Universitat Autònoma de Barcelona. 2021. "Literatura, Gèneres i Sexualitats." [Literature, Gender and Sexualities] Universitat Autònoma de Barcelona. https://ddd.uab.cat/pub/procur/2021-22/g100263a2021-22iCAT.pdf.

Source Text

Queer Fragility

We begin with the “me” as the place where something happens, a little strangeness, awkwardness that emerges over time, as if with a life of its own. The becoming strange of the body does not stay with “me.” For if it is my hands that are strange, then it is my hands as they express themselves in a gesture. Such gestures are precisely where my hands meet with objects, where they cease to be apart, but pick things up. So is it my hand or is it the fork that is different? What is so compelling to me about this account of “becoming queer” is how the strangeness that seems to reside somewhere between the body and the objects it is near is also what brings those objects to life, and makes them dance. So the door knob when it is being what it is there to do (allow the body to open the door) is that – is even “just that.” But when the door knob is felt as other than what is it supposed to do, then it comes to have a tangible, sensuous quality, as a “cold object” or even one with a “personality.”

Perhaps the doorknob, rather like the stone, is warmed by proximity.
Attention: can be warming.

The objects that are gathered as gatherings of history —domesticated objects, such as doorknobs, pens, knives, and forks— are in a certain way

Target Text

Fragilitat Queer

1 Comencem amb el "jo" com a lloc on passa alguna cosa, una estranyesa,
2 una raresa que apareix amb el temps, com si tingués vida pròpia.
3 L'esdevenir de l'estranyesa del cos no resta amb el "jo"; perquè si són les
4 meves mans que són estranyes, llavors són elles les que s'expressen a si
5 mateixes amb gestos. Aquests gestos són precisament els que fan que les
6 mans s'ajuntin amb els objectes, on cessen d'estar separades, i quan
7 agafen coses. Així que, és la meva mà o és la forqueta que són diferents?
8 El que és tan emocionant per a mi sobre aquesta temàtica de l'"esdevenir
9 queer" és com l'estranyesa que sembla residir en algun lloc entre el cos i
10 els objectes que té prop és també allò que fa que aquells mateixos
11 objectes tinguin vida, els fa ballar. Per tant, el pom d'una porta quan és
12 allò que li pertoca ser (permetre al cos obrir la porta), és allò—fins i tot
13 "tan sols allò". Però quan el pom es sent com una altra cosa, i no allò que
14 suposadament ha de ser, llavors adquireix una qualitat sensible i tangible,
15 com un "objecte fred" o fins i tot un amb "personalitat".

16
17 Pot ser que el pom, quasi com la pedra, s'encalenteixi amb la proximitat.
18 Atenció: es pot encalenticir.

19
20

overlooked. What makes them historical is how they are overlooked. Seeing such objects, as if for the first time involves wonder, it allows the object to breathe not through a forgetting of its history, but through allowing that history to come alive: how did you get here? How did I come to have you in my hand? How did we arrive at this place where such a handling is possible? To re-encounter objects as strange things is not to lose sight of the history, but to refuse to make them history by losing sight.

Queer objects might be a matter of how we attend to things, or what “things” can do, when they are in touch with other things. We might be talking in other words, of the queer effects of certain gatherings, which “things” appear to be oblique, to be “slipping away” insofar as they are losing their place, alongside other things, or where “things” seem out of place in their place alongside other things.

The object around which I have most gathered these thoughts has been the table. In a way, I have made the table a rather queer object by attending to it, by bringing an object that is often in the background to the front of my writing. To move the “behind” to the “front” can have a queer effect. We could ask, for instance, whether queer tables are the tables around which queer bodies gather. It is certainly the case that tables can support queer gatherings: the times that we might gather around, eating, talking, loving, living and creating the spaces and times for our

21 Els objectes que es reuneixen com ara recol·leccions d'història —és a dir
22 objectes domesticats com poms, bolígrafs, ganivets i forquetes— passen,
23 de certa manera, per alt. El que fa que siguin històrics és precisament que
24 passin per alt. Mirar tals objectes com si fos la primera vegada involucra
25 preguntar-se, i admet que l'objecte respiri, no a través de l'oblit de la seva
26 història, sinó permetent que la història cobri vida: com has arribat fins
27 aquí? Com he arribat a tenir-te a la meva mà? Com hem arribat a tal lloc
28 on aquest maneig és possible? Retrobar els objectes com a estranys no
29 significa perdre de vista la seva història, sinó que es rebutja convertir-los
30 en història quan els perdem de vista.

31
32 Els objectes queer poden ser el resultat de com entenem les coses, o del
33 que les "coses" poden fer, mentre estan en contacte amb altres. Podem
34 estar parlant amb altres paraules, de l'efecte queer de certes reunions,
35 de quines "coses" semblen ser obliqües o que "s'escapen" en la mesura
36 que perden la seva posició, juntament amb altres coses; o on les "coses"
37 semblen que es troben fora de lloc en la seva posició en relació amb
38 altres.

39
40 L'objecte al voltant del que he reunit més pensaments és la taula.
41 D'alguna manera, posant-li atenció, he fet que la taula sigui un objecte
42 queer, quan he mogut al primer pla de la meva escriptura a un objecte
43 que sol trobar-se al fons. Dur-ho del "darrere" al "davant" pot crear un

attachments. Queers have their tables for sure. Stories of queer kinship are full of tables.

Tables: they are rather queer things.

In *Living a Feminist Life*, the fragility of things held my attention, the fragility of things, queer things. A broken jug: it spills. To spill: to cause something to fall from a container, often unintentionally. When we spill we reveal something. We spill the beans when we reveal something that is confidential; when we say something that we are not supposed to say. To spill derives from the word to spoil. The spiller is a spoil sport. This is why I described the feminist killjoy as a broken container. She flies off the handle. When she speaks, she spills. Perhaps it is the family table that she breaks. A queer table is where she ends up. Mopping up the spillage.

