

課題は二つあります。いずれも、わたしの訳書の原文からの抜粋ですが、提出される方は、訳書を見ずに取り組んでください。(見てしまった方は、原田とはちがった、できれば、もっといい訳文を考えましょう。) また、二つの課題のうち、どちらか一方だけの提出も歓迎します。

課題① 《テーマ:小学校5～6年生が楽しく読める訳文に》

一つめは、“Aquila” (Andrew Norriss 作、1997年)の冒頭部分です。舞台はイギリス、主人公の二人は7年生(年齢でいえば日本の小学校6年生)、トムは慎重派、ジェフはてきぱきタイプですが、勉強が苦手な落ちこぼれコンビです。この二人が、ひよんなことから、小型で高性能、操縦も簡単な UFO を見つけて……、というお話。

対象読者は、小学校5～6年生くらいと考えて、訳してみてください。とくに、漢字の割合や訳語の選択に気をつけましょう。

Chapter One

It began when Geoff disappeared.

The last words he said were, ‘Where do you want to go then?’ And Tom was about to reply that he couldn’t really think of anywhere worth going when, without warning, with barely even a sound, the entire wedge of earth and grass on which Geoff had been sitting came away from the side of the hill and slid with astonishing speed down the side of the quarry in front of them.

Tom watched in astonishment. Geoff had his rucksack on his lap, a can of drink poised in one hand, and there was scarcely time for the look of surprise to register on his face before the earth hit the bottom of the quarry. There was a rumble like passing thunder . . .

And he disappeared.

Tom looked at the place where Geoff had been sitting, then at the path that had been scythed through the under growth on the side of the slope, and finally at the dark hole at the bottom of the hollow into which his friend had vanished.

The whole thing had taken a little less than three seconds.

‘Geoff?’ he called, and the sound of his voice echoed round the countryside. ‘Geoff, are you all right?’

There was no reply.

Tom hesitated. It was one of those times when fast, decisive action was required, but he had never been good at rapid decisions. He was the sort of boy who needs time to think. Quite a lot of time usually, and for anything of real importance, he preferred several days’ notice.

He could go back and get help, but he knew that would take time, and Geoff might need him now. Alternatively, he could climb down and see what had happened, but if Geoff really *was* hurt, what could he actually do?

★ 課題はここから ★

Decisions . . .

‘Geoff!’ he called again. ‘Can you hear me?’

‘Aaaaaagh!’ A sudden wail came up from the ground. Distorted, muffled, but not encouraging.

‘Geoff? What is it?’

‘Aaaaaaaaaaagh!’ The cry was followed this time by an odd scrabbling sound.

Tom threw off his rucksack, rolled over on to his stomach and lowered himself over the edge of the quarry. As his feet searched for a foothold, his fingers gripped the grass — but the earth beneath them instantly gave way, and he started to slide.

Halfway down he grabbed a branch to try to slow his rate of descent, but the tree was dead, the wood broke off in his hand and a moment later he was turning, sliding, tumbling and falling all the way to the bottom before disappearing into the darkness.

Winded and blinded, he struggled to his feet. Slowly, his eyes adjusted to the light.

He was in a cave. The only sound was of water dripping softly from the roof above, and the rock beneath his feet felt damp and cold. Over to one side he could just make out his friend sitting on the ground nursing an elbow.

‘Are you all right?’

Geoff nodded.

Tom looked at him carefully.

‘You’re sure?’

‘Fine.’ Geoff was recovering his breath. ‘Absolutely fine.’

‘Really?’

‘Yeah.’ Geoff nodded a little more certainly. ‘Really. Fine’

Tom’s shoulders relaxed a little, but his grip on the piece of branch he was still holding did not loosen.

‘So . . . why the screaming?’

‘Sorry about that.’ Geoff smiled a little sheepishly. ‘I suppose it was seeing him over there.’

Tom turned round to where Geoff was pointing.

‘Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaagh!’ he screamed.

—— 中略 ——

(省略した部分には、他の登場人物たちが描かれています。Tom と Geoff の様子は連続していると考えてください)

Tom and Geoff sat quietly on the ground, doing nothing.

‘It’s all right,’ said Geoff. ‘He’s dead. I didn’t realize it at first, but he’s definitely dead.’

‘Yes.’ Tom nodded. ‘I can see that.’

He was not an authority on dead bodies, but he knew that not having any skin — or anything else except bones, really — was not a sign of peak health.

And anyway, there was the armour. You see a skeleton wearing a suit of armour, clutching a sword in the bones of one hand and a shield in the other, and you know it’s dead. It has to be dead.

Tom just wished it wouldn’t keep looking at him like that.

‘I’d say he was Roman.’ Geoff got up for a closer look. ‘I’ve got a model dressed like that at home.’

★ 課題ここまで ★

課題② 《テーマ：訳注や解説的翻訳を考える。固有名詞や文化的背景をもつ語句を若い読者にどう伝えるか。》

以下は Robert Westall の中編 "Blizzard" の冒頭部分です。下線部の訳語を考えてください。ただし、訳注をつける必要があると思われる場合は、訳注も含めて考えてください。説明を訳語に溶け込ませた形でも OK。全文訳を提出してもかまいません。

対象読者は本好きの中高生以上と考えてください。舞台はイギリス、時代は 1970 年代ごろです。

Blizzard

At sixteen, I thought I knew everything about everything. Well, the important things, anyway. Like God. And girls.

Girls hung around in groups, watching you come. Then they pulled faces at you as you passed. Then they burst into giggles behind your back, when you chose to ignore them. Girls were to be avoided at all cost.

So was God. I was taught all about God at ⁽¹⁾my public school, by ⁽²⁾the Head, the Rev Arthur Blenkinsop, BD. How sweetly in morning chapel he read out 'Blessed are the merciful'. How sweetly afterwards, in the same voice, he read out lists of those who were to queue up at his study, to be flogged within an inch of their lives.

My father said that ⁽³⁾the Archbishop Canterbury had also been a great flogger in his time, while ⁽⁴⁾headmaster of Repton. And when you added in ⁽⁵⁾the Spanish Inquisition, and ⁽⁶⁾the burning of witches, and ⁽⁷⁾the Albigensian crusade, it became clear to me that God and his church were history's greatest bullies.

I'd seen through Christmas, too. Actually ⁽⁸⁾the pagan feast of Yule, nicked by the Church from the luckless heathen. The Christmas tree was the symbol of the German forest gods, ⁽⁹⁾imported by the Prince Consort. Mistletoe had been the magic plant of ⁽¹⁰⁾the druids, and the rest was just ⁽¹¹⁾Charles Dickens prattling on, to make a dishonest penny. And people had been using Christmas to turn a dishonest penny ever since. All commercialism! As my hero, ⁽¹²⁾Tom Leher sang,

⁽¹³⁾Angels singing from on high

Tell us to go out and . . . BUY!

I returned home for Christmas that year ⁽¹⁴⁾the perfect miniature Scrooge. '⁽¹⁵⁾Bah, humbug!' should have been emblazoned on my T-shirt. I even took a kick in passing at the Christmas tree in ⁽¹⁶⁾Leeds station, and nearly got arrested by a railway policeman.