



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 Irish text for translation (see page 2 below) is an excerpt from the short story **Inis Léith** from the collection **Athaoibhneas** by Pádraic Óg Ó Conaire.

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

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 the 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 **Inis Léith** by Pádhraic Óg Ó Conaire

Ag suaitheadh stroighne le cosán a chur sa chúlghairdín a bhí an Brianach, fear beag toirtiúil meánaosta, aghaidh lasánta air agus siúl leata aige, nuair a rith an iníon amach faoi dheifir á rá go raibh cigire scoile sa seomra suí.

‘Cén sórt duine é?’ ar seisean, bior ar a shúile le fiosracht.

‘Fear óigeanta fionn agus súile breátha ann, aghaidh an-chineálta air. Dheamhan mórán le cois cúig bliana ficheadh a d’fhéadfadh sé a bheith.’

Ghlan an Brianach a lámha i mála garbh a bhí caite ar runga dréimire cois na binne agus isteach leis sa seomra suí, gan an hata crua a bhaint de, agus chroith lámh go bríomhar leis an gcigire óg a bhí trom tuirseach tar éis Áth Luain. Uisce te agus gallúnach an chéad rud a d’iarr an cigire le bealadh agus gréis innealra an ghluaisteáin a bhaint dá lámha, mar bhí an t-inneall ag cliseadh air go mion minic ó Áth Luain gur shroich sé *Radharc an Chuain* sa Chrompán Caol.

Tar éis béile maith tae, a raibh iasc úr leis, a ithe, chuaigh sé suas go dtí an seomra folctha le hé fein a bhearradh. Ag féachaint amach an fhuinneog dó, agus ciseal gallúnaí ar dhéanamh crú capaill ar a aghaidh, fuair sé léargas maith ar Inis Léith, a bhí tuairim is trí mhíle amach ó ghob an Chrompáin Chaoil. Ba chosúil an t-oileán le ding mhór a bheadh leagtha anuas ar uachtar na mara, an ceann ramhar de thiar agus an ceann caol ag síneadh aniar i dtreo na mórthíre. Rinne sé iarracht tithe fionnaolta an oileáin a chomhaireamh, ach theip air. Mheas sé go raibh fiche, nó nó cúig is fiche, acu ann, i dteannta cúpla teach ceann tuí a bhí ar comhdhath leis an gcúlra.

An oíche sin agus é ag léamh nuachtán an lae, bhuail an Brianach isteach chuige agus d’fhiafraigh de ar mhiste leis teacht síos go dtí an chistín le ‘cúig is fiche’ a imirt.

‘Cé eile a bheas ag imirt?’ agus ba dhoicheall leis an dánacht a bhí an Brianach a dhéanamh air.

‘An sáirsint, fear an Phoist, Pat an tSiopa agus mé féin. Níl m’iníon basctha ag imirt dá bhféadfadh sí a hintinn a dhíriú ar an gcluiche, ach ar ndóigh, bíonn na hógmhna guagach, an-ghuagach,’ agus rinne sé leamhgháire.