

**UNIVERSITY OF DAMASCUS**  
**Faculty of Arts and Human Sciences**  
**Department of English**  
**Mazzeh Highway - Damascus**  
**Tel : 963-11-211 9819**  
**Fax: 963-11-211 9815**



**جامعة دمشق**  
**كلية الآداب والعلوم الإنسانية**  
**قسم اللغة الإنكليزية**  
**أوتوستراد المزة - دمشق**  
**هاتف: 963-11-2119819**  
**فاكس: 963-11-2119015**

**3<sup>rd</sup> Year – 2<sup>nd</sup> Term**  
**2019/2020**  
**specialized Translation**  
**Lecture 2**

Dear students,

As I have suggested in the first lecture concerning sharing your attempts at the translation of the text provided, I have now created a Facebook closed group.

Please search for the group under the name **DELL-Year3-19/20-Term2-Specialised-Tranlation** using your Facebook account, then hit 'view group' and send a 'join group' request. After your request has been approved, you can start posting and interacting within the group.

Please keep in mind that this group is strictly academic, and cannot be used for socializing or discussing any issues outside of the translation tasks assigned to you. You should not also add anybody who is not taking this course with us.

Below is a screenshot of the group's page for reference.

Please also remember that your task is to translate an excerpt from *Jane Eyre*, provided below as reminder.

I look forward to your interaction.



## DELL-Year3-19/20-Term2-Specialised-Tranlation >

PRIVATE GROUP · 1 MEMBER

Join Group

### About



Private

Only members can see who's in the group and what they post



Visible

Anyone can find this group



View group history

Group created on 30 March 2020

### Members



Wafa is an admin.

### Group activity



*Jane Eyre* by Charlotte Brontë, Ch24

As I rose and dressed, I thought over what had happened, and wondered if it were a dream. I could not be certain of the reality till I had seen Mr. Rochester again, and heard him renew his words of love and promise.

While arranging my hair, I looked at my face in the glass, and felt it was no longer plain: there was hope in its aspect and life in its colour; and my eyes seemed as if they had beheld the fount of fruition, and borrowed beams from the lustrous ripple. I had often been unwilling to look at my master, because I feared he could not be pleased at my look; but I was sure I might lift my face to his now, and not cool his affection by its expression. I took a plain but clean and light summer dress from my drawer and put it on: it seemed no attire had ever so well become me, because none had I ever worn in so blissful a mood.

I was not surprised, when I ran down into the hall, to see that a brilliant June morning had succeeded to the tempest of the night; and to feel, through the open glass door, the breathing of a fresh and fragrant breeze. Nature must be gladsome when I was so happy. A beggar-woman and her little boy—pale, ragged objects both—were coming up the walk, and I ran down and gave them all the money I happened to have in my purse—some three or four shillings: good or bad, they must partake of my jubilee. The rooks cawed, and blither birds sang; but nothing was so merry or so musical as my own rejoicing heart.

Mrs. Fairfax surprised me by looking out of the window with a sad countenance, and saying gravely—“Miss Eyre, will you come to breakfast?” During the meal she was quiet and cool: but I could not undeceive her then. I must wait for my master to give explanations; and so must she. I ate what I could, and then I hastened upstairs. I met Adèle leaving the schoolroom.

“Where are you going? It is time for lessons.”

“Mr. Rochester has sent me away to the nursery.”