

Translating Multimodal Literature

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UNIVERSITY OF RIJEKA
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TRANSLATING MULTIMODAL LITERATURE

Submitted in partial fulfilment of the requirements for the M.A. in
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ABSTRACT

This thesis deals with a translation of two literary texts from English to Croatian and three texts from Croatian to English, each of which is multimodal in character. The translations are preceded by a theoretical section discussing multimodality in general and the methodology for analysing the translations, and followed by the analysis section, which deals with concrete issues that arose during the translation process. The findings show that nearly none of the multimodal elements made translating more difficult, but rather helped in the process, as the problems arose in the text and the visual elements were present to clarify the situation.

Key words: translation, multimodality, Croatian, English

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Introduction

The last few decades have witnessed a significant increase in experimentation in Western and particularly Anglophone literature, as authors came to the realization that they have so much more to offer than just strings of words on a page written in the same, monotone manner. And so authors began using images, photographs and other visual elements, as well as multiple fonts and different layouts in their works and created a completely new idea of what a literary work can be.

This thesis presents translations of selected excerpts from English and Croatian literary works, followed by a dissection and categorization of the issues that arose during the translation process, ultimately providing solutions therefor. The aim of the thesis is to substantiate the hypothesis that multimodality can bring unique challenges, but its primary role is to make the written text clearer and provide additional meaning that cannot be shared solely through words.

The excerpts in English were taken from Helen Fielding's chick lit novel *Bridget Jones's Diary* and from Steven Hall's debut novel *The Raw Shark Texts*, whereas the selected works in Croatian include the short story *U talogu* by Rudolf Lokas, the comic *Snijeg u kolovozu* by Goran Sudžuka and excerpts from the novel *Ljubav ili smrt* by Ivan Kušan. These texts differ greatly in terms of style, tone, intended audience and particularly in terms of their multimodality, as the latter is achieved through different modes in each work.

The thesis is organized in the following manner: the first section provides the theoretical background behind multimodality and the categories used in the translation analyses, which is then followed by the five source texts, translations thereof and, most importantly, a commentary and analysis of each translation.

2 Theoretical background

Multimodality refers to the blending of multiple modes of expression in a literary work, in which elements such as “varied typography, unusual textual layouts and page designs (including the concrete realisation of type, as in concrete poetry), the inclusions of images such as photographs or illustrations, colour, and so on” (Gibbons 2015: 293-294) are utilized in addition to mere words and sentences to create a modern, rounded-out work of art. By employing multimodality, a literary work is deconstructed and subsequently reconstructed, much in the same way and for the same purpose like language, as Crystal points out, “We play with language when we manipulate it as a source of enjoyment either for ourselves or for the benefit of others. (...) We are, in effect, bending and breaking the rules of language. And if someone were to ask why we do it, the answer is simply: for fun.” (Crystal 1998:1) In other words, authors play with their texts and pages, break the rules of what a literary work should be and create their own definition of it, and they do it because they can and because it is fun.

The analysis of each translation will be categorized into levels according to Peter Newmark, which he uses for the translation process and not the analysis of a translation, but an adaptation of these levels proved to be convenient for that purpose as well. Newmark lists four levels of translating: the textual level, the referential level, the cohesive level and, finally, the level of naturalness, and these often overlap and mix. The textual level is the first step, where the elements of the source text are transposed into target text, such as grammar and lexical units. (Newmark 1988: 22) Here I also discuss multimodality of the text, as this category seemed most fitting. The referential level then goes deeper into the meaning of individual items and refers to being able to understand and visualize everything, i.e. resolving polysemy and ambiguity. (ibid.: 22-23) Next is the cohesive level, which is concerned with rounding the text out in a logical, consistent way, which focuses on structure and moods. Less heed will be paid to this particular level, as this is the least difficult to reproduce in the target text. Finally, the

level of naturalness is the most difficult to achieve, and it is concerned with ensuring that “your translation makes sense; that it reads naturally, that it is written in ordinary language, the common grammar, idioms and words that meet that kind of situation.” (ibid.: 24) Of course, this level is not isolated, but rather overlaps with all other levels. For this reason, I decided to use this level to discuss another important element which Newmark considers in a separate chapter, which is culture-specific terms and how these are translated.

3 Source text 1 – Helen Fielding’s *Bridget Jones’s Diary*

Thursday 5 January

9st 3 (excellent progress — 21b of fat spontaneously combusted through joy and sexual promise), alcohol units 6 (v.g. for party), cigarettes 12 (continuing good work), calories 1258 (love has eradicated need to pig out).

11 a.m. Office. Oh my God. Daniel Cleaver just sent me a message. Was trying to work on CV without Perpetua noticing (in preparation for improving career) when Message Pending suddenly flashed up on top of screen. Delighted by, well, anything — as always am if it is not work — I quickly pressed RMS Execute and nearly jumped out of my skin when I saw Cleave at the bottom of the message. I instantly thought he had been able to tap into the computer and see that I was not getting on with my work. But then I read the message:

Message Jones

You appear to have forgotten your skirt. As I think is made perfectly clear in your contract of employment, staff are expected to be fully dressed at all times.
Cleave

Hah! Undeniably flirtatious. Thought for a little while whilst pretending to study tedious-beyond-belief manuscript from lunatic. Have never messaged Daniel Cleaver before but brilliant thing about messaging system is you can be really quite cheeky and informal, even to your boss. Also can spend ages practising. This is what sent.

Message Cleave

Sir, am appalled by message. Whilst skirt could reasonably be described as a little on the skimpy side (thrift being ever our watchword in editorial), consider it gross misrepresentation to describe said skirt as absent, and considering contacting union.
Jones

Waited in frenzy of excitement for reply. Sure enough Message Pending quickly flashed up. Pressed RMS:

Will whoever has thoughtlessly removed the edited script of KAFKA'S MOTORBIKE from my desk PLEASE have the decency to return it immediately.
Diane

Aargh. After that: zilch.

Noon. Oh God. Daniel has not replied. Must be furious. Maybe he was being serious about the skirt. Oh God oh God. Have been seduced by informality of messaging medium into being

impertinent to boss.

12.10. Maybe he has not got it yet. If one could get message back. Think will go for walk and see if can somehow go into Daniel's office and erase it.

12.15. Hah. All-explained. He is in meeting with Simon from Marketing. He gave me a look when walked past. Aha. Ahahahaha. Message Pending:

Message Jones

If walking past office was attempt to demonstrate presence of skirt can only say that it has failed parlously. Skirt is indisputably absent. Is skirt off sick?
Cleave

Message Pending then flashed up again immediately.

Message Jones

If skirt is indeed sick, please look into how many days sick leave skirt has taken in previous twelvemonth. Spasmodic nature of recent skirt attendance suggests malingering
Cleave

Just sending back:

Message Cleave

Skirt is demonstrably neither sick nor absent. Appalled by management's blatantly sizist attitude to skirt. Obsessive interest in skirt suggests management sick rather than skirt.
Jones

Hmm. Think will cross last bit out as contains mild accusation of sexual harassment whereas v. much enjoying being sexually harassed by Daniel Cleaver.

