

**Certificate in Translation  
(2016-2017)  
Term End Examination  
December 2016  
CIT-04: Literary Translation**

Time: 3 Hours

Full Marks: 100

**Section-A (Theory)**

Full Marks: 50

(Weightage: 50%)

*Answer all questions. Figures on the right hand margin indicate marks.*

1. **Answer any two of the following questions in about 1000 words. [20X 2= 40]**
  - b. "Literary translation is a bridge between two cultures." Do you agree? Give suitable examples to justify your answer.
  - c. What are the difficulties involved in translating idioms, proverbs and culture-specific terms?
  - d. Why is translation of biographies necessary? Discuss with appropriate examples.
  
2. **Write notes on any one of the following in about 500 words. [10]**
  - a. Difficulties of translating children's literature
  - b. Role of Literary translation in national integration.

**Section-B (Practice Component)**

Full marks: 50

Weightage: 25%

1. **Translate the following texts into Odia.**

[25X2=50]

**a. Books**

Books are what I like the best  
They're not just toys like all the rest  
That break, or get old, or don't want to play  
A book gets better every day.  
Sit down and open it - soon you'll find  
A whole new world jumps up in your mind,  
People and places and all sorts of things -  
Dragons and princesses, goblins and kings,  
Dinosaurs walking the earth like thunder,

Ancient Egyptians who make you wonder,  
Books about planets and space exploration,  
The truth about rocks, and the birth of our nation.  
And perhaps the most interesting story of all  
That tells of the Prince who is going to call,  
And even a picture to show how he looks -  
Now these are the things that I like about books.

b. THE CABULIWALLAH (THE FRUITSELLER FROM CABUL)

MY five years' old daughter Mini cannot live without chattering. I really believe that in all her life she has not wasted a minute in silence. Her mother is often annoyed at this, and would stop her chatter, but I would not. To see Mini quiet is unnatural, and I cannot bear it long. And so my own talk with her is always lively.

One morning, for instance, when I was in the midst of the seventeenth chapter of my new novel, my little Mini stole into the room, and putting her hand into mine, said: "Father! Ramdayal, the door-keeper calls a crow a krow! He doesn't know anything, does he?"

Before I could explain to her the differences of language in this world, she was already on a different subject. "What do you think, Father? Bhola says there is an elephant in the clouds, blowing water out of his trunk, and that is why it rains!"

And then, darting off anew, while I sat still making ready some reply to the last, saying, "Father! what relation is Mother to you?"

"My dear little sister in the law!" I murmured to myself, but with a grave face tried to answer: "Go and play with Bhola, Mini! I am busy!"

The window of my room overlooks the road. The child had seated herself at my feet near my table, and was playing softly, drumming on her knees. I was hard at work on my seventeenth chapter, where Protrap Singh, the hero, had just caught Kanchanlata, the heroine, in his arms, and was about to escape with her by the third story window of the castle, when all of a sudden Mini left her play, and ran to the window, crying, "A Cabuliwallah! a Cabuliwallah!" Sure enough in the street below was a Cabuliwallah, passing slowly along. He wore the loose soiled clothing of his people, with a tall turban; there was a bag on his back, and he carried boxes of grapes in his hand.

I cannot tell what were my daughter's feelings at the sight of this man, but she began to call him loudly. "Ah!" I thought, "he will come in, and my seventeenth chapter will never be finished!" At which exact moment the Cabuliwallah turned, and looked up at the child. When she saw this, overcome by terror, she fled to her mother's protection, and

disappeared. She had a blind belief that inside the bag, which the big man carried, there were perhaps two or three other children like herself. The pedlar meanwhile entered my doorway, and greeted me with a smiling face.

So precarious was the position of my hero and my heroine, that my first reaction was to stop and buy something, since the man had been called. I made some small purchases, and a conversation began about Abdurrahman, the Russians, the English, and the Frontier Policy.

As he was about to leave, he asked: "And where is the little girl, sir?"

And I, thinking that Mini must get rid of her false fear, had her brought out.

She stood by my chair, and looked at the Cabuliwallah and his bag. He offered her nuts and raisins, but she would not be tempted, and only clung the closer to me, with all her doubts increased.

This was their first meeting.

(Excerpt from a story of Rabindranath Tagore)