Juvenes Translatores 2025

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Your translation [Gaeilge]

Ag taisteal siar agus aniar.

A Alex, a chara,

Tá áthas an domhain orm a chloisteáil go bfuil tú ag dul ag idir-iarnródaíocht! Agus tá an ceart agat: rinne mé féin é fadó, 1990 le bheith beacht, nuair a bhí mé i mo scoláire.

Ba í an Phráig an buaicphointe. B'éigin dom mo phas a chur chun bealaigh roimh ré chun víosa speisialta a fháil. Bhí sé tharr barr ag an am.Tá mé chomh buíoch go bhfuil mé in ann siúl tríd an rialú teorann agus mo phas AE i mo ghlaic agam. Ar ndóigh, má tá tú in Schengen, ní bheadh a fhios agat fiú go raibh an teorann trasnaithe agat murach an comhlacht teileafóin do do chéasadh le teachtaireachtaí.

Ní gá dom a luaigh nach raibh fón póca ag scolairí in 1990. Má bhí leaba uait i mbrú óige, chaith tú táillefón a fháil ar shráid éigin nó i mbeár, agus pingíní a chaitheamh isteach ann,cinn éagsúla do gach tír ar ndóigh.

Bhí ainm agus seoladh agam do bhean a bhí ag tógáil cuairteoirí in Prág ach ní raibh uimhir teileafóin ar bith agam di. Shocraigh mé litir a scríobh aici: litir fhisiciúil agus sula dtosóidh tú ag magadh fúm, níor úsaíd mé cleite ealaí ná diabhal braon do mo chuid fola. Tá a fhios agam go maith go gceapann tú go bhfuil mé sean nósach mar go mbíonn mé ag úsáid rí-phoist, ach ní raibh fiú trácht orthu sin an t-am sin.

San am sin bhí Prág i dtír eile darbh ainm an tSeicslóvaic. Iar-thír eile a thug mé cuairt uirthi ar mo thuras

traenach ná Iarthar na Gearmáine, díreach cúpla seachtain roimh athaontú na Gearmáine. Is cuimhin liom go raibh sórt imní faoi leith san aer. Cheap roinnt daoine go raibh sé ag tarlú ró- sciobtha ach cheap dream eile go raibh ró-thábhachtach fannacht tada níos faide.

Bhí ainmneacha eile nach le feiceáil ar an mapa níos mó chomh maith. Nuair a bhí mise ag éirí aníos bhí ceantar san Eoraip ar tugadh APSS. Tar éis titim Bhalla Bheirlín, in 1989, d'athraigh gach rud. Chaith muid a dhul i dtaithí ar ainmneacha tíortha, rud ón radharc a bhí againn ó Iarthar na hEorpa, a bhí i bhfolach taobh thiar den chuirtín Iarainn.

Ansin bhí an Iúgslaiv, stát mór go maith in oirthear na hEorpa. Sna 1990idí, na blianta tábhachtacha sin, fuarthas réidh leis. Ina áit, tháinig tíortha le hainmneacha a bheadh fios ag ár sean mhuintir orthu.

Le bheith fírinneach a Allí, níl mé chomh sean sin. Cibé céard a cheapann tusa, ach tá athraithe dochreidte tarlaithe le linn mo ré, agus athraithe maithe den chuid is mó. Tá sé tábhachtach nach ndéanann muid dearmad air sin. Níl an AE foirfe ach ag smaoimeamh ar an stair achrannach atá againn, tá déanta go maith againn.

Ar aon nós, i ndóthain bolscaireachta, mar a déarfadh d'athair.

Bíodh turas iontach agat, a Allí, a stóirín. Cé nár fios dúinn go díreach céard atá i ndán dúinn, cuimhin i gcónaí méid atá déanta agat.

Grá mo chroí thú,

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Aintín M

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Text to translate [English]

Journeying back and forward

Dearest Alex

Great to hear that you're going interrailing! And you're right: I did it myself back in the day, 1990 to be precise, when I was a student.

Prague was a highlight. I had to send off my passport in advance to get a special visa. At the time it was all very exciting. These days, I'm so grateful to be able to flutter my EU passport and waltz through border control. Of course, if you're in Schengen, you wouldn't even know you've crossed a border except for your phone company pinging you.

No need to tell you that students didn't have mobile phones in 1990. If you wanted to book a bed in a youth hostel, you had to find a payphone, in a street or bar, and pump in coins, different ones for every country, of course.

For my accommodation in Prague, I had the name and address of a lady who took in visitors but no phone number. So I wrote a letter: yes, a physical letter and before you snigger, no I didn't use a swan's feather and my own blood. I know you think I'm quaintly old-fashioned for still using email, but even that was unheard of back then.

Prague, at that time, was in a country called Czechoslovakia. Another ex-country that I visited on my interrail trip was West Germany, just a few weeks before German Reunification. I remember there was a certain apprehension. Some people thought it was happening too quickly, but others felt it was too important to wait.

There were other names now no longer on the map. When I was growing up, a whole swathe of Europe was marked 'USSR'. It was after the fall of the Berlin Wall, in 1989, that everything changed. We had to get to grips with the names of countries which, from our vantage point on the western edges of Europe, had been 'hidden' behind the Iron Curtain.

Then there was Yugoslavia, once a considerably sized state in south-east Europe. In the 90s, that momentous decade, it ceased to exist and, in its place, countries emerged with names that our great-grandparents would have known.

Honestly Ally, I'm not even that old, whatever you might think, but the changes in my lifetime have been extraordinary, and largely for the better. It's important we don't lose sight of that. The EU isn't perfect but, given our tumultuous history, we've done pretty well.

Anyway, enough propaganda, as your dad would say.

Have a wonderful trip with many adventures and Ally, my darling, while we can't know exactly what the future has in store for us, let's always remember how far we've come.

All my love,

Auntie M