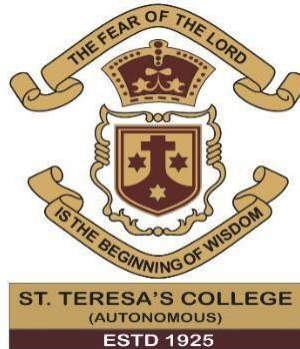


**TRANSLATION OF P.V SHAJIKUMAR'S SHORT STORY
*SAMAYAM***



*Project submitted to St. Teresa's college (Autonomous) in partial fulfilment of
the requirement for the degree of BACHELOR OF ARTS in
English Language and Literature*

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DECLARATION

I hereby declare that this dissertation entitled "Translation of P.V.Shajikumar's short story *Samayam*" is the record of bona fide work done by me under the guidance and supervision of Ms.Harsha prince ,Department of English, and that no part of this dissertation has been presented earlier for the award of any degree, diploma or any other similar title of recognition.

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CERTIFICATE

I hereby certify that this project entitled “Translation of P.V. Shajikumar's Short Story *Samayam*” is a record of bona fide work carried out by Sandra Roy under my supervision and guidance.

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Introduction

Translation is a creative activity that acts as a bridge between different cultures. Each language is bound to its tradition and hides an unspoken cultural identity in it. The meaning of a sentence is beyond the literal meaning of the words used. Therefore the translation should be based on the peculiarities of target and source language rather than words alone. Louise M. Haywood from the University of Cambridge says that, we have to remember that translation is not just a movement between two languages but also between two cultures.

The word 'translation' originates from the Latin term *translatio* meaning "to bring or carry across". Metaphrases are translations that exactly match the original language. The word "metaphrasis" which means to "talk across" in Ancient Greek is where the phrase originates. It is believed that translations were used as early as the Mesopotamian era, in the second millennium BC, when the Asian languages version of the Sumerian poem Gilgamesh was produced.

The history of translation can be traced back until the beginning of communication among humans. Translation was the only way to convey various cultural and religious texts. The translated works of Cicero and Horace of first century BCE and St Jerome of fourth century CE had a great influence until the twentieth century. A lengthy discussion on translation practice began in China in the first century CE with the translation of the Buddhist sutras.

The need to inspire faith and spread its message urges the need of religious texts to be translated to varied languages. Translation was always given less importance. Once the student had mastered the skills required to read the

original, study of a work in translation was typically abandoned. It was only recently that translation studies became an academic discipline. In due course of time “translation” became ‘translation studies’ a discipline.

In this research project, I intend to translate the work of modern malayalam author and screenplay writer P.V. Shajikumar titled *Samayam*. *Samayam* was published in his book named '*Ullal*' which is a collection of thirteen contemporary short stories. Shajikumar has won the Kendra Sahitya Akademi Award for the best young writer in Malayalam. He weaves fiction and realism into his stories with a simple postmodernist style of writing. His slang and strange sentence construction faced wide criticism among readers. *Samayam* portrays the life of a young man who receives messages and calls from an unknown number. This leads to a trap ordering him to commit a gangland assassination in exchange for favors.

Being a modern writer his themes are interesting. He uses themes such as motherhood, loneliness, unemployment, love and revenge in the story. Shajikumar pictures sex as a promise which leads to the fatal flaw of the protagonist. His works are a challenge to translators due to his renowned writing style. His writings primarily used the informal vernacular of a rural village chat and flatly rejected the more formal literary approach.

This project includes three chapters. Chapter one deals with the Theory of Translation Studies. Chapter includes various Translation theories proposed by Roman Jakobson, Walter Benjamin, Eugene Nida, J.C. Catford, and Susan Bassnett. The translation of the short story *Samayam* constitutes chapter two titled

‘Time’. And finally the last chapter discusses a short reading of the work included in the translator’s note. This concluding chapter is about my personal experience of translating this work and the difficulties I face while translating along with a short summary and analysis of the story *Samayam*.

