Translation Methods – TRMD E 3025

Content:
Literary / Interpretation and practical Translation

Answer Three (03) questions selecting at least one from each part

No. of questions: 06

1 collapsed - PART I

01. "It is important for a literary translator to have a knowledge about connotation.

   Discuss with example.

02. Comment on the difficulties that a translator may come across in poetry translation.
Evening dusk spreading over house roofs,
Appear the evil faces devastating screens
Spirits slumber,
Arise opening the tranquil shutters
Of my heart!

Running in the back yard with heavy threads,
Around the house pursuing each other
Grinning through the shutter screaming fierce
Where am I to hide?
Among tries to force open the door.

No escape! Where am I to hide?
Peeping with grins through shutter
Howling thrice
Growling, striking to force open the door
Strangling each other with screams.

Why cuddling with closed door,
Open soon to devour flesh & blood!
Yelling, grinning through the shutter
How am I to seek shelter?

Spirits and ghosts of my past
Thousands beg to devour my flesh and blood!
Hard to exist among calls for sacrifices
Oh! Show me a place to conceal,
In this hour of darkness!
The day after Jem's twelfth birthday his money was burning up his pockets, so we headed for town in the early afternoon. Jem thought he had enough to buy a miniature steam engine for himself and a twirling baton for me. I had long had my eye on that baton: it was at V. J. Elmore's, it was bedecked with sequins and tinsel, it cost seventeen cents. It was then my burning ambition to grow up and twirl with the Maycomb County High School band. Having developed my talent to where I could throw up a stick and almost catch it coming down, I had caused Calpurnia to deny me entrance to the house every time she saw me with a stick in my hand. I felt that I could overcome this defect with a real baton, and I thought it generous of Jem to buy one for me.

Mrs. Dubose was stationed on her porch when we went by.

"Where are you two going at this time of day?" she shouted. "Playing hooky, I suppose. I'll just call up the principal and tell him!" She put her hands on the wheels of her chair and executed a perfect right face.

"Aw, it's Saturday, Mrs. Dubose," said Jem.

"Makes no difference if it's Saturday," she said obscurely. "I wonder if your father knows where you are?"

"Mrs. Dubose, we've been goin' to town by ourselves since we were this high." Jem placed his hand palm down about two feet above the sidewalk.

"Don't you lie to me!" she yelled. "Jeremy Finch, Maudie Atkinson told me you broke down her scuppernong arbor this morning. She's going to tell your father and then you'll wish you never saw the light of day! If you aren't sent to the reform school before next week, my name's not Dubose!"

Jem, who hadn't been near Miss Maudie's scuppernong arbor since last summer, and who knew Miss Maudie wouldn't tell Atticus if he had, issued a general denial.
From the day she left I was no longer the same: with her was gone every settled feeling, every association that had made Lowood in some degree a home to me. I had imbibed from her something of her nature and much of her habits: more harmonious thoughts: what seemed better regulated feelings had become the inmates of my mind. I had given in allegiance to duty and order; I was quiet; I believed I was content: to the eyes of others, usually even to my own, I appeared a disciplined and subdued character.

But destiny, in the shape of the Rev. Mr. Nasmyth, came between me and Miss Temple: I saw her in her travelling dress step into a post-chaise, shortly after the marriage ceremony; I watched the chaise mount the hill and disappear beyond its brow; and then retired to my own room, and there spent in solitude the greatest part of the half-holiday granted in honour of the occasion.

I walked about the chamber most of the time. I imagined myself only to be regretting my loss, and thinking how to repair it; but when my reflections were concluded, and I looked up and found that the afternoon was gone, and evening far advanced, another discovery dawned on me, namely, that in the interval I had undergone a transforming process; that my mind had put off all it had borrowed of Miss Temple—or rather that she had taken with her the serene atmosphere I had been breathing in her vicinity—and that now I was left in my natural element, and beginning to feel the stirring of old emotions.

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Translate into English

Translate into Sinhala

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05.

Translate into Sinhala

06.

Translate into English