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**Specialty: Translation Arabic-English-Arabic**

**An Annotated Translation to Memoir**  
**Case Study: "My story with cancer"**

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## **Dedication**

I dedicate this work to my family, especially my parents, whose unwavering support has carried me through my academic journey. To my mother Salima, my guardian angel, and my father Mouloud, my constant source of strength. To my brothers, Oussama, for his positive spirit, and Islam. To my sister Nesrine, my only sister, who has always been by my side, and to my two dear nieces Rafif and Ania, whom I cherish deeply. May God protect and fill your lives with joy.

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## Abstract

This study investigates the difficulties of translating a specific Sub-genre of literature, namely, a memoir titled "قصتي مع السرطان" (My Story with Cancer). It discerns between various literary genres such as biographies, autobiographies, and memoirs, shedding light on the challenges inherent in translating personal narratives. Furthermore, it examines the genesis of the memoir genre and its profound impact on literature. The study also tackles the obstacle of collocation in translating this memoir, elucidating different types of collocations with examples and proposing translation strategies to navigate this challenge. Lastly, it emphasizes annotated translation at lexical, syntactic, and cultural levels.

**Keywords:** Annotation, Collocations, Memoir Translation.

## المستخلص

تسلط هذه الدراسة الضوء على تعقيدات ترجمة عمل أدبي بعنوان "قصتي مع السرطان"، وهو عبارة عن مذكرة شخصية. كما توضح الدراسة الفوارق بين أنواع الأدبية مختلفة، مثل السيرة الذاتية والتاريخ الشخصي والمذكرات، وتناقش بعض التحديات التي قد تواجه المترجم في ترجمة السرديات الشخصية. بالإضافة إلى أنها تتبع نشأة هذا النوع الأدبي بتحديد وتأثيره على عالم الأدب. تتناول الدراسة كذلك عقبة رئيسية تتمثل في كيفية نقل المتلازمات اللفظية من اللغة العربية إلى اللغة الإنجليزية، مع تقديم أمثلة واقتراح استراتيجيات ترجمة فعالة للتغلب على هذه المشكلة. أخيرًا، تركز الدراسة على أهمية الترجمة الشارحة، سواء على المستوى المعجمي أم النحوي أم الثقافي.

## الكلمات الدلالية

الترجمة الشارحة، المتلازمات اللفظية، ترجمة مذكرة.

## **List of Abbreviation**

**SL:** Source Language

**TL:** Target Language

**ST:** Source Text

**TT:** Target text

## List of figures

**Figure 1**

**6**

**Figure 2**

**10**

## Table of Contents

<b>Dedication</b>	
<b>Acknowledgement</b>	
<b>List of Abbreviations</b>	
<b>List of Figures</b>	
<b>Introduction</b> .....	1
<b>Chapter one</b> .....	7
<b>Foundational Concepts: Distinguishing Personal Narratives and Understanding Collocation</b> .....	7
<b>Introduction</b> .....	1
<b>1.1 Defining the Genres: Autobiography, Biography, and Memoir</b> .....	1
<b>1.2 Distinctive Features of Each Genre</b> .....	2
<b>1.3 Difficulties in Translating Personal Narratives</b> .....	3
<b>1.3.1 Style and Subjectivity</b> .....	3
<b>1.3.2 Cultural References</b> .....	3
<b>1.3.3 Emotional Influence</b> .....	4
<b>1.4 Exploring the Emergence and Influence of Memoirs in Literature</b> .....	4
<b>1.5 Understanding collocations</b> .....	5
<b>1.5.1 Lexical collocations</b> .....	6
<b>1.5.2 Syntactic composition of collocational phrases</b> .....	9
<b>1.5.3 Grammatical collocations</b> .....	10
<b>1.6 Translating collocations</b> .....	11
<b>1.7 Conclusion</b> .....	13
<b>Chapter Two</b> .....	14
<b>Translation and Annotation</b> .....	14
<b>Introduction</b> .....	15
<b>2.1 Corpus identification</b> .....	15
<b>2.1.1 About the author</b> .....	15
<b>2.1.2 Summary of the novel</b> .....	16
<b>2.1.3 About the language</b> .....	17
<b>2.1.4 Corpus selection choice</b> .....	17
<b>2.2 The source text</b> .....	18
<b>2.3 The target text</b> .....	27
<b>2.4 Annotated Translation</b> .....	41
<b>2.4.1 Lexical level</b> .....	41
<b>2.4.2 Syntactic level</b> .....	43
<b>2.4.3 Cultural level</b> .....	45
<b>2.5 Conclusion</b> .....	47
<b>Conclusion</b> .....	48
<b>Recommendations</b> .....	49
<b>References</b> .....	50

## **Introduction**

It goes without saying that Language, is a truly captivating medium, that served as a remarkable tool for communication and various other purposes throughout the course of human history. and for sure each language has its own uniqueness, characteristics, features and layers that influence the translation process. The history of translation itself highlights the significance of language as an important tool for communication. Translation seeks to comprehend and decode the language features written and spoken from one language to another, and it has been this way since the antiquity of times.

## **Background of the study**

According to Eugene Nida and Taber (1969, p. 12), translation is the re-expression of messages from the Source Language (SL) in the Target Language (TL) with the closest and fair equivalent in terms of meaning and language style. To further explain, translation in simple words is a linguistic process which entails the transfer of meaning from one language to another. Contrary to common misconception, translation is not mere lexical substitution, it extends to the faithful rendition of the original message while ensuring its coherence and naturalness in the target language. and to achieve a natural outcome of translation, the translator must grasp the meaning of the source text with all its layers.

In the world of literature, Hassan Ghazala defined “Literary Translation” as a term used loosely to refer to the translation of literature. (2012, p. 16). It refers to the translation of literature with the aim of preserving its literary qualities in another language. And this idea becomes magnified when dealing with personal narratives such as memoirs. Smith and Watson (2010, p. 3) argued that memoirs offer a glimpse into an individual's life and experiences, influencing our understanding of history and culture, emphasizing the aesthetic value of memoirs. And others claimed that memoirs are a cheap version of Autobiography, Bruss (1976, p. 7) said that memoirs lack the quality of literariness as compared to autobiography. However,



translating these personal narratives from Arabic to English present a unique set of challenges in cultural aspects or the style of the author and so more.

That's why literary translation aims to convey more than the literal meaning of a text, but also reproducing its literary qualities and aesthetic experiences. Nevertheless, challenges can occur in the translating process, the translator must navigate these difficulties to ensure that the translated work resonates with the target reader and evokes similar responses as the original text did for its intended audience.

Moreover, Peter Newmark, in his article "*A translator's approach to literary language*" (2001) highlighted another side in translating literary work of any kind, he emphasized the importance of preserving the original work's essence while acknowledging the creative freedom that literary translators often exercise. He notes that translators have historically walked a fine line between faithfulness to the original text and their own artistic expression, sometimes prioritizing the latter over the former. Also, He pointed out the challenges faced by translators when dealing with literary texts, especially in capturing the emotional depth, cultural nuances, and figurative language present in the original work. Newmark emphasizes the importance of maintaining the linguistic integrity of literary language, highlighting the significance of preserving the author's unique style, tone, and artistic elements in translation. He argues against normalizing literary language, advocating for a faithful representation that retains the innovative punctuation, words, and syntax of the original text.

And this is where annotated translation comes into play, annotated translation provides explanation and illustration to why choices are made in the process of translating itself. It gives the translator a chance to address these difficulties and how he/she dealt with them using techniques or relevant theories. This method for assessment in translation studies was first introduced in the 1980s by German scholars. Annotated translation falls under the sub-branch of applied translation studies, which was coined by John Holmes in the 1970s, and it is

retrospective in nature, meaning the description of the translation process occurs after the translation is completed.

It should be pointed out the presented challenges are not always rendered with the same load or meaning layers, tone and style as the source text, because every language has its character, therefore, language nature and rules are imposed both on the translator and the target text. To put it simply, translating text from one language to another is not always an easy process. It is similar to a puzzle where the pieces are in different colors and shapes. Each language has its character, which means that a perfect translation is not always possible because the target language might not have the same words or phrases that perfectly capture the meaning and feeling of the original text.

In essence, literary translation emphasizes the need to go beyond simply conveying the literal meaning of the words and to capture the stylistic elements, emotional impact, and cultural references that contribute to the literary experience. Annotated translation serves as a key method for grappling with these complexities, allowing translators to dig deeper into the translator's decision-making process and gain a richer understanding of the art of transforming literature from one language to another.

### **statement of the problem**

the process of translating a sub-genre of literature which is a memoir poses a difficulty in delivering the same load, nuances and aesthetic elements of the original work considering that English and Arabic language are from different family tree, Arabic belongs to the Semitic language family, and English belongs to Indo-European language family. The differences that are contained in these languages can present a loss in meaning or culturally specific items. Thus, the translation cannot reflect perfectly and fully the source text. These obstacles are discussed, and the choice made to solve them is analyzed by annotated translation method at the end of translation process.

## **Objectives of the study**

This dissertation aims to discuss two objectives. Firstly, it seeks to analyze the challenges that occur in translating literary works. specifically, "memoir" using a method of assessment and discussing the choices that were made in the process of translating this piece. Secondly, it seeks to translate the chosen chapters in English and make it available to anyone whose interested in reading memoirs, autobiographies or anything similar in hopes of leaving an impression on the reader and maybe provide solace on whoever struggled with the same illness as the author. To achieve these objectives this research adopts the method of annotated translation at the end of the translation as a form of assessment it provides explanation and insights of the source text to solve the issue of understanding and allow a comprehensive reading. It is essential to take note of the limitations of study because it is focused on a specific sample and a specific methodology therefore, the outcome and conclusion of this research cannot be applied on other samples and methodologies.

## **Research question**

We have one main question that we attempt to have a deep analysis to better understand it.

- What challenges may arise while translating a specific literary Sub-genre “memoir” from Arabic to English ?

## **Hypothesis**

- Translating collocations from Arabic to English in memoirs presents significant challenges that require specialized translation strategies to maintain the original meaning and cultural context.
- Annotated translation methods significantly enhance the accuracy and quality of memoir translations by providing translators with a detailed understanding of semantic, syntactic, and cultural nuances.

## **Methodology**

This research adopts a corpus-based methodology with a qualitative focus on genre analysis. That is why we opted for an annotated translation approach as we are going to comment on our own translation on different levels. The analysis will discuss the linguistic choices employed by translators and their navigation of cultural nuances. Ultimately, the investigation seeks to elucidate the inherent complexities associated with translating memoirs.

## **Structure of the study**

This research is divided into two main chapters: the first is theoretical and the second one is practical.

Chapter one distinguishes biographies, autobiographies, and memoirs. It then explores the inherent challenges of translating personal narratives. Furthermore, the section explores the rise and influence of the memoir sub-genre in literature. A critical focus is placed on the primary challenge of translating the corpus: collocation. This section defines collocation, outlining its various types in both Arabic and English. It provides a structured explanation with illustrative examples to solidify understanding. Finally, the section proposes procedures for effectively translating collocations.

Chapter two introduces the corpus, and translated chapters, to be analyzed using the annotated translation method. This method involves examining both the source text (ST) and the target text (TT) alongside annotations that detail the translator's choices made during the translation process.

## **Limitation of the study**

While this study endeavors to offer valuable insights into the complexities of translating memoirs, it is imperative to recognize certain limitations inherent within its methodology.

- The study is confined to the analysis of a single memoir and the translation of only two chapters.

- Despite efforts to maintain objectivity, the translator's personal beliefs, life experiences, and cultural background may influence the translation process.
- The selection of only two chapters, while aligned with the study's theme, limits the depth of analysis and overlooks potential cultural nuances that could present unique translation challenges.
- The study is conducted within a specific time frame, which may constrain the thoroughness of the analysis.



## **Chapter one**



# **Foundational Concepts: Distinguishing Personal Narratives and Understanding Collocation**

## **Introduction**

In the vast landscape of literature, narratives of personal experience stand as profound testaments to human existence. From memoirs to autobiographies and biographies, these forms of storytelling encapsulate lives, histories, and cultures, allowing readers to journey through the intricate webs of individual and collective memory. However, as we explore deeper into the nuances of linguistic and cultural translation, we encounter a myriad of challenges, particularly when navigating the rich tapestries of Arabic narratives into the English language. This chapter embarks on a theoretical exploration of the distinctions between memoir, autobiography, and biography, shedding light on their unique characteristics and the intricacies involved in their translation. We will discuss the essence of each form, dissecting their defining features and delving into the challenges posed by the translation of collocations from Arabic to English.

### **1.1 Defining the Genres: Autobiography, Biography, and Memoir**

An autobiography is a first-hand account of an individual's life written by themselves. It offers an intimate perspective, allowing the reader to directly engage with the author's experiences, thoughts, and emotions. As Paul John Eakin notes, "autobiography is a self-representation that constructs an identity" (Eakin, 2008, p. 12). It allows the author to shape their own narrative, emphasizing specific events and experiences that contribute to their self-understanding. According to Philippe Lejeune (1982, p. 193), a successful autobiography hinges on four key elements. First, the writing itself matters. The author needs to choose a narrative style and prose that effectively tells their story. Second, the content should focus on the author's own life journey. This means the personal history of the author takes center stage. Third, the person telling the story (the narrator) and the person who lived it (the author) must be the same. Finally, the narrator, who is also the main character (protagonist), needs to reflect on their experiences, offering the reader not just the events but their significance. In essence, Lejeune

describes an autobiography as a self-reflective account of a person's life story told by that same person.

Biography, on the other hand, is a third-person account of an individual's life written by another person. Biographers rely on research, interviews, and analysis to reconstruct the subject's life story. As Hermione Lee states, "Biography is the art of recreating a life, as distinct from inventing one" (Lee, 2009). Biographers strive to present an objective and comprehensive account of the subject's life, drawing upon various sources and perspectives.