To spit is also to spill. Sometimes we encourage each other to spit it out because of the difficulty we have saying something. Words: they too can become queer things. We have to spill what is difficult to reveal.

Spit it out, spill it out.

Racism: when we spill, we spit.

44 efecte queer. Per exemple, ens podem demanar si les taules queer són
45 les taules a les quals s'ajunten cossos queer. Clarament, les taules poden
46 possibilitar reunions queer: els moments que ens reunim menjant,
47 parlant, estimant, vivint, creant espais per l'afecte. És obvi que els queers
48 tenen les seves taules. Les històries solidàries queer estan plenes de
49 taules.

50
51 Taules: són objectes bastant queer.

52
53 Llegint *Living a Feminist Life*, em va cridar l'atenció la fragilitat de les
54 coses. Una gerra rompuda: vessa. Vessar: fer que qualche líquid caigui
55 d'un contenidor, normalment involuntàriament. Quan vessem, revelem
56 quelcom. Ens anem de la llengua ("*spill the beans*") quan revelem
57 confidències; quan diem alguna cosa que no havíem de dir. "*Spill*" (vessar)
58 deriva de la paraula "*spoil*" (arruïnar). El bocamolles és el company que
59 arruïna moments. Per aquesta raó he descrit la feminista desbaratadora
60 ("*feminist killjoy*") com un contenidor romput. Perd els papers. Quan
61 parla, vessa. Potser trenca la taula familiar. Acaba a una taula queer.
62 Netejant així el vessament.

63
64 Escopir ("*spit*") també és vessar. A vegades ens encoratgem els uns als
65 altres a escopir-ho ("*spit it out*") a causa de la dificultat que suposa dir

66

We break open a container. We watch the words spill. They spill all over you.

It is a warming thought. And I think of Cherrie Moraga's poem "The Welder." Moraga speaks of heating being used to shape new elements, to create new shapes, "the intimacy of steel melting, the fire that makes sculpture of your lives, builds buildings" (1981: 219). We build our own buildings when the world does not accommodate our desires. When you are blocked, when your very existence is prohibited or viewed with general suspicion or even just raised eyebrows, you have to come up with your own systems for getting things through. You might even have to come up with your own system for getting yourself through. Snap to it.

How inventive.

Quite something.

Not from nothing.

Something from something.

A kitchen table becomes a publishing house.

We assemble ourselves around our own tables, kitchen tables, doing the work of community as ordinary conversation. A broken history might be

67 certes coses. Paraules: també poden convertir-se en queer. Hem de
68 vessar allò que és difícil de revelar.

69

70 Amolla-ho. Vessa-ho.

71

72 Racisme: quan vessem, escopim.

73

74 Obrim un contenidor. I veiem com les paraules vessen. Vessen damunt
75 teu.

76

77 És un pensament càlid. I penso en el poema *La Soldadora*, de Cherrie
78 Moraga. L'autora parla de la calentor mentrestant s'empri per modelar
79 nous elements, per crear noves formes, "la intimitat de l'acer fonent-se,
80 el foc que crea l'escultura de les vostres vides, construeix edificis" (1981:

81 2019). Construïm els nostres propis edificis quan el món no consent els

82 nostres desitjos. Quan estàs bloquejat, quan la teva mateixa existència

83 està prohibida, és vista amb sospita o amb un aixecament de celles, has

84 de crear el teu propi sistema per a superar-ho tot. Fins i tot, podries crear

85 el teu propi sistema per superar-te a tu mateix. Ajusta-t'hi.

86

87 Quanta inventiva.

88 No està malament.

89 No del no-res.

how we got here, but in getting here we are doing something. We create our own support systems.

When we have to shelter from the harshness of a world we build a shelter.

The effort required for those shelters to be built, brick by brick; she has a hand in it.

Helter-skelter.

What a shelter.

The roots; back to routes. Skelter from skelt: "to hasten, scatter hurriedly." Scattered; shattered; confusion. The helter?

Just there for the rhyme.

Poetry in motion.

To build from the ruin; our building might seem ruined, when we build, we ruin. How easily though without foundations, without a stable ground, the walls come down. We keep them up; we keep each other up. We might then think of fragility not so much as the potential to lose something, fragility as loss, but as a quality of relations we acquire, or a quality of the building we build. Queer fragility: a quality of what is built.

90 Quelcom que prové de quelcom.

91

92 Una taula de cuina es converteix en una editorial.

93

94 Ens reunim tots al voltant de les nostres pròpies taules, taules de cuina,
95 treballant la comunitat com una conversa ordinària. Una història
96 rompuda podria ser com hem arribat aquí, però arribant-hi ja hem fet
97 alguna cosa. Creem els nostres sistemes de suport.

98

99 Quan ens hem de protegir de la duresa del món construïm un refugi.

100

101 L'esforç que es requereix per a construir aquells refugis, passa a passa; hi
102 té ficada la mà la feminista.

103

104 Ràpidament.

105 Quin refugi.

106

107 Les arrels; tornant als camins. Ràpidament ve de ràpid: afanyar-se,
108 dispersar-se precipitadament. Dispersat; destrossat; confusió. El refugi?

109

110 Tan sols aquí pel ritme.

112 Poesia en moviment.

113

A fragile shelter has looser walls, made out of lighter materials; see how they move; it is a movement.

A movement is what is built to survive what has been built. Queer fragility: how we loosen our hold on things. How we mess things up. How we survive what is messed up.

114 Construir des de la ruïna; el nostre edifici pot semblar en ruïnes, quan
115 construïm, arruïnem. Molt fàcilment, sense fonaments, sense terra
116 ferma, les parets s'enfonsen. Les mantenim dretes; ens ajudem els uns als
117 altres. Llavors podrem pensar sobre la fragilitat no tant com el potencial
118 de perdre, la fragilitat com a pèrdua, sinó com la qualitat que adquireixen
119 les relacions, o la qualitat de l'edifici que construïm. Fragilitat queer: una
120 qualitat que es construeix. Un refugi fràgil amb parets soltes, fetes de
121 materials lleugers; veiem com es mouen; és un moviment.
122
123 Un moviment és quelcom que es construeix per a sobreviure a allò que
124 està construït. Fragilitat queer: com deixem d'aferrar-nos fort a les coses.
125 Com desordenem les coses. Com sobrevivim el desordre.

