Translate the following short stories taken from the book Our time by Ernest Hemingway.

You will have to translate Text 1 and post-edit Text 2 and 3.

You can use the internet to look for linguistic resources to translate, but make sure you note these down for the reflective essay that you will need to write as an assignment.

The quality that you need to deliver in the time given is publishable quality.

You have to do this exercise on your own, do not consult with your colleagues and lecturers.

When you are finished, you can name the assignment Lab 1 Group A\_YOURCODE.docx and upload it to Blackboard.

Text 1

Source text 1

## chapter 2

The first matador got the horn through his sword hand and the crowd hooted him out. The second matador slipped and the bull caught him through the belly and he hung on to the horn with one hand and held the other tight against the place, and the bull rammed him wham against the wall and the horn came out, and he lay in the sand, and then got up like crazy drunk and tried to slug the men carrying him away and yelled for his sword but he fainted. The kid came out and had to kill five bulls because you can’t have more than three matadors, and the last bull he was so tired he couldn’t get the sword in. He couldn’t hardly lift his arm. He tried five times and the crowd was quiet because it was a good bull and it looked like him or the bull and then he finally made it. He sat down in the sand and puked and they held a cape over him while the crowd hollered and threw things down into the bull ring.

Your translation

Text 2

Source Text 2

## chapter 6

They shot the six cabinet ministers at half-past six in the morning against the wall of a hospital. There were pools of water in the courtyard. There were wet dead leaves on the paving of the courtyard. It rained hard. All the shutters of the hospital were nailed shut. One of the ministers was sick with typhoid. Two soldiers carried him downstairs and out into the rain. They tried to hold him up against the wall but he sat down in a puddle of water. The other five stood very quietly against the wall. Finally the officer told the soldiers it was no good trying to make him stand up. When they fired the first volley he was sitting down in the water with his head on his knees.

Output DeepL text 2

## hoofdstuk 6

Ze schoten de zes kabinetsministers om half zeven 's ochtends neer tegen de muur van een ziekenhuis. Er waren plassen water op de binnenplaats. Er lagen natte dode bladeren op het plaveisel van de binnenplaats. Het regende hard. Alle luiken van het ziekenhuis waren dichtgespijkerd. Een van de ministers had tyfus. Twee soldaten droegen hem naar beneden en in de regen naar buiten. Ze probeerden hem tegen de muur te houden, maar hij ging in een plas water zitten. De andere vijf stonden heel stil tegen de muur. Uiteindelijk zei de officier tegen de soldaten dat het geen zin had om hem te laten opstaan. Toen ze de eerste salvo afvuurden, zat hij in het water met zijn hoofd op zijn knieën.

Vertaald met www.DeepL.com/Translator (gratis versie)

Source Text 3

chapter 18

The king was working in the garden. He seemed very glad to see me. We walked through the garden. This is the queen, he said. She was clipping a rose bush. Oh how do you do, she said. We sat down at a table under a big tree and the king ordered whiskey and soda. We have good whiskey anyway, he said. The revolutionary committee, he told me, would not allow him to go outside the palace grounds. Plastiras is a very good man I believe, he said, but frightfully difficult. I think he did right though shooting those chaps. If Kerensky had shot a few men things might have been altogether different. Of course the great thing in this sort of an affair is not to be shot oneself!

It was very jolly. We talked for a long time. Like all Greeks he wanted to go to America.

Output DeepL text 3

## hoofdstuk 18

De koning was in de tuin aan het werk. Hij leek erg blij me te zien. We liepen door de tuin. Dit is de koningin, zei hij. Ze was een rozenstruik aan het knippen. Oh hoe maakt u het, zei ze. We gingen aan een tafel zitten onder een grote boom en de koning bestelde whisky en soda. We hebben toch goede whisky, zei hij. Het revolutionaire comité, vertelde hij, zou hem niet toestaan buiten het paleisterrein te komen. Plastiras is een heel goed man, geloof ik, zei hij, maar vreselijk moeilijk. Ik denk dat hij er goed aan heeft gedaan die kerels neer te schieten. Als Kerensky er een paar had neergeschoten was het misschien heel anders gelopen. Het belangrijkste in zo'n zaak is natuurlijk dat je zelf niet wordt neergeschoten.

Het was erg gezellig. We praatten een hele tijd. Zoals alle Grieken wilde hij naar Amerika.

Vertaald met www.DeepL.com/Translator (gratis versie)