

## IV/1. FELADAT – ANGOL

### LOST IN TRANSLATION

Here is the opening part of the autobiography *Lost in Translation* by the Polish writer *Ewa Hoffman*.

„It is April 1959, I'm standing at the railing of the Batory's upper deck, and I feel that my life is ending.

I'm looking out at the crowd that has gathered on the shore to see the ship's departure from Gdynia – a crowd that, all of a sudden, is irrevocably on the other side – and I want to break out, run back, run towards the familiar excitement, the waving hands, the exclamations. We can't be leaving all this behind – but we are. I am thirteen years old, and we are emigrating.”

Ewa's family emigrated to Canada when she was thirteen.

#### EXERCISE:

Read the following extract about how she integrates into her new life.

Your task is to **make a literary translation of the extract into Hungarian**.

„The car is full of my new friends, or at least the crowd that has more or less accepted me as one of their own, the odd 'greener' tag-along. They're as lively as a group of puppies, jostling each other with sharp elbows, crawling over each other to change seats, and expressing their well-being and amiability by trying to shout each other. It's Saturday night, or rather Saturday Night, and party spirits are obligatory. We're on our way to the local White Spot, an early Canadian version of McDonald's, where we'll engage in the barbarous – as far as I'm concerned – rite of the 'drive-in'. This activity of sitting in your car in a large parking lot, and having sloppy, big hamburgers brought to you on a tray, accompanied by greasy french fries bounding out of their cardboard containers, mustard, spilly catsup, and sickly smelling relish, seems to fill these peers of mine with warm, monkeyish, groupy comfort. It fills me with a finicky distaste. I feel my lips tighten into an unaccustomed thinness – which, in turn, fills me with a small dislike for myself. 'Come on, foreign student, cheer up,' one of the boys sporting a flowery Hawaiian shirt and crew cut tells me, poking me in the ribs good-naturedly. 'What's the matter, don't you like it here?'

*'greener':* a foreigner recently arrived in a country

*crew cut:* a very short haircut

Beadási határidő: 2019. november 11.