Aaargh. Perpetua just walked past and started reading over shoulder. Just managed to press Alt Screen in nick of time but big mistake as merely put CV back up on screen.

'Do let me know when you've finished reading, won't you?' said Perpetua, with a nasty smirk. 'I'd hate to feel you were being *underused*.'

The second she was safely back on the phone — 'I mean frankly, Mr Birkett, what is the point in putting three to four bedrooms when it is going to be obvious the second we appear that bedroom four is an airing cupboard?' — I got back to work. This is what I am about to send.

Message Cleave

Skirt is demonstrably neither sick nor absent. Appalled by management's blatantly sizist attitude to skirt.

Considering appeal to industrial tribunal, tabloids, etc.
Jones.

Oh dear. This was return message.

Message Jones

Absent, Jones, not abscent. Blatantly, not Blatently. Please attempt to acquire at least perfunctory grasp of spelling. Though by no means trying to suggest language fixed rather than constantly adapting, fluctuating tool of communication (cf Hoenigswald) computer spell check might help.

Cleave

Was just feeling crestfallen when Daniel walked past with Simon from Marketing and shot a very sexy look at my skirt with one eyebrow raised. Love the lovely computer messaging. Must work on spelling, though. After all, have degree in English.

Wednesday 15 March

9st, alcohol units 5 (disgrace: urine of Satan), cigarettes 14 (weed of Satan — will give up on birthday), calories 1795.

Humph. Have woken up v. fed up. On top of everything, only two weeks to go until birthday, when will have to face up to the fact that another entire year has gone by, during which everyone else except me has mutated into Smug Married, having children plop, plop, plop, left right and centre and making hundreds of thousands of pounds and inroads into very hub of establishment, while I career rudderless and, boyfriendless through dysfunctional relationships and professional stagnation.

Find self constantly scanning face in mirror for wrinkles and frantically reading *Hello!*, checking out everyone's ages in desperate search for role models (Jane Seymour is forty-two!), fighting long-impacted fear that one day in your thirties you will suddenly, without warning, grow a big fat crimplene dress, shopping bag, tight perm and face collapsing in manner of movie special-effect, and that will be it. Try to concentrate hard on Joanna Lumley and Susan Sarandon.

Also worried about how to celebrate birthday. Size of flat and bank balance prohibits actual party. Maybe dinner party? But then would have to spend birthday slaving and would hate all guests on arrival. Could all go out for meal but then feel guilty asking everyone to pay, selfishly presuming to force costly and dull evening on others merely to celebrate own birthday — yet cannot afford to pay for everyone. Oh God. What to do? Wish had not been born but immaculately burst into being in similar, though not identical, manner to Jesus, then would not

have had to have birthday. Sympathize with Jesus in sense of embarrassment he must, and perhaps should, feel over two-millennium-old social imposition of own birthday on large areas of globe.

Midnight. Have had v.g. idea about birthday. Am going to ask everyone round for cocktails, perhaps Manhattans. Will then have given to guests something in manner of grand society hostess, and if everyone wishes to go to dinner afterwards: why, they may do so. Not sure what Manhattan is, come to think of it. But could buy book of cocktails maybe. Probably won't, to be perfectly honest.

Thursday 16 March

9st 1, alcohol units 2, cigarettes 3 (v.g.), calories 2140 (but mainly fruit), minutes spent doing party guest list 237 (bad).

Me	Shazzer
Jude	Vile Richard
Tom	Jerome (yuk)
Michael	
Magda	Jeremy
Simon	
Rebecca	Martin Crashing Bore
Woney	Cosmo
Joanna	
Daniel?	Perpetua? (eek) and Hugo?

Oh no. Oh no. What am I going to do?

Friday 17 March

Just called Tom who says, very wisely, 'It is your birthday and you should invite exactly and only who you want.' So am just going to ask the following:

Shazzer
Jude
Tom
Magda and Jeremy

— and cook supper for everyone myself.

Called Tom back to tell him the plan and he said, 'and Jerome?'

'What?'

'And Jerome?'

'I thought, like we said, I'd just ask who I . . . ' I tailed off, realizing if I said 'wanted' it would mean I didn't 'want' i.e. 'like' Tom's insufferable, pretentious boyfriend.

'Oh!' I said, over-compensating madly. 'You mean *your* Jerome? *Course* Jerome's invited,

yer ninny. Chuh! But do you think it's OK not to ask Jude's Vile Richard? And Sloaney Woney — even though she had me to her birthday last week?'

'She'll never know.'

When I told Jude who was coming she said perkily, 'Oh, so we're bringing other halves?' which means Vile Richard. Also now that it's not just six I will have to ask Michael. Oh well. I mean nine is fine. Ten. It'll be fine.

Next thing Sharon rang. 'I hope I haven't put my foot in it. I just saw Rebecca and asked her if she was coming to your birthday and she looked really offended.'

Oh no, I'll have to ask Rebecca and Martin Crashing Bore now. But that means I'll have to ask Joanna as well. Shit. shit. Now I've said I'm cooking I can't suddenly announce we're going out to a restaurant or I'll seem both bone idle and mean.

Oh God. Just got home to icy offended-sounding answerphone message from Woney.

'Cosmo and I were wondering what you'd like for your birthday this year. Would you call us back, please?'

Realize I am going to spend my birthday cooking food for sixteen people.

Saturday 18 March

8st 13, alcohol units 4 (fed up), cigarettes 23 (v.v. bad, esp. in two hours), Calories 3827 (repulsive).

2 p.m. Humph. Just what I needed. My mother burst into my flat, last week's Grasshopper Who Sang All Summer crisis miraculously forgotten.

'My godfathers, darling!' she said breathily, steaming through my flat and heading for the kitchen. 'Have you had a bad week or something? You took dreadful. You look about ninety.

Anyway, guess what, darling,' she said, turning, holding the kettle, dropping her eyes modestly, then looking up, beaming like Bonnie Langford about to embark upon a tap-dancing routine.

'What?' I muttered grumpily.

'I've got a job as a TV presenter.'

I'm going shopping.

Tuesday 1 August

8st 12, alcohol units 3, cigarettes 40 (but have stopped inhaling in order to smoke more), calories 450 (off food), 1471 calls 14, Instants 7.

5 a.m. I'm falling apart. My boyfriend is sleeping with a bronzed giantess. My mother is sleeping with a Portuguese. Jeremy is sleeping with a horrible trollop, Prince Charles is sleeping with Camilla Parker-Bowles. Do not know what to believe in or hold on to anymore. Feel like ringing Daniel in hope he could deny everything, come up with plausible explanation for the clothes-free rooftop valkyrie — younger sister, friendly neighbor recovering from flood or similar — which would make everything all right. But Tom has taped a piece of paper to the telephone saying, 'Do not ring Daniel or you will regret it.'

Should have gone to stay with Tom as suggested. Hate being alone in middle of night, smoking and sniveling like mad psychopath. Fear Dan downstairs might hear and ring loony bin. Oh God, what's wrong with me? Why does nothing ever work out? It is because I am too fat. Toy with ringing Tom again but only called him forty-five minutes ago. Cannot face going into work.