Chapter 1

A Brief Understanding Of Translation Studies

JC Catford in his classical work *A linguistic theory of translation* defines "translation as the replacement of textual material in one language (SL) by equivalent textual material in another language (TL)." (Catford 20) History of translation can be traced back to 3000 BC. Translation is becoming more complex currently due to several factors, including the increasing demand for cross-cultural communication, the rapid development of technology, and the ever-evolving nature of language itself.

Language is not merely a tool to convey ideas, it represents the culture of a nation itself. Translation is not merely the substitution of words but should convey aspects such as the intention of the author, cultural background, sources and so on. Thus translation acts as a bridge between two different cultures.

The history of translation can be traced back to translation of the bible into different languages. The art of translation was not given much importance during early years. It was a tool to overcome the disability to read and understand another language. But later translation developed into a new discipline known as Translation studies. With the contributions of theorists such as Lawrence Venuti and Eugene Nida, translation is now seen as a cultural activity.

Translation Studies as a discipline deals with issues regarding translation. Jeremy Munday, in his book *Introducing Translation Studies*:

Theories and Applications, defines the nature of the discipline as, “Translation Studies is the new academic discipline related to the study of the theory and phenomena of translation. By its nature it is multilingual and also interdisciplinary, encompassing languages, linguistics, communication studies, philosophy and a range of types of cultural studies.” (Munday 1) Some of the important scholars of translation studies during the eighteenth and nineteenth century are :Cicero, Horace, Quintilian, Augustine, Jerome, Dryden, Goethe, Schleiermacher, Arnold, and Friedrich Nietzsche.

Russo-American structuralist Roman Jakobson in his paper ‘*On Linguistic Aspects of Translation*’ classify translation into three types : 1) intralingual translation, or ‘rewording’ 2) interlingual translation, or ‘translation proper’ 3) intersemiotic translation, or ‘transmutation’.

Intralingual Translation takes place when we produce the summary or rewrite a text in the same medium. It is the translation within the same language itself. Interlingual translation is the translation from one language to another. Intersemiotic is the translation between sign system that is the changing of a written text into a different form, such as art or dance.

In his work *The work of Art* Walter Benjamin said that "The history of every art form shows critical epochs in which a certain art form aspires to effects which could be fully obtained only with a changed technical standard, that is to say, in a new art form.”(Benjamin 16) This idea of Benjamin, to make translation an independent art, is also referred to in his other essay *The Task of the Translator*. According to Benjamin Translation is a mode. Benjamin separates the translator from the poet and gives him due independence.

Translation is still just tentative in Benjamin's eyes since the original changes in its afterlife. Even words with predetermined meanings can develop with time. Meanwhile, the translator's mother tongue gets modified as well, so what previously sounded fresh may appear hackneyed later.

Equivalence is a key technique in translation. If a word or phrase in a language carries the same intended meaning in another language, then these words are said to be equivalent. Translator should have perfect knowledge of the source text and the language along with the cultural settings to bring equivalence to the work. Eugene Nida coined the term dynamic equivalence and formal equivalence. Formal equivalence tries to remain close to the original text without much interference from the ideas and thoughts of the author. Here word-for-word translation is concerned. The King James Version and English Standard Version of Bible are two examples of such translation. However dynamic equivalence is an approach in which each sentence is translated into target language that conveys the same meaning without using the same idioms.

Popovic distinguishes four kinds of translation equivalence in his Dictionary. The first type includes similarity between words in the source language and target language called linguistic equivalence. Paradigmatic equivalence is the similarity between grammatical components. The similarity in the impact of the text in both languages comes under the third type which is stylistic equivalence. The fourth one is textual equivalence where there is equivalence in the syntagmatic structure of the text ie; similarity in the structure and form.

