

ATII Translation Competition for Secondary School Students 2024

Calling all budding translators!

The Association of Translators and Interpreters Ireland (ATII) is the professional body in Ireland representing the interests of practising translators and interpreters.

The ATII Translation Competition is now in its ninth year. It was introduced to highlight the importance of language learning and to increase awareness of the highly skilled nature of translation.

The English text for translation into Irish is an excerpt from *Run for your Life* by Jane Mitchell.

A prize of €100 and a certificate will be awarded for the best translation.

Please submit your translation by

5 pm, Wednesday, May 8, 2024 to

competition@atii.ie

Please read the following carefully:

- The competition is open to any student currently attending secondary school in Ireland or any student being home-schooled at this level in Ireland.
- The competition is not open to the families of members of the ATII.
- Please include your **name, the name of your school and your school year in your email** when submitting your translation.
- Group translations will not be accepted.
- Please submit your translation **only as a PDF**.
- Please do not submit your translation via a link (e.g. Google docs or school link)
- Please do not submit your translation in the body of an email.
- Students are encouraged to do online research and to use dictionaries when translating. However, the use of a machine translation system such as Google Translate to produce a translation is not permitted.
- Previous winners may only enter for a language pair for which they have not won a prize.
- Winners will be announced in September 2024.
- Please address all queries to: competition@atii.ie

Premise: Azari's life has been split in two since fleeing with her Mother to Ireland.

Chapter One

'My ghosts are whispering to me,' Mother says.

She hears ghosts whispering in the air as clearly as I hear my sister's soft voice and my little brothers' laughter in the evening air. I believe her. Ghosts and spirits have always whispered to Mother or walked in her dreams. Women in our village at home used to visit her to find out if their sick cow would live, or whether they should start preparing for the funeral of an old mother-in-law.

She smiles at me now. There's sadness in her smile as memories bubble to the surface. Her sadness swallows me up and I wish I could turn back time.

It seems my life has been split in two, as different as lemons and mangoes. The first part was in our village back home, so far away. My memories are mostly warm and bright: my sister Sharnaz, my brothers Kashif and Musa, our friends Iman and Ruba. School and sunny days. Some of my memories are dark and frightening: my father and the village council, leaving school. Having to run for our lives. Mother mourns life in our village – her husband and children, her home, her friends. She frets she made bad decisions.

'Things should have been different,' she tells me.

The second part of my life is in Ireland, as different a place from my home as you could find. It's all about new things, new places, new experiences. Some are exciting, most are difficult. My only constant is my mother, and I am hers. We cling to each other like two people drowning. We cling to each other because we have to.

Mother can't get used to life in Ireland. She can't get used to being away from everything she has known. Her body is here but her heart and soul were left in our village. It's been so hard for her when all she knows are the hot and dusty streets. The mango trees and jasmine flowers. The washing stones by the river. There are many things I miss from home, but mostly it's the people tearing at my heart. Now, I shiver at Mother's words. Her ghosts always tell of something bad.

'Your ghosts never tell you good news, Mother,' I say. 'They never announce happiness or joy. They only ever see darkness or danger.'

Mother shrugs. 'They are ghosts. They see what they see, Azari.'