Susan XU Yun (2017, p. 39) mentioned that there are some term confusions between an autobiography and memoir; to address this ambiguity, memoir occupies a space between autobiography and biography. It focuses on a specific period or event in the author's life, offering a more personal and subjective perspective than a traditional autobiography. As Phillip Lejeune argues, "memoir is a retrospective prose narrative written by a real person concerning his own existence, focusing on his personal story during a certain period of his life, emphasizing the role of memory" (1998, p.4). Memoirs often explore personal growth, self-discovery, and the impact of specific experiences on the author's life.

## **1.2 Distinctive Features of Each Genre**

Autobiography is written in first-person perspective it offers an intimate and direct connection with the author's thoughts and feelings Eakin (2008, p. 12). It is also subjective, reflecting his personal interpretation and perspective on his/her experiences. The focus is often on self-representation, meaning the author crafts a narrative that shapes how they want to be understood. It is also important to state that an autobiography recounts the entire life span of the author's life.

biographies are written from a detached, third-person perspective. This allows for a more objective portrayal of the subject's life, aiming for a comprehensive and factual account, (Lee, 2009). Biographers achieve this by consulting a wide range of sources like interviews,



documents, and historical records. However, while striving for accuracy, biographers might still offer interpretations of events and information based on their own analysis.

While memoirs share the personal and subjective nature of autobiographies, they dive deeper into the author's inner world. Memoirs typically zoom in on a specific period or event, allowing for a richer exploration of the author's emotions, psychology, and unique perspective on those experiences. This focus on self-discovery and interpretation can resonate powerfully with readers, potentially evoking strong emotional responses.

### **1.3 Difficulties in Translating Personal Narratives**

Translating autobiography and memoir presents unique challenges. These challenges come from the inherent subjectivity and cultural specificity of these genres.

#### **1.3.1 Style and Subjectivity**

According to Catford (1965), successfully translating a particular writing style from a source language (SL) depends on whether a similar style exists in the target language (TL). This becomes even more crucial when dealing with subjective texts like personal narratives. Personal narratives are inherently subjective, reflecting the author's individual experiences, perspectives, and emotions. Translators must navigate the nuances of these subjective elements, ensuring that the translated text retains the author's voice and intent. They must be even more sensitive in such cases, considering the author's cultural background on top of finding matching styles. By doing this, the translator can ensure that the translated text accurately conveys the intended meaning and emotional impact, even if the specific stylistic choices must be adapted due to language differences.

#### **1.3.2 Cultural References**

Since culture, as defined by Nida (2001, p. 12), is the "integrated pattern of human behavior that includes thoughts, communications, actions, customs, beliefs, values, and institutions of a racial, ethnic, religious, or social group," personal narratives become deeply embedded within it. This is why translators must be sensitive to cultural references, idioms, and

allusions. Ensuring these elements are accurately conveyed to the target audience is crucial. They may even need to provide additional context or explanations to bridge the gap between cultures and ensure readers from different backgrounds can understand the nuances of the text.

### **1.3.3 Emotional Influence**

Personal narratives are known to influence the emotional state of readers. Translators must make sure to preserve the emotional impact of the original text, ensuring that the translated text resonates with the target audience. They must consider the cultural norms and expectations of the target audience and adapt the language and tone accordingly using skopos theory by J. Hans Vermeer (1984).

## **1.4 Exploring the Emergence and Influence of Memoirs in Literature**

Even though there is limited information about when the emergence of this genre "memoir" started, according to Larson Thomas (2007) it started to emerge two decades ago bursting out from the genre of autobiographies. This genre of literature has undergone a fascinating transformation in recent decades. Once dominated by self-important chronicles of public figures, memoirs have shifted towards a more introspective focus on personal exploration, emotions, and self-discovery. This allows writers to explore the emotional core of singular relationships and explore broader themes like heritage and social justice. Memoirs now utilize narrative techniques to create tension and explore the meeting point of past and present selves, ultimately leading to a deeper understanding of the writer's life. However, memoirs are not objective historical records. They are subjective accounts, shaped by the writer's memories and perspectives. This co-creation of the past, along with the challenge of navigating between storytelling and truth-telling, adds a layer of complexity that distinguishes memoirs from traditional autobiographies. It's this very subjectivity, combined with the creative freedom to explore diverse themes and formats, that allows memoirs to push the boundaries of storytelling and hold a significant place in the literary landscape.

Memoirs offer a unique window into the lives of others, often delving into experiences that defy traditional autobiography. Take for instance, Jeannette Walls' "The Glass Castle." This memoir recounts Walls' unconventional upbringing with nomadic parents who prioritized dreams and adventure over stability. The book weaves between her childhood memories of frequent moves, poverty, and her parents' eccentric personalities, and her struggles as a young adult in New York City trying to forge a different path. "The Glass Castle" became a New York Times bestseller and has been translated into over 25 languages. This impactful memoir showcases the power of the genre to explore complex family dynamics, personal growth, and the resilience of the human spirit in the face of adversity. Walls' honest portrayal of a dysfunctional family resonated with readers, sparking conversations about overcoming adversity and the enduring power of family (Walls, 2006).

### **1.5 Understanding collocations**

One of the most significant challenges in translating between Arabic and English language is the accurate rendering of collocations. Palmer (1938) has defined collocation "successions of two or more words the meaning of which can hardly be deduced from a knowledge of their component words" and later on Firth (1968, p. 182) defined the term collocation as a manner in which words tend to appear together, often described as the company that words keep (Firth, 1968, p. 182).

In simple words, collocations are word combinations that are commonly used together in a language, it might seem surprising at first, but they are not entirely random. There's usually some kind of meaning connection between the words, even though it can be tricky to figure out sometimes. This connection can be straightforward, like "red car," or more figurative, like "spill the beans" (meaning to reveal a secret). While the link between the words might not always be obvious, it's rarely completely random.

There are patterns in how words appear together in a language. Two key factors that influence these patterns in collocations were discussed by Husni and Newman (2015). The first

is meaning. Words with negative connotations, like "dirt", are unlikely to have positive collocates (words that naturally go well together), like "clean". This is because the negative connotation of "dirt" clashes with the positive meaning of "clean". You would not expect to find "clean" paired with words that imply something dirty, this is called oxymoron which means two contrastive lexical items paired together for stylistic reasons. and they are usually introduced to achieve a sarcastic effect.

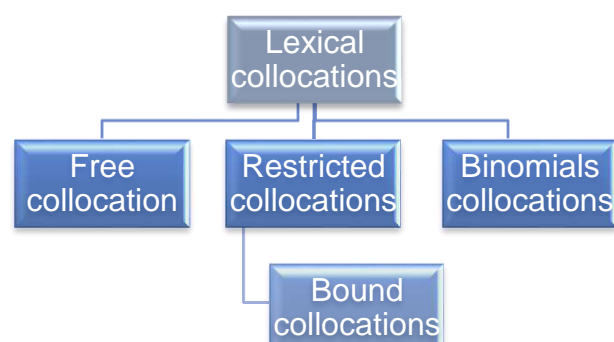
The second factor is specificity. More specific words, like the scientific term "clavicula" (collarbone), tend to have fewer collocates than general terms like "shoulder". Since "clavicula" has a very precise meaning in anatomy, it won't be used in as many contexts as the broader term "shoulder". The text also highlights that collocation can encompass a spectrum of expressions. On one end, we have completely literal phrases, like "red car". On the other hand, there are figurative expressions with a unique meaning that can't be derived from the individual words, like "stuffed shirt" (referring to a stiff or overly serious person).

Collocations, groupings of words that naturally go together, can be classified based on their grammatical structure and meaning. As highlighted by Husi and Newman in their work *Arabic–English–Arabic Translation Issues and Strategies* (2015), lexical collocations and grammatical collocations are the two most common types of collocations. We will explore these categories in details below, drawing examples from their book and the corpus of the study.

### 1.5.1 Lexical collocations

#### Figure 1

*Sub categories of lexical collocations*



This category can be further divided into subcategories. We have Free collocations which allow each word to partner with many others freely. Take the verb "يسعى" for example. It can collocate with various lexical items depending on the context e.g.

يسعى جاهدا	"to work hard"
يسعى للنجاح	"to seek success"
يسعى للسلطة	"to want power"

An example in English would be the verb "to fire"

	"To shoot a gun,"
to fire	"To dismiss an employee,"
	"To bake ceramic."

In contrast, restricted collocations are limited to a specific semantic field. Nouns like "مصيبة" (often used with misfortune and disaster) it is related to negative semantic field, this word also tends to manifest in Quran a lot more e.g.

(الذين إذا أصابتهم مصيبة قالوا إنا لله وإنا إليه راجعون)

سورة البقرة (156)

Restricted collocations can even include figurative uses. For instance, in the sentence "كسر الصمت" the verb "كسر" is used metaphorically. However, the meaning of the sentence is still clear because "كسر" is a common collocate with "الصمت" in a literal sense, same condition is applied in the sentence "The fire devoured everything," the verb "devour" is used metaphorically and "fire" in a literal sense. The context helps us understand the figurative meaning. On the other hand, if both words in a collocation become figurative and their literal meanings are no longer relevant, the result is no longer a collocation but an idiom. For example, in the expression "to drop a bomb," both "drop", and "bomb" are used figuratively (to say something shocking or

surprising), and the literal meanings of these words are not important for understanding the expression.

Another subcategory bound collocations feature words that exclusively collocate with one item, forming fixed phrases like “طاعة السن”. The word “طاعة” which means quite old collocates only with age in Arabic language. Another example is the phrase “أجهشوا ببكاء” the former word means to start crying it only collocates with the word “بكاء”

Culture can also influence collocations and Arabic culture is influenced by religion. Since the author is Arab and a Muslim there is a manifestation of religious bound collocations in the corpus e.g.

In Arabic culture, the phrase “تتضرع لربها” carries a specific weight. Unlike the verb "to beg" in English, “تضرع” signifies a deeply humble form of pleading. It's reserved specifically for prayers directed towards God, emphasizing the utter submission and reverence one feels when addressing the divine. Bound collocations are less frequent in English compared to Arabic, where they can be stylistic tools and are still actively created.

The final category is binomials also known as “مزوجة”, which are fixed or semi-fixed groupings of words that are often near-synonyms and frequently appear together. English examples include "might and main" or "first and foremost." Arabic has similar constructions like “قصص وحكايات” (stories and tales). These binomials share several key features:

Near-synonymy: The words in a binomial have similar meanings.

Grammatical class: Both words belong to the same grammatical category, such as nouns, adjectives, or verbs.

Clear meaning: The meaning of the binomial is clear and can be easily understood from the meanings of its individual words.

Cultural specificity: Some binomials may be specific to a particular culture.

Single concept: The entire binomial refers to a single idea or concept.

Coordination: The words are typically coordinated with the conjunction "and" (or less frequently, "or") In Arabic “الواو”.

Fixed or semi-fixed order: The order of the words in a binomial can be fixed or semi-fixed. In English binomials, the order is usually fixed and cannot be changed (e.g., "might and main," not "main and might"). Arabic binomials, however, can sometimes exhibit more flexibility in word order.

However, beyond the typical near-synonymous nature of binomials, there are instances where the constituent elements may exhibit semantic disparity. These binomials can even include antonyms or words with seemingly unrelated meanings. For example:

fish and chips: This binomial represents a popular food combination, not necessarily near synonyms.

Chalk and cheese: This expression highlights a stark contrast between two things.

الجن و الملائكة “Angels and demons” This binomial presents contrasting concepts.

### 1.5.2 Syntactic composition of collocational phrases

According to Husni and Newman (2015) The syntactic structure of collocational phrases in English can be categorized into several main types:

Noun + Noun: For example, "brainstem"

Verb + Noun (object): For example, "to commit a crime", "a dog yelps"

Verb + Adverb: For example, "to love dearly"

Adjective + Noun: For example, "vehement opposition"

Adverb + Adjective: For example, "sound asleep"

Collective Noun + of + Unit Noun: For example, "swarm of bees"

the principal categories in Arabic are the following:

Noun phrases: بيت الشباب (youth hostel) - Noun + Noun

Verb phrases: أفلت الشمس (the sun went down) - Verb + Noun

Adjective phrases: رجل وسيم (handsome man) - Noun + Adjective

Construct state: طويل الأناة (long-suffering) - Adjective + Noun

Prepositional phrase: شريحة من اللحم (slice of meat) - Noun + Preposition + Noun

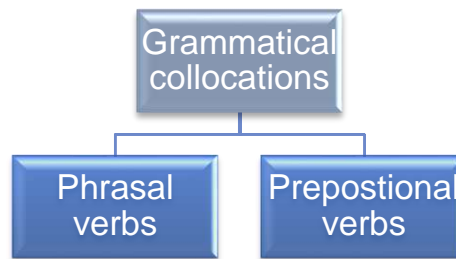
(highlighted as particularly productive with collective and unit nouns)

Understanding these structures is important for the translator to communicate the ST message effectively and naturally.

### 1.5.3 Grammatical collocations

#### Figure 2

*Sub categories of grammatical collocations*



Moving on, to this category Husni and Newman (2015) argued that it is the most challenging due to their semantic and syntactic distinction. Phrasal verbs are a subcategory within the grammatical collocations, they are also known as “الأفعال المركبة” in Arabic, they considered a unique category of verbs formed by a simple verb combined with a preposition or particle (or sometimes both). These elements come together to create a single unit, even though they appear as a phrase. However, the true difficulty lies in their meaning. Unlike many verb conjugations, the meaning of a phrasal verb cannot be directly derived from the meaning of its individual parts. This lack of a clear, compositional meaning is what makes translating phrasal verbs from English to Arabic so challenging. Consider the example of "to look out." In Arabic, a literal translation might be "أن ينتبه", which could be misinterpreted as "took a look" ألقى نظرة instead of the intended meaning of "take care" كن حذراً. This highlights the importance of understanding the context and the figurative nature that phrasal verbs can often hold.



