

**Term End Examination - December, 2017**

**Certificate in Translation (CIT)**

**CIT-04: Literary Translation**

**Time -3 hours**

**Full Marks -100**

**Section-A (Theory)**

[Full Marks: 50, Weightage: 50%]

1. **Answer any two of the following questions in about 500 words** [15x2=30]  
 (a) Narrate the nature of Idioms with examples in English and their equivalents in Odia.  
 (b) What is standardization? Why is it necessary?  
 (c) Translation of masterpieces from various languages has opened new windows for the unification of world cultures. Discuss.
2. **Answer any two of the following questions within 250 words:** [10x2=20]  
 (a) Do you think that literary translation has unlimited scope in the present times? Justify your answer.  
 (a) What is a universal idiom and how do you translate it into Odia? Discuss with examples.  
 (b) What do you know about the nature of literary translation?

**Section-B (Practice Component)**

[Full Marks: 50, Weightage: 50%]

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

- (a) **Sarojini Naidu:** [15x2=30]

**I**

Rise, brothers, rise; the wakening skies  
 Pray to the morninglight,  
 The wind lies asleep in the arms of the dawn  
 Like a child thathas cried all night.  
 Come, let us gather our nets from the shore  
 And set ourcatamarans free,  
 To capture the leaping wealth of the tide,  
 For we are the kingsof the sea!  
 No longer delay, let us hasten away  
 In the track of the seagull's call,  
 The sea is our mother, the cloud is our brother,

The waves are our comrades all.  
What though we toss at the fall of the sun  
Where the hand of the sea-god drives?  
He who holds the storm by the hair,  
Will hide in his breast our lives.

## II

Softly, O softly we bear her along,  
She hangs like a star in the dew of our song;  
She springs like a beam on the brow of the tide,  
She falls like a tear from the eyes of a bride.  
Lightly, O lightly we glide and we sing,  
We bear her along like a pearl on a string.

### (a) The Tale of the Rat village

[20x1=20]

Long, long ago, there was a rat village, which lay in the middle of a forest. It was a big village. Only brown rats lived there. They cultivated land and engaged themselves in business and lived happily. They had built beautiful houses for themselves. There was no dearth of food and drink. Some ate sweets; some ate fish while some others ate dried fish. There was wealth in abundance in the rat village.

A huge pole stood in the middle of the village. A large, brown-coloured flag fluttered merrily from its top.

The rats looked upon the pole as their god. They worshiped the flag. Every day in the evening, the rats gathered under the brown flag. They sang devotional songs, and discussed a number of things. Sometimes they made merry and became really noisy.

Everything was fine in the rat village. But there was only one problem. The big rats quarreled among themselves for no reason at all. They hated each other. After a few days, they would again become good friends. Days passed by. One day, a group of white mice arrived in the village. They asked for a place in the village. They wanted to sell their things in the village and promised that if required they would leave the place anytime in future without complaining.

The big rats were too busy fighting each other. Without giving the matter any serious thought, they said, "Alright, you can set your shops here and do business. But you should pay us a little something now and then."

From then on, the white mice began living in the village. They did their business. In no time, they cleverly took hold of the houses of the brown rats and snatched their belongings away. They ate the brown rat's food and starved the poor rats. They even destroyed the huge pillar that stood in the center of the village and tore the beautiful brown flag to shreds.

At last, the white mice stroked their moustaches and said to the brown rats, "Do as we say, or else we'll put you behind bars. We'll beat you to death."

The brown rats had now no place where they could assemble and discuss their situation. What would happen to them now? When there was the pillar in the centre of the village, they could gather around it. Now what could they do? It was a grave matter. The white mice grew stronger with every passing day. The brown rats lived in mortal fear of the white mice.

Many days passed by.

At last, a toothless old brown rat walked through the village with a bent walking stick in hand. He went up and he went down and said, "Brothers, enough is enough. We shall not tolerate this anymore. It won't do if we feel scared. We are more in number. Let them kill as many of us as they want. We are not snatching anything from them. We only ask for what is ours. Our village is ours. Who are they to dictate to us?"

"Come, we will gherao them, and won't let them go. We, too, will not eat. It is no use fighting them. Let them know that the right is on our side. Their minds will change on their own. Everyone has to accept the truth in the end. They too will do so. If they don't bow down, where will they go! We won't let them go even if we die; wait and watch, when we unite, they will just jump and run away."

Finally, the brown rats decided to follow him. The white mice were gheraoed. Everybody fasted. In the beginning, the white mice bit the brown mice violently. A few brown rats got wounded and died fasting. But the gherao continued.

The brown rats were taken aback by the strength of the old brown rat. He sat in the front row.

And truly, after a few days, the white mice agreed to leave the village. The date and time of their departure were fixed.

The old brown rat now said, "Let us erect a pillar again in the center of the village. We will hoist a new brown flag on it. Remember, we shall assemble under the flag and never fight among ourselves. Nobody shall be able to frighten us then. The brown flag is the symbol of our unity. We are all one. Do you understand?"

Since then the brown flag fluttered merrily in the Rat Village.

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