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Fernanda Cristina Cestari

**TO TR-R-R-ANSLATE OR NOT TRANSLATE NAMES: a fanfic-narrated analysis of
Harry Potter name translations into Brazilian Portuguese**

Porto Alegre
2019

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“Call him Voldemort, Harry. Always use the proper name for things. Fear of a name increases fear of the thing itself.”

Albus Dumbledore

RESUMO

O presente trabalho tem como objetivo contribuir para a discussão sobre a tradução de nomes próprios em obras literárias, trazendo a relação de tradução de nomes na primeira obra da série Harry Potter. Narrado em forma de fanfic, este trabalho analisa as traduções feitas do inglês para o português brasileiro pelos pontos de vista tanto brasileiro, quanto britânico. Trazendo estudos sobre tradução, os personagens pesquisam como as decisões tradutórias possivelmente teriam sido tomadas em relação aos nomes próprios. Para isso, foi feita uma coleta de dados a partir do primeiro livro da saga, *Harry Potter and the Philosopher's Stone*, compilando uma lista de todos os nomes que foram citados na Língua Inglesa. Esses dados foram então subdivididos em categorias pelos personagens para uma análise mais focalizada, e uma nova coleta foi feita com os nomes da tradução oficial do livro *Harry Potter e a Pedra Filosofal*. Finalmente, ambos os personagens chegam a conclusões que tanto diferem uma da outra, quanto se complementam, demonstrando os pontos de vista diversos quanto a este tipo de tradução.

Palavras-chave: Tradução. Tradução de Nomes. Harry Potter. Fanfic. Narração Criativa.

ABSTRACT

The purpose of this academic paper is to contribute to the discussion on name translation, more specifically proper name translation, in literary works. The first book from the Harry Potter series is used as a basis to study the relation of those translations. Narrated in the format of a fanfic, this paper analyses the translations made from English to Brazilian Portuguese through the point of view of two characters: one being Brazilian, and the other being British. Bringing studies on translation as a starting point, the characters research how the translation choices could have been made in relation to proper names. To that end, a list was compiled from the first book in the saga, *Harry Potter and the Philosopher's Stone*, of all the names that were cited in English. This data was then divided into subcategories by the characters in order to make a more focused analysis. Then, a parallel list was compiled of the translated proper names in the official Brazilian translation *Harry Potter e a Pedra Filosofal*, and the characters go through possible methods the translator might have used while changing those names. Finally, both the characters reach their own conclusions about whether the name translations were necessary, having different backgrounds and points of view, although such conclusions end up complementing each other.

Keywords: Translation. Name Translation. Harry Potter. Fanfic. Creative Narration.

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Prologue

An academic paper is never a piece written alone, by itself, isolated from the rest of the world, floating without any objectives. In order for an academic paper to work, it needs to take part in a conversation with other papers, books, articles and works in general. It's a dialogue constructed by the researcher to present to the reader relevant facts in a specific area.

This specific paper enacts such a research dialogue inside the fictional world, with actual characters talking about the topics and bouncing the ideas off of each other. It's ideal to always have more than one side of the conversation to understand a topic, so both characters here are giving life to different points of view, in order that a true discussion can be had. This dialogue is the object of study of the present paper.

My first reading experiences were simultaneously the Harry Potter series, and the fanfiction I soon found out written about it. It was this universe that made me fall in love with words and even languages, and it was the first and most important brick to pave the way to where I am now, writing this study for the degree to a higher education institution.

I began reading, and then writing my own fanfics. First in my mother tongue, then, as I learned more and grew accustomed to it, in English. Writing fanfiction was what drove me to this major, and to where I am right now, typing every word.

At the beginning of the semester, I told my advisor that, even though I had a little passion for the topic I was writing about, I couldn't wait to finish it so I could go back to actually writing what I truly love: not necessarily fanfiction, but stories. He then told me: Why don't you do both? And that's what I did.

I truly believe that nothing is worth writing if you don't have the passion to do it. So this is the final paper of my undergrad career, and it's an academic fanfiction. Narrated in the first person, it tells the story of a Brazilian witch that went to teach at Hogwarts and found out that many names that she knew growing up were translated. She, then, starts analyzing those translations with the help of another professor, and together they learn a little bit more about name translation. The story takes place in the year 2033, in order for the timeline of the book series to line up with the age of the British professor character. Being a fanfic, however, a few creative liberties were taken; for example, there is the

existence of the actual books inside the universe. Finally, I hope this work helps the community as much as it helped me.

1 INTRODUCTION

I was resting in one of the chairs of Scorpius Malfoy-Potter's small sitting room in Hogwarts, waiting while he poured tea into the cup in front of me. 'Scorpius', I kept repeating in my head. It was slowly becoming less weird. He gave me a quizzical look.

"What?" I laughed, a tie between nervous and amused.

"You're giving me that look again," he said with a smile, then sat in front of me.

"What, the look of 'I thought your name was *Escórpio* for 26 years of my life and then I met you and found out my whole life is a lie'? That look?"

He huffed a laugh.

"I like how it sounds, though. It's quite a Brazilian touch."

"I guess. I just can't believe I've never questioned whether the names could have been translated. I mean, it's something so classic! It goes back to the Bible, and even before that," I stopped for a second. "Do you know what the Bible is?"

Not an unusual question to ask a wizard born and raised in the magical world.

"Yes, yes, it's a book used in some of the Muggle religions, right?"

"Right," I said. "Like James, or 'King James', he's someone from the Bible in English, but in Portuguese, it's Tiago," I continued, and I knew I already had Scorpius' attention, but I was about to blow his mind. "And then, came Harry James Potter..."

It took less than two seconds for the dots to connect in his brain.

"Oh no. I thought Mr. Potter's name was known worldwide. I mean, he's... He's Harry Potter!"

I noticed that, even though Scorpius was married to Harry Potter's own son, he still called him Mr. Potter. Although it wasn't a surprise to me, since it took me exactly three and a half weeks of constant nagging for him to call me by my first name. And that's considering I'm a co-worker, maybe even a friend by now, we live and teach together at Hogwarts - I can only imagine how he feels around 'Mr. Potter'. As I've been getting to know Scorpius better, however, it's probably got more to do with how polite he is and the fact that it's his father-in-law, than the fact that he is 'The Harry Potter'.

"Yes, he is Harry Potter. Harry *Tiago* Potter. It always sounded a little bit off to me, though. Now I know why."

“Okay,” Scorpius started, entering what I like to call his teaching mode. “Let’s review this: You, AméliaCobre,” he paused, and I smiled encouragingly at the fact that he nailed the pronunciation of my name, and I knew he worked a lot on it, “came from the South American Wizarding School Castelo Rá-Tim-Bum to work at Hogwarts as the new Transfiguration teacher.” He paused again, and I nodded. “You then figured out that not all, but some, if not most, of the names you’ve known from classes, History books, newspapers, and novelizations were different from the actual people that you met here.” I nodded again. “Including mine.”

“That’s right.”

“Well, at least there must be a logic to those translations,” he reasoned.

“First of all, names should not be translated. I mean, it’s someone’s name. I’m okay with coming here and people calling me ‘Amelia’,” I said, using the English pronunciation of my name. “It’s a version of my name, but it’s still my name. However, translating someone’s name is like changing who they are.” I took a breath as Scorpius watched me patiently, knowing I still had another point to make. “And second of all, yes, there *should* be a logic to these translations, but I’m honestly having trouble finding it.”

“Okay,” Scorpius said after a minute of considerate thinking. “Let’s research it, then.”

My head cocked to the side, looking at him curiously.

“But in my experience, most studies made on this field were written by Muggles.”

“Well, then,” he said, clasping his hands together and smiling, “we better start looking for some Muggle books and technology.”

Something told me this might not be the research professors of Transfiguration and History of Magic should focus on right in the middle of the term, but honestly, we didn’t really mind. So, for the next month or so, we met weekly in his sitting room, putting together our findings and discussing them. The following pages are our personal findings on the matter of the name translation between English and Brazilian Portuguese regarding the Wizarding World.

2 CHAPTER ONE: Researching Translation

“Okay,” Scorpius said as he sat down, a pile of parchments with what seemed like a list of neatly written words lying on the table between our teacups, “so I’ve made a list of all the names that appeared in the novelization of the first year of Mr. Potter’s Hogwarts student career.”