After rooftop encounter I didn't say a single word to Daniel: just put my nose in the air, slithered past him, marched down to the Street into car and drove away. Went immediately to Tom's, who poured vodka straight down my throat from the bottle, adding the tomato juice and Worcester sauce afterwards. Daniel had left three messages when I got back, asking me to call him. Did not, following advice of Tom, who reminded me that the only way to succeed with men is to be really' horrible to them. Used to think he was cynical and wrong but I think I was nice to Daniel and look what happened.

Oh God, birds have started singing. Have to go to work in three and a half hours. Can't do it. Help, help. Have suddenly had brainwave: ring Mum.

10 a.m. Mum was *brilliant*. 'Darling,' she said. 'Of course you haven't woken me. I'm just leaving for the studio. I can't believe you've got in a state like this over a stupid *man*. They're all completely self-centered, sexually incontinent and no use to man nor beast. Yes, that *does* include you, Julio. Now come along, darling. Brace up. Back to sleep. Go into work looking drop-dead gorgeous. Leave no one-especially Daniel-in any doubt that you've thrown him over and suddenly discovered how *marvelous* life is without that pompous, dissolute old *fart* bossing you around and you'll be fine.'

'Are you all right, Mum?' I said, thinking about Dad arriving at Una's party with asbestos-widow Penny Husbands-Bosworth.

'Darling, you are sweet. I'm under such terrible pressure.'

'Is there anything I can do?'

'Actually, there is something,' she said, brightening. 'Do any of your friends have a number for Lisa Leeson? You know, Nick Leeson's wife? I've been desperate to get her for days. She'd be perfect for 'Suddenly Single.'

'I was talking about Dad, not 'Suddenly Single,'" I hissed.

'Daddy? I'm not under pressure from Daddy. Don't be silly, darling.'

'But the party . . . and Mrs. Husbands-Bosworth.'

'Oh, I know, hilarious. Made a complete silly fool of himself trying to attract my attention. What did she think she looked like, a hamster or something? Anyway, must run, I'm frighteningly busy but will you think who might have a number for Lisa? Let me give you my *direct line*, darling. And let's have no more of this silly whining.'

'Oh, but Mum, I have to work with Daniel, I —'

'Darling — wrong way round. He has to work with you. Give him hell, baby.' (Oh God, I don't know who she's been mixing with.) 'I've been thinking, anyway. It's high time you got out of that silly dead-end job where no one appreciates you. Prepare to hand in your notice, kid. Yes, darling I'm going to get you a job in television.'

Am just off to work looking like Ivana bloody Trump wearing a suit and lip gloss.

Wednesday 2 August

8st 12., thigh circumference 18 inches, alcohol units 3 (but v. pure sort of wine), cigarettes 7 (but did not inhale), calories 1500 (excellent), teas 0, coffees 3 (but made with real coffee beans therefore less cellulite-inducing), total caffeine units 4.

Everything's fine. Am going to get down to 8st 7lb again and free thighs entirely of cellulite. Certain everything will be all right then. Have embarked on intensive detoxification program involving no tea no coffee no alcohol no white flour no milk and what was it? Oh well. No fish, maybe. What you have to do is dry-skin brushing for five minutes every morning, then a fifteen-minute bath with anticellulite essential oils in it, during which one kneads one's cellulite as one

would dough, followed by massaging more anticellulite oil into the cellulite.

This last bit puzzles me — does the anticellulite oil actually soak into the cellulite through the skin? In which case, if you put self-tanning lotion on does that mean you get suntanned cellulite inside? Or suntanned blood? Or a suntanned lymphatic drainage system? Urgh. Anyway. . . (Cigarettes. That was the other thing. No cigarettes. Oh well. Too late now. I'll do that tomorrow.)

Thursday 3 August

8st 11, thigh circumference 18 inches (honestly, what is bloody point), alcohol units 0, cigarettes 25 (excellent, considering), negative thoughts: approx. 445 per hour, positive thoughts 0.

Head state v. bad again. Cannot bear thought of Daniel with someone else. Mind is full of horrid fantasies about them doing things together. The plans to lose weight and change personality kept me aloft for two days, only to collapse around my ears. I realize it was only a complicated form of denial. Was believing could totally reinvent self in space of small number of days, thereby negating impact of Daniel's hurtful and humiliating infidelity, since it had happened to me in a previous incarnation and would never have happened to my new improved self. Unfortunately, I now realize the whole point of the aloof over-made-up ice-queen on anticellulite diet palaver was to make Daniel realize the error of his ways. Tom did warn me of this and said 90 percent of plastic surgery was done on women whose husbands had run off with a younger woman. I said the rooftop giantess was not so much younger as taller but Tom said that wasn't the point. Humph.

Daniel kept sending me computer messages at work. 'We should talk,' etc., which I studiously ignored. But the more he sent the more I got carried away, imagining that the self-reinvention was working, that he realized he had made a terrible, terrible mistake, had only now understood how much he truly loved me, and that the rooftop giantess was history.

Tonight he caught up with me outside the office as I was leaving. 'Darling, please, we really need to talk.'

Like a fool I went for a drink with him to the American Bar at the Savoy, let him soften me up with champagne and 'I feel so terrible I really miss you blar blar blar.' Then the very second he got me to admit, 'Oh, Daniel, I miss you too,' he suddenly went all patronizing and businesslike and said, 'The thing is, Suki and I . . .'

Suki? Pukey, more like,' I said, thinking he was about to say, 'are brother and sister,' 'cousins,' 'bitter enemies,' or 'history.' Instead he looked rather cross.

'Oh, I can't explain,' he said huffily. 'It's very special.' I stared at him, astonished at the audacity of his volte-face.

'I'm sorry, love,' he said, taking out his credit card and starting to lean back to get the attention of the waiter, 'but we're getting married.'

Friday 4 August

Thigh circumference 18 inches, negative thoughts 600 per minute, panic attacks 4, crying attacks 12 (but both times only in toilets and remembered to take mascara), Instants 7.

Office. Third-floor toilets. This is just . . . just . . . intolerable. What on earth possessed me to think it was a good idea to have an affair with my boss? Cannot deal with it out there. Daniel

has announced his engagement to the giantess. Sales reps who I didn't think even knew about our affair keep ringing up to congratulate me and I have to explain that actually he has got engaged to someone else. I keep remembering how romantic it was when we started and it was all secret computer messages and trysts in the lift. I heard Daniel on the phone arranging to meet Pukey tonight and he said in a topsy-bunny voice, 'Not too bad . . . so far,' and I knew he was talking about my reaction, as if I were an emotionally unbalanced ex-wife or something. Am seriously considering face-lift.

Tuesday 8 August

9st, alcohol units 7 (har har), cigarettes 29 (tee hee), calories 5 million, negative thoughts 0, thoughts, general 0.

Just called Jude. I told her a bit about the tragedy with Daniel and she was horrified, immediately declared a state of emergency and said she would call Sharon and fix for us all to meet at nine. She couldn't come till then because she was meeting Vile Richard, who'd at last agreed to come to Relationship Counseling with her.

