

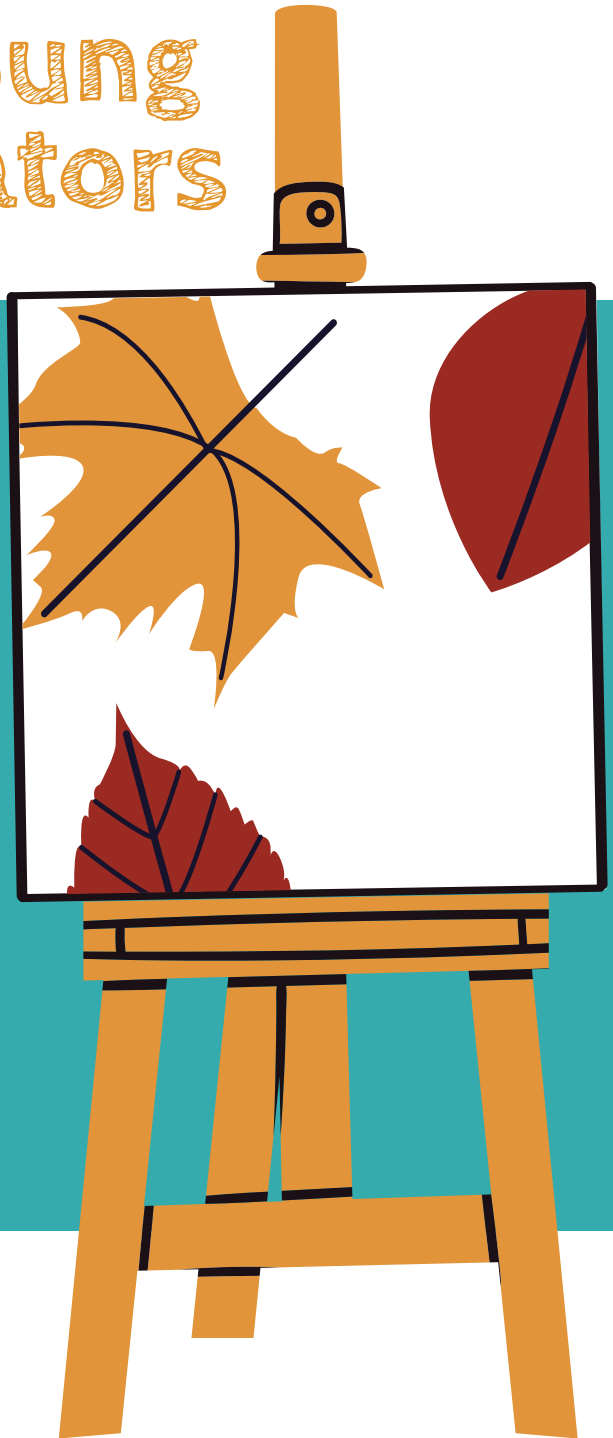
MLC Young Translators

A selection
of poetry
by students at

Ada Lovelace
C of E High School

and

The Ellen Wilkinson
School for Girls



Portuguese
Spotlight

**Stephen
Spender Prize**

The work in this zine was produced by groups of Year 8 students at Ada Lovelace C of E High School (including invited pupils from William Perkin C of E High School) and The Ellen Wilkinson School for Girls between June and July 2024. The groups participated in creative translation courses designed by translator-facilitators Inês Almeida and Andrew McDougall.

Over five weeks, the students explored international literature through reading and translating French and Portuguese poems from across the world, which then provided the inspiration for their own creations. Having the opportunity to deliver multiple sessions with the same groups was a real privilege for us, and we are particularly grateful to the two schools for being so accommodating.

This programme structure also meant students translated from two different languages, which helped establish a truly multilingual space in the sessions and incorporated the project into our wider Portuguese Spotlight activities. The Portuguese poems selected by Inês and Andrew feature in our Portuguese Spotlight poem booklet.

Our Spotlight programmes focus on a language widely spoken in communities across the UK. Including Portuguese in this project placed it on a level playing field with French, a language traditionally taught in schools.

The writings published in this zine are a testament to the young participants' creativity, their willingness to share, and the confidence they gained during the programme.

Please read on to find out more about the two courses and to discover the students' wonderful creations.

With thanks to all the staff and pupils at Ada Lovelace and Ellen Wilkinson for making us so welcome, and to John Lyon's Charity who supported the project.

Stacie Allan

Education Projects Manager, Stephen Spender Trust



Autumn



Encountering a new language is like landing in a new city with no map. We have to find ways to navigate unfamiliar territory. That was the challenge I presented to the students at Ada Lovelace C of E High School and The Ellen Wilkinson School for Girls. The most natural strategy, which I used as the starting point for planning my sessions, is to look for what is similar to what we know.

