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Translation: A Reflection on Conducting Translations of English and Spanish Language Texts

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“¿Que dijo?” Throughout my childhood – and even now into my adulthood – my mother would often turn to me with that question, “What did he say?” For as long as I can remember I would quickly come up with a quick translation to whatever statement was made by a broadcaster, by a salesperson or by a physician. My Ecuadorian-born mother would inadvertently force me to sharpen my language skills in both English and Spanish.

Throughout my twenty-two years I have been exposed to several forms of translation. The SAP feature on televisions would allow us to watch an American sitcom dubbed into Spanish. Often to my dismay watching *Friends* meant watching the popular show *en español*. However, I found myself paying close attention to the captions and the Spanish voices and noticing that the translations were sometimes quite off. Films such as *A Walk in the Clouds* or *Selena* would have occasional bursts of Spanish language with English captions. While laughing at a joke expressed in Spanish I would take note that the English translation wasn't nearly as humorous.

On a recent trip to Texas I encountered Burger King billboards with Spanish slogans I was accustomed to reading in English. I found myself analyzing the statements to determine whether they made sense. They checked out. As a Hispanic-American I tend to notice the translated advertisements, films and books that have slowly inundated the American culture. The Spanish language section at Barnes & Noble displays English to Spanish language

translations of classics such as *Little Women* or *Mujercitas* and President Clinton's biography *My life* or *Mi Vida*.

As I began to pay closer attention to my surroundings I slowly noticed the small translations found everywhere. Exit or *Salida* signs are posted inside stores; automated telephone operators offer assistance in Spanish at the touch of a button; Enrique Iglesias sings the same song in both Spanish and English; *Dora the Explorer*, the Nickelodeon cartoon, teaches children some Spanish basics. In a country that is seemingly becoming more bilingual the execution of an accurate translation is valued by marketers, by the media, and moreover by Spanish-speaking people – whether they be immigrants or first-generation Americans.

Businesspeople can certainly benefit from the process of translation when competing in a global market. When delivering their message to Spanish-speaking consumers, marketers have occasionally – and to their embarrassment – made serious mistakes. For instance, “General Motors discovered too late that Nova (the name of an economical car) literally means ‘[it] doesn’t go’ in Spanish” (Lamb, Hair, and McDaniel 127). Ironically, to Spanish-speaking people, the name of that car not only revealed that the car would not serve its purpose but that the car manufacturer did not care enough to properly research their culture.

As a bookworm at heart, my decision to move ahead with a translation of an English work into Spanish was a challenge I embraced. The choice to translate a work by a nineteenth century Scottish author was a result of my semester abroad in London. The short story, *The Portobello Road*, allowed my mind to not only wander back to England but to also complete a translation. In the world of

translation it is a known fact that a good translator should translate a work from the learned second language into his/her native language. English is my first language (L1) and Spanish is my second language (L2). My first translation, however, was from my native language into my learned language. Knowing this, I welcomed the challenge and set out to defy the odds of an unsuccessful translation. As anticipated, various problems certainly arose. The following sections highlight a few examples describing some of the issues I faced throughout the process of translation. Although several examples could have been included, the number has been limited to focus on instances which provoked a moderate amount of thought.

I. Cultural Issues in Translation

A. Scottish / English Factor

A translation is difficult enough in respect to knowing enough about the source language as well as the target language. Knowing enough about the culture behind both languages is another issue one must deal with in the process of translation. As aforementioned, *The Portobello Road* was written by a Scottish author and takes place in London. Born in America I certainly do not have an extensive knowledge of the UK. However, I spent almost four months studying in London in the spring of 2004 and was able to draw on that experience to my benefit throughout the translation of the short story.

One example highlighting a cultural issue in the process of this translation was when a character said, “Mind your bloody thumb on my shirt” (Spark 87).

The context of this statement is commonly used in the U.K.; the idea of tending to or being careful about something. “Mind the gap” can be heard countless times in any London Tube station. Upon reading that statement in the first few pages of the short story warm memories of my time in London resurfaced while also allowing me to understand the idea the author was conveying to her reader. Hervey, Higgins, and Haywood address the issue of culture in the process of translation with what they termed cultural transposition, “a cover-term for any degree of departure from purely literal, word-for-word translation that a translator may resort to in attempt to transfer the contents of a source text into the context of a target culture” (20). Initially I translated “mind” literally into the verb *cuidar*, meaning to care for or look after. However, after a closer look at the source text and target text I decided that a stronger statement was necessary. *No pongas* from the verb *poner*, meaning to put or to place, was used as the translation for “mind” because the present form of the subjunctive used as a command relays the message that the character should be wary of staining her friend’s shirt with blood. Hence, I relied on cultural transposition to satisfactorily translate a term that is not quite so common in Spanish, or American English for that matter.

B. Names: To Translate or Not to Translate

Literally from the very beginning of this undertaking I encountered a translation problem. The short story title, *The Portobello Road*, surprisingly required thorough dictionary searches. After an unsuccessful online search I mistakenly settled on *La Calle de Hongos*. I chose *hongos* or mushroom based on the only portobello I know – the portobello mushroom. I later learned how

Portobello Road received its namesake- “In 1739 Admiral Vernon captured the city of Puerto Bello in the Caribbean and this exploit gave rise to a number of commemorative names. One of these, Portobello Farm, in turn gave its name to Portobello Road, formerly the lane leading to it” (“Portobello”). Therefore, I decided to translate the title as *La Calle Portobello*.

The names of the four principal characters also resulted in careful consideration. “In translating a name...either the name can be taken over unchanged from the source text to the target text, or it can be adapted to conform to the phonic/graphic conventions of the target language” (Hervey, Higgins, and Haywood 21). The names George, Kathleen, Skinny, and Needle could easily be translated. However, it was decided that Spanish names in an English setting might confuse the reader into thinking the characters were Hispanic.

Consequently, the English names George and Kathleen were left in their original states. However, Skinny and Needle were translated into Spanish because they are nicknames that can be easily understood in either language.

Therefore, by not completely translating the short story title or some of the character names no major cultural transposition was involved and the “foreign name stands out in the target text as a signal of extra-cultural origins” (Hervey, Higgins, and Haywood 21). Although some prefer to immerse themselves in a story, this issue of not translating a piece of the text keeps the reader not quite disconnected from the plot by very much aware that he/she is not reading the original work by the author. This, of course, may be considered an entirely different issue in the arena of translation. In regards to the issue of translating

names of places and characters it is most important that the reader understand them in the context of the story.

C. Idioms / Sayings: “Needle in a Haystack”

The premise behind the short story is the notion of a needle in a haystack and how the main character – the narrator – literally found one as a child. The phrase “needle in a haystack” connotes an almost impossible situation. However, I was unable to uncover a similar idiom in the Spanish language. That could have been due to the fact that I am not truly a native speaker of Spanish or perhaps there is no real translation. Of course, I could just not be aware of or familiar with that phrase in Spanish. Idioms can be completely different in English words and Spanish words but the meaning is all that is necessary. “The translator quickly learns that he or she must inevitably make some hard choices between emphasizing the form (i.e. the words), and the content (i.e. the ideas and meaning) of the message being transferred from the Source Language to Target Language” (Child 8). I decided to translate the meaning behind the phrase “needle in a haystack” in my translation of *The Portobello Road* and simply stated how difficult and rare it is to actually find a needle in a haystack. “The challenge is to be sure that you have grasped the Source Language author’s basic idea in the message and successfully conveyed that meaning in the Target Language in words that seem natural and even elegant in the Target Language” (Child 8).