My jaw dropped. It really shouldn’t, though, as nothing less could be expected from someone so impassioned to learn like Scorpius.

“In one week?” I asked aghast, but he didn’t seem to notice.

“Yeah, I think I could have done the second book too, but you know, students and stuff.”

“Sure,” I answered slowly. It was a little bit funny that he didn’t notice how amazing he could be. “Well, while you were doing that,” I pointed to what looked like a list of at least, no joking, a hundred names, “I was researching some Muggle translation scholars. And I guess there is some kind of discussion on whether you should translate a person’s name or not?” I wasn’t really sure, so I pulled a few books I got from the Muggle library I visited over the weekend, as well as some academic papers I printed in their technological ink machines. “There is this American guy, Lawrence Venuti, apparently he’s one of the big names when talking about translation in the Muggle world. He has *a lot* to say. But I found some interesting parts I think we could focus on,” I said, as I opened the book at a page I had bookmarked. “He has this theory about Domestication and Foreignization, which are two different lines of translation to follow,” I started reading an excerpt from the book. “He says that the domesticating method is ‘an ethnocentric reduction of the foreign text to target-language cultural values, bringing the author back home’, and that the foreignizing method is an ‘ethnodeviant pressure on those values to register the linguistic and cultural difference of the foreign text, sending the reader abroad’¹. *Ethnocentric* and *ethnodeviant*,” I repeated, “he likes his big words, doesn’t he?”

¹VENUTI (1995, p.20).

“He sure does,” Scorpius agreed with a laugh. “Alright, so that means that what happened with the names from my country to yours must have been a ‘domestication’. Something that sounded easier to the Brazilian reader or listener.”

“Most probably. The thing is... We know it happened in Great Britain. I mean, it’s not only history, but the name ‘Harry Potter’ says a lot already. It doesn’t need much to realize all the stories don’t come from like... Brazilian folklore.”

“That is true, but the first novelization was written with children as its main public, so maybe that had something to do with it. To present to children all over the world the ‘amazing first year of Hogwarts in Harry Potter’s life’,” he said, then eyed the book in my hands. “Can I take a look?”

I nodded and passed the book to him. While he started reading and analyzing certain parts of it with amazing speed, I kept silently chewing on his words, trying to form an opinion.

“I guess that’s a valid point,” I conceded after a few minutes of comfortable silence. “Children will have more difficulty with foreign words. But I stand by my point: names should be untranslatable.”

“Well, you were right about one thing,” Scorpius said, closing the book. “This Venuti guy looked like he had most of his initial theory centralized in translations made to American English, so he was a bit more concerned about Americans not knowing much about other’s cultures, and therefore it could ‘alienate the reader’ if words from other languages appeared in their translations. And it’s also quite a bit old. I’m not sure it really applies to our case.”

“True, especially if we consider how much English is inserted into Brazilian culture,” I said, and received a look from Scorpius. “Oh, it’s all over the place. You know we have access to Muggle technology in our school, right?”

“You mean like those computer things with the Internet?” He sounded amazed.

“Oh, yeah, computers, mobile telephones, tablets, the works. We put your Muggle Studies classes to shame,” I laughed. “In any case, we were taught Brazilian Muggle culture, because we have to deal with our Muggles way more often than you have, we have to mingle with them, and they are completely entangled with culture in English in general. Mostly American, but from all over the world too. And since our school has started using

Muggle technology to keep up with them when the whole Internet thing came to our country decades ago, we kind of grew accustomed to globalization. Brazil is already a multicultural country in itself, so we have wizards and witches from all kinds of backgrounds. And, of course, we knew where Harry Potter came from. Everybody does. So, once again, I pose the question: were those name translations necessary?"

"That's a lot to unpack," he said, stroking his chin, both our teas long forgotten. "I think the multicultural fact is something completely relevant. But we also have to see that the first translation was made what, at least twenty years ago? That is a long time."

I nodded and reached for my bag again, where I had my original copy of the translated book *Harry Potter e a PedraFilosofal*², and checked the publishing date. I knew it was an old book, it was my older sister's before it was mine, but I hadn't actually given any thought to how old it was.

"Wow. Published in 2000. That's more than thirty years."

"Yes, well, the Battle of Hogwarts happened in 1998, so it would make sense for the book to be written a little bit after that. The world was healing, but it was also celebrating the victory against Lord Voldemort. Celebrating Harry Potter. I'm not even sure how the author got ahold of that many details, to be honest. I don't think Mr. Potter knows either."

"It is very detailed, indeed," I agreed, then I paused, remembering something. "Hey, you know when I said that names should never be translated?"

"What, you changed your mind?" He raised an eyebrow.

"No, not exactly. But maybe they could be, if they had a specific meaning to the story."

I began fumbling around the academic papers I got from the Muggle machines and found the one I was looking for. It was a 'Master's Diploma Thesis', whatever that meant, written by Kateřina Olexová, from the Czechia. It was incredible how Muggles all over the world liked to study this topic.

"My curiosity is piqued," Scorpius teased.

I huffed a laugh and looked for the page where I had marked what I was looking for.

² *Harry Potter and the Philosopher's Stone* in Portuguese.

“Alright, so according to her research, there are two types of names: the ones with no connotations in the text, and they may carry a meaning, such as for the character or, in this case, real person, but that meaning is not relevant to the overall idea of the work, and those names *should never be translated*,” I said emphatically. “And then there are the names that carry a relevant connotation or even sound-effect to the story being told. Those should be translated to keep the connotations in reach of the reader.³”

“Let’s see if I understood this,” said Scorpius after a few seconds of thinking. “The first type of names, in this case, could be like my own, that doesn’t really carry any meaning to the story, right?”

I thought about it for a second.

“I think so. Like James, too. No need to be translated, just a name.” I reached out and picked up the long list he had compiled. George, Lee, Quentin, Newt, Oliver... None of these names carried any meaningful connotations to the story that I can see.”

“So a name that would carry meaning would be...” He picked the list from my hands and took quite a long time reading it. “Scabbers? And Voldemort, I guess, if you have the knowledge of French. Did you know it means ‘Flight of Death’ in French?”

I smiled.

“Actually, that would be the one name you wouldn’t change, because it’s quite familiar to the Portuguese language, it would literally be *Vôo da Morte*. Do you hear the similarity?”

“Yeah, Voldemort is off, then, makes more sense in your language than mine,” he chuckled. “But I think we need to look more in depth into these names, see the translations, maybe figure out why they either were or not. Maybe it has to do with the connotation thing. But It might be easier to cut this list into smaller parts.”

“Like Jack, the Ripper,” I joked, but it fell flat with the confused look coming from Scorpius. “It’s a Muggle thing,” I waved it off.

³OLEXOVÁ (2009, p. 22-23)

3 CHAPTER TWO: Let's Talk About Pets

One week has passed since our findings about translation, and I was no less inclined to believe something very wrong happened between the delivery of the tellings published in Britain and what arrived in my country. Scorpius was sitting in front of me, scribbling something in the back of the last of the parchments of the name lists, and I was sipping on my tea silently waiting.

"I'm done," he announced, putting down his quill, and turned the parchment for me to see. It was a small list of names.

"Okay. Those are names from the first book," I said slowly, trying to understand where he was trying to get at.

"Those are *pets*' names from the first book," he corrected me excitedly.

I gave a quick look over the list and chuckled.

"What is it?" Scorpius asked in confusion.

"I just think it's funny you consider a giant three-headed dog a pet," I explained with a laugh.

"Well, his name *is* Fluffy," Scorpius pointed out.

"That is absolutely true," I conceded, "and knowing what I know about Hagrid, he was probably actually considered him his pet while at Hogwarts. But why exactly am I looking at a pet list?"

"Oh, yes. So, I was looking over the names you've marked so far that you recognized as translated, and even though you haven't gone through all of them yet--"

"Which might be because you have a list of more than one hundred names and I'm actually a normal functional human, not a super-wizard like yourself," I interrupted with a wink. "Do you ever sleep, Scorpius?"

He rolled his eyes.

"Of course I do. Five hours are more than enough," he said with absolutely no sarcasm in his voice. I couldn't tell if I found it more endearing or worrying. "Anyway, as I was saying, I noticed a trend with those names you said were translated: all of the pets were translated."