Seasons exist everywhere in the world, even if they manifest in different ways. That is why Alice Ruiz's poems on the four seasons immediately caught my attention. No matter where the students were from, they would have mental images of the seasons based on their own experiences.

I chose *Outono*, paired with *Chanson d'automne* by Paul Verlaine, for several reasons: Alice Ruiz's poem invokes not only the season but a perfect balance between a sense of hopefulness for better weather and nostalgia brought by the cold. Autumn is also the season we perhaps associate with different colours and smells, which gave me ample ground for discussing a wide range of topics with the students. At the same time, because the Spotlight language was Portuguese, I looked back to my own recollections of autumn and of the tradition of "Magusto", which happens in November in Portugal – when we roast chestnuts and light bonfires. In addition to the language, the students learnt a bit about Portuguese culture.

They thought about their own autumn rituals. When asked about what they associate with the season, most students mentioned the colours – orange, brown, red, yellow – which provided the opportunity to explore simple vocabulary in the languages they know and compare it with the Portuguese and French words, to find differences and similarities.



Going back to my initial metaphor: the experience of delivering these workshops was extremely rewarding, particularly because over five weeks I saw the students become acquainted with new languages like getting to know a new city. In the same way one might pick a place in a city to settle, each of them chose to focus their work on what they felt most comfortable with. Some of them decided to stick with their translations of the poems, others, who were slightly more adventurous, tried bilingual writing. One student, having no prior knowledge of Portuguese, even decided to write his own poem in the language by reworking the words in the glossary I created for the translation.

With my background in creative writing, I was also really keen to see what would happen in the Create stage of the course. I gave the students options: writing their own text about autumn, writing about images of autumn I selected, or continuing a story using a sentence prompt I provided. A lot of the students decided to take on the last challenge and it always amazed me how, starting from the same point, their stories were so distinct in terms of themes and structure.

That is the beauty of words – in languages and in writing – meanings differ and can be adapted to what makes more sense to each of us. As the students became more and more confident in their French and Portuguese, their vocabulary grew and they were able to use the languages in their own ways, which was incredible to see.

Inês Almeida

Embracing the unexpected

Over the past couple of months, it has been an absolute pleasure to have been involved in this project at Ada Lovelace C of E High School and The Ellen Wilkinson School for Girls in Ealing. Translation can allow us to cross borders, travel to new places and create bridges between cultures. It can also be an opportunity to celebrate and bring together different languages. Through this course, students became a part of that, working with familiar and unfamiliar languages to explore a range of themes and develop their own creativity. One of the highlights for me has been seeing students bring their home and community languages into the classroom and experiencing how these can be such a valuable asset. It has also been a thrill to be able to take literary translation into schools and see students use languages in ways they might not be used to, while strengthening various cross-curricular skills. As part of the Portuguese Spotlight, students have also learned where Portuguese is spoken and some words and phrases which they'll hopefully remember.

With my groups, I chose to work with an untitled poem by Brazilian writer Ana Martins Marques and L'artiste by Francophone Belgian poet Maurice Carême. Both poems are full of surprises and explore the possibilities that embracing the unexpected can bring. They both invite a variety of interpretations and encourage the imagination. We began with the French-language poem to give the students a taste of the Stephen Spender Trust approach to creative translation while still using a language they are familiar with from their school studies. The students looked at images to attempt to decode the meaning of the poem and made accurate guesses at what story it might tell. We then listened to the poem in French to attempt to hear the tone and spot possible rhymes or repetitions. The students then began to translate the poem, producing first drafts before editing and polishing their

work. After this, we compared with a machine translation and the students discovered that they are better translators than AI!

The work on the Portuguese-language poem followed a similar pattern and it was pleasing to see how much the students could recognise by listening and reading, despite having little or no prior knowledge of Portuguese. The translation stage of this poem was a more collaborative effort, with students being given sections of the poem before combining these and editing in groups. In the final session, some students continued one of the poems, wrote their own poems or began to translate one of the poems into another language.

Andrew McDougall



Ada Lovelace C of E High School

Here are some examples of the work produced by the students of Ada Lovelace and William Perkins at their after-school sessions.