Student Number	22328467	Text Number	6
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Source Text		Target Text	
Title	De algún tiempo a esta parte	Title	Some time to this place
Year Published	1939		
Author	Max Aub		
Language	Spanish	Language	English
Word Count	966	Word Count	977

<p>Description of Source Text</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • <i>understanding of source text</i> • <i>knowledge of genre within source contexts</i> • <i>situation of source text familiarity with the formal features of a text (language variation(s), register, dialect)</i> <p>(200 words max)</p>	<p>The ST is part of a drama soliloquy written by an exiled Spanish writer during the Spanish Civil War. It follows a widow of Jewish descendant talking to her late husband about her new reality after Anschluss (Monleón 1971, 71-72). This text has never been translated.</p> <p>The writer presents different formal features:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • A mix of short sentences (5-10 words) when the character speaks directly to her husband, and long ones (40 words) for explanations about her new life. This broad difference is used by the author to show the ST's nature as a soliloquy and natural speech. • Ellipsis on cultural and historical context, which are up to the audience/reader to understand, e.g., 'rojos' [reds] (ST: l. 14) which refers to the left-wing Republicans. • Stream of consciousness as she talks to herself, e.g., '¿Por qué se hundió así nuestra vida? Debiera estar muerta' [Why did our life sink like this? I should be dead] (ST: l. 1). • Appellations to her late husband, e.g., 'te das cuenta, ¿no?' [you do realise, don't you] (ST: 18), '¡Tú, fusilado!' [You, shot!] (ST: l. 55)
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<p>Strategy</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • <i>identification of translation problems</i> • <i>knowledge of genre within target context and situation of target text</i> • <i>justification of translation production of genre for target context</i> <p>(200 words max)</p>	<p>My TT is for the conference ‘Exiled Authors’ organised by the Irish Translators’ and Interpreters’ Association, in which translations will be read out loud to the audience. The TA are attendees with an interest in foreign literature. The approach to the translation will be one of dynamic equivalence (Nida 1964, 159), therefore:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • The average length of the sentences and its dynamism will be preserved. • Explanations for Spanish cultural references that have been omitted will be explained in the text by using complete terms, e.g., ‘campo’ [camp] (ST: l. 5) will be ‘concentration camps’ (TT: l. 5), ‘rojos’ [reds] (ST: l. 14) will be the ‘Republican Army’ (TT: l. 14). • Max Aub’s literary style with rhetorical questions (e.g., ST: l. 5-6) and constant appellations (e.g., ST: l. 20) will be maintained, which will contribute to engaging the audience. • English idioms will be used instead of Spanish colloquialisms, e.g., ‘viva-la-virgen’ [long live the virgin] (ST: l. 63) will be ‘real-chancers’ (TT: l. 62).
<p>Critical Reflection</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • <i>textual analysis</i> <p>(200 words max)</p>	<p>Upon finishing the translation, I reflect on the following:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • This adaptation is targeted to a listening audience that is somewhat familiar with international affairs. Therefore, the TT was given to a Theatre graduate at TCD to read it as a performance out loud. It was concluded that the TT could be performed, and it would sound natural to an English-speaking audience. This is due to the use of colloquial vocabulary, e.g., ‘RC’ (TT: l. 10), while maintaining Aub’s elevated literary language, e.g., ‘we were relieved in our sorrow’ (TT: l. 10-11). • Nevertheless, the TT could also be used for a different audience, specifically twentieth century Spanish Literature students. The reason behind it is that it would smoothly introduce the Spanish literature of the Civil war and that

	<p>of exile to the students. Furthermore, there are expressions that are left for the reader to understand in the ST that are elaborated in the TT, which allows for an effortless read.</p>
<p>Works Cited</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • <i>use of sources and reference material</i> 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Primary source: Aub, Max. 2018. <i>De Algún Tiempo a Esta Parte</i>. Renacimiento. • Monleón, José. 1971. <i>El Teatro de Max Aub</i> [Max Aub's Theatre]. Taurus. • Nida, Eugene A., <i>Toward a Science of Translating</i>. The Netherlands: Brill. 1964.

Source Text

De algún tiempo a esta parte

¿Por qué se hundió así nuestra vida? Debiera estar muerta. A veces pienso que Dios me hace vivir para ver su venganza. Pero muchas veces me desespero. Dicen que este invierno va a ser más largo que los otros. ¿Tú qué crees? ¿Qué le pasaría a Samuel en Barcelona? Nunca supimos si murió en la cárcel o en un campo. ¿Sabes que he vuelto a ver a Ricardo Richter? ¿Te acuerdas cuando empezamos a no tener noticias de Samuel? Ni tú ni yo queríamos hablar de ello. Cada cosa que decías, por corriente o sin importancia que fuese, me sonaba a: «¿Por qué no escribirá el chico?». A ti debía sucederte lo mismo. No teníamos otra cosa en la cabeza. Hasta que vino la carta de la Cruz Roja. Entonces descansamos en el dolor. Dejé de sentir mi corazón, porque, hasta entonces, cada vez que traían el correo o abría un periódico, yo oía mi corazón y me hacía daño el pecho; y, además, tenía miedo de que tú lo notaras. Un día que el diario trajo noticias de las barbaridades de los rojos, en Barcelona, yo escondí el periódico, te dije que lo había empleado en la cocina, y tú me reñiste un poco: «¡Una mujer tan ordenada como tú!». Estar todo el día en vilo, y cada noche más desesperada; un día más sin noticias. ¡Qué espanto! Y pensar que ellos tienen la culpa, ellos. Te das cuenta, ¿no? Primero, sin saber, se lo achacamos a los otros. No quiero que me tengan lástima, pero quiero que Dios los castigue eternamente. ¡Cómo he cambiado, Adolfo!