“Seriously? That’s interesting,” I said thoughtfully, bringing my eyes back down to the list. “So you thought we could analyze them to see if we could find some logic or trend in these translations?”

He nodded.

“Maybe pets don’t hold the same ground as humans or other magical creatures,” he hypothesized. “Do you think that could be true in Portuguese?”

“I mean, I don’t know. Depends on the person, I guess. I love my cat more than most of my family and friends combined, so you try to translate her name to see what happens to you,” I half-joked.

“I think that could be true to any culture, then. Really depends on the person. But then again, now we can go back to analyzing case to case. Because sometimes pet’s names have certain meanings, right? Like Fluffy? What was it translated to?”

I sighed.

“*Fofo*. It literally means ‘fluffy’. Yes, the translation makes sense on this case, I can admit to that. But I can also tell you that keeping *Fluffy* wouldn’t be so confusing. It’s not a hard word to recognize from English to Portuguese. Actually, did you know that when I was a child, I had one of those enchanted talking stuffed mushrooms, and I named it Fluffy? Without even knowing that was the real name of the dog. And that was before I knew much about English too, I just started actually learning it when I was about thirteen.”

“Wait, is it normal to have stuffed mushrooms over there?” Scorpius asked.

I laughed.

“I guess you have other kinds of stuffed creatures over here,” I conceded. “But my point was, let us have the name Fluffy, there’s no harm in that.”

“I can see that,” Scorpius said, “but you can also see the side of the translator that wants to bring the names closer to the reader, right? Make it easier to understand that Hagrid had affectionate feelings towards Fluffy, and that’s why he named him that. That could be lost in translation if the reader didn’t know what Fluffy meant.”

I sighed again.

“Touché.”

I read the list again.

“Wait, did you alphabetize these?”

“Yes,” he answered, sipping his tea.

“Why am I even surprised?” I wondered out loud. “Okay, we skipped Fang, Hagrid’s other ‘puppy’, and his translation was also very much to the point: *Canino*. Which could be more accurately translated to ‘cuspid’ or ‘canine tooth’, than an actual fang. But then again, if it were accurately translated, I think it would sound too weird in Portuguese.”

“Does it also have the same connotation of ‘dog-like’ that ‘canine’ has?” He asked.

“It does, actually. That’s a good point. It’s a dog literally called... dog,” I laughed.

“But the choice makes sense to you?”

“For a translation, yes.”

“And you still have to take into consideration the kind of dog Fang was. The name obviously is meant to instigate some kind of fear, although Fang was a very scared and jumpy dog.”

“And that would make all the sense in the world to reflect in the translation - if translation is your chosen route - however, I can’t help but feel that *Canino*, ‘canine tooth’ or ‘dog’ just doesn’t do the job, you know?”

“It doesn’t instill that much fear in Portuguese?”

“Not to me, at least. But then again, translating Fang literally would sound way too weird for a name.”

“So there’s no win scenario here.”

“Yes, there is. Don’t translate it.”

He laughed. I was becoming a little bit predictable by this point, and I knew it.

“But you could also say that pet names can always sound weird,” he suddenly counter-pointed. “There are all kinds of pet names out there.”

“There are,” I agreed. “But this specific pet’s name is Fang,” I said decisively.

Scorpius raised both hands in the air, as if he were giving up, but he kept smiling. Clearly, this whole discussion was not only interesting to him, but my strong opinions were also amusing. Honestly, having his good spirits and calm being around my sometimes feisty being was quite a good combo.

“What’s the next name?” He asked.

“Hedwig,” I said, “there’s not much to say about this one.” He raised an eyebrow, surprised that I didn’t sound like I was about to go on a rant. “So, this would be one

translation that I would agree with,” I said, to his surprise. “You know, again, if you’re actually choosing to go with translating names,” I added. “Because Hedwig is an old name, a historical name, it’s even a religious name. So it is known in Brazil by a translated version. So it makes sense. It’s translated to Edwiges. Not much else to say about that.”

“Except that you wouldn’t have translated it.”

“Please ask your father-in-law if he’d like his first pet owl to have her name translated and get back to me,” I winked.

Scorpius snickered.

“Sure, I’ll do that. In the meantime, how was Mr. Paws translated?”

I flipped around my notes to find where I marked that name down.

“Seriously, who would remember Mrs. Figg’s cats?” I shook my head, and finally found the name. “Here it is. *Seu Patinhas*. It’s a pretty straightforward translation, and even cute. Roughly means ‘Mr. Little Paws’.”

“Is that a viable pet name?” Scorpius asked.

“I’d say so,” I shrugged.

“Okay, then, let’s take the win. Norbert?”

“Oh yeah, the pet dragon everyone ever wanted to own,” I joked. “*Norberto*. Pretty sure it’s the ‘official translation’, like Hedwig. Not that I’ll ever agree with the idea of names having official translations.”

“What about names that are from different alphabets?” Scorpius questioned. “How could you deal reading one of those without any translations?”

Okay, he got me stumped on that one.

“You could try to use the correspondent phonemes of your mother alphabet to make it sound the same, but in a different way of writing?” I tried.

“Okay, but what gives identity to a name, the sound of the name, or how it’s written? Or is it both? Or is it the person in conjunction with the name, spoken or written?”

I gave that some thought. Maybe too much thought. We stayed there, quiet, for quite a long time.

“Well, as I had told you before, my name is Amélia, and it has a graphic sign that your language, English, doesn’t have, and it makes a difference to how it is pronounced in my language. Even though that being the case, I do not mind people here calling me Amelia

with the various British accents, I think it's actually kind of cute. Back at home, people usually nicknamed me Lia, while here it is usually Amy or Mia. I like all of them. So I guess, as everything else in life, it's subjective. It depends on the individual. I think the person or creature should have the say. But that's my opinion. And that's what bothers me so much about the translations: none of you had a say in it."

"But if you really think about it, most of us didn't even have a say in the writing of the books in the first place. So imagine the translations, which were made all around the world. I don't think anyone would be consulted on whether they'd like their names changed," Scorpius reasoned.

I sighed.

"Also, I don't think they would fly to Norway to ask Norbert for his permission," I half-joked.

He chuckled, then pulled out one of the academic papers I had brought last week.

"I was reading the material you brought, and that question I asked you about the different alphabets has an answer, it's actually called Transcription: 'a procedure in which an attempt is made to transcribe a name in the closest corresponding letters of a different target alphabet or language'⁴," he said. "It's a kind of name translation."

I took a deep breath.

"Hm, so *some* name translations make sense."

He chuckled.

"Okay, after this exciting philosophical discussion, we can go back to pets. Next would be... Mrs. Norris."

"Oh," I said with a pause. "Hm-hm," I shook my head.

"Uh-oh," Scorpius frowned. "What happened to Mrs. Norris?"

"Awful, awful things," I announced, completely aware of my overdramatization.

Scorpius looked torn between amused, confused, curious and a little bit afraid.

"Care to elaborate?" He asked after a whole minute of silence had gone by.

"Okay, so... Norris. A name, right? Can be a first name and a surname. Considering she's always called Mrs. Norris and your culture of using surnames, I'll assume here it's a

⁴ FERNANDES (2007, p. 147)

surname. But even if I didn't, I find eleven degrees of wrong with what happened with her name."

"I don't want to say it, Amy, but the curiosity is killing the cat here."

I had to laugh at the not so bad joke.

"Her name was translated to 'Nor-r-r-a'," I rolled my tongue more than any Brazilian had ever done. I then picked up my notes and showed where I wrote the damned name in red ink. "Before you ask, yes, it was actually written like that, with every hyphen, every single time she was mentioned. Every. Single. Time."

Scorpius looked perplexed at the piece of parchment I gave him.

"Is there... Any reason... As to why this would happen?" He asked, still aghast.

I gave him the devilest smile he's probably ever seen and pulled my Brazilian copy from my bag, looking for the page that Mrs. Norris first appeared.

"Here it is, the translation says '*Filch tinha magatachamada Madame Nor-r-r-a, como quem ronrona,*'⁵" I read from the book. "It can roughly be translated to 'Filch had a cat named Madam Nor-r-r-a, like a purr.'" I said, almost spitting the final word.

Scorpius frowned.

"Is that last phrase in the original book?"