Hervey, Higgins, and Haywood discussed the issue of translation loss, or any feature of inexact correspondence between the source text (the text requiring translation) and the target text (the text which is a translation of the source text)

(16). The issue of translation loss arose once again when a character in the short story stated, “She put in her thumb and pulled out a plum” (Spark 87). That statement referred to the children’s nursery rhyme:

Little Jack Horner
 Sat in a corner,
 Eating his Christmas pie
 He put in his thumb
 And pulled out a plumb,
 And said what a good boy am I.

In this instance I simply translated that statement word for word without any reference to the nursery rhyme because the cultural understanding might be lost. The need to interject an explanation of that statement and the nursery rhyme might disrupt the flow of the storyline. I could not also just state that the character referred to the Little Jack Horner rhyme because I cannot be sure the reader is aware of its existence. As a result, I had to succumb to translation loss in this instance because as any translator realizes it is impossible to be able to translate all texts.

II. Spanish to English Translation

To thoroughly understand the process of translation I had also decided from the onset of this Thesis Project that I would translate a text written in Spanish to English, my L1 or native language. As aforementioned, a translator is best adept at translating a text *into* his/her native language. As expected this translation was easier and quicker compared to the first translation piece. I decided the text would also be a short story in order to parallel the first work and allow me to draw comparisons between both works and the process of translation.

La Rama Seca, written by Ana María Matute, was chosen due to its simple yet tender storyline.

The translation from Spanish to English was easier due to the relevantly extensive vocabulary database I have personally accumulated after years of schooling as well as my appreciation for learning new words. The process from Spanish to English was also easier, naturally, due to my comfort and familiarity with the English language. For the most part, I understood the words that made up the Spanish short story, also making this translation undaunting.

One occasion where I fumbled the translation was with a single word, “*leve*.” I translated the word into its literal definition – slight. However, the adjective was used to describe a curiosity by one of the characters. Eventually I decided that “mild” might be more appropriate in this instance. This is a perfect example of how often in translation one word can make a difference and contribute to the flow of the story. It is imperative that a translator brainstorm several options before settling on even one word. Also, I found that reading the text aloud, both the source text and the target text, was extremely beneficial as a final check for tone and meaning.

III. Translation Skills: Then and Now

I have already mentioned the quick and informal oral translations I would occasionally conduct for my mother but I have not yet mentioned the fact that I had completed my first true written translation as a middle school student. As an assistant to the Spanish teacher at a summer school for elementary school students

I was asked to translate a music syllabus for Memorial Elementary School in my hometown of Middletown, New York. I recall the time I spent in the library looking up technical music words, attempting to apply the Spanish my parents had taught me at home. I also remember sitting down with my mother, asking her mainly grammatical questions about verb conjugation and accent placement. I felt honored to be entrusted with translating a syllabus that would be distributed to parents throughout the ever more diverse school district.

Upon my mother's suggestion I held on to the translation of the elementary school syllabus I had completed as a thirteen year old. Little did I know that almost ten years later I would turn to that first translation for some insight into the basic skills I possessed as a teenager. Without looking at the translation I completed years ago I carried out a second translation, in order to be able to compare the translations I had completed at different stages of my Spanish proficiency.

Beyond the occasional grammatical error I found a few differences in the first translation I had completed as a middle school student and the second translation I completed in my final year of college. Word choice and verb tense stood out as a difference between the two translations. Perhaps the simple wording of the source text accounted for similar translations at the two different ages. For the most part, the translations were more similar than not. The principal difference I found was my choice of words, which could have been due to a formal education in the Spanish language as well as a greater exposure to different Spanish vocabulary. After assessing both translations I have realized

that my translation skills have sharpened, allowing me to complete translations from both English to Spanish and from Spanish to English.

IV. My System for Translation

A. The Setup

The system I used to organize each of my translations basically consisted of a Word document split into three columns. The original work was placed into the first column, the translation was in the second column, and notes were located in the third column. Most books on translation contained a similar system. This allowed me to easily refer to the original work while translating. The column system also allowed me to line up the original work and the translation; which also allowed me to compare the length of each work. One pitfall of this system was that at the beginning of this project I tended, more often than not, to translate the original work word-for-word. This posed a threat to the flow of any translation and once I read the translation aloud I noticed that the sentence structure lacked a smooth flow of words.

B. Reference / Dictionary Options

Throughout the duration of this Thesis Project I referred to a couple of different dictionaries as well as to books about the process of translation. Using the Web proved to be somewhat helpful due to its numerous online dictionaries. The search engine *Google* even has a “translate” feature. I attempted to look up some of the idioms found in *The Portobello Road* short story with this feature to no avail. Translation features on several search engines have become a viable and

rapid solution for texts in need of a speedy translation. However, I have learned to be wary of the accuracy of such online tools.

The dictionaries used throughout this project – *The American Heritage Larouse Spanish Dictionary* and *Harper Collins Spanish Concise Dictionary* – were useful in my search for the appropriate and accurate word necessary for the closest possible translation. However, some words such as *pagos* were not to be found in either dictionary. In that instance my alternative was to depend on someone else with more extensive knowledge of the Spanish language. At times when I became frustrated at the fact that I could not successfully find even a single word my status as a non-native speaker became more apparent. Although bilingual, my first and foremost language is English. I still consider my writing in English to superior. However, the completion of this Thesis Project allowed me to not only hone my Spanish language skills but to also appreciate the beauty and richness of this romance language.

V. Conclusion

A. The Translator as a Bilingual

From the onset of this Thesis Project I figured the fact that I was bilingual would somehow come into play as I completed the translations. Individual factors such as “bilinguals’ language learning history; language dominance and/or proficiency; degree of biculturalism and/or acculturation” certainly affected the outcome of each translation (Pavlenko). As a child I learned both Spanish and English at the same time. My parochial elementary school even taught Spanish to

students beginning in third grade. Obviously I was able to sharpen my English language writing skills throughout my entire education. Over the years, I have developed a passion for writing but unfortunately sometimes I feel my writing in Spanish is not quite up to par with that of my English writing.

In high school, Spanish class was a requirement and was filled with students at different levels. However, it was not until college that I had the opportunity to study the Spanish language and culture in a formal setting surrounded by students who *chose* to do so. Throughout my twenty-two years I have been exposed to the Spanish language in an informal setting with family and friends. The idioms or *modismos* were heard daily – from my Ecuadorian mother, my Costa Rican father, and our Puerto Rican and Mexican friends. From a cultural standpoint, I was exposed to the variety found within the Spanish language. Even with all my informal and formal education in the Spanish language I still consider it to be my *second* language. That fact certainly affected the outcome of each translation – from English to Spanish and vice versa.

In his essay, “Toward a Theory of Heritage Language Acquisition,” Lynch calls for future research in “classificatory terms as ‘native’ versus ‘heritage’ versus ‘nonnative’ speaker” (Lynch 28). Throughout my schooling, especially in high school, my last name alone – Mendez –automatically categorized me as a “native” speaker. I always felt uncomfortable being placed into that category because I was technically a “native” of New York and never lived in a Spanish-speaking country. I suppose the fact that I lived with parents whose L1 was Spanish was sufficient enough to categorize me as a “native” speaker.