2 a.m. Gor es wor blurry goofun tonight though. Ooof. Tumbled over.

Saturday 23 September

9st,, alcohol units 0, cigarettes 0 (v.v.g.), draft replies written to Mark Darcy's invitation 14 (but at least has replaced imaginary conversations with Daniel).

8 a.m. Right. I am going to reply to Mark Darcy's invitation and say quite clearly and firmly that I will be unable to attend. There is no reason why I should go. I am not a close friend or relation, and would have to miss both *Blind Date* and *Casualty*.

Oh God, though. It is one of those mad invitations written in the third person, as if everyone is so posh that to acknowledge directly in person that they were having a party and wondered if you would like to come would be like calling the ladies' powder room the toilet. Seem to remember from childhood am supposed to reply in same oblique style as if I am imaginary person employed by self to reply to invitations from imaginary people employed by friends to issue invitations. What to put?

Bridget Jones regrets that she will be unable . . .

Miss Bridget Jones is distraught, that she will be unable . . .

Devastated does not do justice to the feelings of Miss Bridget Jones . . .

It is with great regret that we must announce that so great was Miss Budget Jones's distress at not being able to accept the kind invitation of Mr. Mark Darcy that she has topped herself and will therefore, more certainly than ever, now, be unable to accept Mr. Mark Darcy's kind . . .

Ooh: telephone.
(...)

11:30 a.m.

Miss Bridget Jones has great pleasure . . .

Ms. Bridget Jones thanks Mr. Mark Darcy for his . . .

It is with great pleasure that Miss Bridget Jones accepts . . .

Oh, for God's sake.

Dear Mark,

Thank you for your invitation to your ruby wedding party for Malcolm and Elaine. I would love to come.

Yours,

Bridget Jones

Hmmm.

Yours,

Bridget

or just

Bridget

Bridget (Jones)

Right. Will just copy it out neatly and check spellings then send it.

3.1 Translation of source text 1

Četvrtak, 5. siječnja

58,5 kg (izvrstan napredak - kila masti spontano se istopila zbog sreće i potencijalnog seksa), alkoholnih jedinica: 6 (jako dobro za tulum), cigareta: 12 (nastavljam dobar posao), kalorija: 1258 (zbog ljubavi je nestala potreba za prežderavanjem).

11 ujutro, Ured. O moj Bože. Daniel Cleaver upravo mi je poslao poruku. Pokušavala sam raditi na životopisu (priprema za napredovanje u karijeri), a da Perpetua ne primijeti, kada je na vrhu ekrana iznenada zabljesnulo Neotvorena poruka. Oduševljena, pa, bilo čime - kao i uvijek kad se ne radi o poslu - brzo sam pritisnula RMS Execute i skoro iskočila iz kože kad sam vidjela Cleave na dnu poruke. Odmah sam pomislila da je nekako uspio hakirati računalo i vidjeti da ne radim ništa vezano za posao. Ali onda sam pročitala poruku:

Poruka za Jones

Čini se da ste zaboravili suknju. Mislim da u ugovoru o radu jasno stoji da se od zaposlenika očekuje da u svakom trenutku budu potpuno odjeveni.

Cleave

Hah! Definitivno mi se upucava. Malo sam razmišljala dok sam se pretvarala da proučavam nevjerovatno dosadan rukopis nekog luđaka – nikad prije nisam poslala poruku Danielu Cleaveru, a ono što je odlično u vezi slanja poruka jest to da možeš biti stvarno drzak i neformalan, čak i prema svom šefu. A možeš i u nedogled vježbati što ćeš napisati. Ovo sam poslala:

Poruka za Cleavea

Gospodine, zgrožena sam Vašom porukom. Iako je dotična suknja možebitno kratka (ipak je štedljivost naš moto u uredništvu), reći da je suknja nepostojeća bilo bi potpuno netočno i razmišljam o traženju pomoći od sindikata.

Jones

Skroz uzbuđeno sam čekala odgovor. I naravno, ubrzo se pojavila Neotvorena poruka. Pritisnula sam RMS:

Tko god je nepromišljeno maknuo uređeni rukopis KAFKINOG MOTOCIKLA s mog radnog stola, molim da se udostoji isti odmah vratiti.

Diane

Ahhh. Nakon toga: niš.

Podne. O Bože. Daniel nije odgovorio. Sigurno je bijesan. Možda je bio ozbiljan u vezi suknje. O Bože, o Bože. Zavela me neformalnost medija za razmjenu poruka da postanem drska prema šefu.

12:10 Možda još nije dobio poruku. Kad bih ju bar mogla dobiti natrag. Mislim da ću se otići prošetati i vidjeti mogu li nekako ući u Danielov ured i izbrisati je.

12:15 Hah. Sve je jasno. Na sastanku je sa Simonom iz marketinga. Pogledao me kad sam prolazila pored ureda. Aha. Ahahahaha. Neotvorena poruka:

Poruka za Jones

Ako je prolaženje pored ureda pokušaj da mi dokažete prisutnost suknje, mogu samo reći Vam je pokušaj neslavno propao. Suknje nedvojbeno nema. Je li suknja na bolovanju?
Cleave

Odmah je ponovno zabljesnula Neotvorena poruka.

Poruka za Jones

Ako je suknja zaista bolesna, molim Vas provjerite koliko je dana bolovanja suknja uzela u posljednjih godinu dana. Neredovito prisustvo suknje u posljednje vrijeme sugerira da ista glumi bolest.
Cleave

Odmah odgovaram:

Poruka za Cleavea

Suknja očito nije ni bolesna ni odsutna. Zgrožena sam time što uprava otvoreno diskriminira suknje na temelju dužine. Opsesivni interes za suknjom upućuje na to da je uprava bolesna, a ne suknja.
Jones

Hmm. Mislim da ću obrisati zadnju rečenicu jer zvuči kao optužba za seksualno zlostavljanje, a definitivno bih uživala da me Daniel Cleaver seksualno zlostavlja.

Aaaah. Perpetua je upravo prošla pored mene i počela čitati s ekrana preko mog ramena. Uspjela sam u sekundi pritisnuti Alt Screen, ali se i to pokazalo kao velika pogreška jer se onda moj životopis vratio na ekran.

'Obavijesti me kad završiš s čitanjem, može?' rekla je Perpetua sa zlobnim smiješkom. 'Ne želim da se osjećaš kao da te *nedovoljno koristimo.*'

Iste sekunde kad se vratila telefonskom razgovoru - 'Iskreno rečeno, gospodine Birkett, zašto biste naveli tri do četiri spavaće sobe kad ćemo i sami vidjeti da je ta četvrta soba zapravo ormar?' - opet sam se bacila na posao. Ovo ću poslati.

Poruka za Cleavea

Suknja očito nije ni bolesna ni
otsutna. Zgrožena sam time što
uprava otvoreno diskriminira suknje na temelju dužine.
Razmišljam o obraćanju sudu, tabloidima itd.
Jones

Ajoj. Ovo mi je odgovorio.

