

EXERCICES DE TRADUCTION

français ----> anglais

1. J'étais enfant et je jouais près de la case de mon père.
2. Quel âge avais-je en ce temps-là ? Je ne me rappelle pas exactement.
3. Je devais être très jeune encore : cinq, six ans peut-être.
4. Ma mère était dans l'atelier, près de mon père, et leurs voix me parvenaient, rassurantes, tranquilles mêlées à celles des clients de la forge et au bruit de l'enclume. [...] Un jour, je vis un serpent qui rampait autour de la case.
5. Je riais, je n'avais pas peur du tout, et je crois bien que le serpent n'aurait plus beaucoup tardé à m'enfoncer ses crochets dans les doigts si, à l'instant, Damany, l'un des apprentis, n'était sorti de l'atelier.

Adapté de Camara Laye, *L'enfant noir*, Ed. Plon

La case de mon père

Mon père avait sa case à proximité de l'atelier, et souvent je jouais là, sous la véranda qui l'entourait. C'était la case personnelle de mon père. Elle était faite de briques en terre battue et pétrie avec de l'eau ; et comme toutes nos cases, ronde et fièrement coiffée de chaume. On y pénétrait par une porte rectangulaire. À l'intérieur, un jour avare tombait d'une petite fenêtre. À droite, il y avait le lit, en terre battue comme les briques, garni d'une simple natte en osier et d'un oreiller bourré de kapok. Au fond de la case et tout juste sous la petite fenêtre, là où la clarté était la meilleure, se trouvaient les caisses à outils. À gauche, les boubous et les peaux de prière. Enfin, à la tête du lit, surplombant l'oreiller et veillant sur le sommeil de mon père, il y avait une série de marmites contenant des extraits de plantes et d'écorces.

Camara Laye, *L'enfant noir*, Ed. Plon

TRANSLATION EXERCISES

English ----> French

1. Okonkwo was well known throughout the nine villages and even beyond.
2. His fame rested on solid personal achievements.
3. As a young man of eighteen he had brought honour to his village by throwing Amalinze the Cat.
4. Amalinze was the great wrestler who for seven years was unbeaten, from Umuofia to Mabaino.
5. He was called the Cat because his back would never touch the earth.

It was this man that Okonkwo threw in a fight which the old men agreed was one of the fiercest since the founder of their town engaged a spirit of the wild for seven days and seven nights.

The drums beat and the flutes sang and the spectators held their breath. Amalinze was a wily craftsman, but Okonkwo was as slippery as a fish in water. Every nerve and every muscle stood out on their arms, on their backs and their thighs, and one almost heard them stretching to breaking point. In the end Okonkwo threw the Cat.

That was many years ago, twenty years or more, and during this time Okonkwo's fame had grown like a bush-fire in the harmattan. He was tall and huge, and his bushy eyebrows and wide nose gave him a very severe look. He breathed heavily, and it was said that, when he slept, his wives and children in their houses could hear him breathe. When he walked, his heels hardly touched the ground and he seemed to walk on springs, as if he was going to pounce on somebody. And he did pounce on people quite often. He had a slight stammer and whenever he was angry and could not get his words quickly enough, he would use his fists. He had no patience with unsuccessful men. He had had no patience with his father.

Chinua Achebe, *Things Fall Apart*, Ed. Heinemann

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