Personally, I prefer “heritage” speaker because there is no pressure to be 100% fluent in Spanish. Because I am Hispanic I may feel more comfortable with the language and culture than some of my peers. However, throughout the completion of these translations I have come to terms with the fact that I am still learning – about grammar, about verb conjugation, etc. “The term ‘heritage’ learner should not invoke any lesser or greater degree of bilingual competence...” (Lynch 30). In 2001, Lynch “found consistent similarities between the grammatical systems of some second- and third-generation Spanish Heritage Learners and the grammatical systems of advanced Spanish L2 learners” (31). Sometimes I feel as though my skill level in the Spanish language is the same as some of my peers who are not “native” or “heritage” speakers. Therefore, in assessing my skills as a translator I may also be at the same level as students with no Hispanic background. However, I truly believe that my being bilingual allowed me to comprehend certain sayings and humor – in both the English *and* Spanish language.

B. Final Thoughts

“[W]hen we talk of proficiency in translation we are no longer thinking merely of the basic natural talent an individual may have, but of a skill and facility that require learning, technique, practice and experience” (Hervey, Higgins, and Haywood 5). I think I possessed an inherent talent in translation, but only to a degree. Only after practice and trial-and-error I was able to improve on my abilities as a translator.

“Octavio Paz said, ‘Aprender a hablar es aprender a traducir; cuando el niño pregunta a su madre el significado de esta o aquella palabra, lo que realmente le pide es que traduzca a su lenguaje el término desconocido’” (qtd. in Child 8). That is, learning to speak is learning to translate; when a child asks his mother the meaning of a word, what he is really asking is that she translates the unknown word into his language. I concur with Paz because translations – small and large – surround us everyday. As I previously mentioned, from the Exit or *Salida* sign to assembly instructions (in a multitude of languages) for household appliances to billboards, various forms of translation exist.

Translations of texts allow people of different backgrounds to enjoy reading a variety of written work. Consequently, through translation, one author may reach a larger readership. Although not an author of an original work I feel fortunate that my work may allow some readers to enjoy previously untranslated short stories.

Gregory Rabassa, a highly regarded translator of works such as García Márquez’s *Cien Años de Soledad* or *One Hundred Year’s of Solitude*, plans on publishing a book on his experience with translation. “When I talk about it, I say the English is hiding behind his Spanish. That’s what a good translation is: you have to think if Garcia Marquez had been born speaking English, that’s how a translation should sound” (Bast). I concur with Rabassa’s opinion of translation. I think it is important to most importantly achieve an accurate translation of the content of the text. I would hope that had Muriel Spark been able to read and understand Spanish she would have been pleased with the outcome of my

translation of her short story. Rabassa also stated, "translation is never finished," and I agree because I think the more you look at the target text the more you want to strive for accuracy and precision (Bast).

This Thesis Project has allowed me to focus on the variety of issues that translators face when translating between Spanish and English. I look forward to using my Spanish skills in my Public Relations career. People in this field have expressed a strong desire to reach out to the growing Spanish population in the United States. In public relations, communication is the cornerstone to maintaining and establishing relationships with a specific public. A PR specialist who is fluent in Spanish and also has experience in translation can be a huge asset in translating press releases and other documents used to reach out to the public. Therefore, this Thesis Project in translation has prepared me to apply the skills I attained should I ever be asked to do so in the future. I look forward to the opportunity.

The Portobello Road
La Calle Portobello

English	Spanish	Notes
<p>One day in my young youth at high summer, lolling with my lovely companions upon a haystack, I found a needle. Already and privately for some years I had been guessing that I was set apart from the common run, but this of the needle attested the fact to my whole public: George, Kathleen and Skinny. I sucked my thumb, for when I had thrust my idle hand deep into the hay, the thumb was where the needle had stuck.</p>	<p>Un día de mi juventud en el alto del verano, mientras que estaba sentada con mis compañeros en un almiar, ocurrió el milagro, encontré una aguja. Ya en secreto por unos años había estado adivinando que yo era diferente que los otros, pero esta aguja lo comprobó a mi público: George, Kathleen y Flaco. Chupé el dedo gordo porque cuando metí la mano dentro del almiar profundo, el dedo gordo era donde la aguja se metió.</p>	<p>Loll= repantigarse? Common run- English saying? “But this of the needle” Kathleen translation? Idle- is it necessary?</p>
<p>When everyone had</p>	<p>Cuando todos se</p>	

<p>recovered George said, ‘She put in her thumb and pulled out a plum.’ Then away we were into our merciless hacking- hecking laughter again.</p>	<p>recuperaron, George dijo, ‘Ella se puso el dedo gordo en la boca y sacó una ciruela.’ Entonces otra vez estábamos riéndonos como locos.</p>	<p>Nursery rhyme “merciless hacking- hecking laughter again.”</p>
<p>The needle had gone fairly deep into the thumbby cushion and a small red river flowed and spread from this tiny puncture. So that nothing of our joy should lag, George put in quickly, ‘Mind your bloody thumb on my shirt.’</p>	<p>La aguja se había metido bastante dentro del dedo gordo y un río rojo y pequeño corrió y salió de este pinchazo. Para que nada de nuestra alegría se disminuyera, George dijo rápidamente, ‘No pongas tu dedo sangriento en mi camiseta.’</p>	<p>“thumbby cushion” “small red river”- metaphor issue “spread” “<i>Mind</i> your bloody thumb...”- Common English usage. Conflict with use of certain phrases in different cultures.</p>
<p>Then hac-hec-hoo, we shrieked into the hot Borderland afternoon. Really I should not care</p>	<p>Nos reíamos y chillábamos durante esta caliente tarde de Borderland. De veras no</p>	<p>“hac-hec-hoo” Borderland</p>

<p>to be so young of heart again. That is my thought every time I turn over my old papers and come across this photograph. Skinny, Kathleen and myself are in the photo atop the haystack. Skinny had just finished analyzing the inwards of my find.</p>	<p>debiera sentirme tan joven otra vez. Eso es mi pensamiento cada vez que rebusco entre mis papeles viejos y veo esta fotografía. Flaco, Kathleen y yo estamos encima del almiar en esta foto. Flaco había acabado de analizar lo que se metió dentro del dedo gordo.</p>	<p>Debiera? “analyzing the inwards of my find”- what does it even mean in English?</p>
<p>‘It couldn’t have been done by brains. You haven’t much brains but you’re a lucky wee thing.’ Everyone agreed that the needle betokened extraordinary luck. As it was becoming a serious conversation, George said, ‘I’ll take a photo.’ I wrapped my hanky round</p>	<p>‘No se pudo hacer con la inteligencia. No eres muy lista pero eres una cosita afortunada.’ Todos estaban de acuerdo que la aguja indicó buenísima suerte. Como la conversación se puso más seria George dijo, ‘Tomaré una foto.’ Le envolví a mi dedo con un</p>	<p>“brains”</p>