Poruka za Jones

Odsutna, Jones, ne odsutna. Diskriminira,
ne diskriminira. Molim Vas, pokušajte ovladati
bar osnovama pravopisa. Nipošto
ne želim reći da je jezik fiksna,
isti je alat za komunikaciju koji se stalno
mijenja i prilagođava (usp. Hoenigswald),
no provjera pravopisa na računalu možda pomogne.
Cleave

Osjećala sam se skroz jadno, ali je onda Daniel prošao sa Simonom iz marketinga pored mene i s jednom podignutom obrvom bacio jako seksi pogled na moju suknju. Ah, što volim dopisivanje preko računala. Ali definitivno moram poraditi na pravopisu. Ipak sam diplomirala engleski.

Srijeda, 15. ožujka

57,2 kg, alkoholnih jedinica: 5 (sramota: vražji urin), cigareta: 14 (vražja trava - prestajem nakon rođendana), kalorija: 1795.

Hm. Probudila sam se i svega mi je bilo dosta. Povrh svega, ostalo je još samo dva tjedna do rođendana, kad ću se morati suočiti s činjenicom da je prošla još cijela jedna godina tijekom koje su svi ostali osim mene mutirali u samodopadne ljude u braku, pravili djecu na sve strane, zarađivali stotine tisuća funti i upali u samo središte establišmenta, dok ja kroz život idem bez kormila i bez dečka, prolazim kroz disfunkcionalne veze, a karijera mi stoji na mjestu.

Svako malo se ulovim kako provjeravam lice u ogledalu u potrazi za borama, mahnitito čitam časopis *Hello!* i svima provjeravam koliko godina imaju u očajničkoj potrazi za uzorima (Jane Seymour ima četrdeset dvije!) i borim se s dugotrajnim strahom da ću jednog dana u tridesetima, bez upozorenja, iznenada početi nositi haljinu od poliestera, torbu za kupovinu, imati trajnu, a lice će mi se početi raspadati u stilu filmskih specijalnih efekata, i to će biti to. Pokušavam se koncentrirati na Joannu Lumley i Susan Sarandon.

I još se brinem oko toga kako ću proslaviti rođendan. Veličina stana i stanje na računu ne dopuštaju pravi tulum. Možda večera? Ali onda bih morala na rođendan rintati, a onda bih mrzila sve goste. Mogli bismo otići u restoran na večeru, ali onda ću se osjećati krivo što bih

tražila svakoga da plati svoje, bilo bi sebično prisiliti druge na skupu i dosadnu večer samo da bih proslavila svoj rođendan – a opet ne mogu platiti za svakoga. O Bože. Što da radim? Da se bar nisam rodila, nego da sam bezgrešno došla na svijet, slično, ali ne isto kao Isus, onda ne bih morala slaviti rođendan. Suosjećam s Isusom po pitanju neugode koju sigurno, a vjerojatno i treba osjećati jer je slavljenje njegovog rođendana društveno nametnuto posvud u svijetu već dvije tisuće godina.

Ponoć. Imala sam jako dobru ideju za rođendan. Pozvat ću sve na koktel, možda Manhattane. Tako ću se pokazati kao dobra domaćica, a ako svi poslije žele ići na večeru, pa, mogu to učiniti. Kad malo razmislim, nisam baš sigurna što ide u Manhattan. Ali mogla bih kupiti knjigu o pripremi koktela. Da budem skroz iskrena, vjerojatno neću.

Četvrtak, 16. ožujka

57,5 kg, alkoholnih jedinica: 2, cigareta: 3 (jako dobro), kalorija: 2140 (ali uglavnom voće), vrijeme provedeno sastavljajući popis gostiju: 237 minuta (loše).

Ja	Shazzer
Jude	Pokvareni Richard
Tom	Jerome (fuj)
Michael	
Magda	Jeremy
Simon	
Rebecca	ubitačno dosadni Martin
Woney	Cosmo
Joanna	
Daniel?	Perpetua? (fujj) i Hugo?

O ne! O ne! Što da radim?

Petak 17. ožujka

Baš sam nazvala Toma koji mi je mudro rekao: 'Tvoj je rođendan i trebaš pozvati samo i jedino koga želiš.' Pa ću pozvati samo ove ljude:

Shazzer
Jude
Tom
Magda i Jeremy

– i sama napraviti večeru za sve.

Nazvala sam Toma da mu kažem plan, na što me pitao, 'a Jerome?'

'Što?'

'A Jerome?'

'Pa znaš, kako smo i rekli, mislila sam pozvati samo koga. . .' tu sam zašutila jer sam shvatila da ako kažem 'želim', to bi onda značilo da ne 'želim', odnosno ne 'volim' Tomovog nepodnošljivog pretencioznog dečka.

Rekla sam: 'Aa!', očito pretjerujući. 'Misliš na *svog* Jeromea? *Naravno* da je Jerome pozvan, blesane. Hah! Što misliš, je li ok da ne pozovem Judeinog Pokvarenog Richarda? I Sloaney Woney - iako me pozvala na svoj rođendan prošli tjedan?'

'Nikad neće saznati.'

Kad sam rekala Jude tko sve dolazi, veselo je rekla, 'O, znači dovodimo svoje druge polovice?' Što znači da dolazi i Pokvareni Richard. A sad kad nas nije samo šest, moram pozvati i Michaela. No dobro. Mislim, devet je u redu. Deset. Bit će ok.

Onda me Sharon nazvala. 'Nadam se da te sad nisam zeznula. Upravo sam vidjela Rebeccu i pitala je hoće li doći na tvoj rođendan i izgledala je stvarno uvrijeđeno.'

Joj ne, sad ću morati pozvati Rebeccu i Ubitačno Dosadnog Martina. A to znači da ću morati pozvati i Joannu. Sranje. Sad kad sam već rekla da ću pripremiti večeru, ne mogu odjednom reći da ipak idemo u restoran, tako bih ispala lijena i zlobna.

O Bože. Upravo sam stigla doma, gdje me dočekala hladnokrvna, uvrijeđena poruka na sekretarici od Woney.

'Cosma i mene zanima što hoćeš za rođendan ove godine. Molim te, nazovi nas.'

Shvatila da ću svoj rođendan provesti kuhajući za šesnaest ljudi.

Subota, 18. ožujka

56,5 kg, alkoholnih jedinica: 4 (ljuta sam), cigareta: 23 (jako jako loše, posebno kad ih popušiš za dva sata), kalorija: 3827 (užas).

2 popodne Joj. Baš mi je ovo trebalo. Mama mi je upala u stan, prošlotjedna kriza skakavca koji se glasao cijelo ljeto čudesno je zaboravljena.

'Zaboga, dušo!' rekla je dahćući, jureći kroz moj stan na putu prema kuhinji. 'Jesi imala loš tjedan ili što? Izgledaš užasno. Izgledaš kao da imaš devedeset.'

Uglavnom, pogodi što ima novo - rekla je, okrećući se prema meni s čajnikom u rukama. Prvo je skromno spustila pogled, a onda pogledala u mene ozarena poput Bonnie Langford koja se sprema početi stepati.

'Što?' , promrmljala sam mrzovoljno.

'Dobila sam posao TV voditeljice.'

Idem u šoping.