"No!" I basically shrieked at that point. "The translator just added the purring part to make the name look 'feasible', I guess, and completely ignored the fact that the cat was the most hated animal in all of Hogwarts. I mean, has anyone ever even seen her purr?"

"Maybe she was trying to do the same thing that happened with Fang, but in reverse? Like, make her likeable through her name and shock us with the personality?"

"I... Just don't think that it's the translator's place to add stuff that is not in the story in the first place. Isn't it infuriating to you? You're a History of Magic Professor. Facts are being changed here!"

Scorpius scratched his forehead. We'd known each other for quite a few months now, and I knew that he was a bit swayed by my argument.

"Honestly, I'll have to agree with you. That translation is just problematic. Does it even make sense in Portuguese?"

⁵ ROWLING (2000, p. 117)

“What, for a name to have a billion hyphens in it? Nope, not at all. I tried, Scorpius, but I can’t see a way that this translation isn’t just bizarre all around.”

“What did you think when you first read it as a child?” He asked, now with a more analytical tone.

“I just thought that Filch had a freaking weird taste for names. Or maybe a stutter,” I shrugged. “Can we please move forward? This abundance of R’s has given me a headache.”

“Of course. Scabbers is next.”

I made a face.

“Are we really considering him a pet?”

“Well, he was Mr. Weasley’s pet rat back then, so let’s just pretend.”

“Okay. Scabbers became *Perebas*, which is very reasonable. It goes with Olexová’s⁶ whole point that if he had a meaning to his name, some connotation to the narration, in this case a bad name to the ‘character’, then in the translation it was kept as such. It was foreshadowing, I guess, pretty smart.”

Scorpius took a hand to his mouth, which formed a perfect O shape.

“Wait a second. Are you praising a translation technique?” He mocked.

I rolled my eyes.

“Yeah, yeah. This one makes sense, okay? I won’t fight every step of the way,” I said, eyeing the list. “Next is another one of Mrs. Figg’s cats, Snowey. And the translation was...” I blinked once, and then twice. “Well, when you’re thinking things are looking up...”

“What, it doesn’t have anything to do with snow?”

“You tell me. It’s translated to *Néris*. Which is neither a common human nor a common pet name in Brazil. I did research this a little bit when I found it, but I didn’t make the connection with the name that it was translated from. So, there’s a river called Neris. Also, the word could be originated from the Italian word *nero* which means... Black. So... While the river is, you know, nature and watery and stuff, I don’t think snow is black.”

Scorpius chuckled.

⁶ 2009, p. 22

“Names can have many different origins. If I’m not mistaken, it could have something to do with mythology too, although I still don’t think it has anything to do with snow,” he conceded. “And it doesn’t sound like the word snow in Portuguese at all?”

“It does have the first two letters in common,” I said, some sarcasm escaping my lips. “But that is absolutely not enough to make any kind of connection. It’s like I say the word ‘wand’, wanting you to think about the word ‘water’. Doesn’t work.”

“Let’s see if the next one works, then. Tibbles?”

“*Tobias*,” I shot back. “Not a bad name for a pet.”

“It doesn’t really have anything to do with Tibbles, does it?”

“I’m not sure, but I don’t think so. Although it kept the first, middle and last letters. Hey, improvements!”

I raised a hand and we high-fived.

“Next is Trevor.”

“Oh yeah. Back to the nonsense. Became *Trevo*. Which means ‘clover’. But you can see that she just removed the R. I don’t get it, though. Trevor is not a hard name to say in Portuguese. It’s not a common name, either, but still.”

“Well, it became way more like the name a pet would have,” Scorpius pointed out.

“Which shouldn’t really be the place of the translator to decide, should it?”

“Honestly, I don’t know. I don’t think it should be their place, but maybe there are reasons that we haven’t found yet.”

“Okay, find me those reasons, and we discuss this again,” I said, and looked at the last name on the list. “Tuffy, final cat of Mrs. Figg’s. It was translated to Pompom. Hey, you have this word in English, right?”

“Are you talking like those things on top of snow hats and beanies?” Scorpius asked.

“Yeah, those ones. So like, giving the idea of something cuddly and fluffy, I guess. Does Tuffy give you that idea?”

“I’m not sure... I’ve seen it more in dogs than in cats. It gives me more the idea of something tough, you know? Like tough, toughy?”

“Oh, I get it. I think maybe the translator was thinking more on the lines of a tuft of fur or something like that, maybe? But I guess we’ll never know. Okay, what are our conclusions so far?” I tried to imitate Scorpius teaching mode.

He raised a hand as to count with his fingers.

“Hm... All pet names were translated,” he said, and ticked one finger off. “Some of them made absolute sense and had meaning to the overall story that was being told, like Scabbers - even though that one will only come into play in later books -, and...”

He fell silent, and I stared at him with a victorious smile.

“And no other name, let’s be honest,” I completed.

He sighed and nodded.

“Okay, but some translations made sense as translations, as we’ve seen, like Mr. Paws, Fluffy and Hedwig. And Fluffy had some connotation that was kept in the translation,” he reminded me, and ticked off another finger.

I conceded to that.

“And then there were those names that were just names and had no reason to be translated other than the fact that they weren’t Brazilian. Like Trevor, and Norbert.”

“And finally, there was Mrs. Norris,” I said with a puff. “And it was inexcusable, and I will not accept anything other than the translator was eating some Fizzing Whizbees and was floating out of her mind when she made that decision.”

Scorpius laughed out loud, probably imagining the translator floating around after eating the magic sweets and trying to decide what to do with Mrs. Norris.

“That’s... A possibility,” he allowed. “Okay, then, I have a lesson to prepare for Tuesday. But same time next week?”

“Absolutely.”

4 CHAPTER THREE: Alliterations Are Around, After All

“Hey, Scorpius,” I called out from the sitting area, eyeing out the second list he had prepared for us to discuss. “Who is Bertie Bott?”

He stopped in the act of collecting teacups into the tray in the small kitchen from his Hogwarts chambers and looked up at me like I just committed a sin. He slowly backtracked, went to a cupboard overhead, pulled out a couple of colorful cardboard boxes and placed them on the tray as well. I recognized them immediately, but it still took a few seconds of him approaching and laying everything in front of me for the realization to set.

“*Bertie Bott’s Every Flavour Beans*,” I read the little boxes. “Of course.”

“So I take it you don’t have these in Brazil,” Scorpius said, opening one of the boxes and carefully picking one of the orange beans.

“Unfortunately, not. Also, in the translation, ‘Bertie Bott’ is completely cut off. It’s just *Every Flavour Beans*.”

Scorpius frowned.

“That’s strange. Do you know why?”

“Your guess is as good as mine,” I answered, and looked back down to the small list he had compiled. “So these are alliterations that appeared throughout the book?”

“Yes, I thought it was interesting that they appeared quite often. It could be useful to know what was the train of thought of the translator in this case.”

“If she kept the alliterations,” I completed his idea.

“Exactly.”

I went through the list again.

“Dudley was translated to Duda, which is a common nickname for both boys and girls, and Dursley was kept. So the alliteration stayed intact.”

“Is Dudley a weird name for the Brazilian public?” Scorpius asked.

“Well, yes. But so is Dursley. I mean, if you’re gonna keep one, why not keep both?” I reasoned.

“That’s true. Although, from what we’ve seen so far, the translator only really cared about the first names, and not really about the surnames.” He checked his notes. “Most of the translations we’ve commented had been done with first names.”

“Which you could argue are even more important than surnames,” I said. “Did you know in my country we don’t use them like you do? For example, you say ‘Professor Malfoy’ and ‘Mr. Potter’. We would seldom use the names like that. If we’re calling someone ‘mister’, the following word would probably be the first name of the person. Like my uncle, married to my aunt and grandpa’s daughter, calls my grandpa ‘Mr. Carlos’. And that is the respectful way to call him.”

Scorpius looked like he was a child learning how Math worked for the first time. Well, a child who liked Math, at least.

“That is fascinating,” he pondered, making a few notes on his parchments. “But then, if the first names are that important, that is probably why she focused so much on making them easy to understand, wouldn’t you think?” He counter-pointed.