Target Text

Some time to this place

1 Why did our life sink? I should be dead. Sometimes I think God is making
2 me live to see his revenge. But often I despair. They say this winter will be
3 longer. Do you agree? What do you think happened to Samuel in
4 Barcelona? We never knew whether he died in prison or in a
5 concentration camp. Did you know I met Ricardo Richter again?
6 Remember when we stopped receiving any news from Samuel? Neither
7 of us wanted to mention it. Everything you said, no matter how ordinary
8 it was, all I heard was “why wouldn’t he write?”. The same thing must
9 have happened to you. Nothing else was on our minds. That is, until we
10 received the letter from the RC. From then on, we were relieved in our
11 sorrow. I couldn’t feel my heart. Until then, every time we got mail, or I
12 opened a newspaper, I could hear my heartbeat and my chest hurt. I was
13 also afraid you would notice. Once, the newspaper arrived with news
14 about the atrocities committed by the Republican Army in Barcelona. I hid
15 it and told you I used it in the kitchen. You told me off a bit. “Such an
16 organised woman”. Spending all day on tenterhooks and getting more
17 desperate every night; another day without any news. So frightening! And
18 to think they are at fault. Them. You do realise, don’t you? At first, while
19 being in the dark, we blame the others. I don’t want their sympathy, but
20 I want God to punish them for all eternity. I’ve changed so much, Adolfo!

Pero tú me reconocerías; las que no conocerías serían mis manos. Por la noche gotea el grifo y no hay manera de evitarlo.

Como te decía, he vuelto a ver a Richter. Me ha explicado muchas cosas. Parece que cuando empezó la guerra civil en España, ellos se sirvieron de las Embajadas extranjeras como de refugios, y que el Gobierno republicano las respetó, y que allí se organizaron y procuraron mandar noticias. Y que algunos se sirvieron de la valija diplomática para eso. Y para mandar su dinero afuera. Valores, joyas, todo lo que podían; así se exportaron millones y millones. Eso explica que vigilaran a Samuel. Lo que dice Richter es que Samuel, por el cargo que ocupaba, debía de saber o sospechar para qué utilizaban la valija. Aunque fuese un Consulado y no la Legación. Mientras nuestro país fue un país, los republicanos respetaron ese tráfico; pero en cuanto dejamos de serlo, intervinieron, y es cuando detuvieron a Samuel. Lo mató el Anschluss, como a ti. Aunque quizá lo que él hacía no estaba bien hecho. Pero yo creo que no se podía negar. Yo no sabría explicártelo con la claridad que Richter lo hizo. Estábamos sentados en un banco de la avenida; así veíamos si se acercaba alguien. Cada vez que pasaban, hablábamos de otra cosa, de Greta o de Magda, por ejemplo. Como él ve mejor que yo, a veces me quedaba extrañada de las cosas que, de pronto, me decía. Lo que, desde luego, no me pudo aclarar del todo, es si Samuel era o no era. Él cree que no. Pero no sé si me lo dijo para serme agradable. ¿Te acuerdas de lo orgullosos que nos pusimos

21 You'd recognize me, not my hands, though. The faucet in the sink drips at
22 night, there is no way to fix it.

23

24 As I was saying, I saw Richter again. He told me many things. It seems that
25 when the Civil War broke out in Spain, they used foreign embassies as
26 safe havens, all respected by the Republican Government. They got
27 organised there and made sure to send news. Some used a diplomatic bag
28 to get it done. And they used it to send their money abroad, too. Money,
29 jewels, anything they could get their hands on; this is how they exported
30 millions, which explains why they kept an eye on Samuel. Richter says
31 that, due to his position, Samuel must have known, or suspected, what
32 they used the bag for. Even if it was a Consulate and not the Legation
33 itself. While our country was an actual country, the Republicans respected
34 that traffic, but when it ceased to exist, they intervened, which is when
35 they arrested him. The Anschluss killed him, just like it killed you.
36 Although maybe he shouldn't have done what he did. I think he couldn't
37 say no. I can't explain it as well as Richter. We sat on a bench on the
38 avenue, that way we could see if someone was approaching. Every time
39 someone did, we would change topics, chat about Greta or Magda for
40 example. As he has better eyesight than I do, he'd change topics so quickly
41 I wouldn't know what he was talking about for a second. What he couldn't
42 clarify was if Samuel had been one of them or not. He thinks he wasn't. I
43 don't know if he just said it to be nice. Do you remember how proud we

cuando nos escribió que le habían nombrado secretario del Consulado? Claro que no era un nombramiento oficial, pero de todos modos nos sentimos halagados: secretario del Consulado de Austria en Barcelona. Tú te burlaste un poco de mí, pero, en el fondo, bien que te gustaba. Richter me ha contado muchas cosas de aquella guerra, que todavía sigue. Por lo visto fue diferente, aunque casi lo mismo, Y eso que aquí no ha habido guerra de verdad. Richter dice que ya vendrá. Quisiera vivir para verlo. Te das cuenta, ¿no? Soy yo la que te dice esto: doña Remilgos. Cuando vinieron por ti, creo que no era capaz de desearlo. He crecido luego, poco a poco, como una ola. Por eso no quiero que me consuele nadie, nadie. ¿Y quién me consolaría? Si miramos bien las cosas, nuestro hijo ha muerto en una cárcel de los rojos, y tú fusilado por sus enemigos. ¡Tú, fusilado! ¿Te das cuenta? ¡Tú! Dan ganas de reír. Tú, fusilado por razones de política, por delirios de raza; tu, mi marido, que jamás había votado. «Eso no me interesa. Pídele a Dios que el negocio siga adelante, y déjate de historias que no han sido hechas para nosotros». «No hagas a nadie lo que no quisieras que te hicieran»: ese era tu lema. ¡Cómo te aprobaba yo! Cómo te defendía cuando el primo Horowitz quiso convencerte de que ellos eran una plaga del mundo. ¡Y cómo aseguraba yo que todos los políticos eran unos viva-la-virgen, que el mundo estaría mucho mejor sin política! A veces me pregunto si esa actitud nuestra, la mía, sobre todo, no fue la causa de que Samuel se dejara embarcar tan fácilmente en aquel juego sucio... Otras veces pienso que si nuestros padres no hubieses