Utorak 1. kolovoza

56,2 kg, alkoholnih jedinica: 3, cigareta: 40 (ali sam prestala uvlačiti dim da mogu više pušiti), kalorija: 450 (više ne jedem), puta provjerila tko me zadnji zvao: 14, srećki: 7.

5 ujutro Raspadam se. Moj dečko spava s ženom-divom brončanog tena. Mama mi spava s Portugalcem. Jeremy spava s nekom droljom, princ Charles spava s Camillom Parker-Bowles. Ne znam više u što vjerovati ni čega se držati. Najradije bih nazvala Daniela u nadi da će sve poreći i smisliti vjerodostojno objašnjenje za голу valkiru na krovu - mlađa sestra, ljubazna susjeda koja se oporavlja od poplave ili tako nešto - pa da sve može opet biti u redu. Ali Tom je zalijepio komadić papira na telefon na kojemu piše: 'Ne zovi Daniela, požalit ćeš.'

Trebala sam otići kod Toma kako mi je i predložio. Mrzim biti sama i usred noći pušiti i cmizdriti poput ludog psihopata. Strah me da bi me Dan s donjeg kata mogao čuti pa nazvati ludnicu. O Bože, što nije u redu sa mnom? Zašto nikad ništa ne uspije? To je zato što sam

predebela. Opet razmišljam da nazovem Toma, ali je prošlo samo 45 minuta otkako sam ga zadnji put zvala. Ne usudim se ići na posao.

Nakon susreta na krovu, nisam progovorila nijednu riječ s Danielom: samo sam dignula nos u zrak, provukla se pored njega, otišla do auta i odvezla se. Otišla sam ravno kod Toma, koji mi je natočio votku ravno u grlo i onda dodao sok od rajčice i Worcester umak. U međuvremenu mi je Daniel ostavio tri poruke na sekretarici, moleći me da ga nazovem. Nisam to napravila kako mi je Tom i savjetovao. Rekao mi je da s muškarcima mogu uspjeti samo ako budem skroz grozna prema njima. Nekad sam mislila da je ciničan i u krivu, ali sam prema Danielu bila dobra (barem mislim), i gle što se dogodilo.

O Bože, ptice su počele pjevati. Moram na posao za tri i pol sata. Ne mogu. Upomoć. Onda mi je palo na pamet: nazovi mamu.

10h Mama mi je *genijalno* rekla. 'Dušo', rekla je. 'Naravno da me nisi probudila. Upravo idem u studio. Ne mogu vjerovati da si u ovakvom stanju zbog glupog *muškarca*. Svi su muškarci skroz egocentrični, imaju neobuzdanu želju za seksom i od njih nema koristi. Da, to uključuje i tebe, Julio. Hajde, dušo. Saberi se. I vrati se u krevet. A onda se sredi za posao i svima, a pogotovo Danielu, pokaži da si ga zaboravila i iznenada otkrila koliko je *čudesan* život bez tog pompozno, raskalašenog starog *konja* koji ti šefuje, i bit ćeš ok.'

'Mama, jesi dobro?' , pitala sam ju, razmišljajući o tome kako je tata došao na Uninu zabavu s Penny Husbands-Bosworth.

Zlato, lijepo od tebe što se brineš. Pod užasnim sam pritiskom.'

'Mogu li ja ikako pomoći?'

'Zapravo, i možeš', odgovorila je, čujno veselija. 'Ima li netko od tvojih prijatelja broj Lise Leeson? Znaš, žene Nicka Leesona? Danima je očajnički pokušavam dobiti. Bila bi savršena za 'Odjednom solo'.

'Pričam o tati, a ne o 'Odjednom solo", prosiktala sam.

'O tati? On mi ne stvara probleme. Ne budi blesava, dušo.'

'Ali zabava. . . i gospođa Husbands-Bosworth.'

'Ma znam, urnebesno. Napravio je totalnu budalu od sebe pokušavajući privući moju pažnju. A kako je ona mislila da izgleda, kao hrčak ili što? Uglavnom, moram ići, užasno sam zauzeta. Ali molim te razmisli tko bi mogao imati Lisin broj. dat ću ti broj na koji me možeš *direktno* dobiti. I nemoj više kukati oko blesavih stvari.'

'Ali mama, pa moram raditi s Danielom...'

'Dušo – u krivu si. On mora raditi s tobom. 'Pretvori mu život u pakao, mala.' (O Bože, ne znam s kim se ona družila.) 'Uglavnom, razmišljala sam nešto. Krajnje je vrijeme da se makneš s tog neperspektivnog posla gdje te ionako nitko ne cijeni. Vrijeme je da daš otkaz, dušo. Ma da, naći ću ja tebi posao na televiziji.'

Upravo krenula na posao, izgledajući kao Ivana Trump u odijelu i sa sjajilom na usnama.

Srijeda, 2. kolovoza

56,2 kg, opseg bedra: 45,7 cm, alkoholnih jedinica: 3 (ali neko jako fino vino), cigareta: 7 (nisam uvlačila dim), kalorija: 1500 (odlično), čajeva: 0, kava: 3 (napravljene od pravih zrna kave, dakle manje celulita), ukupno kofeinskih jedinica: 4.

Sve je u redu. Opet ću se vratiti na 54 kile i riješiti se svog celulita na bedrima. Onda će sve biti u redu. Započela sam neki intenzivni program detoksikacije, bez čaja, kave, alkohola, bijelog brašna, mlijeka i čega ono još? No dobro. Bez ribe, možda. Sve što moram raditi jest suho četkati kožu pet minuta svako jutro, onda slijedi petnaestominutna kupka s esencijalnim

uljima protiv celulita, tijekom koje mijesiš celulit kao da je tijesto, a onda umasiram još malo tih anticelulitnih ulja u celulit.

Ovo posljednje me malo zbunjuje - upije li se to anticelulitno ulje u celulit kroz kožu? A u tom slučaju, što ako se namažeš losionom za samotamnjenje? Hoću li onda imati preplanuli celulit? Ili preplanulu krv? Ili preplanuli limfni drenažni sustav? Joj. Uglavnom...

(Cigarete, njih sam zaboravila. Ne smijem pušiti. No dobro, sad je kasno za to. Od sutra ću se toga držati.)

Četvrtak, 3. kolovoza

55,8 kg, opseg bedra: 45,7 cm (pa dobro, koja je poanta), alkoholnih jedinica: 0, cigareta: 25 (izvršno, uzimajući sve u obzir), negativnih misli: cca. 445 na sat, pozitivnih misli: 0.

Glava mi je opet u komi. Ne mogu podnijeti pomisao na Daniela s nekom drugom. Mozak mi je pun užasnih fantazija o stvarima koje rade zajedno. Planovi za mršavljenje i promjenu osobnosti držali su me dva dana, a onda je sve propalo. Shvatila sam da je sve to bilo samo komplicirano poricanje. Bila sam uvjeren da ću izgraditi cijelu novu osobnost u razmaku od par dana, što bi onda negiralo utjecaj Danielove povredljive i ponižavajuće nevjere, budući da mi se to dogodilo u prethodnoj inkarnaciji, a nikada se ne bi dogodilo novoj, poboljšanoj meni. Nažalost, sad mi je jasno da je cijela poanta nedostupne, pretjerano našminkane ledene kraljice na anticelulitnoj dijeti bila da pokažem Danielu da je pogriješio. Tom me upozorio na to i rekao da se 90 posto plastičnih operacija izvodi na ženama čiji su muževi pobjegli s mlađom ženom. Na to sam rekla da žena-div nije toliko mlađa koliko viša, pa mi je Tom rekao da nije u tome stvar. Hm.