Bassnett describes equivalence as "a much-used and abused term in translation studies" (Bassnett 25), while Mary Snell-Hornby regards it as "a highly controversial concept" (Hornby 80). However, equivalence still remains the most prominent concept of translation. Since every language is a self-contained system, no words can have absolute equivalents in another language. This is a major drawback of equivalence.

Another issue while dealing with translation is regarding the translatability of the text. J.C. Catford distinguishes between two types of untranslatability. At times there is no lexical or syntactic substitute for source language in the target language; this is known as linguistic untranslatability. The second type is cultural untranslatability which arises due to "an absence in the TL culture of a relevant situational feature for the SL text." (Bassnett 39)

According to Susan Bassnett's introduction to *Translation Studies*, translation has historically been seen as a low status vocation, a secondary activity, and more of a "mechanical" than "creative" process that can be performed by anybody with a basic understanding of another language. Writers such as Gayatri Chakravorty Spivak, Tejaswini Niranjana and Eric Cheyfitz argue that translation worked as an instrument of colonial domination in the past. It is often viewed as a mere copy compared to the original text and had the status of being inferior. In the post colonial world, this view of translation has been re-interpreted.

Juri Lotman in his article *The Semiotic Mechanism of Culture* firmly states that "No language can exist unless it is steeped in the context of culture; and no culture can exist which does not have at its centre, the structure of

natural language." (Lotman 211-232) Both translation and the original work serve different purposes. Slowly translation spread across the world. "With the spread of Christianity, translation came to acquire another role, that of disseminating the word of God. A religion as text-based as Christianity presented the translator with a mission that encompassed both aesthetic and evangelistic criteria." (Bassnett, 53)

Attempts to classify translation under clear boundaries have failed. According to Bassnett, Translation Studies has developed into a real study investigating the process of translation, trying to make the issue of equivalence clear and looking at what creates meaning within that process. No text can be seen as entirely original because language itself is a translation. Every translation involves an invention and becomes a new text itself.

Chapter Two

Time

I am sitting on a stone bench beside the seashore. Cold breeze is roaming around like a seagull. The gathered Crowd begins to disperse gradually. The children are dragged along by mother's against their will. Lovers departed. Youngsters wander around. Street lights are on. I was not in a hurry. It's only been a few weeks since I am in the city and couldn't find any familiar faces. I used to roam around the city until dusk as I don't have anyone to speak or anything to do, and thus I reached the seashore.

A young man sits beside me. We arrived at the same time. His hair was almost grey and his eyes seemed depressed. He resembles me as we both were not in a hurry to return. Even though we didn't speak a single word, a sort of friendship sprouted between us. I shared my peanuts with him and borrowed one of his cigarettes to smoke. Usually I would have deep thoughts before engaging in a conversation with a stranger and he would have left by the time I decided to speak. I expected the same experience here.

“Isn't it time to leave” I asked

It seems like he sat near me only to have a conversation since there were enough benches left.

He attempted to fake a smile: “Time is not up yet...Have to leave...”

I noted the melancholy in his tone

“What happened ?...seems like you are in trouble...”

“Eeey... nothing much...”

“Whatever, I felt it...”

He sank his chappels into the sand.

“If anything you are welcome to share...”

I stared at him.

He became thoughtful for a few moments.

“I am trapped in a strange situation, my friend. I kept it to myself as I knew no one would believe me...”

“Tell me.”

He started to pat away the sand from off his Chappell.

“My fate will be determined today.”

“Fate? what fate?”

Darkness spreads across the sea. I am not going to leave without knowing what's in his mind. Everybody is curious about other people's secrets. Every human being is a paparazzi in their own life.

“What fate is awaiting you...”

“I will die today...”

I was shocked.

“Did you come here for suicide?”

I felt my question to be immature after asking.

“It's not suicide, financial problems or health issues...I will die today.”

He lit a cigarette and smoked

“Whatever, explain the situation...”I insisted

He received a message on his mobile phone, it was a service message.

I felt his eyes on me.