44 were when he wrote that he had been appointed the Consulate's
45 Secretary? Even if it wasn't official, we were flattered: Secretary of the
46 Austrian Consulate in Barcelona. You mocked me a little, but, deep down,
47 you liked it too. Richter told me lots of things about that other war, which
48 is still ongoing. It seems that it was different, although almost the same
49 as here. And that is to say when there hasn't been a real war here. Richter
50 says that it's coming. I'd like to live to see it. Do you realise? I am the one
51 saying it: Mrs Fussy. I don't think I wanted to see it when they came after
52 you. I've grown since, slowly, just like a wave. Which is why I don't want
53 anyone, anyone to comfort me. And who would? If we actually think
54 about it, our son died in a Republican prison, and you were shot by their
55 enemies. You, shot! Can you wrap your mind around it? You! It makes me
56 laugh. You, shot for the sake of politics, due to some race delirium; you,
57 my husband, someone who had never even voted. "I'm not interested.
58 You better pray to God to keep our business afloat and stop thinking of
59 things that don't concern us". "Do not do to others what you would not
60 want done to you": this was your motto. How I liked that part of you! I
61 defended you when cousin Horowitz wanted to convince you that they
62 were a plague. And I would claim all politicians were real-chancers, and
63 that the world would be better off without politics. Sometimes, I wonder
64 if that attitude of ours, mostly mine, was the reason why Samuel allowed
65 himself to be lured into... So easily. Other times, I wonder if our parents
66 hadn't changed religion... Excuse me, I keep talking to myself, and I don't

cambiado de religión... Perdóname, hablo y hablo sola y ya no sé lo que me digo. Rezo cada noche tres padrenuestros y tres salves por vuestras almas.

Después del Anschluss, cambiaste de manera de pensar; pero yo, no. Hoy sería capaz de cualquier cosa, hasta de matar. Sí, Adolfo, no te apartes de mí. Soy yo, doña Remilgos, la que te sigue hablando. ¡Tantas veces desespero de todo!... ¡No saber, de verdad, dónde estáis enterrados!... No saber si os enterraron en ataúdes, o si la tierra... Cada vez que llueve, pienso que el agua atraviesa la tierra y os corre por las mejillas. Teníais la misma cara y me la represento bajo tierra, en la tierra.

67 even know what I am mumbling. Every night I say three Lord's prayers
68 and three Hail Marys for your soul.

69

70 After the Anschluss, you changed your way of thinking, but I didn't. Today
71 I am capable of anything, even murder. Yes, Adolfo, don't be frightened.
72 It's me, Mrs Fussy, still talking to you. I get so desperate! Not knowing,
73 with certainty, where you two are buried!... Not knowing if they buried
74 you in coffins, or just in the ground... When it rains, I imagine that the
75 water penetrates the ground and runs down your cheeks. You both had
76 the same face and I picture it, underground, in the soil.

77

Student Number	22328467	Text Number	7
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Source Text		Target Text	
Title	Romance de la Luna, Luna	Title	Mystical encounter between the Moon and a child results in death
Year Published	1924		
Author	Federico García Lorca		
Language	Spanish	Language	English
Word Count	165	Word Count	370

<p>Description of Source Text</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • <i>understanding of source text</i> • <i>knowledge of genre within source contexts</i> • <i>situation of source text familiarity with the formal features of a text (language variation(s), register, dialect)</i> <p>(200 words max)</p>	<p>The ST is the inaugural poem of the <i>Romancero Gitano</i> [Gypsy Ballads] (1928) (López-Guil 2016, 16), where Lorca explores Romani culture in Andalusia (Lumbreras-Sanchón and Lumbreras-García 2012, 34). He juxtaposes two scenes: a reality in which a child dies, and the poetical fantasy in which dark and mysterious forces bring death.</p> <p>The formal features include:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Composed as a <i>romance</i> —octosyllabic with assonant rhyme in even verses. • Written from the perspective of a lyrical subject, which separates the author from the story. • Set in an Andalusian landscape (Lumbreras-Sanchón and Lumbreras-García 2012, 35), e.g., ‘olivar’ [olive grove] (ST: l. 31), ‘zumaya’ [red-necked nightjar bird] (ST: l.36). • Five recurrent metaphors that foreshadow the child’s death, e.g., ‘luna’ [moon] (ST: l. 1) ‘caballos’ [horses] (ST: l. 22). • Personifications, e.g., the moon as a woman (ST: l. 7-9), riders as death (ST: l. 26), the wind who holds vigil (ST: l. 43-44). • White as a metaphor for sadness since it always accompanies the moon, instead of positivity, e.g., ‘nardos’ [spikenard] (ST: l. 2), ‘almidonado’ [with starch] (ST: l. 24), pura [pure] (ST: l. 8).
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	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Use of past and present to showcase the difference between reality and poetical fantasy.
<p>Strategy</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • <i>identification of translation problems</i> • <i>knowledge of genre within target context and situation of target text</i> • <i>justification of translation production of genre for target context</i> <p>(200 words max)</p>	<p>The TT is a piece of news for the English-language online newspaper, <i>Sur in English</i> (Prensa Malagueña n.d.), from Andalusia. Therefore, my TA are English newspaper readers between the ages of 40-50. The TT will announce and explain the death of the child. This will be done by:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Answering the five questions that need to be answered in the news: what, who, when, where, why, how (Fontcuberta 1993, 74-75). • Adding a title and subtitle before the text body, e.g., TT: l. 1-4. • Dividing the information using the inverted pyramid structure —going from essential information to details (Salaverría-Aliaga 1999, 13). • Utilising reported speech to include testimonies of the characters from the ST, e.g., ‘Eyewitnesses report that’ (TT: l. 17). This will mean that there will be a transformation of the poetical fantasy, which will be converted to witness statements of the mystical circumstances in which the child dies while talking to the moon. • Setting it specifically in Fuentevaqueros, Lorca’s birthplace (Lumbreras-Sanchón and Lumbreras-García 2012, 23), in Andalusia. • Using the past tense, as the events will occur ‘last night’ (TT: l. 6).
<p>Critical Reflection</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • <i>textual analysis</i> <p>(200 words max)</p>	<p>Upon analysing the resulting TT, there are a few noteworthy aspects to comment on:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Most of the rhetorical devices present in the ST were lost in the TT. This is due to the nature of journalistic language, which requires direct, concise, and fast communication (Fontcuberta 1993, 100). By removing these rhetorical