<p>my thumb and got myself organized. George pointed up from his camera and shouted, 'Look, there's a mouse!' Kathleen screamed and I screamed although I think we knew there was no mouse. But this gave us an extra session of squalling hee-hoo's. Finally we three composed ourselves for George's picture. We look lovely and it was a great day at the time, but I would not care for it all over again. From that day I was known as Needle.</p> <p>One Saturday in recent</p>	<p>pañuelo y me organicé. George nos miró de su camera y señaló mientras gritó, "¡Mira, hay un ratón!" Kathleen y yo gritamos aunque creo que sabíamos que no había ratón. Pero esto nos dio otra razón para reírnos como locas. Por fin nos compusimos para la fotografía. Nos aparecemos preciosas y fue un día maravilloso en ese momento, pero no quisiera pasarlo otra vez. Desde ese día me llamaron Aguja.</p> <p>Un sábado en los últimos</p>	<p>"squalling hee-hoo's"</p>
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<p>years I was mooching down the Portobello Road, threading among the crowds of marketers on the narrow pavement when I saw a woman. She had a haggard, careworn, wealthy look, thin but for the breasts forced-up like pigeons. I had not seen her for nearly five years. How changed she was! But I recognized Kathleen, my friend; her features had already begun to sink and protrude in the way that mouths and noses do in people destined always to be old for their years. When I had last seen her, nearly five years ago, Kathleen, barely thirty,</p>	<p>años estaba andando por la acerca estrecha de la Calle Portobello entretejiéndome entre las muchedumbres del mercado libre cuando vi a una mujer. Ella tenía una apariencia ojerosa, preocupada y rica. Era flaca excepto por su pecho que era puntado como palomas. No le había visto hacía casi cinco años. ¡Cómo cambió! Pero le reconocí a Kathleen, mi amiga; sus rasgos ya habían empezado a hundirse y sobresalirse como les pasa a las bocas y narices de personas destinadas de siempre parecerse más viejas de lo que son.</p>	<p>“threading” “narrow pavement”</p>
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<p>had said, 'I've lost all my looks, it's in the family. All the women are handsome as girls, but we go off early, we go brown and nose.''</p>	<p>Cuando le vi últimamente, hacía casi cinco años, Kathleen, que tenía apenas treinta años, había dicho, 'He perdido mi belleza; eso pasa en mi familia. Todas las mujeres son bellas cuando son niñas, pero cambiamos muy temprano.'</p>	<p>"brown and nose"</p>
<p>I stood silently among the people, watching. As you will see, I wasn't in a position to speak to Kathleen. I saw her shoving in her avid manner from stall to stall. She was always fond of antique jewelry and of bargains. I wondered that I had not seen her before in the</p>	<p>Estaba callada mientras que estaba parada entre la gente, mirándola. Ya verás que no estaba en una posición para hablar con Kathleen. Le vi a ella empujando ávidamente entre los puestos del mercado. Siempre le encantaba las joyas antiguas y las gangas. ¿Por qué no la habría visto</p>	<p>"I wondered"- pensé en?</p>

<p>Portobello Road on my Saturday morning ambles. Her long stiff-crooked fingers pounced to select a jade ring from amongst the jumble of brooches and pendants, onyx, moonstone and gold, set out on the stall.</p>	<p>antes en la Calle Portobello durante mis excursiones los sábados? Sus dedos rígidos agarraron un anillo de jade del revoltijo de broches y pendientes, ónice y oro expuesto en la tienda.</p>	<p>“moonstone” “set out”= displayed</p>
<p>‘What do you think of this?’ she said. I saw then who was with her. I had been half-conscious of the huge man following several paces behind her, and now I noticed him. ‘It looks all right,’ he said. ‘How much is it?’ Kathleen asked the vendor.</p>	<p>‘¿Que crees de esto?’ ella dijo. Allí es cuando vi con quien estaba. Yo había estado media consciente del hombre grandísimo que la seguía unos pasos atrás, y ahora me fijé en él. ‘Se parece bien,’ él dijo. ‘¿Cuánto cuesta?’ Kathleen le preguntó al vendedor.</p>	<p>“vendor”= male/feminine</p>
<p>I took a good look at this</p>	<p>Le miré muy bien al</p>	

<p>man accompanying Kathleen. It was her husband. The beard was unfamiliar, but I recognized beneath it his enormous mouth, the bright sensuous lips, the large brown eyes forever brimming with pathos.</p>	<p>hombre que acompañaba a Kathleen. Era su esposo. Su barba era extraña, pero debajo reconocí su boca enorme, sus labios sensuales, los ojos grandes y color de café siempre mostrando patetismo.</p>	<p>“brimming with”</p>
<p>It was not for me to speak to Kathleen, but I had a sudden inspiration which caused me to say quietly, ‘Hallo, George.’ The giant of a man turned round to face the direction of my face. There were so many people – but at length he saw me. ‘Hallo, George,’ I said again.</p>	<p>No debía hablar con Kathleen, pero de repente tuve una inspiración que me causó decir en voz baja, ‘Hola, George.’ El gigante se volvió a mirarme. Había tanta gente – pero por fin me vio. ‘Hola, George,’ dije otra vez.</p>	

<p>Kathleen had started to haggle with the stall owner, in her old way, over the price of the jade ring. George continued to stare at me, his big mouth slightly parted so that I could see a wide slit of red lips and white teeth between the fair grassy growths of beard and moustache.</p> <p>‘My God!’ he said.</p> <p>‘What’s the matter?’ said Kathleen.</p> <p>‘Hallo, George!’ I said again, quite loud this time, and cheerfully.</p> <p>‘Look!’ said George.</p> <p>‘Look who’s there, over beside the fruit stall.’</p> <p>Kathleen looked but</p>	<p>Kathleen había empezado a regatear con el vendedor, en su manera de siempre, sobre el precio del anillo de jade. George continuó a mirarme, su boca grande un poco abierta para que pudiera ver labios rojos y dientes blancos entre la césped de su barba y bigote.</p> <p>“¡Dios mío!” dijo.</p> <p>‘¿Qué pasa?’ dijo Kathleen.</p> <p>‘¡Hola, George!’ repetí, bastante alto esta vez, y con alegría.</p> <p>‘¡Mira!’ dijo George.</p> <p>‘Mira quien esta allá, al lado del puesto de fruta.’</p> <p>Kathleen miró pero no</p>	<p>“grassy growths”</p>
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<p>didn't see.</p> <p>'Who is it?' she said impatiently.</p> <p>'It's Needle,' he said.</p> <p>'She said "Hallo, George".' 'Needle,' said Kathleen. 'Who do you mean? You don't mean our old friend <i>Needle</i> who –'</p> <p>'Yes. There she is. My God!'</p> <p>He looked very ill, although when I had said 'Hallo, George' I had spoken friendly enough.</p> <p>'I don't see anyone faintly resembling poor Needle,' said Kathleen looking at him. She was worried. George pointed</p>	<p>pudo ver.</p> <p>'¿Quién es?' dijo sin paciencia.</p> <p>'Es Aguja,' el dijo.</p> <p>'Ella dijo "Hola, George".'</p> <p>'Aguja,' dijo Kathleen.</p> <p>'¿De quién hablas? No quieres decir nuestra amiga <i>Aguja</i> la que –'</p> <p>'Si. Allí está. ¡Dios mío!'</p> <p>El parecía muy enfermo, aunque cuando dije 'Hola, George' le había pronunciado con tono amistoso. 'No veo a nadie que se parezca para nada a la pobre Aguja,' dijo Kathleen mirándole. Ella estaba preocupada.</p>	<p>"old friend"= amiga vieja?</p>
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<p>straight at me. ‘Look <i>there</i>. I tell you that is Needle.’</p>	<p>George me señaló. ‘Mira <i>allí</i>. Te digo que es Aguja.’</p>	<p>“pointed”- señaló o apuntó?</p>
<p>‘You’re ill, George. Heavens, you must be seeing things. Come on home. Needle isn’t there. You know as well as I do, Needle is dead.’</p>	<p>‘Estás enfermo, George. Dios mío debes estar imaginando en cosas. Ven a casa. Aguja no está allá. Sabes muy bien que Aguja está muerta.’</p>	
<p>I must explain that I departed this life nearly five years ago. But I did not altogether depart this world. There were those odd things still to be done which one’s executors can never do properly. Papers to be looked over, even after the executors have torn them up. Lots of</p>	<p>Debo explicar que me fui de este mundo hace casi cinco años. Pero no me fui de este mundo completamente. Había esas cosas que todavía tenia que hacer; cosas que los albaceas de una no pueden hacer bien. Papeles para ver, aunque los albaceas los habían hecho a pedazos. Mucho</p>	<p>“this life”= este mundo</p>