“I am a young man with few friends. I am neither strong nor am I confident enough to speak frankly to everyone or make a better life for myself. I had numerous financial difficulties back home. I dropped out of college when my father died. I came to this city for the welfare of my family. I used to write poems during college life. None of the periodicals had it. Writing served as a means for me to overcome all grief. Sorry, maybe I am talking too much...”

He looked at me, and I felt sorry for him.

“No, I have enough time to listen to you...”

I took a puff.

“Even though I write poetry neither the printing offices nor media have ever offered me a job. I used to look for work everywhere. I became accustomed to every nook and corner of the city. I was teased, humiliated, and tortured.

Finally I started working as a painter’s assistant.”

He took a brief pause. An Ambulance passed by making loud noise. It's red light appeared to be an attempt by life to flee death.

“ He painted portraits of the dead other than that he never painted anything. Beloved ones of several dead people came to him with their photographs for his painting. He was met by Children, old people, young men and women. He made an effort to portray a small smile on the serious faces. He wanted the living to feel a sense of peace.”

“My duty was to keep these pictures safe until the consumers reach and at times I need to poetically describe certain paintings. Even with a meagre wage I decided to stay there until I get another job. Moreover, the accommodation was free. He allotted me a small room with many unsold paintings. He paints

and stays in his office room. He was an introvert who spoke philosophie when drunk. Though I don't understand, I listened as he bought the liquor. On a sunny afternoon, a young man came with a ladies picture. I noticed the sadness on his face as he handed over the picture.”

““Will it be ready next week?’ The young man asked.”

“The painter simply nodded and moved in. He remained in the room for an entire day. He simply gazed at the picture of the woman without taking a sip of the alcohol that he had purchased the previous day. At midnight, when I awoke, I noticed light in his room. I lay down with the dead reassuring myself that he might be painting.”

“The following morning he wasn't in his room.. I have never seen him since then.

Customers who placed orders started yelling at me. In order to escape the render I spent the day wandering in the city and only returned to my room at night.”

“The Phone rings with calls from the lenders requesting money. He declined the calls and sat with his legs on the bench.”

“On a sleepless night while staring at the dead, I received a call from an unknown number. It said;’ Friday 4 o'clock come near Friends Electric Work, ‘s, on the right side of the Haffis mall. A white, slender man will reach out to you. He will give you twenty five thousand rupees. It's for you.

Keep in mind, Sharp 4 o'clock.” His voice sounded like the growling lion.

Before asking about the caller's identity he hangs up. There was no balance

left to call or text him back. I slowly doze off with the intention of calling back the next day after recharging my phone.”

“The following day, I tried several times to get the line, but each time, from the other end, a girl graciously informed me that the number was not in the service area. Even though I left a message requesting that please check the number they have dialled, it was futile. When I started to roam around again in search of a job I got a message from the same number saying,

' Don't forget...Friday...sharp 4 o'clock...’”

He paused for a while. My face grew out with eagerness.

Suddenly I called back, again I got the humble reply from the girl saying, out of coverage. I started to reflect casually on the message. 25000 was a significant amount for someone like me, who hasn't even held 1000 rupees in their hand. This small amount of money cannot pay off all my debts, but it will help to get the lender off my back. One side of my conscience was urging me to just go and see and the other part was forcing me and yet another one took the decision to go. Although there was a chance that someone might be trying to trick at me, I was adamant about going.”

“As an unemployed man, I had no trouble getting there at 4 o'clock. I received a message from the stranger reminding me about the time. I called back, it was out of service as usual.”

“ I left at noon because there will be regular traffic jams...”

“I arrived in front of the Friends Electric Work at 3.30 and stood there watching people coming and going to the shopping mall. They were all in a hurry, and I got the impression that everyone was heading towards death. I

started contemplating death. If people realise that death is licking away our lives like a dog, this whole busy life will come to a halt. The Clock in front of the mall struck four. A slender man in white clothes approached me. He walked into the crowd while leaving me holding a black cover. I couldn't ask anything. I tried to chase him, but the crowd stopped me from making any progress. He vanished into the crowd."