Daniel mi je neprestano slao poruke na poslu, 'Moramo razgovarati' i slično, koje sam ja uporno ignorirala. No što ih je više slao, to sam više maštala i uvjerala se da mi plan uspijeva i da je Daniel shvatio da je napravio ogromnu pogrešku, da je tek sad shvatio koliko me zapravo voli i da je žena-div s krova u prošlosti.

Navečer me ulovio ispred ureda dok sam odlazila. 'Ljubavi, molim te, stvarno moramo razgovarati.'

Bila sam glupa i otišla s njim na piće u Američki bar u Savoyu, dala mu da me smekša sa šampanjcem i izjavama poput 'tako se užasno osjećam, stvarno mi nedostaješ bla bla bla.' A u trenutku kad sam mu rekla 'Oh, Daniele, i ti meni nedostaješ', odjednom mi se počeo obraćati svisoka i nekako poslovno, te mi rekao 'Stvar je u tome što smo Suki i ja. . .'

Suki? Prije bih rekla Fujki, rekla sam, misleći da će nastaviti rečenicu s 'brat i sestra', 'rođaci', 'zakleti neprijatelji' ili 'prošlost'. Umjesto toga, izgledao je ljuto.

"Joj, ne mogu ti to objasniti", rekao je živčano. 'Između nas je nešto posebno'. Zurila sam u njega, zapanjena što se odjednom okrenuo za 360 stupnjeva.

'Žao mi je, dušo', rekao je, izvadio kreditnu karticu i počeo se naginjati unatrag kako bi privukao pažnju konobara, 'ali nas dvoje ćemo se vjenčati.'

Petak, 4. kolovoza

Opseg bedra: 45,7 cm, negativnih misli: 600 u minuti, napadaja panike: 4, napadaja plača: 12 (ali oba puta u wc-u, i oba puta sam se sjetila uzeti maskaru), srećki: 7.

Ured. WC na trećem katu. Ovo je... jednostavno nepodnošljivo. Što mi je, pobogu, bilo da pomislim da je dobra ideja spetljati se sa šefom? Ne mogu podnijeti ono što se događa tamo

vani. Daniel je najavio zaruke s ženom-divom. Uporno me zovu trgovački putnici, za koje nisam ni mislila da znaju za našu vezu, kako bi mi čestitali, a onda im ja moram objasniti da se zapravo zaručio s nekim drugim. Uporno razmišljam kako je bilo romantično kad smo se počeli viđati, kad smo se potajno dopisivali preko računala i viđali u liftu. Čula sam Daniela kako se preko telefona dogovara sa Fujki i kako joj medenim glasom govori 'Nije tako loše. . . zasad', i znala sam da govori o mojoj reakciji, kao da sam emocionalno nestabilna bivša žena ili tako nešto. Ozbiljno razmišljam o faceliftingu.

Utorak, 8. kolovoza

57,2 kg, alkoholnih jedinica: 7 (ha ha), cigareta: 29 (he he), kalorija: 5 milijuna, negativnih misli: 0, misli općenito: 0.

Upravo sam pričala s Jude. Rekla sam joj za tragediju s Danielom, a ona se zgrozila, odmah proglasila izvanredno stanje i rekla da će nazvati Sharon i dogovoriti da se svi nađemo u devet. Ne može prije jer će se naći s Pokvarenim Richardom, koji je napokon pristao na savjetovanje za parove.

2h Znači vami jebilo odlučno. Uf. Pala sam.

Subota 23. rujna

10h No dobro. Odgovorit ću na poziv Marka Darcyja i reći ću sasvim jasno i odlučno da neću moći prisustvovati. Nema razloga zašto bih išla. Nisam bliska prijateljica ni rodbina, a i morala bih propustiti i *Spoj na slijepo* i *Casualty*.

O Bože. To je jedna od onih ludih pozivnica napisanih u trećem licu, kao da su svi toliko fensi da ne mogu osobno napisati da organiziraju zabavu i pitati želiš li doći, jer bi to bilo isto kao da toalet zovu wc-om. Ako se dobro sjećam iz djetinjstva, trebala bih odgovoriti istim fensi stilom, kao da sam zamišljena osoba koju sam sama zaposlila da mi odgovara na pozive koje mi šalju zamišljeni ljudi koje zapošljavaju moji prijatelji da im šalju pozivnice. Što da napišem?

Bridget Jones žali što neće moći. . .

Gospođica Bridget Jones duboko žali što neće moći. . .

Shrvana nije dovoljno jaka riječ da se opišu osjećaji gospođice Bridget Jones. . .

S velikim žaljenjem moramo reći da je gospođica Bridget Jones bila toliko shrvana što nije mogla prihvatiti ljubazni poziv gospodina Marka Darcyja, zbog čega se ubila i stoga, sigurnije nego ikad, ne može prihvatiti ljubazni poziv gospodina Marka Darcyja. . .

Ooh: telefon.

(...)

11:30

Gospođici Bridget Jones veliko je zadovoljstvo. . .

Gđa Bridget Jones zahvaljuje g. Marku Darcyju na. . .

S velikim zadovoljstvom, gđica Bridget Jones prihvaća. . .

O, zaboga.

Dragi Mark,

Hvala ti na pozivu na tvoju zabavu za 40. godišnjicu Malcolma i Elaine. Rado ću doći.

Srdačno,

Bridget Jones

Hmmm.

Srdačno,

Bridget

ili samo

Bridget

Bridget (Jones)

No dobro. Sad ću to uredno prepisati, provjeriti pravopis i onda poslati.

3.2 Commentary and analysis

As delineated in Chapter 2, each translation analysis will follow the levels as described by Newmark and also account for the multimodal character of each excerpt.

At the textual level, several characteristics and specificities of the Bridget Jones's Diary make for a multimodal text, which are visible already at the first glance. Genre-wise, the novel is primarily a type of epistolary novel, though in form of diary entries and not letters, but the text also contains narratives and dialogues not characteristic for epistolary novels, but also e-mails, letters, lists and numerical data (weight, alcohol units etc.), which is not multimodal in itself, however, the manner these segments are incorporated into the diary entries makes the text multimodal. In other words, multimodality is primarily introduced through typography, which is the "art and process of designing typeset material, including the choice of fonts (...), legibility, leading, kerning, layout, and the use of white space", which the author utilized to make the different types of text and transitions between them clearer. (OxfordReference) The author used a specific font for incorporating e-mails exchanged between Bridget and Daniel and used the same font when referencing phrases that Bridget saw on her computer (RMS Execute, Message Pending); she also used italics in writing numerical data at the beginning of each diary entry, and applied different formatting for writing the list of birthday party guests (centered text, strikethrough) and for writing ideas for replies to Mark Darcy's invitation (also centered, double-spacing and italics). All these tie well together and create a visually appealing and easy-to-read text, as it is clearer as to what the author is referring to than it would be if consistent formatting was used. As regards the translation of these elements, it is essential to keep all formatting and layout in the target text as these carry as much meaning in the text as the words and sentences.