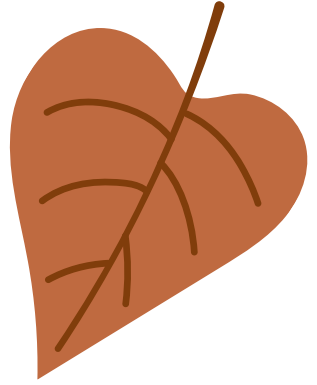
Autumn

Night of moonlight
Inside a cloudy sky
Yet burns
Window Open
The bed all covered
Dry leaves
Side by side
Trees look at each other
And lose their leaves

End of Autumn
The street sweepers
Go on holiday
On the side of the
Road abandoned
Dream of a journey
Don't know if to fall sleep
Or look at the view
Long Night
Turn off the lights at home
To see the sky.

Ameen and Karim





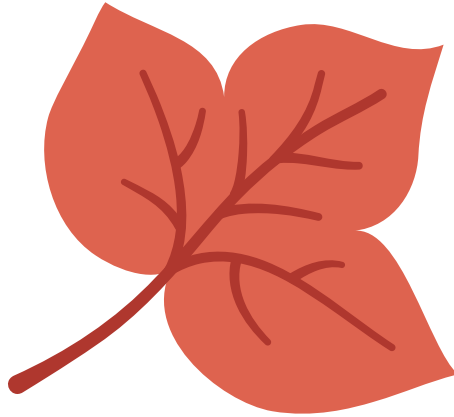
It's the night of the full moon,
Inside the cloudy sky
It still burns
The window is open
The bed all covered
The leaves are dry
Side by side
The trees look at each other
As they lose their leaves

Aayah

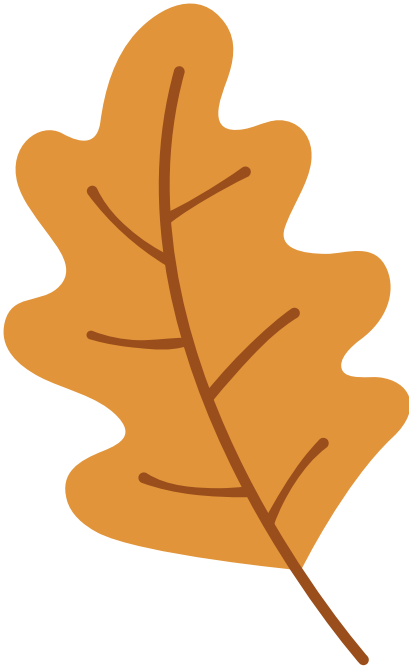
It's the end of Autumn,
The street sweepers
Go on holiday
On the side of the road,
Shaken by the wind,
There's an abandoned home,
Dreaming of journeys
Don't know if I want to sleep
Or look at the landscape

Jeta

Estrelas ligadas
Lado a lado
Como luzes
Na noite
A lua incendeia
Pelas estrelas
No céu
Árvores se desfolham
O céu nublado
As Estrelas
A lua
Tudo é um sonho
De Outono



Stars Switched on
Side by side
Like lights
In the night
The moon shines
By the stars
In the sky
Trees lose their leaves
The cloudy sky
The stars
The moon
All a dream
Autumn



Oleg

FIT 3/7/24:

Outono

Estrelas ligadas	stars switched on
lado a lado	side by side
como luzes	like lights
na noite	in the night
A lua brilha	the moon shines
pelas estrelas	by the stars
no céu	in the sky
árvores se desfolham	trees lose their leaves
o céu nublado	the cloudy sky
as estrelas	the stars
a lua	the moon
tudo é um sonho	all a dream
de outono	autumn.



Rafael 8E

Natoume

Dans le vent frais d'automne arriva la misère
Dans le pays lointain arriva ma mère
Le moment où elle apparaît dans l'atmosphère
mon corps tremble de froid pendant que je me laissait faire

Les feuilles oranges se déposent sur la surface gelée
pendant que je me repose chez moi avec mon bébé
Brisquement, l'orage arrache un arbre fragile
et je vois un renard se diriger dans un fagon agile.

À minuit la lune brille avec un regard fière
mais je ne suis pas fière, mon télescope coûte chère.
La lune éclaire les arbres nus
pendant que mon téléphone est perdu

J'admire la beauté de la nature,
j'ai tout le temps pensé que c'était pure.



The painter

He wanted to paint a river
She ran outside of the picture.

He painted a shrike
It flew away immediately.

