

# TRANSLATION WORKSHOP

Department of Translation Studies  
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*Time to translate: 10 minutes*

Translate the texts into Persian Language:

## 1- The Farmer and the Serpent

Aesop (6th century B.C.)

A Countryman's son by accident trod upon a Serpent's tail, which turned and bit him so that he died. The father in a rage got his axe, and pursuing the Serpent, cut off part of its tail. So the Serpent in revenge began stinging several of the Farmer's cattle and caused him severe loss. Well, the Farmer thought it best to make it up with the Serpent, and brought food and honey to the mouth of its lair, and said to it: "Let's forget and forgive; perhaps you were right to punish my son, and take vengeance on my cattle, but surely I was right in trying to revenge him; now that we are both satisfied why should not we be friends again?"

"No, no," said the Serpent; "take away your gifts; you can never forget the death of your son, nor I the loss of my tail."

### Vocabulary:

trod: (past form of tread) stepped, walked, tramped

Serpent: a poisonous snake

rage: anger, wrath, fury

axe: chopper, blade, knife

Lair: nest, hole, home, den

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توجه

سالن های امتحانی توسط دوربین های مدار  
مورد کنترل و بازبینی قرار خواهند گرفت  
در صورت مشاهده تخلف، طبق مقررات ر  
شواهد شد.

اداره امتحانات

## 2- Friend of My Youth

Alice Munro

I used to dream about my mother, and though the details in the dream varied, the surprise in it was always the same.

In the dream I would be the age I really was, living the life I was really living, and I would discover that my mother was still alive. (The fact is, she died when I was in my early twenties and she in her early fifties.) Sometimes I would find myself in our old kitchen, where my mother would be rolling out piecrust on the table, or washing the dishes in the battered cream-colored dishpan with the red rim. But other times I would run into her on the street, in places where I would never have expected to see her. She might be walking through a handsome hotel lobby, or lining up in an airport. She would be looking quite well—not exactly youthful, not entirely untouched by the paralyzing disease that held her in its grip for a decade or more before her death, but so much better than I remembered that I would be astonished. Oh, I just have this little tremor in my arm, she would say, and a little stiffness up this side of my face. It is a nuisance but I get around.

### Works done during the term

David Gardiner, *The Rainbowman*

Svetlana Alexievich, *Voices from Chernobyl*

Aesop Fables, *The Goatherd & the Wild Goats, ...*

Julia Kristeva, *Word, Dialogue & Novel*

A Journalistic Essay from *Guardian: Fleeing Terror, Finding Refuge*

Jonathan Safran Foer, *Love is Blind & Deaf*

David Gardiner, *Witchcraft*

Good Luck, Bageri Hamidi