“I guess so.” I looked back down to the list he gave me, then had to check my own notes on translated names I had made throughout the last couple of weeks. “Piers Polkiss. Honestly, I wouldn’t know who he was had you not brought him up,” I confessed. He was apparently Dudley Dursley’s childhood best friend. The kind of thing authors dig up to write about famous people, honestly. “Translated to Pedro. Okay, I could see some correlation between Dudley and Duda, but Piers and Pedro is just changing names and keeping the first letter.”

Scorpius laughed.

“You’re very critical of the translations, aren’t you?”

“And you’re not enough,” I complained. “But there, alliteration kept, although the logic was not.”

He still seemed way too amused by the whole situation.

“Piers is kind of the French version of Peter,” he slowly pointed out.

“Oh, *frack*,” I whispered. “And Peter would be the English version of Pedro. Okay, you win this one. Next,” I sighed and read the list. “Dedalus Diggle, pretty straight forward, was translated into Dédalo. Basically, got the ‘us’ part off. Which, please, this one we can handle with no problem. It’s not like we can’t handle to say a word that ends in a consonant.”

“Diggle was kept?” Scorpius asked with a small smile, probably trying not to add to the fire.

“Yes. Next. Minerva McGonagall. Oh thank God, this one was kept the same!”

“No translations?”

“No translations. But that’s probably because Minerva is quite an easy name for Brazilian people to say.” I looked at the next name on the list and sighed again, shaking my head.

“Bathilda was translated?” He asked.

I thought about it for a second.

“Not exactly. She took the H out. Because Batilda is a name - although, I’ll tell you, not common at all.”

“Okay...” Scorpius was failing to see why I was so frustrated.

“In Portuguese, the letter H is usually silent. In this case, we would read the name the exact same way. Why not just keep the H where it is?”

Scorpius leaned forward and took my cup of tea, motioning for me to take it and drink some. I took a sip and breathed in.

“Maybe she just wanted to keep all the names logical?” He asked. “Looking and sounding like Brazilian names, I mean.”

I gave him a look.

“How very Brazilian ‘Batilda Bagshot’ sounds. Also ‘Sirius Black’ - it was kept, did you know that? But Scorpius wasn’t. Even though both are known astronomical names. Well, okay. In Brazil we don’t know Scorpius as Scorpius, we know it as *Escorpião*, which is not a person’s name. It’s literally ‘scorpion’ in Portuguese. But I searched for it and *Escórpio* just doesn’t exist either, so there’s no excuse. I rest my case.”

“Hey, I’m not defending her translating my name,” he said. “But it sounds like she took the name you said means Scorpius or ‘scorpion’, and tried to turn it into a name.”

“Hm. Yeah, it actually sounds like she did that. Which I still think is inexcusable,” I rolled my eyes. “Okay, next is Vindictus Viridian,” I read from the list, then checked my own and bit my lip. “Oh yes, the alliteration was kept. And she translated the last name.”

“Really?”

“*Vindicto Viridiano*,” I read the translation aloud. “*Viridiano* is a first name in Portuguese, just so you know. And *Vindicto* makes about as much sense as *Vindictus* to the Brazilian ear, so... No comments.”

“Okay,” Scorpius said, and I noticed the phantom of a laugh on his voice. “Next would be Bertie Bott, which you already said didn’t even make it to the books, right?”

“That’s right,” I said. “We do know what Every Flavour Beans are, we just never knew who made them. I guess us Brazilians are not that big on giving credit,” I joked, then looked at the list. “Okay, this one makes sense. Fat Friar. It doesn’t keep the alliteration, the first one up until now, but I can see why. She wanted to keep the meaning. It was translated to *Frei Gorducho*, which literally means... ‘Chubby Friar?’” I laughed. “Sounds funnier in English, but I think maybe the use of *Fat* in Portuguese could sound too harsh.”

“Look at you reasoning with the translator’s logic,” Scorpius smiled at me, and I scoffed.

“Is Fat Friar even his real name?”

Scorpius looked around, like the ghost we were talking about would enter the room at any moment, then scratched his head.

“Well, no. Not when he was alive, anyway. But I don’t think he’s ever told anyone I know his actual name. His ghost friends call him Friar.”

I nodded. Ghosts weren’t very common at Castelo Rá-Tim-Bum, so I still had quite a bit to learn and get used to in this regard.

“Okay. Parvati Patil. Not changed, which I’m entirely thankful for. There was enough culture erasure in the translations,” I said.

“What culture? Wizard British culture?”

“Yes. To you, this might all be normal, but it was something very far away from us that, back then, we only got from the stories of what happened to your father and all the others. And the names were part of that culture. Anyway, I digress. Parvati’s Indian name kept being Indian. So did her sister’s Padma, by the way. She’s not mentioned in the first book, but I thought you’d like to know.”

“That’s good,” he said. “It would be sort of weird if they translated one twin but not the other.”

I nodded.

“Pansy Parkinson,” I read the next name. “Not translated either. Cool. And... Severus Snape. Oh yes, another case of ‘can’t end the name on such a Latin ending,’” I said. “It became Severo Snape. Alliteration kept.”

“So my husband’s name is Albus Severo?” Scorpius asked jokingly, and then when he saw my face, the realization hit him. “*Albus* didn’t make it either, did it?”

“Nope,” I said, and my voice sounded like I was giving condolences to someone. “You’re married to *Alvo Severo* Malfoy-Potter, Mr. *Escórpio*.”

Scorpius first snorted, trying to hold in a burst of laughter, then just howled. After a minute, he could finally breathe enough to talk.

“I’ll make sure to tell him that,” he said, still chuckling a bit. “Now back to business, what could we take from what we gathered thus far today?” His teaching mode was back.

“Well, the translator certainly made sure to keep the alliterations. Why, though, I have no idea. I’d have other priorities if I were the translator.”

“Yes, but she did want to keep aspects of the names intact, that is something to take into consideration,” Scorpius interposed.

“Sure, but you know a better way to keep aspects of the names intact?” He knew what I was gonna say, but I did it anyway. “Not translating them.”

“True,” he smiled. “Okay, I think we can stop here today. I’m compiling a new list of names, I was thinking we could discuss it next week.”

“That’s fine, but you should know I was researching and I think I can have a list by next week of names that have to do with religion, the bible and stuff. Still not letting Harry *Tiago* Potter go.”

“The more, the merrier,” Scorpius laughed.

5 CHAPTER FOUR: Royal and Religious

“Oh, wow, that’s a lot of names,” I said, comparing both of our lists. “What is your list about?”

“Oh, I decided to make a list with names that appear in Royal families. Apparently their names are somewhat global.”

“That’s the most British thing you’ve ever said to me,” I said with a cackle.

He blushed a bit, but chuckled nonetheless.

“Okay, what list do we start with?”

“We can start with the Royal one. Actually, I’m curious: there must be a King or Prince James somewhere, right?”

Scorpius lit up.

“Yes, there is, actually! And I researched all the official translations to Brazilian Portuguese as well, Lily helped me figure out her Muggle machine over the weekend when I went back home for her birthday.”

He seemed really proud of himself, and in all honesty, so was I.

“That’s awesome! We’ll have a lot to work on,” I said, eager to learn what he would bring to the table. “So, what do we have on James?”

Scorpius gave me a semi-mischievous smile, which was rare for him, and I knew he had something good.

“Alright, so James appeared a lot as a Royal name in England and Scotland,” he started.

“Okay,” I said, a little bit anxious for his information, but I shared mine first anyway. “And also in the bible, the New Testament⁷, to be more precise,” I retrieved my notes from my bag. “He is translated as *Tiago*, but also James isn’t even the original name either, since it was all written in either Greek or Hebrew. But for all intents and purposes, it’s widely accepted as a ‘normal’ translation, James and *Tiago*.”

⁷ O novo testamento (trad. DIAS, 2013)

“Right, but then the royalty comes and messes all that up,” he said, and I raised my eyebrows. “According to the Internet, James is translated to *Jaime*,” his pronunciation was somewhere between English and Portuguese, and I loved it.

“Wait, *Jaime*?” I corrected the pronunciation with my southern Brazilian accent, as the information just sank in. “Oh my God, I just remembered a history book I read a long time ago about the United Kingdom. That is right, there was a *Rei Jaime*. I just never connected the dots,” I said, eyes falling back down to my notes. “They can’t even make up their minds, can they?” I ranted.

“So it appears that the translator had two choices when it came to James in the end. Personally, I think... *Jaime*, is it?” He was way closer now on the pronunciation, and I nodded. “Would be the better option. It’s way closer to James.”