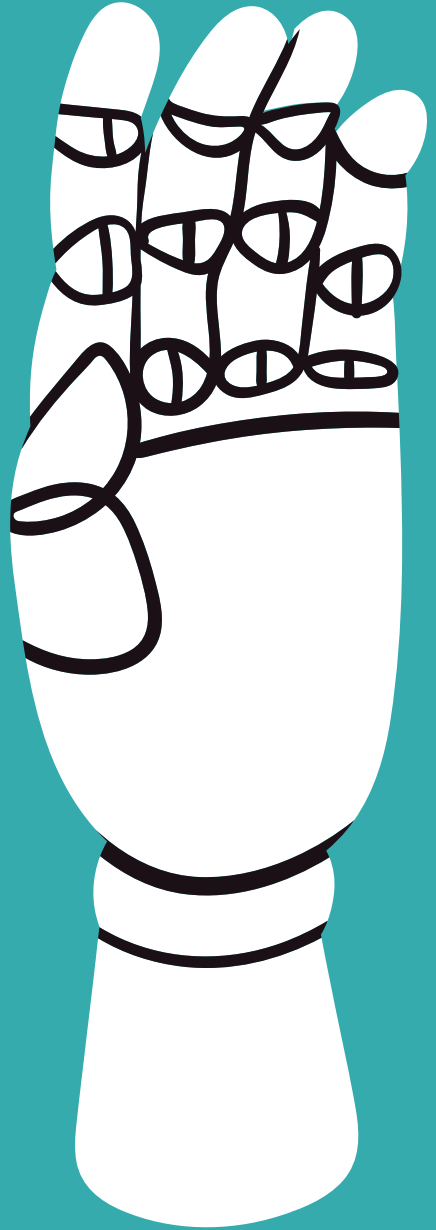
He then drew a sea bream
With a leap it broke the frame.

He then painted a star
It set fire to the canvas.

So he painted a door.
Right in the middle of the table.

It opened up unto other doors.
And he entered a castle.

Translated by Liana



He wanted to paint a river
It ran outside of the canvas.

He painted a shrike
It flew away immediately.

He drew a sea bream
It leaped out of the canvas, it broke the frame.

He then painted a star
It set fire to the canvas

He painted a door
Right in the middle of the canvas.

When the door opened there were many more doors
He then opened the door, and entered the castle.

Translated by Ilinta

He painted a river
It flowed off the frame

He painted a bird
It flew from the board

He painted the fish
It broke the painting

He got another and painted a star
It set fire to a canvas

He painted a door
Then it opened onto the picture

It opened the door
Inside was a room in the castle

Translated by Yahya

The Ellen Wilkinson School for Girls

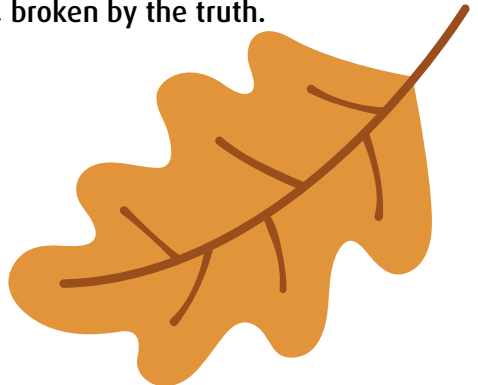
Here are some examples of the work produced by the students at Ellen Wilkinson. These sessions took place during their timetabled French lessons.

Autumn

The dry Autumn leaves beneath my feet were all I could hear whilst I was aimlessly walking in the forest. The scenery was beautiful: tall trees, colourful leaves and the blue endless sky. The cold wind washed over my face cooling both me and my mind. "This is why I take walks in the evening", I thought. "It's the perfect way to sort out your troubling thoughts, which I clearly have too much of," said the voice in my head. Snap. I turn around just in time to see my best friend tumbling on the floor, rolling at high speed at me. I crash down with her, knocked down like bowling pins, and slowly halt to a stop. "Layla, what are you doing?" I say. She looks down, guilt dripping of her face. "Ummm, I was just... I was worried, okay!" I help her up and brush the leaves out of her hair and say "It's okay. Don't worry about me. He's gone now and he can't ever see me again". "I know, but I can't help but worry about my best friend of seven years after her dad went to prison". "Yeah, my dad went to prison for drug misuse and assist in a hit and run".

"My dad didn't actually do it, did he?" she hesitates putting her smile on her face and says. "Of course not. He is just staying outside longer than normal okay? Don't worry honey.". But I knew she was lying to me, the forced smile, the puffed up eyes from crying at night. But most of all it was how sad her eyes were, broken by the truth.

Isra



The dry Autumn leaves beneath my feet were all I could hear until the footsteps got closer. I took a step each time. It's like I am being chased. I probably am getting chased. I tried walking faster and, eventually, I started to run. But the unknown footsteps started to run with me.

Maria

Ancient stone tiles thump under my bare bleeding, coating it in a deep red setting in the diverse stones. Leaves swirl around me creating a vortex of red, orange and yellow blurry swirls, mixing together as if dancing around me. Crunch? The sound echoes through the forest, bouncing between the tree trunks, rattling them as it passes in an invisible wave.