<p>business, except, of course, on Sundays and Holidays of Obligation, plenty to take an interest in for the time being. I take my recreation on Saturday mornings.</p>	<p>negocio excepto, por supuesto, los domingos y días feriados, bastante para poner interés por el momento. Me divierto los sábados por la mañana.</p>	
<p>If it is a wet Saturday I wander up and down the substantial lanes of Woolworth's as I did when I was young and visible. There is a pleasurable spread of objects on the counters which I now perceive and exploit with a certain detachment, since it suits with my condition of life. Creams, toothpastes, combs and hankies, cotton gloves, flimsy</p>	<p>Si es un sábado lluvioso subo y bajo por los pasillos de Woolworth's como hice cuando era joven y visible. Hay una colección agradable de objetos sobre los mostradores. Ahora los percibo y los exploto con cierto destacamento apropiado a mi condición de vida. Cremas, pasta de dientes, peines, pañuelos, guantes de algodón, bufandas de flores, papel</p>	<p>“wet”= rainy= lluvioso</p> <p>“spread”</p>

<p>flowering scarves, writing-paper and crayons, ice-cream cones and orangeade, screwdrivers, boxes of tacks, tins of paint, of glue, of marmalade; I always liked them but far more now that I have no need of any.</p>	<p>y lápices de color, conos de helado y jugo de naranja, destornilladores, cajas de tachuelas, latas de pintura, de pegamento, de mermelada de naranja; Siempre me gustaban pero ahora más que nunca porque no necesito ninguno.</p>	<p>“orangeade”</p>
<p>When Saturdays are fine I go instead to the Portobello Road where formerly I would jaunt with Kathleen in our grown-up days. The barrow-loads do not change much, of apples and rayon vests in common blues and low- taste mauve, of silver plate, trays and teapots</p>	<p>Cuando hace buen tiempo los sábados voy a la Calle Portobello donde antes exploraba con Kathleen cuando éramos adultos. Las carretillas no cambian mucho, llenas de manzanas y camisetas de azules comunes y de color malva de baja calidad, de plata, bandejas y teteras que hace mucho tiempo</p>	<p>“low-taste”</p>

<p>long since changed hands from the bygone citizens to dealers, from shops to the new flats and breakable homes, and then over to the barrow- stalls and the dealers again: Georgian spoons, rings, ear-rings of turquoise and opal set in the butterfly pattern of truelovers' knot, patch- boxes with miniature paintings of ladies on ivory, snuff-boxes of silver with Scotch pebbles inset.</p>	<p>pasaron de los ciudadanos difuntos a los vendedores, de las tiendas a los apartamentos nuevos y casas donde se pueden quebrar, y después a los carretillas y puestos y vendedores otra vez: cucharas georgianas, anillos, aretes de turquesa y ópalo con un diseño de una mariposa, cajitas con pinturas pequeñas de mujeres en marfil, cajitas de plata con guijarros escocés.</p>	<p>“flats”</p> <p>“truelovers' knot”</p> <p>“snuff-boxes”</p>
<p>Sometimes as occasion arises on a Saturday morning, my friend Kathleen, who is a Catholic, has a Mass said</p>	<p>A veces sábados por la mañana, mi amiga Kathleen, quien es Católica, tiene una misa en honor de mi alma, y</p>	<p>“as occasion arises”</p>

<p>for my soul, and then I am in attendance, as it were, at the church. But most Saturdays I take my delight among the solemn crowds with their aimless purposes, their eternal life not far away, who push past the counters and stalls, who handle, buy, steal, touch, desire and ogle the merchandise. I hear the tinkling tills, I hear the jangle of loose change and tongues and children wanting to hold and have.</p>	<p>allí es cuando voy a la iglesia. Pero muchos sábados me gusta andar entre las muchedumbres solemnes que andan sin dirección, sus vidas eternas no muy lejos, quienes empujan más allá de los mostradores y puestos, quienes tocan, compran, roban, desean y se comen con los ojos a las mercancías. Oigo el sonido de monedas sueltas y de las lenguas y de niños que desean tocar y tener.</p>	<p>“loose change”</p>
<p>That is how I came to be in the Portobello Road that Saturday morning when I saw George and</p>	<p>Esto es como llegué A estar en la Calle Portobello ese sábado por la mañana cuando vi a</p>	

<p>Kathleen. I would not have spoken had I not been inspired to it. Indeed it's one of the things I can't do now – to speak out, unless inspired. And most extraordinary, on that morning as I spoke, a degree of visibility set in. I suppose from poor George's point of view it was like seeing a ghost when he saw me standing by the fruit barrow repeating in so friendly a manner, 'Hallo, George!'</p>	<p>George y Kathleen. No habría hablado si no inspirada hacerlo. Efectivamente, es una de las cosas que no puedo hacer ahora – hablar, a menos que alguien me inspira. Y extraordinariamente, esa mañana cuando hablé, un grado de visibilidad comenzó. Supongo que desde el punto de vista de pobre George era como si hubiese visto una fantasma cuando me vio parada cerca de la carretilla de fruta repitiendo, '¡Hola, George!' en una manera tan alegre.</p>	
<p>We were bound for the</p>	<p>Anduvimos hacia al sur.</p>	<p>“bound”</p>

<p>south. When our education, what we could get of it from the north, was thought to be finished, one by one we were sent or sent for to London. John Skinner, whom we called Skinny, went to study more archaeology, George to join his uncle's tobacco farm, Kathleen to stay with her rich connections and to potter intermittently in the Mayfair hat shop which one of them owned. A little later I also went to London to see life, for it was my ambition to write about life, which first I had to see.</p>	<p>Cuando creímos que nuestra educación se acabó, de lo que le pudimos sacar en el norte, uno por uno nos mandaron a Londres. John Skinner, al quien le llamábamos Flaco, se fue a estudiar más arqueología, George se fue a cultivar tabaco en la granja de su tío, Kathleen se fue a quedarse con sus familiares ricos y para andar en una tienda de sombreros que uno de ellos tenía en Mayfair. Un poco después también me fui a Londres porque tenía la ambición de escribir de la vida, en cuyo caso tenía que conocer primero.</p>	
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<p>‘We four must stick together,’ George said very often in that yearning way of his. He was always desperately afraid of neglect. We four looked likely to shift off in different directions and George did not trust the other three of us not to forget all about him. More and more as the time came for him to depart for his uncle’s tobacco farm in Africa he said, ‘We four must keep in touch.’</p> <p>And before he left he told each of us anxiously,</p>	<p>‘Los cuatro de nosotros debemos siempre estar juntos,’ George dijo muy a menudo en su manera de suspirar por algo. Tenía mucho miedo del abandono. Los cuatro de nosotros aparecíamos que íbamos andar por direcciones diferentes y George no tenía fe que los tres de nosotros no le íbamos olvidar. Más y más cuando el tiempo llegó como acercaba el momento de salir hacia la granja de tabaco de su tío en decía, ‘Los cuatro de nosotros debemos mantener el contacto.’</p> <p>Y antes que se fue nos dijo ansiosamente, “Les</p>	
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<p>'I'll write regularly, once a month. We must keep together for the sake of the old times.' He had three prints taken from the negative of that photo on the haystack, wrote on the back of them, "George took this the day that Needle found the needle' and gave us a copy each. I think we all wished he could become a bit more callous.</p>	<p>escribiré con regularidad, una vez al mes. Debemos siempre estar juntos por todas nuestras memorias.' Él hizo tres copias de la foto que nos tomó en el almiar, y detrás de la foto escribió, 'George tomó esta foto el día que Aguja encontró a la aguja' y nos dio una copia. Creo que queríamos que él fuera un poco más insensible.</p>	<p>"for the sake of old times"</p> <p>"callous"?</p>
<p>During my lifetime I was a drifter, nothing organized. It was difficult for my friends to follow the logic of my life. By the normal reckonings I should have come to starvation and</p>	<p>Por toda mi vida he sido una vagabunda, no tenía nada organizada. Era difícil para mis amigos a entender mi método de vida. Por las calculaciones normales debía estar muerta de</p>	