“I can see your point there, and it’s true, but I have to tell you that *Jaime* is a very old name, barely used anymore, and *Tiago* is just way more common and... Agreeable.” Scorpius started saying something with a smile, but I interrupted straight away. “And no, I’m in no way defending the translation, there is a very real third option to deal with James’ name here: do not translate!”

Scorpius actually giggled.

“I love your rants,” he said. “But it’s interesting to know that, about the name being old fashioned, now we can see a clear path to the name *Tiago*.”

I nodded. I didn’t have much to add to that. Honestly, James, along with Mrs. Norris and Scorpius, had been by far the worst translations to swallow down.

“Okay, we can go in order, now,” I said.

“First name on the list is Bill. Which comes from William, a classic royal name,” Scorpius started. “In order not to butcher any more pronunciations, I’ll just show you the translation,” he said, passing me a piece of parchment.

“*Guilherme*,” I read out loud and nodded. “Makes sense. It was translated to Gui, which is the short version. No big mystery here.”

“Next is Charlie, short for Charles,” he said, and passed me the paper with the translated name.

“*Carlos*. Yes, it also makes sense. Charlie would be the diminutive of Charles, and *Carlinhos*, which is the book’s translation, does the same for *Carlos*.”

“Emeric comes next,” he started.

“Hey, I have that one on my list too!” I grabbed my piece of white paper and read from it. “He’s a saint in the Catholic Church,” I said. “The name is translated to Emérico, which is just adding an O to the end of it and an acute accent to stress the second E. What do you have?”

He listened closely to my explanation and nodded along my words.

“That’s what I have here too. Is that how it was translated in the book?”

I checked my list again and shook my head.

“Not exactly. It’s almost the same, but no accent on the E, which can change the whole pronunciation of the word.”

“That was a big choice, then, if it changes so much.”

“Maybe she didn’t think that much about it,” I countered, “he is only just mentioned in one passage after all, doesn’t add any importance to the story as a whole.”

“That’s true,” he nodded. “Next name is George, then.”

“*Jorge*,” I read the parchment, “yes, same name in the books, they are actually really close sounding names in the Brazilian Portuguese accent.”

“No surprise there, then?” He asked, and I shook my head. He looked down and smiled “You’re gonna like this one. Next name is Harry.”

“Oh god,” I whispered. “Oh Merlin,” I said a little bit louder. “Oh sweet Budha,” I short circuit for a moment. “Of freaking course Harry is a translatable name! How did I not think about it?” I blinked a few times. “Yes, Prince Harry! I know of him! English royal family and all!” I clapped my hands a few times. I might have been frightening Scorpius just a little bit.

He snorted, trying to hold something, not sure if a laughter or a cry.

“Do you need more tea?” He asked gently, and a smile escaped through.

“No, no, no,” I said quickly, eager to continue the topic. “Let’s go, tell me, what’s the translation?”

“*Henrique*?” He tried to read it, and it was pretty close.

“Hey, you remembered about the silent H thing!” I congratulated him. “Soon enough you’re gonna be vacationing in Brazil without any help,” I winked, and he smiled proudly, although a little bit red around the ears. “But back to business now: she obviously

didn't translate his name because... I mean, it's Harry freaking Potter. The whole wizarding world knows about him.⁸

"That is my running theory, yes. But it would be kind of funny if they actually translated his name," he joked.

I made a face to that comment, twisting my nose.

"Enough translations made, thank you very much. Who's next?"

"Hedwig," he said.

"Oh, I have her on my list too," I said, now way less excited than before. "She's also a Catholic saint. I've found two kinds of writing for her translated name, Edwiges, with a W after the D, and Edviges, with a V. The pronunciation really varies from person to person here, because we have too many different accents in my country, but all in all, I think it's pretty much the same. Did you find these two too?"

"Interestingly, I just found the one with the W," he said. "Which one did the translator go with?"

"With the W," I answered. "Which can lead us to believe maybe she was going for the royal Hedwig, and not the saint one? Wait," I interrupted myself, "I think I read that this saint was from royalty when alive. Might be the same one. So... This leads us to nowhere."

"Not really, this leads us to the insight that she had a known Portuguese translation to her name, and that's what was used."

"Okay, Mr. Brightside, we concluded that she translated because there was a translation available. Possibly. Can't put words in her mouth, I looked up and I'm pretty sure she died. Anyway, who's next then?"

"Well, that would be James, but we already covered him, so we go to Marge."

"Short for Margaret," I said, and he looked at me. "I have her too."

"Let me guess," he says humorously. "Saint?"

"Dead right," I said. "I'm thinking God has a special liking to the royalty, don't you think?" I joked.

"Gold way to Heaven?" He quipped.

⁸ In our world, or 'the Muggle world', "Harry Potter" wasn't translated because there was a contract signed by all the publishers prohibiting them to translate his name, since it was becoming a trademark (WYLER, 2003).

I snorted.

“Alright, I have here that Margaret is translated to *Margarida*, which, fun fact, means the flower daisy in Portuguese.”

“And word by word I learn the language,” he smiled. “I have the same here. Was the name in the book short for that translation?”

“*Guida*,” I thought to myself. “Yeah, I think it can be. Never met a *Margarida*, much less had a nickname for her, but it works.”

“Okay, so logic still stands here,” he chirped up. “That’s good!”

“If you say so,” I said, only laughing at his enthusiasm.

“Also, that was the end of my list. Let’s do yours,” he offered.

“Sure. Let me see... Adrian. A little bit of change for us here, there is a saint, but there were also a lot of popes with this name. All the same translation, though, pretty simple: *Adriano*. It’s the same name in the book.”

“So, it’s a pretty known translation.”

“Yeah, and not too hard, either. Add an O. Bam. Again with the ‘why-end-on-a-consonant-when-you-can-end-on-a-vowel’ thing that we love to do over on our side of the ocean.” Sarcasm was dripping from my voice, but I didn’t really care. By now Scorpius knew what to expect.

“You *do* tend to do that a lot,” he agreed. “But it’s about your phonetics, right? It’s easier for the sounds that you make?”

“Look who’s been studying their theories,” I laughed. “Yeah, I believe that is the reason our names work that way, as any name would in any language.”

“It’s only logical,” he said. “What’s the next name?”

“Hm,” I thought. “There are a lot that we discussed already. Let me see...” I scanned the list quickly, mentally crossing off the ones already mentioned. “Hannah. And this is a good one, too. It’s actually in the bible. You know, to spice up the list a little bit,” I joked.

“Really? In the Bible? I’ve read that already, I don’t remember any Hannahs,” he said.

I raised an eyebrow.

“Why were you reading the bible?”

“I was bored and wanted to understand why Christmas was called Christmas,” he shrugged.

“And you read all of the Bible for that? It’s the birth of Jesus, a religious figure. I could have told you that.”

“Well, I was six, in a library full of old books, with nothing to do, and you didn’t happen to be there, did you?” He asked almost defensively. It was adorable.

I laughed.

“You were *six*?” I laughed again. “Oh Scorpius, you’re one of a kind, did you know that?” I said fondly.

“I’ve been told that once or twice,” he responded, unsure if it was meant to be a compliment. It really was.

I smiled again.

“Okay, I think what you read was the New Testament. Hannah appears in the Old Testament. Apparently she was one of two wives of a guy named Elkanah, and mother of Samuel,” I said, and raised both hands. “I’m not here to judge, although I’m pretty sure back then that marriage was probably not consensual. Well, back to Hannah: the name was translated inside the bible to Ana, one N, which is the common way to write the name in Portuguese. That’s the same way it was written in the book.”

“So, a logical translation, it seems?” He asked.

I sighed.

“I know at least three people named Hannah that are Brazilian. So, yeah, this translation follows logic, but to me it’s completely useless.”

“Duly noted,” he said.

“Next would be Norbert,” I started, eyeing the list.

“Oh, do we have a reason as to why this pet’s name was translated, then? Haven’t we come full circle?” He laughed.

I chuckled.

“Yeah, yeah. So, he was also a saint, big surprise there. Official translation is *Norberto*, which is what was used in the book.”

“Mystery solved, then,” Scorpius said cheerfully.