It gets a little bit complex when we look at Arabic. Husni and Newman (2015) argue that Arabic does not even have phrasal verbs, because the way we define them in English does not quite fit Arabic grammar. For example, Arabic does not always have a clear distinction between adverbs and prepositions, and prepositions in Arabic always need an object. Additionally, how Arabic verbs are formed from roots plays a role in their meaning, which is not the case with English phrasal verbs.

The authors go on to differentiate between prepositional verbs and phrasal verbs. Prepositional verbs, for example "get out from under," have a clear and literal meaning derived from the combination of the verb and preposition. Another example in Arabic "وجهتنا الى" which means literally "she directed us to".

Phrasal verbs, on the other hand, can have literal, figurative, or even entirely metaphorical meanings depending on the specific verb and particle used. Examples are provided, such as "get up" (literal), "meet up" (figurative), and "rub out" (metaphorical).

### **1.6 Translating collocations**

One of the most challenging tasks is translating collocations. The challenges of translating this phenomenon are discussed by Husni and Newman (2015) and divided into three levels: recognition, understanding, and reproduction. In other words, before successfully translating a collocation, the translator must overcome three obstacles. Some stages of this process are easier than others. For example, understanding can be facilitated by using a dictionary, provided that the collocation is commonly used, and the dictionary is reliable. However, recognizing collocations can be difficult because even basic words can take on entirely different meanings when combined with others.

While identifying free collocations is relatively an easy process compared to those with figurative meanings or those used in specialized fields can be more challenging, standard dictionaries may not provide adequate assistance at all. Collocations, unlike idioms, highlight the

limitations of dictionaries due to their semantic and syntactic structure. Translating them requires intuition, naturalness, and instinct, qualities typically associated with native speakers. However, even native speakers struggle to detect and understand collocations.

Another challenge that arises when translating collocations is the potential loss of meaning. However, such loss of meaning or features is unavoidable and affects all languages. Most of collocations are polysemous, meaning they have multiple meanings, including both literal and figurative ones. While the context usually clarifies whether a literal or figurative meaning is intended, the ambiguous nature of collocation remains (Husni & Newman, 2015).

The authors also pointed out that because collocations are tied to the culture of the source language, conveying the cultural nuances within them affects decision-making in the translation process. Consider two common English combinations: "patient owl" and "cunning fox." While the latter can be easily translated as "ثعلب مكر" in Arabic, the cultural specificity of the former presents a challenge. In Western culture, an owl symbolizes wisdom, but in Arab culture, it carries negative connotations as a bringer of bad luck. Therefore, using "owl" in Arabic in positive contexts often creates a cultural mismatch for the target readership. Such cultural specificity can perplex translators even in seemingly straightforward cases. An especially difficult example is the English collocation "common sense," for which there is no single recognized equivalent in Arabic.

To address these challenges, several techniques are considered for translating collocations:

1. Omission: we can omit the anthropomorphic elements and paraphrase it: for example, Wise owl becomes "patient person" (شخص صبور).
2. Equivalence: Using equivalent animal metaphors: for instance, "more patient than the hoopoe/camel" (اصبر من الهدد).
3. Borrowing: depending on the transparency of the borrowed term, it may be explained or rephrased; for example, "Remote control" for "جهاز التحكم عن بعد".

An example in Arabic would be the phrase “بحول الله” is deeply rooted in Arabic culture, which is significantly influenced by religion. When translating it into English, it's important to consider the cultural differences. English does not use religious expressions as frequently as Arabic. Therefore, the phrase can either be omitted or translated to a closest equivalent such as "hopefully," which lacks the religious connotation. Alternatively, it can be translated more literally as "God willing."

It's crucial for translators to consider these elements before translating collocations, including the text type and genre (literary or non-literary), register (formal or informal), and target audience (Husni & Newman, 2015).

### **1.7 Conclusion**

As we navigate the intricate interplay between language, culture, and narrative form, it becomes evident that the translation of memoirs, autobiographies, and biographies transcends mere linguistic transference. It is a delicate dance between fidelity to the source text and the nuanced adaptation required to capture the essence of lived experiences across linguistic boundaries. By illuminating the challenges and complexities inherent in this process, this chapter aims to enrich our understanding of cross-cultural storytelling and the transformative power of narrative expression.

A decorative border resembling a scroll or ribbon, with rounded corners and a slight shadow effect, framing the chapter title.

## **Chapter Two**

### **Translation and Annotation**

## **Introduction**

This chapter introduces the corpus, and it will present both the original text (source text) and its translated version (target text). Analyzing and discussing the translation with the annotated translation method will be included.

### **2.1 Corpus identification**

‘قصتي مع السرطان’ (My Story with Cancer) is a memoir written in Arabic by Algerian author Hassini Mohamed L'aid. Published in 2021 by "Fawasil for Publishing and Media" (فواصل للنشر والإعلام) located in Ghardaïa. The book's cover features the title in Arabic script and an illustration of a doctor squatting on the ground. The doctor wears a blue scrub uniform and surgical cap, set against a grey background. The author's name is printed at the top of the cover in English and at the bottom in Arabic. The publisher's logo, resembling a quotation mark, appears at the bottom of the cover. The book contains 113 pages divided into 12 chapters. It measures 22 x 14 cm (approximately 8.66 x 5.51 inches). The quality of the paper is poor and tears easily and is priced at 650,00 DZD.

#### **2.1.1 About the author**

Dr. Hassini Mohamed L'aid is a general practitioner doctor originally from Ouargla, Algeria. He was born on April 15, 1965, and received all his education in Ouargla. He attended Imam El-Ghazali elementary school in Beni Thour, Chteï El Wokal middle school, and Ali Melah high school. In 1984, he graduated at the top of his class with a technical science baccalaureate. And then he pursued his medical studies at the University of Annaba from 1984 to 1991. After working in the public sector for seven years, he opened his own private practice in 1998, which he has continued to run ever since.

Driven by a desire to share his experience and offer hope, the author wrote this memoir. He aims to inspire cancer patients and improve communication between patients and medical

professionals. He emphasizes the importance of patients learning from each other's journeys. Interestingly, the author felt compelled to write this story, not the other way around. Despite self-doubt and initial struggles, encouragement from friends and the therapeutic nature of writing fueled him forward. He acknowledges the emotional difficulty of revealing private and painful experiences, especially since his family was not aware of everything. Ultimately, he believes sharing his story is a valuable way to offer lessons and comfort to others, underscoring writing's ability to mend the spirit.

### **2.1.2 Summary of the novel**

The story begins in the summer of Ouargla in 1988. Dr. Hassini found himself on the verge of taking his first resit exam. After four years of hard work. Determined, he spent his days helping his father on the farm and at night he buried himself in books. His journey took him to Annaba for the exams. But fate had other plans. As he finished the tests, a different kind of test began and a battle within his own body started. Dr. Hassini fell ill, and the news that followed was a shock to him. The diagnosis was cancer more specifically "Chronic Myeloid Leukemia", and this came amidst the critical events brewing in Algeria, adding another layer of worry. Annaba became the unexpected place where he had to learn this terrifying news. Following his doctor's advice, Dr. Hassini knew he had to go to France for better treatment. As he struggled with illness it was tough to keep this a secret from his family, However, their love and support pushed through. Offering their strength as he prepared to leave on 22<sup>nd</sup> of October 1988. France became his new battlefield. The Cochin Hospital, built to help those in need, became his base. Yet, this battle came at a cost. The treatment ravaged his health, stealing the sight from his left eye and leaving a profound impact on his mental well-being.

Despite the toll it took, Dr. Hassini kept going through his journey with a strong determination to get back home. On December 11<sup>th</sup>, 1988, he was discharged with the crucial requirement of continuing his treatment back in Algeria. Filled with gratitude for the kindness he received from the nurses and staff, he embarked on his return journey, first to Annaba and then

back to his beloved home. The sight of him so thin and frail from his illness brought a wave of shock and worry over his family. But their love remained strong. With time and rest, Dr. Hassini regained his strength. Soon, he found solace in prayer at the mosque. The battle continued, but his spirit never weakened. And then, the victory arrived he was declared cancer-free. With renewed hope, Dr. Hassini completed his medical training and became a doctor. He returned home to serve his community and aid his family, working at a clinic. After months he found happiness by getting married and having children. The challenges he faced made him stronger and more grateful for life.

### **2.1.3 About the language**

The author's choice of vocabulary makes the memoir a captivating read. Far from being a dry recount of his experiences, the prose is refreshingly accessible and engaging. He weaves in elements of his cultural background, using proverbs that resonate with his audience and quotes from the Quran that offer solace and wisdom. These are further complemented by the beauty of quoted poems, adding another layer of emotional depth and artistic expression. The memoir is not just informative, it's a pleasure to read thanks to the author's thoughtful and evocative use of language.

### **2.1.4 Corpus selection choice**

During the corpus exploration phase, I encountered two specific chapters that resonated deeply with me on an emotional level. This significant response served as a crucial indicator of the chapter's potential to connect with the reader on a profound level. As a result, the decision to focus and to translate these chapters was based not only on their subject significance to the study, but also on their capacity to trigger an emotional response from the reader.

## 2.2 The source text

### فصل الأول

#### رحلة نحو المجهول

عنابة قبل في ليلة الذهاب إلى فرنسا، أي ساعات قبل موعد السفر المقرر يوم الجمعة 21 أكتوبر 1988، أقام الأخ الربيع" مأدبة عشاء على شرف العائلة، التأم فيها شمل كل أحبائي من أهل وأصدقاء، كانت آخر ليلة أفضيها في" السفر، تناولنا فيها أطيب الطعام - عدت بعدها إلى الحي الجامعي، لأحد أصدقائي من الطلبة في حالة استنفار لتحضير كل ما يلزمني من حاجيات، فهذا يغسل ملابسني، وذاك يكوي قمصاني التي لم يكفها الوقت لتجف، وذاك يقدم لي هدية على شكل عطر أو صابون أو غيرها، بل إن صديقي "عبد الحميد باعلي" أعطاني سترته الجديدة بعدما عرف أن خزانتي لا تحتوي على سترة تقيني من البرد، وهو يلح في قبولي معللاً ذلك بشدة البرد بفرنسا، أما الأخ عبد اللطيف باعمر"، فلم يهدأ له بال حتى وضع ملابسني في حقيبته الجديدة هو كذلك، خانتني العبارات وكشفتني" العيرات، ولم تسعفني الكلمات الشكرهم، وقلت لهم رب أخوة لم تلدهم أمي، وودعت الجميع بالعناق، كانت الدموع تجري في عيونهم وأنا أقرأ فيها خوفاً من أن تكون تلك اللحظة آخر مرة يرونني فيها، نمت في غرفة الأخ "حجاج رستم"، لأن غرفتي نام فيها إخوتي وعمي وتفرق الآخرون على غرف الأصدقاء. بينما أنا أضع رأسي على الوسادة سمعت طرقاتاً على الباب ففتح الأخ رستم، فإذا به الأخ "عبد الباقي بوبكري" ابن مدينة تماسين الطيبة، والذي كان يدرس الطب، اقترب مني وسألني:

هل تعرف أحدا في باريس؟ أجبته بأنني لا أعرف أحدا هناك، وهذه أول مرة أسافر إلى عاصمة فرنسا دون سابق - تحضير، فمد لي قصاصة ورق صغيرة مكتوب عليها اسم ورقم هاتف وقال لي: - هذا رقم زوج أختي عبد المالك حمادة، فهو يسكن في باريس، اتصل به ما إن تدخل المستشفى وكلمه فإنه سيزورك ويقوم بالواجب معك.

شكرته على ذلك وحمدت الله أن وهبني إخوة وأصدقاء يفكرون في راحتي ويسعون التسهيل الأمور علي، وأخي عبد الباقي بعدما أتم دراسته هاجر لفرنسا ومنها إلى أمريكا، حيث يعمل الآن بإحدى المستشفيات المتخصصة بعلاج السرطان بولاية فلوريدا الأمريكية.

