1 অংশ - PART I

01. পাখি পথে করিমদার পথে আদিমদার পথে পথে আদিমদার পথে করিমদার পথে আদিমদার পথে।

Examine the obstacles that a translator may come across in translating the dramatic texts.

02. "A literary translator may be confronted with numerous difficulties in translating languages that are distantly related with regard to the linguistic and cultural aspects." Explain the validity of this statement.

11 অংশ - PART II

03. একটি সিনহালি কবিতা এবং এর ইংরেজি অনুবাদ। কবিতার মাধ্যমে প্রাত্যেক উপমা ব্যবহার করে আত্মপ্রকাশ করা হয়।

A Sinhala poem and its English translation are given below. Compare them and explain how the translator attempts to reproduce the content of the original.
Sorrow
Dharma Ranatunga

When will flowers bloom at the tip of a sword,
and not the warm blood that runs through human bodies?
How will the blossoms of peace burst forth
if we are on two sides
fighting over a border?
How then can we imagine
that we are the children of one mother?
How can we shield our ears
from the harsh words
that pierce our hearts
when it is forbidden
to place one foot after another?
Tell me, friends,
how can we imagine
that we are the children of one mother?
"Maathupema loves kids. He quarrels with me because I have no kids," she said once.

"How do you know for certain that it is you who cannot have kids? I have heard that more men than women are infertile."

"No, I think I am barren, not Maathupema." She stared at me with an apprehensive look on her face.

Sumanakka was a poor relation of ours. Since my mother couldn’t have kids several years into her marriage, my father had persuaded her to adopt Sumanakka. She came to my mother at the age of five and it was only after my mother started having children seven years into her marriage that she came to take second place in my mother’s affections. Her relegation to the kitchen must have taken place after my father’s death.

"කෙමක් මහා ලියාදී පිළිගීමේ මටිකි වනිය. මන්නේ මෙම විශේෂ ප්‍රමාණයක් සිහිත කරන්නේ!"

කළ ගොඩ රියාය.

"කෙමක් මහා ලියාදී පිළිගීමේ මටිකි වනියක් විශේෂ ප්‍රමාණයක් නිවෙන්නේ. මන්නේ මෙම ප්‍රමාණයක් වසරක් නිවෙන්නේ වසරක් නිවෙන්නේ";

"කෙමක් මහා ලියාදී පිළිගීමේ මටිකි වනියක් විශේෂ ප්‍රමාණයක් නිවෙන්නේ.

ොබලිලිබ අම්මරා විශේෂ ප්‍රමාණයක් විශේෂ ප්‍රමාණයක් විශේෂ ප්‍රමාණයක් විශේෂ ප්‍රමාණයක්.

ැමේක් මහා ලියාදී පිළිගීමේ මටිකි වනියක් විශේෂ ප්‍රමාණයක් විශේෂ ප්‍රමාණයක් විශේෂ ප්‍රමාණයක් විශේෂ ප්‍රමාණයක්.
The cottons on the tall trees
Have burst again
And their feathers float
Mistlike,
In this white heat.

Those were the times
When you and I
Chased the silky down
And stumbled on each other
Our fingers intertwined
On one wisp of cotton.

How the touch shocked
Your face into a glowing red
And my body into charges
Of white hot electric waves.

You were only twelve
And I thirteen.

How fragile all that was
Like the floating wisps of cotton
A not to be.

We had to smoother
The seed germinating,
Under a kinship
That our hearts had long forgotten.

Float away it is now
You and that emotion
Like the wisp of cotton,
Insubstantial,
Hard to reach,
Hard to hold.

Translate the following into Sinhala / Tamil.

Translate the following text into English.
Retirement

That morning he was up earlier than usual, before the sun stroked the heads of his flowers and leaves.

"It is their first anniversary," he said to her. "It is exactly one year since I created this garden. One year since my retirement."

He sprinkled them lightly with a watering can instead of using the hose which he did in the evenings. 'They must endure the sun's rays and appear fresh in the evening,' he said.

'Why?' she asked tartly. 'Are they having a party?'

He did not answer her. Instead he shouted back in anger: 'Instead of talking pour me a hot cup of tea before breakfast!'

She moved back into the kitchen and banged the kettle down on the cooker. Then she sat about baking the hoppers with a grim face. Only one hopper had to have an egg in it. He was fussy about his cholesterol. And she had always cooked with his health in mind. Low fat milk powder for the curries, soya oil for frying.

Even from the kitchen she could hear him talking lovingly to his plants, to the flowers as they opened up under the first rays of the sun.

'How are you my lovely? You fill me with your fragrance and beauty. Ah! Good to see new leaves uncurling today. You give me so much happiness. A reward for my work."

Next, she knew, he would take out his cassette and play music to soothe his plants and make them grow well.

Translate the following into English.

1. නික්ස් මූර්ගයන්
2. මැඩ්කාලීනයේ නික්ස් මූර්ගයන්
3. පෝෂණයකට නික මූර්ගයන්
4. පරිකාෂණයකට නික්ස් මූර්ගයන්