

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 Irish text for translation is an excerpt from **Bláth Fiáin** by Meadhbh Ní Eadhra. A prize of €100 and a certificate will be awarded for the best translation into English.

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 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: *In the picturesque village of Spidéal, the lives of inseparable friends Mikey, Hannah, and Ronan intertwine in a tale of friendship and self-discovery.*

Mo Nollaig-se

Is ar éigean a thug Hannah faoi deara go raibh an samhradh ina fhómhar. Tháinig an téarma nua scoile, agus tús na hidirbhliana, aniar aduaidh uirthi.

De réir a chéile, bhí na laethanta ag dul i ngiorracht agus na hoícheanna ag dul i bhfuaire. Tháinig dath an óir ar na duilleoga agus níorbh fhéidir a shéanadh go raibh na séasúir ag athrú.

Tráthnóna Aoine amháin tar éis na scoile, shocraigh Hannah dul isteach go Gaillimh chun hata nua a cheannach di féin. Hata bobailín le *pom-pom* mór a bhí uaithi, ceann a choinneodh te teolaí í.

Bhí dúil mhór aici sna hataí. Bhí bailiúchán ollmhór aici sa bhaile – hataí ar dhathanna agus cruthanna éagsúla, cinn a chaitheadh sí lá báistí, lá gréine, maidin scoile, ócáid speisialta, breithlá, um Nollaig ...lean an liosta ar aghaidh is ar aghaidh. Bhíodh Mike i gcónaí ag spochadh faoina cuid hataí agus ag rá go n-iompódh sí ina hata lá éigin, ach bhí a fhios aici go maith gur ag magadh a bhí sé.

Bhí sé ar intinn aici dul ag siopadóireacht ina haonar. Thaitin sé sin léi. Chuireadh sé isteach uirthi nuair a bhíodh daoine eile mórthimpeall uirthi ag tabhairt a gcuid tuairimí agus ag inseacht di céard le ceannach. B'fhearr léi teacht ar a tuairim féin.

Chuagh Hannah ar bhus an 424 go Gaillimh agus shuigh sí gar don chúl lena cuid AirPods bána uirthi. Bhí sé níos ciúine thiar ansin agus ba lú an seans go suífeadh duine eicint in aice léi.

Mhóthaigh sí a fón ag creathadh i bpóca a seaicéid deinime. Snapchat ó Mhikey a bhí ann: féinín le héadan brónach air agus na focail **cá will 2** scríofa ar an bpictiúr.

Chroith Hannah a ceann agus chuir sí an fón ar ais ina póca.

Bhreachnaigh sí amach an fhuinneog smúrach, ag éisteacht le hamhrán le Linkin Park, “My December”.

Bhí sí an-tógtha leis an amhrán seo.

“This is my December/These are my snow covered dreams/This is me pretending/This is all I need,” a chan sí faoina hanáil.

Bhí an bus ag teannadh le Bóthar na Trá anois, agus níorbh fhada go mbeadh said ag an bPóirse Caoch I gceartlár na cathrach.

Bhí na maidhmeanna móra ag tolgadh agus ag briseadh ar na carraigeacha, agus nuair a stop an bus chun paisinéir a lígean amach, chuala Hannah scréachaíl ghéar na bhfaoileán. Bhraith sí fuacht an aeir agus shuigh sí siar ina suíochán, ag síneadh a dhá cos amach roimpi. Bheadh am aici éisteacht le tiúin nó dhó eile ar Spotify sula sroichfeadh said ceann scríbe.