<p>ruin, which I never did.</p> <p>Of course, I did not live to write about life as I wanted to do. Possibly that is why I am inspired to do so now in these peculiar circumstances.</p>	<p>hambre y en la ruina, cuyo nunca lo era. Por supuesto, no viví a escribí de la vida como quería hacer. Posiblemente eso es porque estoy tan inspirada hacerlo ahora bajo de estas circunstancias raras.</p>	
<p>I taught in a private school in Kensington for almost three months, very small children. I didn't know what to do with them but I was kept fairly busy escorting incontinent little boys to the lavatory and telling the little girls to use their handkerchiefs. After that I lived a winter holiday in London on my small capital, and when that</p>	<p>Enseñé a niñitos en una escuela privada en Kensington por casi tres meses. No sabía lo que debía hacer con ellos pero me mantuve ocupada acompañando los niñitos incontinentes al baño y diciéndoles a las niñas que deben usar sus pañuelos. Después de eso, pasé unas vacaciones de invierno en Londres con lo poco dinero que ahorré, y</p>	<p>“incontinent”?</p>

<p>had run out I found a diamond bracelet in the cinema for which I received a reward of fifty pounds. When it was used up I got a job with a publicity man, writing speeches for absorbed industrialists, in which the dictionary of quotations came in very useful. So it went on. I got engaged to Skinny, but shortly after that I was left a small legacy, enough to keep me for six months. This somehow decided me that I didn't love Skinny so I gave him back the ring.</p>	<p>cuando eso se acabó encontré un brazalete de diamantes en el cine y recibí una recompensa de cincuenta libras. Cuando eso se acabó cogí un trabajo por un hombre de publicidad, escribiendo discursos por unos industriales arrogantes, en cuyo caso un diccionario de citas me ayudó muchísimo. Y así continuó. Me comprometí con Flaco, pero un poco después alguien me dejó una herencia que era suficiente para sostenerme por seis meses. Esto me hizo dar cuenta que no le amaba a Flaco y le devolví su anillo de compromiso.</p>	<p>“speeches”</p>
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<p>But it was through Skinny that I went to Africa. He was engaged with a party of researchers to investigate King Solomon's mines, that series of ancient workings ranging from the ancient port of Ophir, now called Beira, across Portuguese East Africa and Southern Rhodesia to the mighty jungle-city of Zimbabwe whose temple walls still stand by the approach to an ancient and sacred mountain, where the rubble of that civilization scatters itself over the surrounding Rhodesian waste. I accompanied the party as sort of</p>	<p>Pero fue por Flaco que fui a África. Él era parte de un grupo de investigadores que iban a las minas del Rey Salomón, ese serie de labores antiguos oscilando entre el puerto antiguo de Ophir, ahora llamado Beira, después por África Portuguesa del este y Rhodesia del sur hasta la ciudad-selva de Zimbabwe cuyos paredes del templo todavía guardan la entrada a una montaña antigua y sagrada. Allí es donde los escombros de la civilización se esparcen sobre el derroche de Rhodesia. Acompañé al grupo como secretaria.</p>	<p>“vouched”</p>
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<p>secretary. Skinny vouched for me, he paid my fare, he sympathized by his action with my inconsequential life although when he spoke of it he disapproved.</p>	<p>Flaco respondió por mi, pagó por mi viaje, simpatizando a mi vida insignificante con sus acciones aunque cuando habló del tema lo desaprobó.</p>	
<p>A life like mine annoys most people; they go to their jobs every day, attend to things, give orders, pummel typewriters, and get two or three weeks off every year, and it vexes them to see someone else not bothering to do these things and yet getting away with it, not starving, being lucky as they call it. Skinny, when I had broken off</p>	<p>Una vida como la mía le fastidia a mucha gente porque van a sus trabajos cada día, se ocupan de cosas, dan ordenes, teclean máquinas de escribir, y toman dos o tres semanas de vacaciones cada año, y les fastidian muchísimo a verle a alguien que no se preocupe de esas cosas y de alguna manera sobrevive, que no se muere de la hambre, ser</p>	<p>“being lucky as they call it”</p>

<p>our engagement, lectured me about this, but still he took me to Africa knowing I should probably leave his unit within a few months.</p>	<p>afortunada como dicen ellos. Cuando rompí con Flaco él me regañó de esto, pero todavía me llevó a África sabiendo que debía irme en unos meses.</p>	
<p>We were there a few weeks before we began inquiring for George, who was farming about four hundred miles away to the north. We had not told him of our plans.</p>	<p>Estábamos allí por unas semanas antes que empezamos a preguntar de George, quien estaba cultivando tabaco casi cuatrocientas millas al norte. No le habíamos dicho de nuestros planes.</p>	
<p>‘If we tell George to expect us in his part of the world he’ll come rushing to pester us the first week. After all, we’re going on business,’</p>	<p>‘Si le decimos a George que nos pueda encontrar en su parte del mundo vendrá a fastidiarnos la primera semana. Al fin y al cabo la razón de nuestro</p>	

<p>Skinny had said.</p> <p>Before we left Kathleen told us, ‘Give George my love and tell him not to send frantic cables every time I don’t answer his letters right away. Tell him I’m busy in the hat shop and being presented. You would think he hadn’t another friend in the world the way he carries on.’</p>	<p>viaje es por el trabajo,’ Flaco dijo.</p> <p>Antes que nos fuimos Kathleen nos dijo, “Mándale mi amor a George y dile que ya no mande cables desesperados cada vez que no le contesto a sus cartas inmediatamente. Dile que estoy ocupada en la tienda de sombreros. De la manera que sigue crearás que no tenía otro amigo en todo el mundo.’</p>	<p>“being presented”?</p>
<p>We had settled first at Fort Victoria, our nearest place of access to the Zimbabwe ruins. There we made inquiries about George. It was clear he</p>	<p>Habíamos establecido primero en Fortaleza Victoria, el lugar más cercano de las ruinas de Zimbabwe. Allí preguntamos por George.</p>	<p>“settled”?</p>