"I opened the packet once I entered the room. As the stranger said, it contained 25 notes of 1000 rupees. Why has he given me this money? Is this money to do something? Was he misidentified the person? I can't comprehend. I was in between happiness and fear. As it was pointless to overthink the situation, I took out some money for daily expenses and sent the rest home. I pictured my mother's smile after receiving this money."

"As the days passed by, once again I received a message from the stranger. This time, the money was doubled. Though person and place were different, the time remained unchanged. Life seems extremely strange for me as I received money, and I sent the entire amount home. Financial issues back home slowly started to ebb away. My mind was more at peace. I was looking forward to receiving messages or calls from that number. I started staring at my phone daily as a boyfriend waiting for his beloved. My hope was not in vain. He guided me towards a new life through his calls and messages. It wasn't just money..."

He stood up.

"Was he speaking the truth? Or is this just a made up story to cope with his depression and failures. Even Though I was unable to understand the truth I

was very eager to hear him. Nearly everyone left the beach. Moon disappeared into the clouds. His voice rose above the roaring of the sea.”

“Once More I received a message asking me to reach room 203 of the Fortune Hotel at 8 o'clock. I always wanted to spend at least one night at the Fortune Hotel, which only caters the rich. My dream was about to be fulfilled”

“At 8:00 p.m., I reached 203. No one stopped me. The door opened as someone was waiting just to hear the bell. The actress that I had cuddled during my lonely and passionate nights stood in front of me..! Until her marriage she was a successful actress who starred and co-starred in numerous movies. As I stood astonished she closed the door, dragged me to bed, and stripped her clothes off as well as mine. I followed her to heaven. I was experiencing the pleasure of a woman for the first time. She repeatedly woke me up until dawn. I asked many times who sent her, but she never responded.”

“Through the stranger I went to see her again at 203. Unknowingly we get closer. We drank together. She sang the songs from her movies. She danced. She opened up about herself on a drunken night and told about her husband who abandoned her after procuring all of her properties. She cried a lot. I drank until I passed asleep as I don't know how to console her. She never told me who sent her. She remained silent every time I asked. That morning when I left she gave me her phone number. That event marked the beginning of all my problems...”

He lit a cigarette, took a puff and started hacking up smoke.

“ I constantly called her. She would also call me whenever she was free.

Lovers can't stop talking, can they?”

“One day we decided to spend a night together at 203 without the initiation of the stranger. Before hanging up she promised to reveal who sent her on that night.”

“After I hung up, beyond the happiness of being with her, I was bothered by the truth behind the calls and messages I had received. I never think about the stranger who unites us when I was under the pleasure of her voice. It's been a while since I have received any messages or phone calls from the stranger. My heart was filled with intense passion for her so I don't think too much about it”.

“I arrived at 203 as she specified. I rang the doorbell and waited for her to cheerfully open it.”

“Nop...”

“I strike again and again. No one responded. When I turned the knob, the door opened. She wasn't there. The room was neat and clean, as if no one had been there.”

“Is she mocking me..?”

“I rang her.”

“The number that you are trying to call is currently switched off...”

“I dialled again.”

“Switched off...”

“There was nobody at the reception when I went there to enquire.”

“Where did they go..?”

“I waited so long. No one came to me. Suddenly I received a phone call.

After a long time from that strange number. I was terrified. 'Did you really believe I wouldn't notice that you have started breaking the rules...This is the game of rules. Therefore you have to be punished for this' His voice was like thunder."

"Before I could say something he hang up."

"What is going to happen? Fear has made my heart beat louder. I was sweating in that cold weather."

'I went back, and quickly locked the door to my room after turning off my phone, I went to bed and closed my eyes.'

