



IRISH TRANSLATORS' AND INTERPRETERS' ASSOCIATION  
CUMANN AISTRITHEOIRÍ AGUS ATEANGAIRÍ NA HÉIREANN

## ITIA Translation Competition for Secondary School Students 2023 Calling all budding translators!

The Irish Translators' and Interpreters' Association (ITIA) is the professional body in Ireland representing the interests of practising translators and interpreters.

The ITIA Translation Competition is now in its eighth year. It was introduced to highlight the importance of language learning and to increase awareness of the highly skilled nature of translation.

The Chinese text for translation (see page 2 below) is cited from **The Legend of the Condor Heroes** by Jin Yong.

A prize of €100 and a certificate will be awarded for the best translation from Chinese into English.

Please submit your translation **as a PDF** by

**5 pm, Wednesday, 3 May 2023 to**

**[competition@translatorsassociation.ie](mailto:competition@translatorsassociation.ie)**

**Please read the following carefully:**

- The competition is open to any student currently attending secondary school in Ireland or any student being home-schooled at this level in Ireland.
- The competition is not open to the families of members of the ITIA.
- Please include your **name, the name of your school and your school year in your email** when submitting your translation.
- While students are encouraged to do online research and to use dictionaries when translating, the use of a machine translation system such as Google Translate to produce a translation is not permitted.
- Previous winners may only enter for a language pair for which they have not won a prize.
- Winners will be announced in September 2023.
- Please address all queries to: [competition@translatorsassociation.ie](mailto:competition@translatorsassociation.ie)

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Cited from **The Legend of the Condor Heroes** by Jin Yong

摘自《射雕英雄传》  
- 金庸

钱塘江浩浩江水，日日夜夜无穷无休的从临安牛家村边绕过，东流入海。江畔一排数十株乌柏树，叶子似火烧般红，正是八月天时。村前村后的野草刚起始变黄，一抹斜阳映照之下，更增了几分萧索。两株大松下围着一堆村民，男男女女和十几个小孩，正自聚精会神的听着一个瘦削的老者说话。那说话人五十来岁年纪，一件青布长袍早洗得褪成了蓝灰色。只听他两片梨花木板碰了几下，左手中竹棒在一面小羯鼓上敲起得得连声。唱道：

“小桃无主自开花，烟草茫茫带晚鸦。几处败垣围故井，向来一一是人家。”