	<p>devices, there was no need to decipher the facts, which resulted in an effective informative style, essential for journalistic language (Fontcuberta 1993, 94).</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • The poetic fantasy element is relegated to bring forward the informative style. This fantastical aspect had to be explained to eliminate the division between dreams and reality, to bring forward the facts of the story that answer the five essential questions of news. The testimonies were useful in adding this poetic fantasy element, which is present in all paragraphs of the text body. • However, these testimonies raise the question of the article’s authenticity. Since this is a translation of a poem, there are no reliable sources of information, e.g., names. Therefore, the use of testimonies may diminish seriousness and reliability, even though it adds the fantastical aspect to the text.
<p>Works Cited</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • <i>use of sources and reference material</i> 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Primary source: García Lorca, Federico. 1928. “Romancero Gitano.” 1928. https://www.cervantesvirtual.com/obra-visor/romancero-gitano-785135/html/569a3760-c5d5-4a76-b107-8e01dbb0d136_2.html. • Fontcuberta, Mar. 1993. <i>La Noticia: Pistas Para Percibir El Mundo</i> [The news piece: Clues to Understand the World]. Editorial Paidós. • López Guil, Itzjár. 2016. “Del ‘Romance de La Luna, Luna’ a La ‘Danza Da Lúa En Santiago’: El Astro-Duende y La Poética Lorquiana.” [From ‘Romance de La Luna, Luna’ to ‘Danza Da Lúa En Santiago’: the Astro-Elf and Lorca’s Poetics] <i>Impossibilia: Revista Internacional de Estudios Literarios</i>, no. 12 (October): 14–47. https://revistaseug.ugr.es/index.php/impossibilia/article/view/23233/lopez-guil. • Lumbreras Sanchón, Sara, and Lumbreras García, Pedro ed. 2012. <i>Romancero Gitano</i>, 85–192. Akal Literaturas. García Lorca, Federico. 1928. <i>Romancero Gitano</i>.

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| | <ul style="list-style-type: none">• Prensa Malagueña. “Sur in English.” Accessed April 12, 2023. https://www.surinenglish.com.• Salaverría Aliaga, Ramón. 1999. “De La Pirámide Invertida al Hipertexto: Hacia Nuevos Estándares de Redacción Para La Prensa Digital.” [From the Inverted Pyramid to Hypertext: Towards News Standards of Writing for the Digital Press] <i>Novatica</i> 142: 12–15.
https://dadun.unav.edu/bitstream/10171/5186/4/de_la_piramide_invertida_al_hipertexto.pdf. |
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Source Text

Romance de la Luna, Luna

La luna vino a la fragua
con su polisón de nardos.

El niño la mira mira.
El niño la está mirando.

En el aire conmovido
mueve la luna sus brazos
y enseña, lúbrica y pura,
sus senos de duro estaño.

Huye luna, luna, luna.
Si vinieran los gitanos,
harían con tu corazón
collares y anillos blancos.

Niño déjame que baile.
Cuando vengan los gitanos,
te encontrarán sobre el yunque
con los ojillos cerrados.

Target Text

Mystical encounter between the Moon and a child results in death

1 **MYSTICAL ENCOUNTER BETWEEN THE MOON AND A CHILD RESULTS IN**
2 **DEATH**

3 A young boy's dance with the bright Moon and subsequent death brings
4 mystery and tragedy to a small Spanish village.

5
6 Last night in the small Spanish village called Fuentevaqueros, in the
7 province of Andalucía, a mystical encounter left locals baffled and
8 intrigued. A young boy was found dead in a furnace immediately after
9 being seen talking to the moon. The cause of death still needs to be
10 determined but villagers are relating the death to legends.

11
12 The young boy was spotted gazing up at the moon, which during that
13 night was reported to be adorned with lilies as it shone brightly over the
14 town. The boy was completely hypnotised watching the moon, which,
15 according to different witnesses, appeared to be a woman dancing.

16
17 Eyewitnesses report that the boy was pleading to the moon to leave, as
18 he heard someone approaching from the direction of the village.
19 However, the moon apparently ignored the boy's plea instead urging him
20 to let it be. When witnesses arrived on horseback at the forge, he was

Huye luna, luna, luna,
que ya siento sus caballos.
Niño déjame, no pises,
mi blancor almidonado.

El jinete se acercaba
tocando el tambor del llano.
Dentro de la fragua el niño,
tiene los ojos cerrados.

Por el olivar venían,
bronce y sueño, los gitanos.
Las cabezas levantadas
y los ojos entornados.

¡Cómo canta la zumaya,
ay cómo canta en el árbol!

Por el cielo va la luna
con el niño de la mano.

Dentro de la fragua lloran,
dando gritos, los gitanos.

El aire la vela, vela.

21 reportedly lying on the anvil with his eyes tightly shut. He had died under
22 mysterious circumstances and the cause of death is the object of ongoing
23 investigation.

24
25 Those who arrived at the furnace early stated they could hear sounds
26 made by the moon and the child dancing. Witnesses reported that the
27 moon could later be seen in the sky, holding the boy's hand, while the
28 hunting call of the tawny owl could be heard. This bird is also commonly
29 known as 'death's bird'.