"My mind was peaceful when I woke up. I switched on my mobile and checked for messages."

"Nothing."

"I called her."

"Still switched off."

"Will she be there at 203?"

"Did anything happen to her?"

"I had numerous questions."

"And nothing had answers."

"Two days went by without any trouble. I enquired at many network centres to find the owner of the number, but it failed."

"Bought and read newspapers to know if there was any news about her."

"Nothing."

"She became a painful memory."

“At night, mom called. ‘Two people came from your company. Gave me a large sum of money before leaving. When she asked why haven't she was informed about their visit, I gave a vague response and ended the call. Someone in my inner mind reminded me of the seriousness of the awaiting danger.’”

“At that moment he called me. Come to 702 of the Empan hotel today at 12p.m. Do not switch on the lights or use any lights. Stab the middle-aged man sleeping there. It is better to aim for the neck as he will not be able to defend himself. Afterwards you will never receive any calls or messages from me. No one will come to you. Do as I say. Dagger will be kept by the door side...”

“Before he hangs up I shouted, ‘Why are you doing this? What have you done to her?...Who are you? I could hear the beep beep sound on the other side.’”

“My voice echoed from the faces of the dead.”

“I was panting. I was sweating profusely. My eyes filled with tears.”

“Is this my destiny?”

“Is this my punishment?”

“I considered abandoning my phone and escaping to my hometown. He has trapped me so accurately that I will no not be able to get rid of this trap” my inner voice said.”

“I stretched out while holding the phone against my chest.”

“I have the impression that the dead are watching me with pity.”

“I do not have any connections or the ability to refund the money.”

“There is only one way.”

“Only one solution...”

“Just that...”

“It is death...”

“I took the dagger wrapped in paper from the doorstep. It was dark. It was raining heavily. A message came from the stranger. ‘Time is running out; you have to leave right away to make it to the Golden Palace by 12...leave the knife there...’”

“I gave him one last call, he was still out of coverage. I rang her. Still switched off. I called my mother, she seemed quite happy about the arrival of good fortune...”

“I stepped out into the rain. Mind and sight disappeared in the darkness.”

“I reached 702 at 12 o'clock. Rain spread to the ground through my body. Light flows through the wall. There is no time...quick...quick...The inner voice murmured. The door wasn't shut. The room was permeated with the smell of death. A faint odour from the AC prevailed in the space. I reached near the bed.”

“Do I have a cat's eye in this darkness? I can see the person laying on the bed. He is sleeping with his hands on his chest. A fat person. His belly seems to resemble a globe. Who is this? Whomever, don't waste time...I took the knife from the bag. Pressing his mouth shut, I stabbed him in the neck. All his attempts to defend himself were in vain. I closed my eyes. Blood bleeds darkness into me...I leave the dagger in his neck and walked away.’

“Death moves into the body, forcing the room to shake in his pain. Closing the door behind me, I walked into the darkness.”

“On reaching the room, I went straight to sleep without thinking of what I had done. For the next two days I suffered from severe fever.”

“My Dreams got filled with the murdered. ‘Why do you kill me?...What have I done to you?’ Hewas asking me. I remained in the room, unable to give him an answer. He cried silently. His vail will swell into a roaring sea and I will sink in it and suddenly I will wake up.”

“I looked through the recent newspapers after recovering from fever. Two of the newspapers contain news of his death. 'Middle aged man found dead in a hotel presumed to be suicide'was the headline of three newspapers. No one wrote that it was a murder.”

“I was thrown into deep depression out of guilt. I was certain that the longer it took me to confess the closer I would come to go insane. I went to the townstation and explained everything that happened. Policemen laughed at me as I was waiting to get arrested. The sub inspector explained to me that all the circumstantial evidence supported that it was a suicide and I was suffering with some mental trauma. As I began to recount the events, he yelled at me and asked me to get out. I was determined not to leave unless they believed me, but then two policemen lift me up and threw me out. I fell to the ground.”