ومع أول خيوط أشعة الصباح الأولى اتجهت صوب المستشفى فوجدت كل العائلة تنتظرنني والمرضة قد باشرت في أخذ عينات من دم إخوتي وأخواتي، كانت الطبيبة "نايلة" التي سترافقني فرنسا على أهبة الاستعداد، ومعها الجوازات مختومة بالتأشيرات وتذاكر السفر والملف الطبي، ودعت أهلي وكان آخر من ضمته إلى صدري أمي، أردت الإبقاء على حرارة صدرها عليها تبقى معي إلى أين أنا ذاهب، كانت تحمل بين ذراعيها أخي الصغير سليمان



تأملتها وأنا أقول في قرارة نفسي هل سيأتي اليوم الذي سألتقي بها ثانية وأضمها لصدري، وأجلس معها وأستمع بالنظر لوجهها الكريم؟ خرج الجميع من المستشفى قبل أن تأتي سيارة إسعاف لتقلني والطبيبة نائلة إلى المطار، ركينا سيارة الإسعاف وودعنا موظفي مصلحة أمراض الدم الذين تطوعوا يوم الجمعة من أجل تسهيل ظروف رحلتنا، كانت الطريق فارغة إلا من بعض السيارات، كان يوم الجمعة أي عطلة نهاية الأسبوع والجو معتدل، وصلنا إلى المطار وقمنا بالإجراءات الروتينية للركوب، وبعدها بنصف ساعة اكتشفت أن خالي محمد رحمة الله عليه وابن خالتي السعيد، قد التحقوا بنا لتوديعنا والتأكد من انطلاق رحلتنا

،أقلعت الطائرة على الساعة العاشرة صباحاً ضمن رحلة للخطوط الجوية الجزائرية، مرتفعة تشق عباب السماء كان الحال الذي تركت عليه عائلتي محور تفكيري، وأنا أتساءل كيف سيعودون لورقلة وما هي مشاعرهم الآن بعدما رأوني في تلك الحالة من المرض - رأيت البحر الأبيض المتوسط في الأسفل وقلت في نفسي إن من رفعتنا فوق هذا البحر الفسيح، ورفع فوقنا هذه السماء من دون عماد ألا يمكنه أن يرفع البلاء عني؟ حاشا لله فبالرغم من كل ما رافق رحلتي من خوف، فقد كنت أعتقد أنني بين يدي رب رحيم لن يضيعني، فتوفر كل تلك الظروف لنقلي إلى فرنسا وأنا الفقير المعدم، في ظل تلك الأحداث المهولة التي عاشتها الجزائر لخير دليل على إن الفرج آت إن شاء الله وبعد أكثر من ساعتين من الطيران في ظروف جد مريحة بدأت تتضح لنا معالم العاصمة الفرنسية من الأعلى، وكنا كلما اقتربنا من المطار نشاهد تلك الحدائق الغناء بجمالها الذي يسحر الألباب، ونلمح نهر "السين" الشهير الذي يمتد وسط العاصمة العملاقة، نزلنا في مطار "أورلي" الذي كان يعج بالمسافرين من كل أنحاء العالم ومن مختلف القارات، كان الكل في حركة دائبة لا تكاد تميز وجوههم، كانت المرة الأولى التي تطأ فيها قدمي أرض دولة أوروبية، وما يثير الإعجاب في ذلك المطار هو الخدمات التي كانت غاية في الدقة والسرعة، خرجنا من المطار متجهين إلى حيث حافلات النقل، كان الجو جميلاً مع قليل من البرودة في ذلك الخريف الباريسي اللطيف، وبعد جلوسي في الحافلة انتابنتي أحاسيس كثيرة وغريبة فالحافلة نظيفة لدرجة أنك تخاف من أن تضع حذاءك فوق البساط المفروش في أرضيتها، والمدينة قد تم تشييدها على أحسن ما تكون المدن كانت شوارعها غاية في الترتيب والجمال فقد سمعت عنها الكثير من القصص والحكايات، وأنها بلد الجن والملائكة كما قالها الأديب طه حسين جلست بالقرب من النافذة لأكتشف معالم المدينة في تلك الرحلة بين المطار والمستشفى. لم أر الكثير من المارة في الشوارع بل حتى حركة المرور كانت سلسلة، رافقنا في الحافلة عجوزا فرنسية طاعنة في السن لم تكف عن تكرار نفس السؤال في كل محطة تتوقف عندها هل وصلنا إلى المحطة الأخيرة؟ وفي كل مرة يجيبها الركاب ضاحكين

وفي كل مرة يجيبها الركاب ضاحكين

لا لم نصلها بعد - كانت كأنها تنطق على لساني وأنا أرغب في القول هل هذه المحطة من حياتي هي محطتي -  
 الأخيرة أم لا؟ فيأتيني الجواب من أعماق النفس المتشبثة بالحياة أن رحلتي لا تزال مستمرة، ولن تتوقف هنا في  
 فرنسا، عكس ما اعتقده الكثير من الناس الذين سمعوا بما ألم بي من مصيبة المرض. بعد وصولنا إلى محطة "دانفير  
 روشرو" استأجرنا سيارة أجرة نقلتنا على جناح السرعة إلى مستشفى "كوشان"، بباريس بالدائرة الرابعة عشر ذلك  
 "المستشفى الكبير والمكون من عمارات من الطراز القديم ذات اللون البني الفاتح، فقد بناه "جون دونيس كوشان  
 كمأوى للفقراء والعمال، وهأنا الفقير كذلك أصله في منتصف النهار للإقامة فيه في أحد أسرته التي تبلغ 1400  
 سرير، ويشرف عليه ما يقارب 7000 عامل منهم أكثر من ألف طبيب

هممنا بالدخول للمستشفى من الباب الكبير فاستوقفنا الحارس طالبا منا التوجه إلى البوابة الخاصة بالراجلين دخلنا  
 بهوا كبيرا كان سقفه عالياً ومنمقا بزخارف غاية في الجمال، وفيه أحدث الأثاث والتجهيزات، وهذا مما لا يوحى به  
 منظره الخارجي العتيق - تكلمت مرافقتي مع موظفة الاستقبال التي كانت تقف خلف مكتب صغير، فأشارت لنا بأن  
 الجميع في انتظارنا في وحدة أمراض الدم، وأنا قد تأخرنا عن موعدنا، أجابت مرافقتي أن الطائرة تأخرت قليلاً  
 ،كأكثر رحلات الجوية الجزائرية، ووجهتنا إلى عمارة توجد في الجهة الجنوبية للمستشفى الكبير والممتد الأطراف  
 قالت إن اسم العمارة "أشارد" لتسهل علينا عملية البحث من بين تلك العمارات الكثيرة التي تتوسطها حدائق ذات  
 بهجة، وصلنا تلك العمارة بعد السير لمئات الأمتار، وإذا بامرأة سمراء البشرة ضخمة الجثة تقف كالطود الأشم أمام  
 مدخل المبنى، تحمق فينا في دهشة واضعة يديها حول خصرها، وما إن تأكدت من هويتنا حتى صرخت كأنها مدير  
 مدرسة رأى التلاميذ قد وصلوا متأخرين للدوام، طالبة منا الذهاب على جناح السرعة للطابق الثالث، حيث الكل  
 ينتظرنا في وحدة أمراض الدم سعدنا بسر الخطى عبر السلم خوفاً من اللوم والتعنيف

وأمام وحدة أمراض الدم في الطابق الثالث كان الكل في انتظارنا بالفعل، وفي لمح البصر خطفت إحدى الممرضات  
 بلباسها الأخضر، العلبة التي في يد الطبيبة حيث وجد عينات الدم الخاصة بأفراد عائلتي ونزلت بها بسرعة نحو  
 المخبر، وأمسكت الأخرى بحقيبتي وكأني ضيف رسمي قد وصل للتو لمقابلة مسؤول سام، وطلبت مني أن أرافقها  
 إلى غرفتي التي تنتظرنني، كنت أتبعها في دهشة فلم تكن تلك الغرفة بعيدة عن المدخل، مشيت في رواق أرضيته  
 تلمع وجدرانه كأنها قد طليت بالصباغ دقائق قبل وصولنا، فلا تشم رائحة للدواء أو أي شيء آخر يوحى بأنك في  
 جناح يرقد فيه مرضى لأسابيع وشهور. دخلت الممرضة ودخلت خلفها إلى الغرفة التي كانت في يميني، لمحت رقم  
 على الباب تذكرت رقم غرفتي في الحي الجامعي 36، فقلت في نفسي ها هو الصفر يتوسط الرقمين الذين 306  
 تعودت على مشاهدتهما كلما فتحت باب غرفتي في عنابة، فهل سأبدأ حياة جديدة من الصفر من هذه الغرفة، أم هو  
 رصيد أيامي الذي سينتهي إلى الصفر هنا؟ كانت غرفة واسعة مخصصة لمرضى واحد فبالقرب من المدخل على

اليمين باب صغير لدورة المياه حيث المرحاض ومكان لغسل الأرجل وآخر لغسل الوجه فوقه مرآة وصندوق صغير يحتوي على طبقات من الورق البني اللون لتجفيف اليدين، بعد باب الحمام توجد خزانة صغيرة للملابس ووسط الغرفة سرير تحيط به أريكة مغلقة بالجلد الأصفر الفاتح وكرسي وطاولة صغيرة للأكل وأخرى بالقرب من السرير فوقها هاتف، ومقابل السرير طاولة صغيرة فوقها تلفاز أسود اللون، وفي آخر الغرفة نافذة كبيرة أخذت كل عرض الحائط ونصف طوله تسمح بمشاهدة الشوارع و عمارات سكنية كبيرة، وتبدو عمارة سوداء عالية من جهة الشرق . عرفت فيما بعد أنها برج مونبرناس الشهير

قامت الممرضة بدور المرشد السياحي الذي يعرفني بمعالم المكان جلست وحيداً بعدما غادرت الممرضة الغرفة نزعت حذائي واستلقيت فوق السرير متفحصا المكان ومدققا في أركانه، كان الهدوء يسود المصلحة ولم يكن هناك عمال كثيرون عندما وصلنا، ربما بسبب إضراب الممرضين فقد لمحنا عند وصولنا لافئة كبيرة فوق جدار المستشفى تحمل شعاراً كبيراً بدخول الممرضين في إضراب، بل إن الممرضات كن لأيام عديدة يحملن شارات على صدورهن كتب عليها "ممرضة في إضراب"، ولكنهن كن يقمن بالحد الأدنى من الخدمة، اندهشت لذلك فأنا لم أعود على كلمة اسمها إضراب في الجزائر منذ أن كنت طفلاً

عادت الطبيبة "نانلة" مرافقتي بعدما أتمت إجراءات الدخول، وجلست صامتة في الغرفة، كانت علامات التأثر الحالي بادية على محياها، وكسر الصمت، قلت لها بأني تمنيت لو أن مثل هذا المستشفى في بلدي، وأعالج فيه، ولا أضطر إلى الغربية، فأنا سابقى وحيدا في هذه البلاد ولا أحد يؤنسني أو يزورني، قامت بعد دقائق وعندما همت بالخروج وعدتني بالعودة للاطمئنان علي، وحينما غادرت الغرفة أحسست بفراغ رهيب، فتحت التلفاز وتنقلت بين القنوات الفرنسية، لم يكن هناك إلا خمسة الأمر عجباً، أو ستة قنوات، ومع ذلك بدا لي الأمر عجباً، فلأول مرة أفتح تلفازا فيه أكثر من قناة بواسطة تلك الآلة التي تسمى "الريموت كنترول"، غير أن مشاهدتي للقنوات الفرنسية عوض أن تُسليني، فإنها زادت من إحساسي بالغربة، فأغلب برامجها عبارة عن ألعاب ومسلسلات سمجة لا لون لها ولا طعم

## الفصل الثاني

### العودة الى دفي العائلة

استيقظت مبكراً صباح يوم الأحد 11 ديسمبر 1988، وجمعت ما تبقى من أغراضي وفتشت جيداً في الغرفة لعلي وما هي إلا دقائق، نسيت شيئاً، وانتظرت جالسا على حافة السرير، بعدما تناولت آخر فطور صباح في المصلحة يسألان عني، خرجت إليهما وصافحتهما حتى سمعت صوت . كل من الأخوين عبد القادر ومحمد العيد في الرواق، بحرارة وجمعت أوراقا تتعلق بمكوني بالمستشفى، وودعت الممرضات العاملات في ذلك الوقت من الصباح الباكر وشكرتهن على حسن معاملتهن لي، وتمنين لي هن بدورهن الشفاء التام والنجاح في الحياة، خرجنا من المستشفى

حوالي الثامنة صباحا وسارت بنا السيارة في شوارع المدينة التي تكاد تكون فارغة إلا من بعض الباريسيين الذين يمارسون رياضة الجري مجموعات وفرادى وعند وصولنا للمطار تبين لنا أن الرحلة المتجهة لمدينة عنابة قد تم إعادة برمجتها على الواحدة زوالا، وليس على الساعة الحادية عشر كما أخبروني في المستشفى. قام الأخ عبد القادر بتأكيد الحجز في مكتب الخطوط الجزائرية بمطار أورلي"، ودعت الأخوين محمد العيد وعبد القادر وشكرتهما على مساعدتهما لي، فقد كانا لي نعم المعينين ونعم الأنيسين في تلك الظروف الصعبة، ولولا وجودهما والإخوة الآخرين بجانبني لكانت أموري غاية في الصعوبة

عادوا لبيوتهم وتركوني في المطار، فموعد الرحلة ما زال بعيدا ولا يمكنهم البقاء معي لزم من أطول، قرأت اللافتات بحثا عن المكتب المكلف بالرحلة أين تحصلت على بطاقة الدخول، وأخبرتكم كما نصحتني الأخ عبد القادر بأنني مريض، حينها طلبت مني الموظفة وثيقة تثبت ذلك فأظهرت لها بطاقة المكوث في المستشفى فقدمت لي بطاقة زرقاء تدل على أنني عاجز عن القيام بإجراءات الخروج وحدي ويلزمي مرافق وطلبت مني الذهاب والجلوس في الجناح الخاص بالمرضى وكبار السن، قمت بجولة في صالة المطار، وكان هناك مسافرون من جنسيات مختلفة، ولكنني عرفت الجزائريين وباقي سكان المغرب العربي دون غيرهم من كثرة الأمتعة التي يحملونها وجلسهم فوق الأرضية من دون فراش، جلست في الجناح المخصص للمرضى فوق أريكة مريحة أتصفح وجوه الغادين والرائحين لعلي أتعرف على أحدهم، ولكن دون جدوى، وبعد نصف ساعة من الزمن جلست بجانبني امرأة تضع خمارا صغيرا على رأسها كانت في عمر أُمِّي، ووقف بجانبها شابتان وأخذتا يتحدثان باللهجة الجزائرية وبالضبط بلهجة أهلنا في الغرب، الجزائرية، فقدمت لها التحية وسألتهما عن جنسيتها، أخبرتني أنها جزائرية جاءت لزيارة بناتها المقيمات في باريس وأنها عادت واستقرت في الوطن بعدما كبرن وتزوجن، وهي تقوم بزيارتهم بين الحين والآخر، سألتني من أكون فأخبرتني بقصتي فرأيت تأثرها البالغ عندما نادى بناتها وقصت عليهن قصتي، استأنست بوجودها معي في تلك الأثناء، حتى حان موعد رحلتها فودعتها، وتمنت لي الوصول إلى أهلي بخير وسلام

