

和訳課題

指示された部分のみ翻訳してください。なお、文中の「Noriko」の日本語表記は「紀子」です。

Flowers and Smoke

By

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We stop to buy flowers and incense at the small flower shop near the entrance of the cemetery, then we drive a little farther to where her father's grave is. Leaving the car parked on the road below, we climb the hillside path past the terraced rows of incense-scented graves. An icy wind tugs at our hair.

Halfway up the perfumed hill, Noriko stops and looks this way and that, bewildered. Her father has only been dead six months, and this is just her second visit. Seeing her confusion, I too begin to look around, and though I've never been here, I spot it immediately a little farther up the hill and over to our left—her family name engraved in stone.

"There it is!" I say.

"Oh...we came up the wrong path," says Noriko.

"That's OK," I say, "Follow me."

We leave the path, cutting directly through the graves toward our destination. But her father's stone is on the next higher terrace, and we're brought up short at its rock wall. Noriko giggles.

The wall is only about a meter high, but her tight skirt prevents her from lifting her leg high enough to scale it. She makes a halfhearted attempt and giggles again, looking around self-consciously.

Setting down the bucket of water and dipper I've been carrying, I stoop and clasp her just below the waist and lift her bodily—a laughing bundle of flowers, incense, gray sweater, and exposed thigh—and set her down on top of the wall.

And so we approach her father's grave laughing.

While Noriko pours water over the gravestone, I struggle with the stubborn incense wrapper. Suddenly the thing breaks open and half the sticks spill out, falling into the water that has pooled at the base of the gravestone. We both have to laugh.

Noriko says, "Father's probably laughing at us."

I say, "We're just a couple of beginners at this."

After the gravestone has been thoroughly watered and the flowers are in place and the remaining incense sticks have been set smoldering in their holder, a hush falls over us. Noriko closes her eyes and stands motionless before the stone with her hands together in prayer. I watch how the wind is snatching the smoke from the incense, and then I turn and gaze out across the stone-laden hills where crows are cawing to each other. There's a pleasant sense of detachment out here—a silencing of the mundane.

翻訳はここから

When she's finished, I take my turn, and standing there with eyes closed, the figure of her father as I first saw him floats into my mind.

I had driven over to Noriko's house on a Sunday afternoon in midsummer to pick her up for a date, and when I pulled into the vacant lot beside her house and got out of the car, I looked up and saw her father sitting by an open upstairs window. He was wearing white summer underwear, and looked cool and calm sitting up there with his paper fan beside the swaying window curtain. Zeus on his Olympus.

When our eyes met, he nodded to me and raised his hand to point at something, poking the air with his finger as if to say, "Over there".

I turned to see what he was pointing at, and saw Noriko hurrying toward me from the opposite end of the vacant lot. Thinking I would be coming from the other direction, she had walked down to the corner to meet me, and then, seeing her mistake, she'd come back at a half-run. As she approached, slightly out of breath and a little embarrassed, I realized with a jolt that I loved her. And in pointing out his daughter to me, hadn't Zeus in fact given us his blessing?

Before making our way back down the windswept hill, we take a look at some of the neighboring gravestones. This is a relatively new section of the cemetery, and the dates of death are all recent. People have been dying.

"Look at this one," says Noriko, "He was only forty years old."

I feel a sudden rush of years flowing by us, leaving us strangely stranded on this hill. Nearly a decade has swept by since that first kiss, and another decade might easily pass before we can even take our leave of this graveyard. Every minute could be a year out here among the dead. Looking up at the cold sky to stop the vertigo, I see clouds streaming like smoke.

翻訳はここまで

The next day we have our first snowfall of the winter.

After a light flurry in the morning, large flakes begin to fall thickly in the late afternoon, and by evening they're starting to stick.

I think of the flowers we left at her father's grave and imagine them topped with snow.

- END -

*この文章を本コンクール以外の目的で使用するには、著作権者の許諾が必要です。

【和訳部門】

翻訳に挑戦するみなさんへ ～審査委員からのアドバイス～

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- 2 原文のワンセンテンスが長くわかりにくいときは、いくつかの短い文に分けて訳しても構いません。
- 3 読み手を意識し、読み手が「わかる」ように工夫してください。例えば、段落をきちんとつけることもそのひとつです。

日本語の文だけを相手にしていると、その意味がはっきりしなくても何となくわかったような気がしてしまいます。

翻訳をすると、文の構造、文章全体の筋道を意識せざるを得なくなり、そのことは日本語の文章を読んだり書いたりするのに大変役立ちます。

英語に翻訳する場合も、日本語に翻訳する場合も、翻訳されたものはそれ自体で独立した世界を持っています。

このジュニア翻訳コンクールでは、この点を意識し、学校で日々学んでいる英文解釈や英作文より高いレベルを目指してください。