“That is how I arrived here. My dear friend, I don't know why this world is not believing me.”

I felt so much compassion and love for him.

Sea was completely covered in darkness.

“It's over,” I said, “consider everything in your life a dream and start a new life.”

I tried to console him. I still had my doubts about the truth behind his story, so my words seemed artificial.

He laughed.

“Everything is going to end. As I mentioned earlier, today is my final date. My time on earth is running out quickly.”

He got up from the bench.

“It is a stupid decision to end your life just because someone else has died.”

I stood up.

“I do not have any desire to die, but I will be killed...”

“What...?”

While he was attempting to laugh I shivered.

“The stranger called me from the same number,” he said. “Despite having promised to never call me again he called. My fate will be decided as the time reaches 9 o’clock...fate of death.”

He looked at the mobile.

I was unable to say anything.

“The stranger must have taken such a decision because I was chased by guilt and fear of the murder. It is what it is.’

He crushed my hands.

“I am at peace as I was able to open up to someone. Only a few minutes remain. I am leaving.

I need to be alone before death licks me up but I have no idea where to go...”

He stared at the sea.

A deep sense of carelessness was visible in his face.

Sea had the answer for everything...

He gave me a quick glance before crossing the shore and road to disappear into the darkness.

I want to be with him until 9 o'clock.

I wanted to speak to him.

But there is nothing I can do.

I experienced anxiety and depression.

The sky poured rain into that humid weather. Clock at the hotel strike 9.

The rain got soaked with the smell of burning flesh.

I received a call.

Ignoring the intense rain, I took the phone out of my pocket. My phone vibrates in my hands as if it got drenched in rain. The call was from an unknown number...

Vehicles of the fire engine moved quickly, ringing bells.

Swiping away the raindrops from my head, I kept the mobile phone close to my ears...

Chapter 3

Translator's Note

The story *Samayam* is taken from the book *Ullal* by P.V. Shajikumar. He has won Kendra Sahitya Akademi's Yuva Award and Kerala Sahitya Akademi's Geetha Hiranyan Award. The book *Ullal* is a unique collection of 13 short stories that reflect the dynamism of modern stories. *Samayam* portrays the story of a young man who has to deal with unnatural life situations. Both the protagonist and the narrator remain unnamed throughout the story. The setting of the story can be connected with the mental trauma faced by the main protagonists. Writer emphasis on the roaring sea waves and the surrounding darkness.

As the story unfolds we see that two strangers who met under strange circumstances were moving to the end of their life. There is a suspenseful air that hangs throughout the story. Author has arrived in a new city in search of a job. During his lonely wandering he met a stranger who seemed to resemble his situation. During their conversation he tells a strange story.

His story seems both unbelievable and sympathetic to the narrator. One fine day he started receiving messages and calls from a stranger offering money. Due to poor financial condition he gradually fell into the trap. Problem became more crucial with the offering of a woman. He fell in love with her. As a punishment for violating rules he was asked to kill an old man. Author consoles him but he refers to the day as his 'final day'. He is waiting to be killed by the stranger. Story ends with a wave of confusion. The author himself

receives a call from the stranger at the end. Was this a trap against the writer himself? There can be numerous interpretations on the concluding part. The author can be trapped by the person himself or the stranger will be targeting him as he knows about the murder.

Shaji kumar has used various images from nature in the story which seemingly reflect the characters mental situation. It helps to create a mood and keep the readers engaged. Image of the setting sun in the very beginning itself portrays the declining life of both the protagonists. Other images such as rain, sea and waves used at appropriate situations helps the reader to capture the mood of the character. He had an unquenchable passion for cinema. As in, the story too has adopted script format. Story is written in dramatic technique.

The title 'Time' symbolises mystery, secrets of the universe and the helplessness of humans above nature. It gives an abstract background to the story. Describes melancholy and stands for the unknown fear in every human being about the future. The simple and rustic language coupled with a narrative technique used in the story transports the reader into the plot and entices them to continuously question whether the story is true or not.

