



IRISH TRANSLATORS' AND INTERPRETERS' ASSOCIATION
CUMANN AISTRITHEOIRÍ AGUS ATEANGAIRÍ NA HÉIREANN

ITIA Translation Competition for Secondary School Students 2023 Calling all budding translators!

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

The ITIA Translation Competition is now in its eighth 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 only** (see page 2 below) is from the Prologue to **On Midnight Beach** by Marie-Louise Fitzpatrick (Faber & Faber).

A prize of €100 and a certificate will be awarded for the best translation **from English into Irish**.

Please submit your translation **as a PDF** by

5 pm, Wednesday, 3 May 2023 to

competition@translatorsassociation.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 ITIA.
- Please include your **name, the name of your school and your school year in your email** when submitting your translation.
- While students are encouraged to do online research and to use dictionaries when translating, 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 2023.
- Please address all queries to: competition@translatorsassociation.ie

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From the Prologue to **On Midnight Beach** by Marie-Louise Fitzpatrick

Seth Cullen killed a dog when he was eight.

The dog was a Rottweiler called Rashers. He belonged to Butcher Hegarty and he roamed free around the streets of Carrig Cove. The butcher insisted he was a gentle giant and wouldn't hurt a fly, but we kids knew Rashers was mean because he curled his lip if you came too close. Then Rashers attacked Scrap, old Mrs Kehoe's Yorkie. Scrap was torn up so badly the vet over in Ross said the kindest thing would be to put the wee dog down.

That summer was tense – our mothers were scared to let us play on the street. I remember Mam telling me Rashers had tasted blood now and he'd want to taste it again. She told me to get away from the dog if ever I met him.

'Don't look him in the eyes, Emer,' she said. 'Walk away, don't run.'

But the day Rashers attacked, I ran. We all did.

Me and Fee and some other girls were skipping – 'Banana splits, banana splits, banana splits, and you do it like this'. The Rottie came charging around the corner onto High Street, barrelling for the flying ankles of the skipping girl, Mary Ryan. She screeched as his teeth sank into her calf. I dropped the rope and I ran. We all ran.

Except Mary. Rashers had her pinned.

I scrambled after the others to the turn in the road. The other girls kept on running. I stopped, dared to look back. Rashers still had hold of Mary. He was swinging his massive chops from side to side and she was flailing on the ground, helpless as an old shoe.

I remember wanting to go to her but I couldn't, couldn't move, not an inch. I clutched onto the wall of that corner house like it might fly away on me. I watched Rashers do his worst, while Mary's screams split the street and the girls behind me covered their eyes with their hands and the crooks of their elbows and begged me to tell them what was happening.

Seth Cullen came out of nowhere, a blond blur. He gave Rashers a quick thwack with his hurley stick as he ran behind him. Rashers dropped Mary with an outraged snarl and span in a circle to examine his backside. His huge head swung back to Mary and swung away again to look after the small figure racing up High Street.

The boy stopped, turned, waited. The dog made his decision.