30
31 The encounter has left locals mystified and talking about what was seen.
32 Some are saying that it was a sign of good fortune for the village, while
33 others are wondering if it was a premonition of more deaths to come.
34 Whatever the case, this incident is still being investigated by the police,
35 who are trying to establish the real cause of death. For the time being,
36 the most plausible explanation is that the child sneaked into the forge and
37 had an accident that resulted in his death. The most plausible version of
38 events sees the child entering the empty workshop and suffering a fatal
39 accident.

40

41

42

43

el aire la está velando.

Student Number	22328467	Text Number	8
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Source Text		Target Text	
Title	Alexandria Ocasio-Cortez makes an emotional address after Supreme Court overturns abortion rights	Title	Los derechos en nebulosa
Year Published	2022		
Author	Alexandria Ocasio-Cortez		
Language	English	Language	Spanish
Word Count	699	Word Count	413
Description of Source Text <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • <i>understanding of source text</i> • <i>knowledge of genre within source contexts</i> • <i>situation of source text familiarity with the formal features of a text (language variation(s), register, dialect)</i> (200 words max)	<p>The ST is a transcription of the speech given by Alexandria Ocasio-Cortez, member of the U.S House of Representatives, who reacts to Roe V. Wade being overruled, and addresses her colleagues and those at ‘the other side of the aisle’ (ST: l. 61-62) in the House. She refers to her political views by repeating arguments in favour of the right to choose and makes a call to fight, creating an address that is encouraging to claim reproductive rights back.</p> <p>Ocasio-Cortez uses different devices throughout her speech:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Simple sentence structures that follow the SVP structure e.g., ‘Today is a very heavy day for so many of us across the country’ (ST: l. 1-2). • Straightforward political vocabulary, e.g., ‘overturn’ (ST: l. 6), ‘the right to privacy’ (ST: l. 27). • Trans-inclusive terms, e.g., ‘pregnant people’ (ST: l. 4). • Emphasised pauses at the start, until she picks up a rhythm towards the middle of her speech. 		

	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Calling on the listener with rhetorical questions, e.g., ‘Who does this protect?’ (ST: l. 23), and appellations, e.g., ‘And I say that to my colleagues’ (ST: l. 61).
<p>Strategy</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • <i>identification of translation problems</i> • <i>knowledge of genre within target context and situation of target text</i> • <i>justification of translation production of genre for target context</i> <p>(200 words max)</p>	<p>My TA are the readers of <i>Aullido</i> [Howl], an online open journal that publishes experimental translations of poetry to give visibility to new voices (Marroquí 2015). I will adapt the speech to a poem by:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Creating a rhyme following ABACDEDC at every stanza. This results from the combination of two quartets connected through each's last verse and rhyming in verses one and three. <p>Una vida, un partido, unas almas, semanas después de los muertos en Texas a manos de alguien cargado con su arma, <u>esgrimen querer a los niños proteger.</u> A los jóvenes se quiere auxiliar, pero ¿a quién estamos amparando? ¿A quién se quiere custodiar? A nadie, a nadie se consigue socorrer.</p> <p>(TT: l. 19-26)</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Assonant rhyme to maintain the naturalness of the speech, e.g., ‘almas’ [souls] (TT: l. 19) and ‘arma’ [weapon] (TT: l. 21). • Breaking the structure at the last verse of the poem to emphasise its message, e.g., ‘No nos moveréis’ (TT: l. 71), break which is inspired by Miguel Hernández’s ‘Elegía’ (García 2010, 56).

	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Using trans-inclusive language by using gender neutral nouns and pronouns e.g., ‘las personas gestantes’ [people with the capability to get pregnant] (TT: l. 5), nosotres [gender neutral us] (TT: l. 29). • Producing poetic language to convey the ST’s ideas with, for example: <ul style="list-style-type: none"> ○ Metaphors, e.g., ‘no acallaremos el grillo’ [we won’t quieten the cricket] (TT: l. 70). ○ Hyperbatons, e.g., ‘esgrimen querer a los niños proteger’ [they argue to want the children to protect] (TT: l. 22).
<p>Critical Reflection</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • <i>textual analysis</i> <p>(200 words max)</p>	<p>After completing the TT, I reflect on the following:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • To create the rhyme of the poem, some changes to the SVP syntactical structure had to be made, which might make it harder to understand the meaning than in the ST. E.g., ‘con respuestas de un senado sin apuro’ [with answers from a senate without haste] (TT: l. 34) • Furthermore, other unpredicted rhetorical devices were used to elevate the language. Some of them include: <ul style="list-style-type: none"> ○ E.g., anaphors in TT: l. 1 and l. 3, l. 24 and l. 25. These create a sense of structure and musicality to the poem. ○ E.g., allusion in ‘la creación de Platón’ [the creation of Plato] (TT: l. 39) to refer to democracy. ○ E.g., irony in ‘resguardados por la túnica de la inocencia’ [protected with the robe of innocence] (TT: l. 38) to criticise politicians who claim to be protecting children but are actually harming them.
<p>Works Cited</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • <i>use of sources and reference material</i> 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Primary source: Evening Standard. 2022. “Alexandria Ocasio-Cortez Makes an Emotion Address after Supreme Court Overturns Abortion Rights.” June 24, 2022. https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=lulA035XU8I.

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- Marroquí Newel, David. 2015. "Quiénes Somos, Aullido." [About us, Howl] 2015. <https://aullidolit.com/quienes-somos/>.

Source Text

Alexandria Ocasio-Cortez makes an emotional address after Supreme Courts overturns abortion rights

[00:00 - 00:05] We're here today. Today is a very heavy day for so many of us across the country.

[00:06 - 00:25] Every single one of us has woken up today with less rights than we had yesterday, and pregnant people in particular are in more danger in the United States today than we were yesterday as a result of the supreme court's decision to overturn Roe V. Wade.