“Yeah, but like... What’s really the difference between Norbert and *Norberto* in the end, you know? Again, to me, seems like another nonsense translation, but yes, I see the translator’s point in using this specific name.”

“We still have to take into consideration the time that it was written and translated, Amy, remember that,” he said softly.

I nodded.

“Of course. And we’ll still discuss that. But for now, can we please get to the last name, because I’m running late, and I promised Hagrid to help feed the bowtruckles and fairies,” I said.

“I admire you for even getting close to the fairies,” Scorpius marveled. “They can get nasty.”

“They’re just vain, it’s easy to go around it. You don’t wanna get on the bad side of a caipora,” I warned, shaking my head just to remember the little spirits that lived around my old school. “Anyways, the last name is Terence. Can you guess what part he played in religion?”

“Hm, I think I’ll go with the odds here,” he laughed. “Saint?”

“Bingo. Translated ‘officially’ to *Terêncio*, that’s exactly the name used in the book.”

“So, that’s it?” He asked. “Can we officially conclude that the translator tried to go with the worldwide known translations of the names?”

“You could say that, yes. But then why stop there? Why didn’t she translate all the other names? There are some really non-Portuguese looking and sounding ones. Like Pansy, or Katie.”

“Actually, if we think about it, Katie comes from Katherine, which is most probably a royal name.”

“See? I can’t see the logic, honestly.”

“That’s fine. I think we need some time to think this over. We can talk again in a few days, maybe we can reach a conclusion then,” Scorpius suggested.

“I think it’s a good idea,” I nodded. “I have a headache already. I need some time with magical creatures.”

Scorpius laughed and we finished our teas before I left.

6 CHAPTER FIVE: The Final Meeting

I was chewing on a Pumpkin Pastie in my own chambers, going over all the data Scorpius and I had collected for the last month, when someone knocked on my door. I looked up from all the mess of parchments and Muggle paper that I had over my small dinner/kitchen table, and took a sip of tea - damn Scorpius had me addicted to Earl Grey by now - to help the pastie down.

“Who is it?” I asked without getting up, laziness being my best friend.

“Albus!” Came Scorpius’ voice from the other side of the door.

“And Scorpius!” Completed Albus with a laughter, like Scorpius forgot to introduce himself.

I snorted at the happiness in the tone of those two through the door. I hadn’t met Albus too many times, but if I’d learned something, it was that he made Scorpius very much happier than normal. And I liked him for that.

I put my teacup down and got my wand from under a pile of parchments, performing a quick spell to open the door in the distance and let the happy couple in.

“To what do I owe this honor?” I asked with a smile, enchanting two more teacups from the small kitchen to the table, and signing for them to sit.

“Well, Albus came to visit, he had something to talk about with Professor McGonnagal, I don’t know what,” he looked in a bit of a doubt to Albus.

“Work related stuff,” Albus explained.

“An Auror talking to the Headmistress, I hope it’s nothing serious,” I said.

“Nothing to worry about,” he said lightly, and I relaxed. “Scorpius was actually blabbering about this research you two have been doing, and I thought it would be interesting to know a bit about it. Do you mind?”

“Of course not, I was actually trying to organize our findings in a logical way, but I’m thinking Scorpius would be better suited for the job,” I laughed, looking at the mess on the table.

“Oh, I can do that,” Scorpius offered up with an eager smile. “I’ll just take everything back with me later and do it, it will be fun!”

I exchanged a look with Albus, and we silently agreed that we had very different definitions of ‘fun’.

“Great, then,” I said, clapping my hands. “Let’s start debriefing you! What do you know so far?”

“Ah... Scorpius said a lot of stuff,” Albus started. “I know that in your country our names were translated. And that you guys were analysing other names, although I’m not sure why.”

“Oh, okay, so here’s the story,” I started. “When I came to work here I figured out that a lot of the names I knew from books and classes and even newspapers were translated to fit my language. And I mean, I’m a little bit at fault for not realizing it sooner, it sounded too... Portuguese, for British stories. Anyway, I told Scorpius, and we came up with the questions of why were the names translated, how was the translation chosen, and most importantly, was it actually necessary?”

Albus nodded along my words, so I knew he was following my train of thought.

“And did you find the answers?” He asked.

“Well... It depends on your opinion, I guess,” I said, checking in with Scorpius with a glance.

“Yes, some parts of it were quite subjective,” he said. “Amy looked for some theories on translation that we could get started from.”

“There was a guy named Venuti who said...” I started looking for the papers I had got from the Muggle machines, and took a minute, but found the one. “Here it is, he said that ‘strategies of translation involve the basic tasks of choosing the foreign text to be translated and developing a method to translate it’⁹. And those methods are basically divided into two groups: domesticating strategies and foreignizing strategies. In a simple explanation, domestication brings the writer closer to the reader, while foreignization brings the reader closer to the writer.”

“Okay, so what happened to the content that got to your country was... Domestication, right? Making the names closer to the ones you guys already know?” Albus asked.

⁹ VENUTI (2000, p. 240)

“That’s exactly what Scorpius said,” I smiled. “But the thing is, you can’t domesticate *everything*, can you? Like, you have a different culture than us. Your school, for example, works differently than ours. We graduate at 18.”

“And apparently we missed out on the fun of having an enchanted talking stuffed mushroom for a toy as a child,” Scorpius added.

I laughed.

“That is absolutely true. Our magic just works a lot more with Herbology, I guess. Which is a cultural fact. These kinds of things weren’t changed. I know all about your school and your classes and how everything works. It wasn’t completely adapted to us. So you see, it’s not a package deal.” I explained. “And then there’s the theory of you only translating a name if it has a meaning or connotation to the story being told. From there, we had our hands full, since someone made a list of all the names that appeared in the book *Harry Potter and the Philosopher’s Stone*,” I looked at Scorpius.

“Yeah, I did. So we started dividing the names into categories, to try and understand how the choices were made, because some names were just kept as they were.”

“Yes, because why change most of the names to the ones closest to our language, and then keep Katie, Percy, Neville... Even Morag! That’s a name I’ve never heard of in my life before reading this book!” I knew I was getting a little overexcited, but I couldn’t help it.

Scorpius decided to speak next, with a calmer tone, although he was probably as excited, just not for the same reasons.

“So we divided the names into ‘names of pets’, ‘names with alliteration’, ‘names that appear in religious contexts’, and ‘names that appear in royal families’.”

“Why those, exactly?” Albus wondered.

“Well, names of pets were coincidentally - or maybe not -, all translated. Some made sense, and there were those that actually had a meaning or connotation, like Scabbers,” said Scorpius. “And then came Mrs. Norris...”

I groaned.

“Fizzing Whizbees, I tell you,” I said, and Scorpius laughed.

“Let’s just say the translator went all out on that name, it was insane. She even added to the text to make it make sense, like the name was something like a purr, which... If anyone knows Mrs. Norris,” Scorpius said.

“Yeah, that’s not accurate at all.”

“Well, then we went to the alliterations, because surprisingly enough, there were a lot of them throughout the book,” Scorpius continued.

“And also surprisingly enough, they were all kept, translations and all,” I added. “Well, except for one, but it was about the connotation thing again.”

“So we figured there was a logic behind the translation, like she probably consciously decided to keep those connotations.”

“And then we went to the religious and royal ones, because those actually have official translations all around the world, so we thought: she might be getting the names from those,” I said.

“And was she?”

Scorpius and I exchanged a quizzical look.

“I think yes, actually. Most of the names were a match with the ‘official’ ones, or short versions of them,” I said. “So there is some logic to it, I’ll admit it.”

“But?” Albus could sense it, and Scorpius just bit his smile down.

“But oh lord, we go back to the other names and I ask why the hell did she not go through with all of them or none at all? It’s just a mess!”

“I agree in part with that,” said Scorpius slowly. “Like, she should definitely have chosen one path to translate those names, but is not a complete mess. You understood everything when you read it.”

“Except for Mr. Norris. Not getting over that ever again,” I pointed out.

“Okay, yes, but it worked. And you read as a child. And it was primarily written for the child public around the world that did not keep up with news and stuff to get to know what happened here, our history. So I think the translator did her best to get the message across to that target group,” he reasoned.

I sighed.