وما إن دقت الساعة منتصف النهار حتى رأيت رجلاً ببذلة سوداء يقف خلف كرسي متحرك مناديا على اسمي الكامل، طالبا مني الجلوس على ذلك الكرسي، أخبرني أنه مكلف بإيصالي إلى الطائرة، قام بكل إجراءات الخروج بدلا عني، وسار بي بين أروقة المطار حتى وصلنا إلى سيارة كانت مركونة بالقرب من بهو المطار، ركبناها وما هي إلا دقائق حتى كنا أمام مدرج الطائرة، أمسك ذلك السيد بيدي وساعدني حتى صعدت إلى الطائرة، كنت أول الركاب، الذين صعدوا للطائرة حيث البرودة الشديدة، مما اضطره إلى طلب بطانية من مضيفي الطائرة لأحتمي بها من البرد قلت في نفسي إن هذا الموظف لا أحد يراقبه وأنا فوق طائرة جزائرية، وهو لم يعد مسؤولاً عني، ومع ذلك يتفانى في عمله بكل إنسانية وعطف، ودعني بعدما أوصى عمال الطائرة الجزائرية بي خيرا، قائلا لهم أنني مريض وضعيف

ومكثت شهرين في المستشفى، رأيتهم يهزون رؤوسهم بابتسامات عريضة، تدل على أنهم على استعداد للاستجابة لطلبه، التحق بي بعد نصف ساعة باقي الركاب وطارت بنا الطائرة في أجواء ملبدة لم نر شيئاً تحتنا حتى وصلنا إلى البحر المتوسط، غير أنه وبعد ثلاث ساعات من الطيران، لم يقترب مني خلالها أحد من مضيفي الطائرة الجزائرية وكأنهم اعتقدوا أنني مصاب بمرض معدي يمكن أن ينتقل إليهم، فحز في نفسي ذلك، ولما حطت بنا الطائرة أردت أن أعبر لهم عن غضبي بطريقتي الخاصة، فقلت لهم أنني لن أنزل من الطائرة حتى تحضروا لي سيارة إسعاف فأنا مريض ولا أستطيع النزول مع باقي المسافرين، فرأيت أن الجميع منزعج من طلبي، فما كان مني إلا العناد والإلحاح في الطلب، حتى رضخوا في الأخير وأحضروا لي سيارة لا تحمل من الإسعاف إلا الاسم، ركبته فرأيت السائق ومن معه مندھشين لما رأوني أمشي وأحمل حقيبة صغيرة، في حين كان باقي المسافرين محمليين بأمتعة تنوء بها الأجساد بل الشاحنات، أحسست بالنشوة وأنا أغيظهم بذلك الشكل، فكيف يعاملني عمال المطار الفرنسيين بإنسانية، ولا يقدم لي الجزائريون أبناء جلدتي نفس الخدمة

أكملت إجراءات الدخول عند الشرطة، وبحثت داخل حقيبتي فوجدت بعض القطع من النقود كنت قد خبأتها تحسباً لمثل هذا اليوم ركبت الحافلة التي تضمن الرحلات بين المطار ووسط المدينة، كانت الشمس تميل إلى المغيب عندما وصلت إلى وسط مدينة عنابة، التي اشتقت إليها ولشوارعها التي كانت تعج بالمارة في مثل ذلك الوقت، فالجو لم يكن بارداً جداً كما تركته في باريس، وما هي إلا دقائق حتى وجدت سيارة أجرة أقلتني إلى الحي الجامعي بحي الجسر الأبيض الذي دخلته وأذان صلاة المغرب يرفع من مساجد الأحياء المجاورة، فسرت في جسمي قشعريرة، فهذه المرة الأولى التي أسمع فيها الأذان منذ ما يقارب الشهرين

وبخطى متناقلة سرت في ممرات الحي الجامعي متجهاً نحو القطاع الرابع حيث توجد غرفتي، لم يكن عندي مفتاح الغرفة ولكنني كنت متيقناً أنني سأجد زميلي "أحمد" أو واحداً من الأصدقاء أنتظر عنده حتى ألتقي بزميلي في الغرفة، لم يقابلني أي أحد من الذين كنت أعرفهم في طريقي، غير أن النادي كان يعج بالطلبة والأهالي يصل صداها إلى الخارج إلى حيث كنت أسير، عرفت أن الطلبة يتابعون مباراة هامة في كرة القدم على شاشة التلفاز بالنادي، وما أن وصلت إلى غرفتي والتي كنت أسكنها منذ سنتي الجامعية الأولى، حتى دققت الباب عدة مرات، ولكن لم يجيني أحد، فقلت راجعاً وعبرت الطريق نحو مدخل المطعم علني أجد أحداً ممن أعرفهم، فإذا بي ألمح أحد الطلبة من الذين يعرفونني جيداً فناديتهم باسمه التفت إلي ليعرف مصدر الصوت نظر نحوي ثم واصل طريقه كأنه لم ير أحداً، عذرتة فشكلي تغير كثيراً بسبب المرض والعلاج، جسمي أضحى نحياً بعدما فقدت ثلث وزني خلال فترة العلاج ومالت بشرتي إلى السمرة الشديدة بفعل الأدوية ومختلف السموم التي قد تقتل فيلا، وكان شكل عيني اليسرى الجاحظة مفزعا، ناديتهم ثانية وقلت له إنني محمد العيد، فتقدم مني واحتضنني غير مصدق أنني عدت، نادى بعدها على

مجموعة من طلبة كانوا بالقرب منا أن محمد العيد قد عاد فأقبل الجميع يصافحونني فاختلطت الابتسامات بالدموع في أعين بعض الأصدقاء، خاصة أولئك الذين كانوا قريبين مني، سألتهم عن رفيقي في الغرفة أحمد وأين أجده؟ لم يرد أي منهم على سؤالي، وأمام الصمت الذي أبداه الجميع أحسست أن أمرًا جلاً قد وقع له، قلت لهم ثانية ماذا وقع لصديقي أحمد؟ أخبرني صديقي "علي المش" أن أحمد قد أصيب بمرض وأدخل المستشفى لأيام، غادر المدينة بعدها ليقضي فترة النقاهة مع أهله في ورقلة وهو الآن يتعافى والحمد لله

يا الله ماذا جرى لنا؟ أنمرض نحن الاثنين وفي نفس السنة؟ فماذا قد أضحت غرفتنا التي نسكنها أثراً بعد عين حمل عني أحدهم حقيبتني، ثم رأيت المحبطين بي من الطلبة كل يريد أن يستضيفني في غرفته، اخترت الذهاب مع الصديقين أحمد قادري وإسماعيل بن مازوزية، فهما أبناء بلدتي ويدرسان الطب، خاصة عندما رأيتهما يسرعان إلى غرفتهما ليحضرا لي مكانا أستريح فيه، تحولت غرفتهما وعلى مدى يومين إلى مزار للكثير من الطلبة، كنت أرى علامات الأسى والحزن على وجوه الكثيرين ممن التقيت بهم وتشاء الأقدار أن يتزامن وصولي مع انتشار خبر مفجع في تلك الأمسية الملبدة والحزينة، حول فرحة الانتصار الرياضي إلى حزن داخل الحي الجامعي، فأحد الطلبة وهو يشاهد مقابلة نهائي كأس أفريقيا للأندية بين وفاق سطيف وفريق آخر في نادي الطلبة، وفي أجواء صاخبة وحماس منقطع النظير، سقط مغشيا عليه، وما إن نقلوه إلى المستشفى حتى فاضت روحه إلى بارئها، فلا حول ولا قوة إلا بالله الذي يُحيي ويميت، فهأنذا حي أرزق بعدما كان الكثير يتوقع ألا أعود من تلك الرحلة، وها هو طالب من طلبة السنة الأولى طب يفارق الحياة دون سابق إنذار، كان الطالب المتوفى يقيم في نفس الغرفة مع "بوجمعة دريدي" صديق طفولتي، وزميلي في مرحلة الثانوية وفي كلية الطب جاءني زميلي دريدي يلفه الحزن على موت رفيقه في الغرفة وزادت رؤيته لي حزنا على حزنه، كان مصدوما وتائها خاصة بعد الوفاة المفاجئة لذلك الطالب المسكين، فبدل مواساتي وجدت نفسي أواسيه، لم يستطع الكثير ممن زاروني إخفاء علامات الحيرة والتساؤل عن مصيري بعد رحلة العلاج المضنية، حاولت أن أطمئنهم أنني في طريق التعافي، وأن ما يروونه من وهن وضعف إنما كان نتيجة العلاج المدمر لأنسجة الجسم، وصومي الطويل عن الأكل، كان رد الفعل الذي رأته في عيون الطلبة الذين استقبلوني مصدر خوف لي، فإذا كان منظري صدم أصدقائي، وحتى ممن لا يعرفني من قبل، فكيف سيكون حال أمي وأبي وعائلي وأقاربي عندما ألتقي بهم؟

ومن الأمور التي ما زلت أتذكرها جيدا أنني عندما التقيت بالأصدقاء في اليوم الأول ذهبت معهم إلى المطعم الذي اشتقت إلى الجلوس فيه مع الطلبة، وكان لي فيه ذكريات كثيرة قبل أن أصاب بالمرض، فقد كان المطعم الجامعي مسرحاً للتعبير الاجتماعي، ومنتدى لتبادل الأحاديث والأخبار بين الطلبة وبينما أنا جالس أتناول العشاء رأيت بعض الطلبة ينظرون إلي خلسة ويبتسمون، ظننت أنهم يحاولون تلطيف الأجواء وبث شيء من الدعابة للتخفيف من

معاناتي، سألتهم بعد مدة عن سبب تلك الابتسامات، فأخبروني أن سببها هو أن الأخ "العائش" الخبير في التعاليق المرحة، اندهش لما رأي لأول مرة، وقال لهم: إن محمد العيد لم يكن في إحدى المستشفيات الفرنسية، بل يبدو من مظهره أنه كان حبيباً في إحدى السجون الفرنسية، فتذكرت الشعور بالسجن وذلك المستشفى الذي كان سجنا قبل قرون. بت تلك الليلة مستأنساً بأصدقائي الطلبة، وفي الصباح طلبت من ابن خالي مسعود أن يحجز لي تذكرة في رحلة الثلاثاء الجوية إلى ورقلة، ويخبر أهلي بالهاتف أنني وصلت من فرنسا، وسأكون معهم يوم الثلاثاء بحول الله. جلب لي أصدقائي فطور الصباح إلى الغرفة، وانطلقوا بعدها، كل إلى كليته أما أنا فاستجمعت قواي وتوجهت نحو مستشفى الضربان بعناية وصلت إلى مصلحة أمراض الدم، وكنت أمني النفس بأن يستقبلني الجميع بالترحاب كما استقبلني الطلبة في الحي الجامعي، ولكن كانت طريقة استقبال الأطباء لي مفاجئة وغريبة، وزادت دهشتي

لما صرخت الطبيبة "قريفي فتيحة" في وجهي غاضبة وهي تقول

لماذا عدت يا محمد العيد، لماذا عدت؟ لم أفهم شيئاً وأجبتها أن الأطباء في مستشفى "كوشان" هم الذين أمروا - بخروجي ولم أهرب أو أضغط عليهم ليخرجوني، ولما أحست أنها قد تجاوزت حدود اللياقة معي اعتذرت واستدركت الأمر، ورحبت بي أيما ترحاب وفسرت لي ردة فعلها

السابقة بأنها كانت تنتظر أن أبقى في فرنسا إلى حين إجراء عملية زرع النخاع، قدمت لها حينها الكيس الذي يحتوي على القارورات الصغيرة والرسالة التي أعطاني إياها الدكتور "دريفيس" - فهمت بعد مدة من الزمن، بعدما اطلعت على مضمونها، أنه قدم لهم الأسباب الطبية التي جعلته يخرجني، دون انتظار عملية الزرع - سمع الأطباء بقدمي، فاجتمع الكل في مكتب الأستاذ رئيس المصلحة وطرحوا علي مجموعة من الأسئلة عن العلاجات التي رضخت لها "والتأثيرات التي تركتها على حالتي الصحية، كنت أجيب بتلقائية وبلغة فرنسية صحيحة، مما جعل الأستاذ "مالو" يبتسم معلقاً أنني بالإضافة إلى العلاج المتميز الذي استعدت منه، هأنذا أصبحت أتقن التكلم باللغة الفرنسية، فقلت له

بصراحة

آخر. - من عاشر قوماً أربعين يوماً صار منهم وأنا زدت فوق الأربعين اثني عشر يوماً ودعت الجميع بعدما نصحوني بالراحة وعدم التنقل كثيراً لاستعادة عافيتي كاملة، وأمروني بالعودة خلال شهر لإجراء تحاليل للدم تسمح لهم بالوقوف على تطور حالتي إلى الأحسن

قضيت يوم الاثنين أستقبل الطلبة الذين توافدوا لرؤيتي والاطمئنان على صحتي، وفي صبيحة الثلاثاء اتجهت إلى المطار مع مجموعة من الأصدقاء وكان برفقتي في تلك الرحلة طالب الحقوق "محمد" غرايسة، كان هو كذلك يعاني من بعض الأوجاع، أراد الذهاب إلى أهله لأخذ قسط من الراحة وما هي إلا ساعة ونصف حتى حطت بنا

طائرة "الفوكير" ذات الصوت الصاخب في منتصف النهار بمطار ورقلة، كانت لحظة لقائي بأهلي تثير الرعب في نفسي فكرت لساعات كيف أشرح لهم ما وقع لي وأقنعهم بأنني تعافيت، والتغيرات التي يرونها على صحتي ما هي إلا من مخلفات المرض، كنت كمحارب عاد من معركة لم ينج منها أحد، لأن ملامحي تغيرت ولم أعد بذلك الشكل الذي يعرفني به معارفي، وهي أمور قد توحى لغير الطبيب أنني مشرف على الهلاك، ولم يبق لي من أيام العمر إلا النزر القليل.