[0:29 - 01:00] I think what we're experiencing here, it's important to tell the truth of what's going on, and with so many individuals out here, I think it's important for us to also tackle this myth that this is somehow about babies or children or life.

[0:48 - 1:02] Because the same individuals who purport, claim to be protecting life, fight against universal health care.

[1:03 - 01:10] Do they believe in universal childcare? Do they believe in life after birth?

[1:12 - 1:19] From their policy positions I assure you the evidence is lacking.

[1:22 - 1:39] A life that claims to be protecting the lives of children, rather a party and individuals who claim to protect the lives of children

Target Text

Los derechos en nebulosa

1 Hoy, un día oscuro se cierne
2 sobre el corazón de muchas en todo el país.
3 Hoy, todas y cada una de nuestras mentes
4 se levantan siendo menos que ayer,
5 menos aún las personas gestantes,
6 más en peligro en Estados Unidos,
7 más hoy que nunca, más que antes.
8 Resultado de derogar Roe V. Wade.
9
10 Desmontemos la idea mitificadora
11 de que se trata de bebés, niños, vida,
12 porque solo falsamente es salvadora,
13 su lucha no es realmente fiel.
14 Combaten contra la sanidad indiscriminada,
15 pero ¿creen en la asistencia universal?
16 ¿Creen en la vida después del parto dada?
17 Se posicionan en una política difícil de creer.
18
19 Una vida, un partido, unas almas,

just weeks after over a dozen children died in Texas, now claim to support their life.

[1:40 - 1:42] The lives of the young.

[1:43 - 1:53] Who are we protecting? Who does this protect? No one.

[1:54 - 2:16] Overturning Roe puts every single one of us in danger, and what I think many of our colleagues perhaps haven't quite, or perhaps they have, fully understood is that this also undermines the right to privacy in the United States of America.

[2:19 - 2:22] But we are here to solve this issue.

[2:23 - 2:40]

Our job is to develop a path forward, and in that we know that this house has passed, and is willing to codify Roe, but what we also need is answers from our colleagues in the United States Senate.

[2:41 - 2:54] So to those senators who voted for these justices under the claim and the guise that this would not happen, this decision falls on them.

[2:55 - 3:01] What will they do? As they were lied to.

[3:01 - 3:06] What will they do as a consequence of this decision?

[3:09 - 3:13] Whether that be Republican or Democrat.

[3:14 - 3:20] But we cannot allow this to go on unanswered.

[3:20 - 3:34] We are talking about a court of, with the majority of justices appointed by a party that has not won a popular presidential election more than once in 30 years.

20 semanas después de los muertos en Texas
21 a manos de alguien cargado con su arma,
22 esgrimen querer a los niños proteger.
23 A los jóvenes se quiere auxiliar,
24 pero ¿a quién estamos amparando?
25 ¿A quién se quiere custodiar?
26 A nadie, a nadie se consigue socorrer.
27
28 Derogar Roe hace germinar inseguridad
29 en todos y cada uno de nosotres:
30 debilita el derecho a la intimidad,
31 aunque muchos no lo entiendan, tal vez.
32 Debemos crear un sendero hacia el futuro,
33 pues nuestro trabajo es avanzar,
34 con respuestas de un senado sin apuro
35 hacia el progreso hacer partir el tren.
36
37 Los servidores del pueblo pro-prohibición,
38 resguardados por la túnica de la inocencia,
39 escudados en la creación de Platón,
40 serán responsables de su intrepidez.
41 ¿Qué harán? Se dejaron manipular.
42 ¿Cómo asumirán los corolarios?

[3:36 - 3:40] Ruling against the majority of Americans.
[3:40 - 3:58] We have a senate that is controlled by minority rule, and we have a house suffering from the impacts of gerrymandering that amplifies and undermines our democracy.
[3:59 - 4:11] We are in a very dangerous moment, not just for women, not just for LGBT communities, not just for all of us, but we are in a dangerous moment in the world.
[4:12 - 4:14] Because this is not just about the right to choose.
[4:15 - 4:23] This is about rule of law, and democracy, and who is a full person in the eyes of the law.
[4:24 - 4:32] But to all of those who are watching today's events unfold.
[4:32 - 4:33] In fear.
[4:34 - 4:35] In anger.
[4:35 - 4:36] In rage.
[4:38 - 4:39] In depression.
[4:39 - 4:40] In anxiety.
[4:42 - 4:51] One thing remains steady: that we will not stop fighting until this is fixed.
[4:51 - 4:59] And I say that to my colleagues on the other side of the aisle: we are not going away.
[5:00 - 5:01] We stay.
[5:02 - 5:03] We fight.
[5:04 - 5:05] We push.

43 Ya sea republicana o demócrata su faz
44 la irresponsabilidad les tiñe de dejadez.
45
46 Un tribunal de jueces elegido por un partido
47 durante tres décadas en la presidencial perdedor
48 en sus manos la trascendental decisión ha tenido
49 que no le hará digno de ningún parabién.
50 Gobernando contra la mayoría nacional,
51 un senado regido por la minoría,
52 una cámara sufriendo el fraude electoral
53 que convierte la democracia en hiel.
54
55 La sombra del peligro el sol ennegrece
56 privando de luz a las mujeres,
57 al colectivo LGTB y a toda su gente,
58 a cualquiera, aunque no definamos a quién.
59 Esto no solo es sobre el derecho a elección,
60 es sobre el estado de derecho,
61 sobre los derechos de la nación,
62 sobre quién está completo ante la ley.
63
64 Todos los que observamos los eventos de hoy
65 hasta conseguir solucionarlo lucharemos

[5:08 - 5:11] And we will not be silenced.

[5:13 - 5:16] With that I yield back to the gentleman, thank you very much.

66 a pesar del miedo, la ira, la ansiedad, la depresión,
67 como verdad límpida y prístina lo podéis ver.
68 Y me dirijo a mis colegas al otro lado del pasillo:
69 permanecemos, luchamos, presionamos,
70 no seremos silenciados, no acallaremos el grillo.
71 No nos moveréis