“Yes, that’s true. But as I told you before, we now have access to so much more knowledge. English is all around us back at home. I learned it all by myself, by reading

books and listening to music in your language. Because we have access. So I guess my point is that maybe the translations might have been necessary back then, when we were more isolated from the outside world, but not so much now. I can recognize the importance of the adaptation of names thirty years ago, but nowadays it doesn't seem as important to change those names as it used to be. We have the access to information, names do not alienate us, they teach us. Like books and music taught me. So yes, there's my opinion."

We sat there in silence for a moment, contemplating my words.

"I think both points of view are very valid," said Albus. "And honestly, if I were you, I'd publish this amongst the Muggles as a translation study. It would be awesome," he laughed.

Scorpius and I laughed along, and I got up to get some snacks for them. As I did, I started thinking to myself: you know what? That was not a bad idea.

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APPENDIX A - Full lists of first names and surnames from *Harry Potter and the Philosopher's Stone*, and their respective translations according to *Harry Potter e a Pedra Filosofal*

Table 1 - Lists of names of animals, creatures and pets

Name	Translation
Fang	Canino
Fluffy	Fofo
Hedwig	Edwiges
Mr. Paws	Seu Patinhas
Norbert	Norberto
Norris	Nor-r-r-a
Scabbers	Perebas
Snowey	Néris
Tibbles	Tobias
Trevor	Trevo
Tuffy	Pompom

Source: Personal collection.

Table 2 - List of names that constitute alliteration

Name	Translation
Dudley Dursley	Duda Dursley
PiersPolkiss	Pedro Polkiss
DedalusDiggle	Dédalo Diggle
Minerva McGonagall	Minerva McGonagall
BathildaBagshot	BatildaBagshot
VindictusViridian	VindictoViridiano
Bertie Bott	-
Fat Friar	Frei Gorducho
Parvati Patil	Parvati Patil

Pansy Parkinson	Pansy Parkinson
SeverusSnape	Severo Snape

Source: Personal collection.

Table 3 - List of names with Royal references

Name	OfficialTranslation	Translation in Books
Bill (short for William)	Guilherme	Gui
Charlie (short for Charles)	Carlos	Carlinhos
Emeric	Emérico	Emerico
George	Jorge	Jorge
Harry	Henrique	Harry
Hedwig	Edwiges	Edwiges/Edviges
James	Jaime	Tiago
Marge (short for Margaret)	Margarida	Guida

Source: Personal collection.

Table 4 - List of names with religious references

Name	OfficialTranslation	Translation in Books
Adrian	Adriano	Adriano
Emeric	Emérico	Emerico
Hannah	Ana	Ana
Hedwig	Edwiges/Edviges	Edwiges
James	Tiago	Tiago
Marge (short for Margaret)	Margarida	Guida
Norbert	Norberto	Norberto
Terence	Terêncio	Terêncio

Source: Personal collection.

Table 5 - Full list of proper names in Harry Potter and the Philosopher's Stone and their translations in order of appearance

Name	Translated	Translation
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Dudley	Yes	Duda
Harry	No	-
Harvey	Yes	Ernesto
Harold	Yes	Eduardo
Jim	Yes	Jorge
Ted	Yes	Eduardo
Petunia	Yes	Petúnia
Howard	Yes	Ernesto
Albus	Yes	Alvo
Dedalus	Yes	Dédalo
Voldemort	No	-
Lily	Yes	Lílian
James	Yes	Tiago
Sirius	No	-
Vernon	Yes	Válter
Marge	Yes	Guida
Tibbles	Yes	Tobias
Snowey	Yes	Néris
Mr. Paws	Yes	Seu Patinhas
Tuffy	Yes	Pompom
Yvonne	Yes	Ivone
Piers	Yes	Pedro
Dennis	Yes	Dênis
Malcolm	No	-
Gordon	Yes	Górdon
Rubeus	Yes	Rúbeo
Merlin	Yes	Merlim
Minerva	No	-
Cornelius	Yes	Cornélio
Miranda	No	-
Bathilda	Yes	Batilda
Adalbert	Yes	Adalberto

Emeric	Yes	Emerico
Phyllida	Yes	Filida
Arsenius	Yes	Arsênio
Newt	Yes	Newton
Quentin	Yes	Quintino
Tom	No	-
Doris	Yes	Dóris
Griphook	Yes	Grampo
Vindictus	Yes	Vindicto
Hedwig	Yes	Edwiges
Ginny	Yes	Gina
Percy	No	-
Fred	No	-
George	Yes	Jorge
Ron	Yes	Rony
Neville	No	-
Lee	Yes	Lino
Bill	Yes	Gui
Charlie	Yes	Carlinhos
Scabbers	Yes	Perebas
Agrippa	Yes	Agripa
Nicolas	Yes	Nicolau
Morgana	No	-
Alberic	Yes	Alberico
Circe	No	-
Paracelsus	Yes	Paracelso
Cliona	No	-
Bertie	X	X
Hermione	No	-
Draco	No	-
Trevor	Yes	Trevo
Friar	Yes?	"frei" Gorducho

Peeves	Yes	Pirraça
Hannah	Yes	Ana
Susan	Yes	Susana
Terry	Yes	Terêncio
Mandy	Yes	Mádi
Lavender	Yes	Lilá
Millicent	Yes	Mila
Justin	Yes	Justino
Seamus	Yes	Simas
Morag	No	-
Sally-Anne	Yes	Sara
Lisa	No	-
Blaise	Yes	Blás
Nicholas	No	-
Algie	Yes	Algi
Enid	No	-
Argus	Yes	Argo
Norris	Yes	Nor-r-r-a
Fang	Yes	Canino
Dean	Yes	Dino
Parvati	No	-
Pansy	No	-
Oliver	Yes	Olívio
Severus	Yes	Severo
(Wizard) Baruffio	Yes	(bruxo) Barrufo
Angelina	No	-
Marcus	Yes	Marcos
Alicia	Yes	Alícia
Katie	No	-
Adrian	Yes	Adriano
Terence	Yes	Terêncio
Fluffy	Yes	Fofo

Perenelle	No	-
Norbert	Yes	Norberto
Ronan	No	-
Bane	Yes	Agouro
Firenze	No	-
Gregory (theSmarmy)	X	X
Fat Lady	Yes	Mulher Gorda
Emeric (theEvil)	Yes	Emerico (o Mau)
Uric (theOddball)	Yes	Urico (o Esquisitão)
Elfric (theEager)	No	Elfric (o Ambicioso)

Source: Personal collection.

Table 6 - Full list of surnames in Harry Potter and the Philosopher's Stone and their translations in order of appearance

Surname	Translated	Translation
Dursley	No	-
Potter	No	-
McGuffin	Yes	Mendes
Dumbledore	No	-
McGonagall	No	-
Diggle	No	-
Pomfrey	No	-
Hagrid	No	-
Black	No	-
Figg	No	-
Polkiss	No	-
McKinnon	No	-
Bones	Yes? ¹⁰	Bone
Prewett	No	-
Fudge	No	-
Goshawk	No	-

¹⁰ Possible error in translation.

Bagshot	No	-
Waffling	No	-
Switch	No	-
Spore	No	-
Jigger	No	-
Scamander	No	-
Trimble	No	-
Crockford	No	-
Quirrell	No	-
Malkin	No	-
Viridian	Yes	Viridiano
Ollivander	Yes	Olivaras
Weasley	No	-
Ptolemy	Yes	Ptolomeu
Grindelwald	No	-
Flamel	No	-
Grunnion	No	-
Bott	X	X
Granger	No	-
Crabbe	No	-
Goyle	No	-
Malfoy	No	-
Abbott	No	-
Boot	No	-
Brocklehurst	No	-
Brown	No	-
Bulstrode	No	-
Finch-Fletchley	No	-
Finnigan	No	-
Longbottom	No	-
MacDougal	No	-
Moon	No	-

Nott	No	-
Parkinson	No	-
Patil	No	-
Perks	No	-
Turpin	No	-
Zabini	No	-
"de Mimsy-Porpington"	No	-
Snape	No	-
Filch	No	-
Hooch	No	-
Sprout	No	-
Binns	No	-
Flitwick	No	-
Thomas	No	-
Wood	No	-
Jordan	No	-
Johnson	No	-
Flint	No	-
Spinnet	No	-
Bell	No	-
Pucey	No	-
Bletchley	No	-
Higgs	No	-
Pince	No	-

Source: Personal collection.