نزلت من الطائرة وأنا ممسك بيد صديقي محمد غرايسة، ولا أدري هل هو الذي كان يسندني أم أنا الذي كنت أسنده فقد كان محمومًا وصحته واهنة من المرض، وجدت أبي واقفاً ينتظرنى أمام مدخل قاعة المطار فصاحته بحرارة وكنت أحاول قدر المستطاع ألا يرى وجهي، لم يتكلم معي كثيراً، كان صامتاً طول الطريق التي تفصل بين المطار وبيتنا، وجدت المدينة مبنية الشوارع ويبدو أن أمطاراً غزيرة سقطت يوماً أو يومين قبل وصولي، وكان المدينة ترحب بي بعد طول غياب، والشوارع ابتهجت المقدمي فأردت التقليل من الغبار حتى لا أتأذى، توقفت شاحنة أبي الصغيرة أمام البيت وتوقف محركها وكاد قلبي هو كذلك أن يتوقف عن الخفقان، فتحت أمي باب المنزل، ويبدو أنها كانت تنتظرنا منذ ساعات نزلت ووقفت أمامها، مددت يدي إليها لأصافحها وأحتضن صدرها الحنون كانت نظراتها تائهة، حملت في وجهي ثم ترجعت خطوات إلى الخلف كأنها رأت شبحاً، بادرتها بالكلام محاولاً تهدئتها، والتخفيف من فجيعتها احتضنتها بحرارة وقبلت وجهها وبديها، ولكنها انسلت من يدي كالسهم ومشت خطوات ثم سقطت على الأرض، حاولت مساعدتها على الجلوس ولكن دون جدوى، كانت تحاول الوقوف ولكن قواها الخائرة خانتها، وزاد ألمي لما رأيت إخوتي وأخواتي قد تحلقوا حولنا وأجهشوا ببيكاء يدمي القلب، لما رأوني وشاهدوا ما جرى لأمني المسكينة، تحاملت على نفسي وأردت وضع حد لذلك البكاء والنحيب، والذي كنت أتوقعه فصرخت فيهم جميعاً كفى، كفى، لم كل هذا البكاء وكأنني جنتكم جثة هامة؟ هأنذا معكم حي أرزق، فكيف تستقبلونني هكذا استقبال بعد - طول غياب؟ وانطلقت في شرح أسباب تغير شكلي، وأن ذلك كان بسبب قلة الأكل وتأثير الأدوية، وأن الأطباء قد طمأنوني بأن صحتي ستتحسن مع مرور الوقت، وسأسترجع عافيتي خلال أيام قليلة إن شاء الله، كنت أتكلم وأرى أسارير وجوههم تنطلق بعدما كانت عابسة من الأسى والحزن، أحسست أن كلامي قد أطفأ قليلاً من النار التي كانت تعتمل في صدورهم، بعد طول غياب ورؤية ابنهم وأخيهم الأكبر على تلك الهيئة وما حل به. توافد أقارب العائلة، وبعض معارفنا لتهنئة أبي وأمي على رجوعي من رحلة العلاج، ولم تختلف ردود أفعالهم عما رايتهم من عائلتي سألت عن خالي محمد فأخبروني أنه مسافر، وعن جدتي فقالوا إنها هي كذلك مسافرة منذ شهور ولم يجرؤ أحد على إخطارها بما جرى لي، لعلمهم بمدى تعلقها بي فقد كانت تعبرني ابناً لها وليس حفيداً، وكنت أنا كذلك أبادلها نفس الحب وأعتبرها أما وليست جدة فقط، وكنت أسعد كثيراً بلقائنها وتمنيت رؤيتها لأستعيد عافيتي النفسية



مرت الأيام وتحسنت حالتي الصحية، فقد اجتهد كل أفراد العائلة ليوفروا لي الأجواء المناسبة للراحة، فأبي ذبح شاة فرحا بمقدمي وأمي فعلت المستحيل لأستعيد شهية الأكل بأن طبخت لي كل الأطباق التي تعرف أنني أحبها، وزادت فرحتها مع الأيام لما رأنتي أستعيد ملامحي التي كانت تعرفها من قبل المرض، بل زاد وزني وتحسنت هيئتي وأصبحت أكثر قدرة على المشي، حتى إنني خرجت بعد مدة مع مجموعة من الأصدقاء لأداء صلاة الجمعة ولما رأى الجميع أن صحتي تحسنت أبلغوا جدتي زينب بأنني كنت مريضًا وأني تعافيت وعدت من مدينة عنابة، فما كان منها إلا أن استقلت أول حافلة قادمة من مدينة بسكرة، أين كانت تقيم لشهور طويلة، وأتت إلى منزلنا مسرعة، ولما رأنتي ألقنت بجسمها على صدري باكية معتذرة عن غيابها الطويل، وهي تلوم الجميع على إخفاء خبر مرضي عنها، عادت جدتي الحنون وعادت معها راحتي، لازمتني بعدها ليل نهار كانت تنام بجانب رأسي تتصنت لنبضات قلبي، وتعد أنفاسي، بل إنني كنت أستيقظ في بعض الليالي فأجدها رافعة كفها إلى السماء، وأستمع إليها تتضرع لربها أن يديم على حفيدها الصحة والعافية، تصلي وتستغفر كما عهدتها منذ طفولتي، بل تتفقد بين الحين والحين غطائي حتى لا أبرد وكأني وليد في القماط، فقد كانت الحزن الدافئ الذي يدعمني ويريحني بعد أمي، جازاها الله عني كل خير رحلت عن دار الدنيا بعد ثلاث سنوات من تلك الأحداث، تاركة فراغا في قلبي لم يستطع أحد أن يملؤه فرحمة الله حبيبي وأسكنك فسيح جناته عليك يا جدتي يا

كذلك لا يمكنني نسيان خالي محمد رحمة الله عليه، فقد كان آخر من ودعني من أقاربي في مطار عنابة، وما إن سمع بقدمي بعد عودته من الغياب حتى جاءني إلى البيت، حاولت بعد سنوات إرجاع قليل من دين المحبة والعاطفة الذي كان يحيطني به، فقد عانى من مرض مزمن أقعده عن الحركة، فاجتهدت في الاعتناء به و التخفيف من معاناته، حتى الله أن يغفر له ويسكنه فسيح جناته توفاه الله بعد تسع سنوات من عودتي من العلاج أسأل

## 2.3 The target text

### Chapter one

#### A journey to the unknown

On the eve of my journey to France, mere hours before my anticipated flight on Friday, October 21, 1988, Brother El Rabi held a dinner to celebrate my family. All my loved ones, family, and friends gathered for the last night I spent in Anaba before traveling. We enjoyed the delicious food and each other's company. After dinner, I went back to the dormitory, only to find my friends rushing to prepare everything that I might need on my journey. One of them was

doing my laundry, the other was ironing my shirts that had not yet dried, and another gave me thoughtful gifts, such as perfume and soap. Even my friend, Abdelhamid Ba'ali, generously gave me his new jacket after he found out that I didn't have one to keep me warm. He made sure I took it, explaining that it's chilly in France. As for my brother, Abdellatif Ba'amar, he didn't rest until he put my clothes in his new suitcase. Overwhelmed by emotions and gratitude, my eyes brimmed with tears. Words escaped my mouth. "You are more than friends, you are my brothers". Embracing each other in a farewell hug, their tears silently expressed a fear that this meeting could be our last. That night, I sought refuge in the room of my brother "Hajji Rustum" in the dormitory, since my room was already occupied with my brothers and uncle, while others stayed in my friend's room. As I settled onto the pillow, a knock echoed at the door. Hajji Rustum is a medical student. He approached me and asked a question: "Do you know anyone in Paris?" I confessed my non-existent acquaintances there; this was my first trip to the capital of France with no preparation at all. In a gesture of kindness, Abdelbaki handed me a small note with a name and phone number, stating: "This is the contact information of my sister's husband, Abdelmalik Hamada. Reside in Paris and call him upon entering the city. He will visit you whenever he can. I expressed my gratitude to him, extending my thanks and praising the divine for blessing me with brothers and friends who actively consider my well-being and try to alleviate my burdens. Upon the completion of his studies, my brother Abdelbaqi embarked on a journey to France, eventually settling in America. Presently, he is employed at a specialized cancer treatment hospital situated in the state of Florida. With the advent of the morning's first rays of light, I made my way to the hospital, where my entire family awaited my arrival. The nurse had already begun the process of collecting blood samples from my siblings. Dr. Nyla, who would accompany me to France, stood prepared with passports imprinted with visas, travel tickets, and medical records. I bid farewell to my family, the last embrace reserved for my mother. In that bittersweet moment, I longed to retain the soothing warmth emanating from her chest that would accompany me wherever my journey led. She held my younger brother,

Suleiman, in her arms. I gazed at her, wondering if the day would come when I would meet her again, embrace her, and relish the sight of her beautiful face. Before the ambulance arrived to transport Dr. Nyla and me to the airport, everyone had left the hospital. We said our goodbyes to the compassionate volunteers from the hematology department who facilitated our departure. The road to the airport remained empty, with only a few cars traversing the route. It was Friday, the weekend, and the weather was temperate. Upon reaching the airport, we completed the routine boarding procedures. And thirty minutes later, I discovered that my late uncle Mohammed and my cousin El-Saeed had joined us to bid farewell and ensure the smooth departure of our flight. The plane ascended into the sky at ten in the morning on the Airline of Algeria flight. My thoughts centered on the well-being of my family, wondering how they would return to Ouargla and the emotions they harbored after witnessing my condition. As the Mediterranean Sea unfolded below, I thought to myself if God, who had lifted us above this vast sea and under this endless sky without any support, could not lift the affliction from me. God forbid, despite the fear following my journey, I held tightly to the belief that I rested in the hands of a merciful Creator who would not forsake me. The circumstances surrounding my journey to France, amid my financial constraints and against the backdrop of Algeria's terrifying events, served as clear proof that deliverance would manifest, God willing. After soaring through the skies for more than two hours in the lap of comfort, the world beneath slowly unveiled its mesmerizing scenery. As we approached the airport, we witnessed gardens adorned with captivating beauty, catching glimpses of the famous Seine River weaving through the heart of the sprawling capital. We landed at Orly Airport, buzzing with a diverse array of travelers from around the globe. In constant motion, faces blurred and became indistinguishable. This marked my first step onto European soil, and what impressed me about the airport was the precise and rapid service. Emerging from the airport, we set our course toward the waiting transportation buses. The weather was lovely, with a hint of coolness in that pleasant Parisian autumn. As I sat on the bus, I was overcome by many strange feelings. The bus was so clean that

you hesitate to place your shoes on its carpeted floor. The city itself was meticulously planned and beautiful, and its streets were exceptionally orderly and charming. Having heard countless tales portraying it as a land of genies and angels, as recounted by the writer Taha Hussein, I occupied a window seat to discover the city's landmarks during the journey from the airport to the hospital. I didn't see many pedestrians on the streets, and even the traffic flowed smoothly. An elderly French lady accompanied us on the bus, and at every stop, she incessantly repeated the same question. "Have we reached the final station?" Each time, the passengers would answer her, laughing, "No, we haven't reached it yet." It was as if she spoke on my behalf, and I desired to ask, "Is this my last station in life?" The answer came from the depths of a soul clinging to life, assuring me that my journey continues and will not stop here in France, contrary to what many people who heard of the tragedy of my illness believed. After arriving at "Denfert-Rochereau," we rented a taxi that swiftly transported us to "Hospital Cochin" in Paris, located in the fourteenth district. The hospital, a large complex of old-style buildings with a light brown hue, was founded by "Jean Denis Cochin" as a shelter for the poor and workers. Here I am, a poor man, arriving in the middle of the day to stay in one of its wards, comprising 1400 beds and overseen by nearly 7000 workers, including over a thousand doctors. We entered the hospital through the main gate, and the guard stopped us, directing us to the pedestrian entryway. We entered a large hall with a high ceiling adorned with exquisite decorations and equipped with the latest furniture. This contrasted with its antique exterior appearance. My companion spoke with the receptionist behind a small desk, who informed us that everyone was waiting for us in the hematology unit. She noted our delay, and my companion explained that the plane had been slightly delayed, a common occurrence for Algerian flights. We were directed to a building located to the south of the large sprawling hospital. The building was named "Ashard" to facilitate our search among the numerous buildings surrounded by delightful gardens. After walking for a while, a dark complexion wonderfully large, sturdy woman stood like a sentinel at the entrance of the building, staring at us in astonishment with her hands on her