The story can be analysed on its small portrayal of love and heartbreak. He has to surrender his own life and kill another as a sacrifice for falling in love. Here the feelings for the woman is the rising action that leads to the final climax of death. Basheer captures the innocence of love being molested for personal gains. Shajikumar was successful in conveying the picture of an unemployed middle class youth from Kerala with close familial relations. The

author made the story believable to the consumers with the financial situation of the hero and thus gradually getting trapped in the game.

Translating the work, I experienced difficulty in choosing apt words for the modern writing style of Shajikumar. A translator can't merely substitute words, I have to be careful about the feelings of the characters without compromising with the basic story line. While translating I have to be conscious about the cultural setting of the story. Words should accurately express the feeling of the protagonist in the story. Shajikumar has used intense imagery words and sentences in the story. Conveying the meaning of this imagery was a difficult task for me as a translator.

Certain symbolic sentences cannot be translated as such. For example phrases such as 'ഉറക്കത്തിലേക്ക് കാലുകൾ ചുരുട്ടി വെച്ചു', 'ആനന്ദത്തിന്റെ തിര ഇളക്കങ്ങൾ', 'ഉറക്കത്തിന്റെ കാല് പിടിച്ചു കണ്ണുകൾ അടച്ചു', 'വെളിച്ചം താഴേക്കൊലിച്ചു' (Shajikumar 96-110)translation cannot express the deep rooted meaning. Such phrases lose their beauty while translating to another language. Malayalam language is known for its varieties of word usages. The usage of words again differs with locality, community, caste and culture. Each word is unique, ironically while translating the essence of text was given prime importance rather than each and every word.

A word itself has several meanings as well as availability of several words with the same meaning serves to complicate a translator's work. The organic unity of the plot makes it impossible to cut off any part. Taking away any part gives an incomplete feeling to the reader.

Conclusion

Translation is the process of communicating a text's meaning from one language to another. In this research project I translated P.V. Shajikumar's Malayalam short story *Samayam* to english. This project made me recognise that translating requires not just linguistic proficiency in the source and target languages, but also knowledge of the respective cultures and fields of study.

Samayam clearly portrays PV Shajikumar's ability to weave intricate plots and complex characters. His works often explore the complexities of human relationships and the struggles of the common man in a changing world. The story leaves us with a sense of uncertainty and unease, as we are forced to confront the darker aspects of human nature and the unpredictable twists and turns that life can take. It is a powerful reminder of the importance of empathy and understanding in a world that can often be harsh and unforgiving.

Translation theory is one of the key areas in translation studies. During my research on translation theory it was evident that Translation theory has come a long way since the early days of prescriptive approaches, and has been shaped by the work of many influential scholars and thinkers. Eugene Nida is one of the main characters in the development of translation theory. He is well-known for his contributions to the dynamic equivalence theory, which emphasizes the significance of transmitting the meaning of the source text in the target language.

The development of translation theory has played a crucial role in the growth of the field of translation studies, and has helped to establish translation as a legitimate academic discipline. The significance of translation is likely to

increase over time, and translation theory will remain essential in forming our knowledge of this intricate and dynamic topic.

A good translator must also consider the intended audience of the translated text, as well as the purpose and context in which it will be used. One of the challenges I faced during translation was when certain words or concepts in the source language do not have exact equivalents in the target language.

It was very important to stay true to the intended meaning of the original. Ultimately translating is a difficult and gratifying work that calls for a special set of abilities and information. It facilitates communication across linguistic and cultural barriers and fosters understanding and compassion among those from various origins.

This effort aims to shed light on the nuances of cross-linguistic communication and provide a deeper knowledge of the art of literary translation by diving into the difficulties of translating. I hope that this initiative can offer P.V. Shajikumar's work a forum for the discussion of cultural concepts and values.

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