<p>hadn't made friends.</p> <p>The older settlers were the most tolerant about the half-caste woman he was living with, as we found, but they were furious about his methods of raising tobacco which we learned were most unprofessional and in some mysterious way disloyal to the whites.</p> <p>We could never discover how it was that George's style of tobacco farming gave the blacks opinions about themselves, but that's what the older settlers claimed. The newer immigrants thought he was unsociable and, of</p>	<p>Era obvio que no tenía amigos. Los colonizadores viejos tenían más tolerancia a la mujer de clase baja con quien él estaba viviendo.</p> <p>Pero estaban furiosos de la manera en que estaba cultivando el tabaco, la cual supimos no era profesional y de una manera misteriosa era desleal a los blancos.</p> <p>Nunca pudiéramos descubrir como el estilo de cultivar tabaco de George pudo darles opiniones de sí mismo a los negros, pero eso es lo que los colonizadores viejos pensaron. Los inmigrantes nuevos pensaron que George no</p>	
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<p>course, his living with that nig made visiting impossible.</p>	<p>era social, y por su puesto, el hecho que él vivía con esa mujer no era conducente a las visitas.</p>	
<p>I must say I was myself a bit off-put by this news about the brown woman. I was brought up in a university town to which came Indian, African and Asiatic students in a variety of tints and hues.</p>	<p>Debo decir que estaba sorprendida que George estaba viviendo con una morena. Mi familia me crió en un pueblo que tenía una universidad que tenía estudiantes hindúes, africanos, y aséanos con pellejos de varios colores.</p>	<p>“off-put”</p>
<p>I was brought up to avoid them for reasons connected with local reputation and God’s ordinances. You cannot easily go against what you were brought up to do unless you are a rebel by nature.</p>	<p>Me enseñaron que debía evitarles por razones sociales y por el mandato de Dios. No es fácil ir en contra de sus enseñanzas a menos que eres un rebelde por naturaleza.</p>	<p>“local reputation”</p>

<p>Anyhow, we visited George eventually, taking advantage of the offer of transport from some people bound north in search of game. He had heard of our arrival in Rhodesia and though he was glad, almost relieved, to see us he pursued a policy of sullenness for the first hour.</p>	<p>Sin embargo, eventualmente visitamos a George porque aprovechándonos la oferta de personas en búsqueda de la caza. Él había oído de nuestra llegada a Rhodesia y aunque estaba alegre de vernos, casi aliviado, estaba de mal humor por la primera hora de nuestra visita.</p>	
<p>‘We wanted to give you a surprise, George.’</p>	<p>‘Queríamos darte una sorpresa, George.’</p>	
<p>‘How were we to know that you’d get to hear of our arrival, George?’</p>	<p>‘¿Como pudiéramos saber que oirás de nuestra visita, George? Las noticias</p>	
<p>News here must travel faster than light, George.’</p>	<p>deben andar más rápidas que la velocidad de la luz, George.’</p>	<p>“travel faster than light” – Spanish equivalent?</p>
<p>‘We did hope to give you</p>	<p>‘Esperábamos a darte una</p>	

<p>a surprise, George.'</p> <p>At last he said, 'Well, I must say it's good to see you. All we need now is Kathleen. We four simply must stick together. You find when you're in a place like this, there's nothing like old friends.</p>	<p>sorpresa, George.'</p> <p>Por fin dijo, 'Bueno, debo decirles que me da mucho gusto a verles. Ahora solo necesitamos a Kathleen. Los cuatro de nosotros siempre debemos estar juntos. Cuando estás en un lugar como éste te das cuenta que no hay nada mejor que los amigos viejos.'</p>	<p>"old friends"</p>
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La Rama Seca
The Dry Branch

Spanish	English	Notes
<p>Apenas tenía seis años y aún no la llevaban al campo. Era por el tiempo de la siega, un calor grande, abrasador, sobre los senderos. La dejaban en casa, cerrada con llave, y le decían: Que seas buena, que no alborotes: y si algo te pasara, asómate a la ventana y llama a doña Clementina.</p>	<p>She was barely 6 years old and they didn't bring her out to the country yet. It was due to the harvest that a great heat beat down on the paths. They left her at home, locked in, and said: "Behave and don't make a racket: and if something happens to you, lean outside the window and call Auntie. Clementina."</p>	<p>Siega – confused with ciega Senderos? Doña?</p>
<p>Ella decía que sí con la cabeza. Pero nunca le ocurría nada, y se pasaba el día sentada al borde de la ventana, jugando con "Pipa." Doña Clementina la veía desde el</p>	<p>She nodded yes. But nothing would ever happen to her, and she spent the day seated at the edge of the window, playing with "Pipa." Auntie Clementina would</p>	

<p>huertecillo.</p> <p>Sus casas estaban pegadas la una a la otra, aunque la de doña Clementina era mucho más grande, y tenía, además, un huerto con un peral y dos ciruelos. Al otro lado del muro se abría la ventanuco tras la cual la niña se sentaba siempre. A veces, doña Clementina levantaba los ojos de su costura y la miraba. “¿Qué haces, niña?”</p> <p>La niña tenía la carita delgada, pálida, entre las flacas trenzas de un negro mate. “Juego con Pipa” - decía. Doña Clementina</p>	<p>watch her from the orchard. The houses were very close to one another, although Auntie Clementina’s house was much larger, and also had an orchard with a pear tree and two plum trees. On the other side of the wall was the large window behind which the girl always sat. Sometimes, Auntie Clementina raised her eyes from her sewing and watched her. “What are you doing, child?”</p> <p>The girl’s face was thin, pale, between her skinny, black matte braids. “I’m playing with Pipa,” she would say. Auntie</p>	
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<p>seguía cosiendo y no volvía a pensar en la niña. Luego, poco a poco, fue escuchando aquel raro parloteo que le llegaba de lo alto, a través de las ramas del peral. En su ventana, la pequeña de los Mediavilla se pasaba el día hablando, al parecer, con alguien.</p>	<p>Clementina would continue sewing and would not think about the girl again. Later, little by little, she listened to that odd chatter that came from above, through the branches of the pear tree. At her window, the young Mediavilla girl spent her day talking, it seemed, with someone.</p>	
<p>“¿Con quién hablas, tú?” “Con Pipa”. Doña Clementina, día a día, se llenó de una curiosidad leve, tierna, por la niña y por “Pipa”.</p>	<p>“With whom are you talking?” “With Pipa.” Auntie Clementina, day by day, was filled with a mild tender curiosity, for the girl and for “Pipa.”</p>	<p>“leve”?</p>
<p>Doña Clementina estaba casada con don Leoncio, el médico. Don Leoncio</p>	<p>Auntie Clementina was married to Dr. Leoncio. Dr. Leoncio was an</p>	<p>Refer to Don Leoncio as Dr. Leoncio?</p>

<p>era un hombre adusto y dado al vino, que se pasaba el día renegando de la aldea y de sus habitantes. No tenían hijos y doña Clementina estaba ya hecha a su soledad. En un principio, apenas pensaba en aquella criatura, también solitaria, que se sentaba al alféizar de la ventana. Por piedad la miraba de cuando en cuando y se aseguraba de que nada malo le ocurría.</p>	<p>austere man and fond of wine, who spent his day grumbling about the village and its inhabitants. They didn't have children and by now Auntie Clementina was used to her loneliness. At the beginning, she barely thought of the young creature, also alone, that sat at the window sill. Out of pity she would watch her every now and then and assured herself that nothing bad happening to her.</p>	
<p>La mujer Mediavilla se lo pidió: “Doña Clementina, ya que usted cose en el huerto por las tardes, ¿querrá echar de cuando</p>	<p>Mrs. Mediavilla asked her: “Auntie Clementina, since you sew in the orchard in the afternoons, would you please, once</p>	