waist. Once she confirmed our identity, she shouted as if she were a school principal scolding tardy students, urging us to quickly ascend to the third floor, where everyone awaited us in the hematology unit. We ascended a staircase with haste, fearing blame and reprimand. In front of the hematology unit on the third floor, everyone was already waiting for us. In a flash, one of the nurses in her green uniform snatched the box from the doctor's hand, where the blood samples of my family members were found and rushed down to the lab. The other nurse grabbed my bag as if I were a VIP guest who had just arrived. She asked me to accompany her to my room, which was waiting for me. I followed her in amazement, as that room was not far from the entrance. I walked down a corridor with a gleaming floor and walls that looked as if they had been painted just minutes before we arrived. There was no smell of medicine or anything else to suggest that you were in a ward where patients lie for weeks and months. The nurse ushered me into the room on my right, marked with the number 306, evoking memories of my dormitory room, 36. Contemplating the zero between the two familiar digits. I thought, "Does this mark the commencement of a new chapter, a fresh start from this room, or does this mean the days that I have left in this life?" The room was spacious and was designed for one patient. Near the entrance, on the right, was a small door to the bathroom, where there was a toilet, a bidet, and a sink with a mirror and a small box of brown paper to dry your hands. Close to the bathroom door, there was a small closet. In the middle of the room was a bed surrounded by a sofa covered in light yellow leather, a chair, a small dining table, and a bedside table hosting a telephone. Opposite the bed was a TV stand. At the end of the room was a large window that spanned the entire width of the wall and half its height, offering a panorama of streets and towering residential structures. Emerging from the east, a tall black edifice came into view. Later on, I learned that it was none other than the renowned Montparnasse Tower. The nurse took on the role of a tour guide and acquainted me with the landmarks of the place. Alone in the room, I took a moment to reflect. I slipped off my shoes and lay on the bed, examining the place and scrutinizing its corners. Quietness prevailed in the facility, and there weren't many workers

around when we arrived, perhaps due to the nurse's strike. We noticed a large sign above the hospital wall upon arrival, bearing a prominent logo indicating the nurses' participation in the strike. In fact, the nurses had been wearing badges on their chests for several days, labeled "Nurse on Strike." However, they were providing minimal service. I was surprised because I hadn't been accustomed to the word "strike" in Algeria since I was a child. The doctor, "Nyla," a compassionate soul, returned to accompany me after completing the admission procedures and sat silently in the room. A poignant silence hung in the air, and the weight of the present circumstances etched itself on her demeanor. To break the silence, I told her that I wished there was a hospital like this in my country so that I could be treated there and wouldn't have to be in a foreign land. I would remain alone in this country, with no one to ease my loneliness. After a few minutes, she left, promising to return to check on me. When she left the room, I felt a terrible sense of emptiness. I turned on the television and browsed through French channels. There were only five or six channels, and yet it seemed strange to me. For the first time, I turned on a TV with more than one channel using the device called the "remote control." However, the French programs, void of vibrancy and flavor, increased my sense of estrangement and served as a stark reminder of the distance between myself and the familiar comforts of home.

## **Chapter Two**

### **Returning to the warmth of family**

The first tendrils of dawn, Sunday, December 11th, 1988, found me awake, hastily gathering my remaining belongings and scouring the room for any overlooked items. Sitting on the edge of the bed, I waited patiently, having consumed my final morning meal in the hospital cafeteria. It wasn't long before I heard the voices of my brothers, Abdelkader and Mohamed, echoing through the corridor, inquiring about my whereabouts. With a surge of warmth, I embraced them, their presence a comforting balm amid my solitude. I carefully collected paperwork related to my hospital stay. As we exchanged heartfelt farewells with the nurses on duty, they

reciprocated my wishes for a full recovery and a life brimming with success. Exiting the hospital around eight in the morning, we traversed the city streets, which seemed eerily deserted, save for a few Parisians engaging in their morning jogs. Upon arrival at the airport, we discovered that the flight bound for Annaba had been rescheduled for one in the afternoon, contrary to the information provided to me earlier at the hospital. Abdelkader swiftly confirmed our booking at the Air Algerie office at Orly Airport. I bid farewell to my brothers, Mohamed and Abdelkader, expressing deep gratitude for their unwavering support during these challenging times. They had been my steadfast companions, and their unwavering presence had been a beacon of light in my darkest hour. As they departed for their homes, leaving me behind at the airport, with the impending departure still some distance away, they couldn't prolong their stay with me. I scanned the signage, seeking out the designated flight desk where I could obtain my boarding pass. Following Abdelkader's advice, I disclosed my illness to the attendant, who requested documentation to substantiate my claim. Presenting my hospital stay card, I was issued a blue card, indicating my incapacity to navigate the departure procedures alone, necessitating a companion. Instructed to proceed to the designated area for patients and the elderly, I complied with a sense of resignation, awaiting the journey ahead. I found myself wandering the airport lounge, a tapestry of travelers from diverse nationalities. Yet, it was the Algerians and their Maghrebi brethren who stood out, not just by the sheer volume of their luggage but by their casual repose upon the bare floor, sans any mats. I settled in a nook reserved for the infirm, atop a plush sofa, scanning the faces of passersby in hopes of a familiar glance. Alas, no one came. Half an hour slipped by when a woman, with a veil on her head reminiscent of my mother's age, took the seat beside me. Accompanied by two young women, they conversed in the Algerian dialect, precisely that of our kin in the western reaches. I greeted her, inquiring about her nationality. She shared that she was Algerian, in Paris to visit her daughters, who had settled there. Now that they were grown and wed, she had returned to our homeland, visiting them occasionally. She inquired about my story, and as I unfolded my tale, I saw profound empathy

in her eyes. She called her daughters over, sharing my narrative, and in that moment, her company was a solace. When the time came for her departure, we exchanged farewells, and she wished me a safe journey home. As noon struck, a man in a black suit stood behind a wheelchair, calling out my full name and beckoning me to take a seat. He informed me that he was tasked with escorting me to the plane. He navigated the departure formalities on my behalf, guiding me through the airport's corridors to a car parked near the terminal. Within minutes, we arrived at the aircraft's runway. The gentleman took my hand, aiding me aboard the plane. I was among the first to board, greeted by a chill that compelled him to request a blanket from the flight attendants for my warmth. I thought to myself, here was a man, unwatched and no longer responsible for me, on an Algerian aircraft, yet he served with a humanity and kindness that were all too rare. He bid me farewell, entrusting me to the care of the Algerian flight crew, reminding them of my frailty and illness. And that I was confined for two months in the hospital, I watched them nod with broad smiles, signaling their readiness to heed his request. Half an hour later, the rest of the passengers joined me, and our plane took off into overcast skies. Below us, nothing was visible until we reached the Mediterranean Sea. Yet, after three hours of flight, none of the attendants from the Algerian airline approached me, as if they believed I carried a contagious disease that could be transmitted to them. This neglect carved a hollow within me, and upon landing, I decided to express my anger in my own way. I declared that I would not disembark until an ambulance was brought for me, as I was ill and unable to leave with the other travelers. Seeing everyone's annoyance at my request, I became stubborn, insisting until they finally relented and brought a vehicle that bore the name of an ambulance but none of its essence. As I boarded, the driver and his companion were astonished to see me walking and carrying a small bag, while the other passengers were laden with luggage that burdened both bodies and trucks. A sense of triumph swelled within me, a silent rebuke to their surprise, and I pondered the disparity in treatment I received from the French—humane and considerate—against the indifference of my own kin. I completed the police entry procedures



and rummaged through my bag, finding some coins I had stashed away for such a day. I boarded the bus that traveled between the airport and the city center. The sun was leaning towards the horizon when I arrived in the heart of Annaba, a city I longed for, with streets bustling with pedestrians at such an hour. The weather was not as cold as when I had left it in Paris, and within minutes, I found a taxi that took me to the university district in the White Bridge neighborhood. As I entered, the prayer call for the Maghrib prayer rose from the mosques of the neighboring districts, stirring a shiver through me. It was the first time in nearly two months that the sacred echo of the adhan had reached my ears. With heavy steps, I walked through the university district's corridors towards the fourth sector, where my room was located. I didn't have the room's key, but I was certain that I would find my roommate "Ahmed" or one of my friends to wait with until I met my roommate. No one I knew crossed my path, but the club was bustling with students, and their cheers could be heard outside where I walked. I knew that the students were watching an important football match on the club's television. As soon as I reached my room, which I had been living in since my first university year, I knocked on the door several times, but no one answered. I turned back and crossed the road towards the entrance of the restaurant, hoping to find someone I knew. And then, I saw him. A student who knew me well. I called out his name, but he merely glanced in my direction before continuing on his way. I couldn't blame him. Illness and treatment had taken their toll on me. I was a shadow of my former self, my body thin and frail, and my skin darkened by medication. My left eye, bulging and unsettling, was a constant reminder of my ordeal. Summoning my strength, I called out to him again, "It's me, Mohamed El Eid." He came forward and embraced me in disbelief. His shout of "Mohamed El Eid has returned!" echoed through the air, drawing a crowd. Friends, old and new, came forward, their smiles tinged with tears. It was a bittersweet reunion. Amidst the greetings and well-wishes, I asked about Ahmed. The silence that followed was deafening. A sense of dread washed over me. What had happened to my friend? I repeated my question, my voice barely a whisper. Finally, Ali Al-Mash broke the silence. Ahmed, too,

had been ill and had spent some time in the hospital. He had since returned to his family in Ouargla to recover. thank God. A wave of relief washed over me, but it was quickly replaced by a sense of melancholy. Both of us were struck down by illness in the same year. Now our room, which we lived in, has become a relic of the past. A kind soul relieved me of my bag, and as I surveyed the scene, I was met with the eager faces of students, each extending an invitation to their humble abode. I chose to accompany my friends Ahmed Qadri and Ismail Ben Mazouzia, my hometown friends studying medicine. Their haste to prepare a place for me to rest in their room was a testament to their hospitality. Over the course of two days, their room transformed into a shrine, visited by many students. The air was thick with sorrow and sadness, mirrored in the faces of many I encountered. Fate, with its cruel sense of timing, had my arrival coincide with the spread of devastating news that turned the joy of a sports victory into a wave of sadness within the university campus. A student, while watching the African Clubs Cup final, collapsed in an atmosphere of unprecedented excitement. As soon as he was taken to the hospital, his soul departed from this mortal coil in an instant. Here I stood, a testament to resilience, after many had expected that I would not return from my journey, while a first-year medical student had passed away without warning. The deceased student was a roommate of 'Boujemaa Dridi,' my childhood friend and colleague in high school and medical school. Dridi, wrapped in sorrow over the death of his roommate, was shocked and lost, especially after the sudden death of the poor student. My return, meant to be a celebration, became a moment of shared grief. The gazes of my fellow students questioned my fate after the exhausting treatment journey. The concern I saw in the eyes of the students who welcomed me mirrored my own fear. If my mere presence evoked such a reaction, what awaits me at home? In the tapestry of my memories, some threads shine brighter than others. One such thread takes me back to the day I reunited with my friends. We found ourselves in the familiar embrace of the university canteen, a place that held a special place in my heart. It was more than just a place to eat; it was a stage for social expression, a forum for the exchange of ideas and news. As I sat there, lost in the symphony of clattering

cutlery and animated conversations, I noticed surreptitious glances and smiles directed my way. I initially thought it was an attempt to lighten the atmosphere to inject some humor into my situation. However, when I inquired about these smiles, I was told that they were sparked by the campus jester, our friend "Al-Ayesh." His observation, delivered with a hint of amusement, stung: "It seems Mohammed Al-Eid wasn't in a French hospital at all, but a forgotten dungeon!". The words triggered a sudden recollection, evoking the dreadful sensation of confinement within the chilling walls of the hospital, which bore the echoes of its former existence as a decrepit prison. Yet, surrounded by my friends, a flicker of warmth rekindled within me. The next morning, I asked my cousin Masoud to book a flight for me to Ouargla for the following Tuesday and to inform my family of my arrival from France. My friends brought breakfast to my room before they dispersed to their colleges. Gathering what little strength I possessed, I ventured out, heading towards the hospital Dorban in Annaba. As I stepped into the blood diseases department, the air was thick with anticipation, a stark contrast to the jovial greetings from my friends at university. The doctors' reception was puzzling, an unexpected chill to my already nervous heart. My surprise morphed into disbelief when Dr. Fatima's voice, sharp and laden with anger, cut through the silence, questioning my return. With a steady voice, I explained my discharge from Cochin Hospital. In the wake of my words, Dr. Fatima's demeanor softened, and she apologized. She confessed her initial dismay was rooted in a wish unfulfilled—that I would remain in France, cradled in the safety of expert care until the bone marrow transplant operation could be performed. At that time, I presented her with the bag containing the small vials and the letter given to me by Dr. Dervis. The passage of time seemed to slow as she absorbed the words, but after she read their contents, she understood the medical reasons he had for discharging me without waiting for the transplant operation. The doctors, hearing of my arrival, gathered in the office of the department head and bombarded me with questions about the treatments I had undergone and their effects on my health. My responses flowed with ease in the French tongue, eliciting a knowing smile from Professor Malo. "It

appears,” he mused, “that the caliber of your care was matched only by your linguistic mastery.” With a chuckle, I parried, “He who dwells among a people for forty days becomes one of them, and I, having extended my stay by twelve more, have truly assimilated.” Their counsel was clear: rest, recuperate, and return for further evaluation in a month. On Monday, I welcomed the students who came to check on my health, and on Tuesday morning, I headed to the airport with a group of friends. Accompanying me on that journey was the law student Mohamed, who had also fallen ill and wanted to go home for recovery. It was only an hour and a half before the noisy Fokker plane landed at Ouargla airport when the sun was hanging high in the sky. The thought of meeting my family filled me with dread. I pondered for hours: How could I explain the whirlwind I’d just been through? How could I convince them that a body ravaged by illness held the spark of recovery within? I was a warrior returning from a battle where all the others had fallen, a ghost in the shell of the person they once knew. and I no longer looked the way my acquaintances knew me. To anyone other than a doctor, these changes might suggest that I was on the brink of demise, with only a few days of life left. As I disembarked from the plane, clasping the hand of my friend, Mohamed, it was unclear who was the anchor in our shared frailty, as illness had etched its tale upon us both. I found my father waiting for me at the entrance of the airport hall. I greeted him warmly, trying as much as possible to hide my face from him. He didn't speak much to me; his silence was a heavy cloak around us during the entire journey home. The city itself seemed to have wept in my absence, its streets a testament to recent storms. Perhaps it was nature’s way of cleansing the path for a son long missed, dampening the dust of time to ease my passage. My father's small truck stopped in front of the house; its engine shut off, and my heart was hammering against my ribs. The front door of the house creaked open, revealing my mother. I got out and stood in front of her, extending my hand to greet her and to embrace her tender chest. Her gaze was lost; staring through me as if I were a phantom. staring through me as if I were a phantom. In an attempt to calm her down, I embraced her warmly and kissed her face and hands, but she slipped from my grasp like a wisp of smoke.

