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Informasjonsside

UNIVERSITETET I OSLO
Institutt for litteratur, områdestudier og europeiske språk
HJEMMEEKSAMEN
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TRANS4300 - Litterært oversetterseminar 2

Varighet: 27. november kl. 11:00 til 30. november kl. 11:00

Bruk Times New Roman, 12. pkt, halvannen linjeavstand. Besvarelsen skal leveres som én fil og i pdf-format.

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Lykke til!

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Eksamensoppgave

Oversett novellen "Pilgrim" av Marilyn McLaughlin fra novellesamlingen *A Dream Woke Me* (The Blackstaff Press 1999) fra engelsk til norsk.

Oppgaven finner du i denne lenken: [Pilgrim McLaughlin](#)

Besvarelsen må lastes opp i PDF-format.



Last opp filen her. Maks én fil.

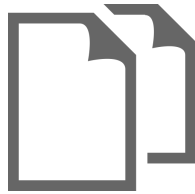
Følgende filtyper er tillatt: **.pdf** Maksimal filstørrelse er **1 GB**.

 Velg fil for opplasting

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Question 1

Attached



Pilgrim

SHE ARGUED WITH TOM when he was back late from the fishing trip. 'You knew I wanted the car. You're late on purpose, to stop me going,' she said.

'That's not true.'

'You hate me going, you always have.'

'I just think it's a bad idea. Look at you, you're

already upset and you're not even there yet. Let me go with you.'

'You're no part of it. Let me alone.' She snatched the keys from his hand and rushed off to the car.

It was late when she reached the beach. It would soon be dark. She wouldn't have much time. She had wanted to be alone, unhurried, careful. Now it was spoiled. She got out and slammed the car door, only then realising that she had forgotten the flowers – a handful of wind-bruised garden flowers. 'Oh damn.' She kicked at the sand that had drifted over the car park. 'It's spoiled. There's no point now.' But she didn't want to go back in a temper. Might as well walk it off. Face the beach, no matter what her frame of mind. She drove her hands deep into the pockets of her padded coat and sank her chin into its collar. A sharp wind blew from the sea. She bowed her head against it, the first breath of autumn, and set off along the broken concrete path that led to the shore. She passed a weatherworn sign that said, 'BATHING IS DANGEROUS BEYOND THE GREEN MARKERS.'

That was new. There were more visitors now, she supposed, more strangers who didn't know the tricks of the tide.

She came out onto the beach. It had always been an unfriendly shore, the waves man-high and driven so fiercely landwards that they gouged deep channels

among ever-shifting sand bars. A steep hill to her right climbed so abruptly that it seemed to hang its grey and green bulk over the sea, menacing the water. To her left the beach stretched for an even mile, broken by a long spit of stones that reached far out into the bay, dividing and confusing the water so that the waves ran crosswise, confounding each other.

And then she froze, for two boys dashed past her from the dunes by the car park. They wore only gaudy shorts and shrieked at the chill of the wind. Yet they pelted down the shore and urged each other into the water. She had to watch. They leaped and howled through the first breakings of the water, were suddenly wading thigh deep, and then again as suddenly were racing over the sand bar, before descending abruptly chest-deep among the waves. They had gone far out and were tiny figures among the dashing waves before she could turn aside. She would not watch them. She must not watch them. She turned sideways to the wind, relieved to escape its eye-watering strength, and walked quickly along the sand, partly to keep warm and partly to get away from the bathers.

Tomorrow she and Tom must go home. Here used to be home. She had so much wanted Tom to see this western coast, where she'd grown up. She'd told him about this beach, about what had happened here,

how she must make her pilgrimage, and he'd understood at first. They'd had a good time so far. They really had. He'd enjoyed meeting her family, being teased and spoiled – our Susan's sweetheart. It set a seal on their togetherness.

'How could you leave such a lovely place?' he'd asked, and her face had darkened.

'Are you still going to go...there?' he'd asked.

'Yes.'

'When?'

'When I'm ready.'

Perhaps you're never ready for a thing like this. She had wanted to approach this shriving with composure. Instead she was cross, having shrieked at Tom like a fishwife, slapped away his restraining hand, forgotten the flowers. It was not tears in her eyes, it was the wind. She especially regretted the flowers, they were to have been a peace offering to the past, because the time had come when the future at last seemed bright again. There was no grave to bring flowers to. The sea had not even been generous enough to return him.

She had fled this place, gone as far away from here as she could, yet images had pursued her, persecuted her – of dashing waves, screaming seagulls, sand gritty below her feet, and far out in the water a dark head rising on the waves, falling and rising among

the crests and finally, in that last, heart-stopping aeon of moments, not rising. That was what had haunted her – the empty waves. And though she had absented herself, drawn a curtain of strange places, new people between herself and that day, she had thought at one time that she would never be free of that moment. Then Tom had come along and she had taken a hold on life again.

Without realising, she had already come to where the spit of stones ran out into the water. The stones were grey, round and hard as fists. She walked along the top of the bank, away from the reaching surf, and looked out over the water, just as she had watched that day.

He had been young and giddy, full of daring. That had made him swim that day. So many years ago. She tried now to recall him, how he had looked, spoken, moved, what they had talked about on all those long youthful evenings. It was all gone. All washed away. She had said, 'Don't swim today. It's too rough.' But heedless as a fish he stripped and ran into the water, turning with one last laugh to mock her timidity. She tried so hard to picture him, the dark head turned back towards her, laughing defiantly. That was how he was made, filled to the brim with careless, ranging energy. That was why he had chosen the water, plunging into waves that swept him away as though

he had never been. If he had lived would he ever have settled down? Like Tom? She could see Tom clearly, the brown eyes hurt and sullen over how she had attacked him. And she knew at that moment that she loved Tom too well to want to hurt him. She need never doubt her love for him.

That first boy had marked her life, but first love is a thing apart. Who knew what would have happened had he been a different person, content to dally with her on the shore? He had made his choice and years later she had made hers.

She felt a deep calmness. The waves as she watched became mere waves, not threatening beasts. She turned to go, but then paused, still wanting to make some last gesture, do something to mark her forgiveness. But what? She stood empty-handed.

And then, like a ghost, the dark-headed boy came back to her, gazing into her eyes, tender and tentative because he had just given her her first kiss. And then he had broken away, down to the waterline, eyes on the ground as if abashed. He had returned with the whitest, smoothest stone he could find, egg-shaped and of a size to fit the palm of her folded hand.

'So that you don't forget today,' he had said. And she had not forgotten. Now it was tears, not the wind, in her eyes, and they were warm. The sea had not washed him entirely away. That part of herself was

returned to her. She knew now what to give him and searched for a white stone, egg-shaped to fit her palm. And threw it as hard as she could. It did not fly far into the gobbling surf. She could not see where it fell. But she was ready to go home now to Tom, to seek him out and put her arms around him and let him know that all was completely mended.