<p>en cuando una mirada a la ventana, por si le pasara algo a la niña? Sabe usted, es aún pequeña para llevarla a los pagos.”</p>	<p>in a while, glance at the window, in case something is happening to our daughter? You know, she is still too young to bring to the - fields.</p>	<p>“pagos”?</p>
<p>“Sí, mujer, nada me cuesta. Marcha sin cuidado.” Luego, poco a poco, la niña de los Mediovilla y su charloteo ininteligible, allá arriba, fueron metiéndosela pecho adentro. Cuando acaben con las tareas del campo y la niña vuelva a jugar en la calle, la echaré a faltar -se decía. Un día, por fin, se enteró de quién era “Pipa”. La muñeca, explicó la niña.</p>	<p>“Of course I don’t mind. Go ahead without any worries.” Later, little by little, the daughter of the Mediovillas and her unintelligible chatter, up above, was slowly entering her heart. When they finished with their work in the country and the young girl goes back to playing in the street, I’ll miss her,” she said to herself. One day, finally, she learned who “Pipa”</p>	<p>“la echaré a faltar”?</p>

<p>“Enseñamela.” La niña levantó en su mano terrosa un objeto que doña Clementina no podía ver claramente. “No la veo, hija. Échamela.” La niña vaciló. “Pero luego, ¿me la devolverá?”</p>	<p>was. The doll, explained the girl. “Show me.” In her dirty hand the girl held up an object that Auntie Clementina could not see clearly. “I don’t see her. Throw her to me.” The girl hesitated. “But you’ll give her right back to me, won’t you?”</p>	<p>“Claro está.”</p>
<p>“Claro está.” La niña le echó a “Pipa” y doña Clementina cuando la tuvo en sus manos, se quedó pensativa. “Pipa” era simplemente una ramita seca envuelta en un trozo de percal sujeto con un cordel. Le dio la vuelta entre los dedos y miró con cierta tristeza hacia la ventana. La niña</p>	<p>“Of course.” The girl tossed “Pipa” to her and when she held her in her hands, Auntie. Clementina was taken aback. “Pipa” was simply a dry branch wound in a piece of percale fastened with a cord. She turned it over between her fingers and looked with a certain</p>	

<p>la observaba con ojos impacientes y extendía las dos manos. “¿Me la echa, doña Clementina? Doña Clementina se levantó de la silla y arrojó de nuevo a “Pipa” hacia la ventana. “Pipa” pasó sobre la cabeza de la niña y entró en la oscuridad de la casa. La cabeza de la niña desapareció y al cabo de un rato asomó de nuevo, embebida en su juego. Desde aquel día doña Clementina empezó a escucharla. La niña hablaba infatigablemente con “Pipa”. “Pipa, no tengas miedo, estate quieta. ¡Ay, "Pipa", cómo me miras! Cogeré un palo grande y le romperé</p>	<p>sadness toward the window. The girl observed her with impatient eyes and held out both hands. “Will you throw her to me, Auntie Clementina?” Mrs. Clementina got up from her chair and once again flung “Pipa” toward the window. “Pipa” passed over the girl’s head and entered the darkness of the house. The girl’s head disappeared and after a little while she appeared again, absorbed in her game. Since that day Auntie. Clementina began to listen to her. The girl spoke untiringly to “Pipa.” “Pipa, don’t</p>	
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<p>la cabeza al lobo. No tengas miedo, "Pipa".</p> <p>Siéntate, estate quietecita, te voy a contar.- el lobo está ahora escondido en la montaña.” La niña hablaba con “Pipa” del lobo, del hombre mendigo con su saco lleno de gatos muertos, del horno del pan, de la comida.</p> <p>Cuando llegaba la hora de comer la niña cogía el plato que su madre le dejó tapado, al arrimo de las ascuas. Lo llevaba a la ventana y comía despacito, con su cuchara de hueso.</p>	<p>be afraid, stay still. Oh, Pipa, the way you stare at me! I’ll take a big stick and I’ll smash the wolf’s head. Don’t be afraid, Pipa. Sit down, stay still, I’ll tell you – the wolf is now hiding in the mountain.” The girl talked to “Pipa” about the wolf, about the beggar with his sack full of dead cats, about the bread oven, about dinner.</p> <p>When the time came to eat the girl would take the plate that her mother left covered for her next to the embers. She would bring it to the window and would eat slowly, with her spoon made of bone.</p>	
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<p>Tenía a “Pipa” en las rodillas, y la hacía participar de su comida. “Abre la boca, Pipa, que pareces tonta.” Doña Clementina la oía en silencio.- la escuchaba, bebía cada una de sus palabras. Igual que escuchaba al viento sobre la hierba y entre las ramas, la algarabía de los pájaros y el rumor de la acequia.</p>	<p>She had “Pipa” between her knees, and made her share her meal. “Open your mouth, Pipa, because you look foolish.” Auntie Clementina would hear her in silence – she listened to her, she absorbed each of her words. Just as she listened to the breeze over the grass and among the branches, to the din of the birds and to the murmur from the irrigation ditch.</p>	
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Original in English	Translation at age 13 (8th grade)	Translation at age 22
<p>Class Description- This class is designed to allow your child to explore the many facets of the musical world: sounds (those in and out of our environment), pitch, rhythm, music notation, the instrument families (traditional as well as those from other countries and cultures), creating songs – composition, the different aspects of the Fine Arts, careers in music and of course, singing.</p> <p>The latter entails</p>	<p>Descripción de Clase- Esta clase es diseñada para que su hijo/hija explore todo los diferentes partes de el mundo musical: sonidos (esos adentro y afuera de nuestro ambiente), tono, ritmo, notacion musical, las familias de instrumentos (tradicional y también de otros países y culturas), producir canciones – composición, los diferentes aspectos del Arte Fino, carrera en música y también cantando.</p> <p>También se trata de</p>	<p>Descripción de Clase- Esta clase está diseñada a dejar su hijo/hija explorar muchas de las áreas del mundo de la música: los sonidos (dentro y fuera de nuestra ambiente), el tono, el ritmo, la notación musical, los grupos de instrumentos (tradicionales y también los de otros países y culturas), producir canciones- la composición, los aspectos diferentes de las Bellas Artes, carreras en música y por su puesto, cantar.</p> <p>Éste se trata de una</p>

<p>extensive vocal instruction, for example: breathing techniques, posture and head voice vs. chest voice. Students will also acquire a broad repertoire of songs. This class promotes not only creativity but independence and leadership. It will also be very closely related to the other aspects of your child's education, providing them a well-rounded experience at Memorial Elementary.</p>	<p>instrucción vocal, por ejemplo: respiración técnicas, postura y voz de cabeza contra voz de el pecho. Los estudiantes van a adquirir una variedad de canciones. Esta clase no solo promete creación pero también independencia y demanda. El estudio de musica va ser relacionada con los otros estudios de su hijo/hija, este curso va ser una buena experiencia para su hijo/hija en Memorial Elementary.</p>	<p>instrucción vocal muy extensiva, por ejemplo: técnicas de respiración, postura y la voz de la cabeza contra la voz del pecho. Los estudiantes también adquirirán un repertorio extenso de canciones. Esta clase promueva no solo la creatividad pero también la independencia y la dirección. Además, será relacionada muy cerca de los otros aspectos de la educación de sus hijos, suministrándoles una experiencia acabado en Memorial Elementary.</p>
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