She stumbled back and fell to the ground. I tried to help her sit, but to no avail; she tried to stand, but her depleted strength betrayed her. My brothers and sisters gathered around us, bursting into heart-wrenching tears upon seeing me and witnessing what had happened to our poor mother. This moment felt unbearable and agonizing. I had to force myself to put an end to the crying and wailing, which I had expected, "Enough!" I yelled, "Why these tears? Do I appear a corpse before you? Look, I am here, alive and breathing! After all this time, is this how you greet me? then began to explain the reasons for the change in my appearance, that it was due to a lack of food and the effects of medication, and that the doctors had assured me that my health would improve over time, and I would regain my strength within a few days, God willing. As I spoke, their frowns turned to sighs of relief. I felt that my words had extinguished some of the fire that had been burning in their hearts, after a long absence and seeing their son and older brother in such a state and what had befallen him. Relatives and some of our acquaintances flocked to congratulate my father and mother on my return from the treatment journey, and their reactions were no different from what I had seen from my family. I asked about my uncle Mohammed and they told me he was traveling, and about my grandmother, they said she too had been traveling for months and no one dared to inform her of what had happened to me, knowing how much she was attached to me as she considered me her son, not just a grandson, and I reciprocated the same love and considered her a mother, not just a grandmother. I was very happy to meet her and wished to see her to regain my mental health. Days turned into weeks, and my strength gradually returned. Every member of my family played their part. My father celebrated my homecoming with a joyous feast, and my mother cooked every single dish I loved to regain my appetite. Her joy increased over the days when she saw me regain the features she knew before the illness. I gained weight, improved in appearance, and became more capable of walking. I even went out after a while with a group of friends to perform the Friday prayer, and when everyone saw that my health had improved, they informed my grandmother Zainab that I had been sick and that I had recovered and returned from the city of Annaba. She

took the first bus coming from the city of Biskra, where she had been staying for many months and rushed to our house. When she saw me, she threw herself on my chest, crying and apologizing for her long absence, blaming everyone for hiding the news of my illness from her. My kind grandmother returned, and with her, my peace. She stayed with me night and day, sleeping next to my head, listening to my heartbeat, and counting my breaths. Sometimes I would wake up at night to find her raising her hands to the sky, beseeching her Lord to maintain her grandson's health and well being. She prayed and sought forgiveness as I had known her since childhood. She would check my cover from time to time so I wouldn't get cold, as if I were a newborn in swaddling clothes. She was the warm embrace that supported and comforted me after my mother. May God reward her for all the good she did for me. She left this world three years after those events, leaving a void in my heart that no one could fill. May God have mercy on you, my grandmother, my beloved, and may the gardens of paradise be your eternal abode. I also cannot forget my uncle Mohammed, may God have mercy on him, as he was the last of my relatives to bid me farewell at Annaba airport. As soon as he heard of my arrival after his return from being away, he came to my house. After years, I tried to repay a little of the debt of love and affection he had surrounded me with, as he suffered from a chronic illness that confined him to immobility. I endeavored to take care of him and alleviate his suffering until God took him nine years after my return from treatment. I ask God to forgive him and grant him His vast paradise.

## 2.4 Annotated Translation

### 2.4.1 Lexical level

ST	TT
تشقّ عباب السماء	soaring through the skies

The Arabic phrase “تشقّ عباب السماء” metaphorically describes forceful motion through the sky. The word “تشقّ” conveys a sense of splitting or cleaving, while “عباب” refers poetically to vast expanse, adapted here as “through” to fit natural usage in English. The translation employs functional equivalence to capture the essence and poetic nuance of the original sentence. It utilizes the metaphor of “soaring” to convey the dynamic action of moving through the sky with power and elegance, maintaining the vivid imagery and figurative elements of the Arabic phrase.

### Proper names

ST	TT
ربيع عبد الحميد باعلي	Rabi Abdelhamid Ba'ali

The translation provides transliterations of the Arabic proper names "ربيع" and "عبد الحميد باعلي" into English, maintaining the original form and pronunciation. It acknowledges the cultural significance of proper names and the importance of preserving their original impact and meaning. Additionally, it notes the presence of an apostrophe in "Ba'ali" to indicate the "ع" sound in Arabic, ensuring accurate representation of the pronunciation in English. While the absence of an equivalent of the letter "ع" in English language poses a challenge to mimic the same sound, it was deleted in "Rabi" for an easier pronunciation.

### Metaphors

ST	TT
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<p>خانتني العبارات و كشفتني العبرات ولم تسعفني الكلمات</p>	<p>Overwhelmed by emotions and gratitude my eyes brimmed with tears. Words escaped my mouth.</p>
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The translation renders “خانتني العبارات” as "Overwhelmed by emotions. since the former phrase is considered a metaphor. which means when someone fails to convey what he or she feels. If translated literally it will be as follows “the words betrayed me” betrayal is an adjective attributed to human beings only humans are capable of betraying. And to convey this accurately we used the latter which is a descriptive phrase that directly conveys the state of being deeply affected or inundated by strong feelings or emotions. using functional equivalence.

“كشفتني العبرات” the literal meaning would be closer to “the emotions revealed me”.

However, the translation "my eyes brimmed with tears" effectively captures the emotional intensity and physical manifestation of the emotions expressed in the original text.

We opt for functional equivalence to convey the imagery and sentiment of tears welling up in the eyes as a result of intense emotions, which aligns with the intended meaning of the Arabic phrase.

“ولم تسعفني الكلمات” a literal translation would be “words did not suffice me to thank them”.

The translation "words escaped my mouth" tried to keep the same meaning and load by using functional equivalence.

### Idioms

ST	TT
<p>فاضت روحه الى بارئها من عاشر قوما أربعين يوما صار منهم</p>	<p>his soul departed from this mortal coil in an instant. He who dwells among a</p>



	people for forty days becomes one of them.
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The phrase "فاضت روحه الى بارئها" is a euphemistic way to say that someone has died, implying their soul has returned to its Creator. Literally, it translates to "his soul overflowed to its Creator," a poetic expression denoting someone's passing. The chosen English idiom "departed from this mortal coil" carries a similar connotation, referring to the departure from earthly life, thus matching the original's poetic and respectful tone. The addition of "in an instant" in the target text is a stylistic choice to emphasize the suddenness of the event, the procedure used here is functional equivalence, where an English idiom was selected to convey the same underlying meaning and sentiment as the Arabic phrase.

The phrase "من عاشر قوما أربعين يوما صار منهم" is a proverb. It conveys the idea that spending a significant amount of time with a group of people leads to assimilation or becoming like them. The translation procedure here is literal translation. It was translated almost word-for-word, maintaining the original structure and meaning. since the target language do not have an equivalent to this proverb. The translation "He who dwells among a people for forty days becomes one of them." preserves this meaning accurately and uses a straightforward, literal approach to ensure the proverb's essence is maintained.

#### 2.4.2 Syntactic level

ST	TT
فهذا يغسل ملابسي, وذلك يكوي قمصاني التي لم يكفها الوقت لتجف, وذلك يقدم لي هدية	<i>One of them</i> was doing my laundry, <i>the other</i> was ironing my shirts that had not yet dried, and <i>another</i> gave me thoughtful gifts.

The Arabic sentence describes multiple individuals performing different tasks, with each action represented by a demonstrative pronoun + a coordinating conjunction “فهذا, وذلك, وذلك”

The English translation maintains a parallel structure while adapting to fit the grammatical and stylistic norms of English (one of them, the other, and another).

Transposition and addition is employed to shift from the present tense in Arabic to past continuous and past simple in English, enhancing narrative flow. The translation utilizes noun phrases and verb phrases to describe the actions of different individuals, ensuring clarity and coherence in English.

ST	TT
يوم الجمعة	On Friday

The Arabic phrase “يوم الجمعة” is converted to the English prepositional phrase “on Friday” to convey the same meaning. The structure of the English translation reflects a grammatical collocation (preposition+ noun), contrasting with the Arabic (noun-noun) structure which reflect Lexical collocation more specifically free collocation.

ST	TT
ما هي إلا دقائق	It wasn't long

“ما هي إلا دقائق” require a different approach. Since the ST denotes exception with “إلا”, the TT tried to keep the same impression by using “it wasn't”. While a literal translation might be grammatically correct, it would not sound natural in English. This is where modulation comes in. By shifting the focus and using an idiomatic expression like “It wasn't long,” to capture the intended meaning (a short time) while maintaining natural flow in the target language.

### 2.4.3 Cultural level

ST	TT
في ليلة الذهاب الى فرنسا	On the eve of my journey to France

The phrase “في ليلة الذهاب الى فرنسا” in Arabic conveys the idea of the last day before the departure to France. It highlights a cultural difference in how time is conceptualized, with Arabs traditionally relying on the night to count days, contrasting with the European dependence on the sun. The translation maintains the structure and meaning of the original phrase while adapting to the cultural and linguistic nuances of English, using the term "eve" to denote the day preceding the departure event. Adaptation procedure is used here, it allows for a better understanding of the cultural context in English.

ST	TT
حاشا لله	God forbid

The translation captures the deep cultural and religious significance of the Arabic phrase “حاشا لله” using Functional equivalence. It conveys a sense of humility, reverence, and reliance on divine protection, aligning with the cultural values and beliefs of Arabic-speaking societies. In times of adversity or hardship, Arabs often turn to expressions like “حاشا لله” to seek solace and reassurance in their faith. It reflects a cultural resilience rooted in religious beliefs, where individuals find comfort in the belief that God's mercy and protection prevail even in difficult times. However, in English culture the use of “God forbid” is very limited and confined to formal register only. It is also important to note the English culture is not influenced by religion unlike the Arabic culture. The translation procedure used here is Functional equivalence.

ST	TT
الأخ ربيع	Brother Rabi

Arabic has a word “الأخ” used for close male friends, It expresses deep friendship and loyalty. It is also used to refer for siblings. In Islam, it highlights the importance of brotherhood among Muslims, regardless of their backgrounds and ethnicity. It emphasizes a spiritual connection and responsibility towards one another. This word can also be used respectfully towards someone you are not familiar with. Since English does not have a direct equivalent with all these cultural layers, a literal translation of the word itself is used here.

ST	TT
الأذان	the prayer call for maghrib prayer

The translation expands on the meaning of the Arabic phrase to provide further context for the English reader. It clarifies that the Arabic phrase refers to the first time the speaker has heard the call to prayer “الأذان” “Adhan”, specifically for the Maghrib “المغرب” prayer, a significant event in Islam. The “الأذان” is recited before each of the five daily prayers to announce the time for prayer. This expansion procedure ensures that the translation accurately conveys the cultural and religious significance of the original phrase to the target audience, facilitating better understanding and appreciation of the cultural context.

ST	TT
يقوم بالواجب معك	Omitted

The ST if translated literally "he fulfills his duty with you." misses directly the intentional

meaning of the author here, the phrase has a cultural meaning and suggests some sort of support and solidarity performed towards a fellow brother or sister in need of help. In this context he means to visit the sick author at hospital in France and make him feel the warmth of having another Algerian in a foreign country and to ease on him the feelings of loneliness and illness. Omission procedure was used here because it does not have a cultural equivalent in English language instead, the sentence ended at "he will visit you whenever he can".

### **2.5 Conclusion**

Throughout the translation process, translators encounter a multitude of cultural, and linguistic obstacles that demand their attention. These challenges necessitate careful handling to achieve the most accurate transmission of the original text's meaning to the target language audience. Annotated translation provides a valuable opportunity for in-depth analysis of the source text (ST) and target text (TT). Through this method, translators can meticulously document their decision-making process, including choices related to linguistic nuances and cultural adaptations.

## Conclusion

The dissertation thoroughly explored the obstacles that translators have when translating a sub-genre of literature from Arabic to English, with a primary focus on properly communicating the translated material to the intended audience. The aim was also to translate the selected chapters from the corpus to make them accessible to a global audience and to anyone interested in personal narratives.

A detailed review of the translated chapters revealed significant insights into the used to capture the essence of the original memoir while adjusting it to the target audience's linguistic and cultural setting. This study emphasizes the importance of using suitable translation methods to transmit the content of the text and evoke the same effect on the target audience, while understanding the inherent difficulties in duplicating the same tone and emotional nuances. Furthermore, it is clear that such accurate translation procedures have the ability to improve the quality of subsequent translations and promote a greater appreciation for Arabic literature across cultural barriers by highlighting the difficulties inherent in translating this specific genre. This study adds to the larger discussion about translation studies and emphasizes the need of promoting cross-cultural understanding through nuanced translation process.

Annotated translation provides a strong way for overcoming these problems. This method allows translators to thoroughly investigate the semantic and syntactic elements in the original text, enabling the use of relevant equivalents and changes in the translated version. Through thorough annotations, translators provide readers with vital insights into their decision-making process, shedding light on the challenges of language conversion and ensuring a true representation of the original story.

## **Recommendations**

For future studies

- Expanding the sample size and analyzing multiple memoirs to gain a broader understanding of memoir translation complexities. This would provide a more comprehensive picture of the challenges involved.
- Explore the impact of cultural context on the translation of memoirs across different languages
- The translator could discuss their background and potential biases in the analysis. This could involve including a section on translator reflexivity, where they explore how their own experiences might have shaped their translation choices.

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