Kayla Johnson

9/07/2024

Creative Translation

The dry Autumn leaves beneath my feet
 were all I could hear until the
 footsteps got closer

♥ "حينئذٍ اسمع صوتك الربيع العائبة طيلة ساعة أوران الخريف
 الزاهية. أتشفو بالحنين وشمم زميم نبوة حفر"

° أن كان دبيرك مكمرك كنت تستعجبك ~~أدب~~
 أدب يتحول قبا سيرت شعرتني

~~أدب~~ (الإنجاز الحسنة قلب السلام)

مرت سنة ونصف ونحو وأنا بينهم بيوم في اموت ودمي يديني
 بالشام كم مرة أتفر من شمري كم مرة من داخل شمري

حسنيو سنينو مرت سنة ونحو من حوارة وأدب يدور بكنت اموت
 والله بيجهمني ضللت ادلني بيوم نعلدق (اع والله والباس مشقة)

(أي والله والباس مشقة كرا)

The Painter

He wanted to paint a river;
It ran outside of the picture.

He painted a shrike;
It flew away immediately.

He drew a sea bream;
It broke the frame with a leap.

He painted a star then;
It set fire to the canvas.

So he painted a door;
Right in the middle of the picture.

It opened onto other doors.
And he entered into the castle.

Translated by Chaima



Hallima
Adina
Sean

It is good to remember other as whom to carry as shopping

It is good to use that to loaded that deny of the we know of curiosities of the two of

It is good to stay time to time to sleep in my friends house

To wear an old t-shirt of his

In habits, as his some of his habits

To wear during the night is possible

A good find one time other people

which we know in our childhood

It is good find one time other people

which we know in our childhood

It is good to make an effort time to time to see memories of them

It is good to suddenly stumble across a bit of sand.

In the pocket of jeans

A long time ago we weren't reborn

Poem

It is good to remember memories of other people
Like people who offer themselves to house shopping
In a supermarket of other people
If only we knew that the books in a library
Have adverts in cruises of agreements.
It is good to remember that words are second.

It is good to stay asleep from time to time
in a friend's house
It's his habit to wear an old t-shirt
Some of its habits
to use at night if possible
of his recurring dreams
It's good to find other people
What we know in childhood
it's good for us to make an effort
to remember memories of theirs.

It's good to suddenly stumble across a bit of sand
in the pocket of the jeans
that we wore a long time ago.
Follow the instructions of the horoscope of one sign
that was a day when we weren't born
dress ourselves according to the weather forecast
of a city that we never thought to visit.

It is good to, at least once, make a
journey in the company of a dead relative.
It is good to, from time to time, write poems
about journeys with cities and memories of
landscapes. They seem like they are written for other
people.

Translated by Sahar, Mya, Stella and Zara

by liya. ♥

le vent fouffle sur mes cheveux. Je me las
dans les felle d'automne. ~~le~~ Quand se me souving des
jour ancien es Je pleur. les jours ancien au tout
aller bien

① Irina Shashkova & Fatimah Alenzi

It is good to remember the people that offered to
help carry the shopping at the supermarket
with other people.

It is good to use the words which we never use, words
that only we know of from intelligent books with cruise
adverts that have the rental agreement

It is good to therefore use the words we learnt from others
even if it means to remember that only we have the words
that were once forwarded to us.

Xopallho Hall nalloums mex kmo costaculucb Hall
nalla nuncbu nokynku b cynapullapkerise c gpyzullu
lragullu.

Irina began to translate the poem again, this time from English to Russian

Poem

It is good to remember other memories
like someone who offers to carry the supermarket
shopping for someone else.

It's good to use words we never use,
words from botany books, adverts for cruises
or rental agreements.

It's good to use borrowed words, even if
it's to remember that we only have second hand words.

It's good to stay off from time to time
to sleep and dream of a friend, wear
old t-shirts and inhabit some habits
to use at night, when dream of
recurring dreams.

It's good to find people that we know from
childhood and to make an effort to
remember memories of them.

It's good to suddenly stumble upon
a bit of sand in the pocket of some
jeans that weren't worn for ages.

Translated by Sooreena, Sakura
and Makkah

The Stephen Spender Trust
would like to thank:

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Lovelace C of E High School
and The Ellen Wilkinson
School for Girls for their
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Inês Almeida and
Andrew McDougall for
designing their courses
and delivering such
lively creative translation
sessions

All at John Lyon's Charity
for their essential support
of the project



To find out more about
the Stephen Spender
Trust's work, visit
stephen-spender.org