Regarding the referential level, the excerpts were, for the most part, easy to visualize and, in turn, translate, as they deal with everyday topics and use everyday language, and the author's language is not overly colorful. However, there was one colorful expression that caught me by surprise as I have never heard or seen it before, the expression *volte-face*. A quick Google search told me that the expression means “a sudden change from one set of beliefs or plan of action to the opposite”, for which we have a similarly colorful expression *okrenuti se za 180 stupnjeva*. The problem with this expression is that it is often used illogically in the form *okrenuti se za 360 stupnjeva*, which always bugged me as it just means to go back to where you started. This got me thinking and, taking Bridget as a character into consideration, I believe she would rather use the latter version than the logical one, which I then used in my translation for *volte-face*.

There was also one sentence that took several readings to even guess what it means, specifically the sentence *Will then have given to guests something in manner of grand society hostess*. As one of the most polysemous words in the English language, the verb *give* can be problematic to translate, especially with such phrasing. After much deliberation, the only meaning that made sense for this sentence and paragraph was that Bridget would seem, i.e. give off the impression of a grand society hostess, which I then translated as *Tako ću se pokazati kao dobra domaćica*.

One particularly difficult referential issue in this text was drunk Bridget's entry from 8 August, *Gor es wor blurry goofun tonight though*, as this first had to be deciphered, i.e. I first had to figure out what was meant to be said, then translate that into Croatian and then “mess it up” so it sounds like a sentence a drunk person would say. I figured that Bridget was trying to write *God, it was bloody good fun tonight though*, which I would translate as *Znači vani je bilo odlično*, which would, in drunken Croatian, sound more like *Znači vami jebilo odlučno*. The last thing I would mention here is Bridget's last e-mail to Daniel, which contains two spelling

mistakes, *abscent* and *blatently*. These are used humorously, especially considering the fact she has a degree in English, and must be transferred into Croatian in a similar way. As for *abscent*, the word *odsutan* can be misspelled as *otsutan*, which I ended up using in my translation, but the word *otvoreno* which I used for *blatantly* is not one that is usually misspelled in Croatian, and I could not think of any other synonym that could be misspelled. Instead, I decided to compensate for that through misspelling another word in the e-mail, i.e. writing *diskrimnirati* instead of *diskriminirati*.

At the level of naturalness, the selected excerpts contain multiple culture-specific terms that cannot be translated literally but rather need to be explained otherwise. For instance, the *ruby wedding party* mentioned in the entry for 23 September, which refers to the fortieth wedding anniversary. Although the Croatian language has equivalents for other anniversaries (*srebrni* and *zlatni pir*), it does not have an equivalent for this one, meaning the translation will be an explanation of the term, i.e. *40. godišnjica*. Similarly, in the diary entry from 1 August, Bridget mentions Penny Husbands-Bosworth, to whom she adds the apposition *asbestos widow*. This compound noun refers to a woman whose husband died from a disease caused by asbestos for which there is no equivalent in the Croatian language. The draft version of my translation first contained a literal translation, i.e. *azbestna udovica**, just for the sake of writing something, however, after consulting with my colleagues, scouring the internet for a possible translation and coming up with nothing, I resorted to looking through the rest of the novel for mentions of Penny Husbands-Bosworth, and she is mentioned in the entry from 12 June “Penny Husbands-Bosworth's asbestos leukaemia item is not on yet”. Although this thesis only contains excerpts, these cannot be considered stand-alone texts, the entire text must be taken into consideration. In that case, expanding the 12 June entry with an explanation, e.g. “Priča o mužu Penny Husbands-Bosworth koji je umro od leukemije uzrokovane azbestom nije još bila” would make omission of the compound in this particular entry possible, for which I opted for

as this neither affects the meaning of the sentence nor make understanding thereof difficult as it is not overly relevant for the sentence.

Another culture-specific issue were the titles of respect for women. Specifically, the author used *Miss Bridget Jones* as well as *Ms. Bridget Jones*, which then led me down the rabbit hole of trying to understand the difference between these, as I was only aware of *Mrs.* and *Miss*. However, as Allen points out, “Miss, Mrs., and Ms. are not interchangeable terms. Choosing the wrong title can cause offense (...). “Miss,” when attached to a name, is a title of respect for an unmarried woman. (...) “Mrs.” is a title of respect for a married or widowed woman”. But then when it comes to *Ms.*, she says that “Both “Miss” and “Ms.” apply to women who are unmarried or whose marital status is unknown.” (Allen, 2020) Now, the problem when translating these was that Croatian only has two options, *gđa* and *gđica*, where the former applies to married women, and the latter to unmarried women. However, Orlić points out that one should use the former in all situations unless specified otherwise by the woman (Orlić, 2020). This in turn leads to a semantic difference between these two texts; the source text has the neutral *Ms*, whereby Bridget’s marital status remains unspecified, whereas the target text can either omit the title, which I opted not to do as these sentences are very formal, or it can contain the title *gđa*, which, for most readers, would actually suggest that she was married. Consequently, the idea of leaving her marital status unspecified simply cannot work in Croatian, as the societal influence on these titles was not the same in these two countries.

The last cultural term I would like to discuss is the term *siz(e)ist*. This term refers to discrimination based on a person’s size and was coined like other terms referring to discrimination and prejudice, with the suffix *-ist* (sexist, racist, ableist, etc.). Some of these terms have been borrowed and adapted and are now a part of the Croatian language such as *seksist(ički)* and *rasist(ički)*, however, this particular one was not borrowed, leading me to translate it descriptively, i.e. *diskriminacija na temelju dužine*, where the word *dužina* was used

instead of *veličina* to avoid ambiguity as regards the size of the skirt, since translating it as *veličina* would mean the problem is the size in the sense of small/medium/large or other, which is not the case.

Finally, I would like to touch upon the issue of domestication versus foreignization, which are two strategies related to culture and naturalness of a text. I employ both of these strategies in my translation, as I believe certain parts benefit greatly from domestication. For instance, domestication when it comes to units of measurement are non-negotiable, as these differ between countries, and there is no sense in leaving stones, pounds and inches when the Croatian reader does not know these units, as the standard units in Croatia are kilograms and centimeters. On the other hand, foreignization, i.e. leaving the foreignness in the text on purpose, helps avoid crossing the line between a translator and an author. For this reason, all references to British pop culture, including Hello! magazine, famous people like Joanna Lumley and Bonnie Langford, and even the famous Bloody Mary cocktail, which Bridget drinks in a deconstructed manner, were left as is, as changing these into versions that would be closer to Croats would be too big of an intervention into the text.

4 Source text 2 – Steven Hall's *The Raw Shark Texts*

***The Crypto-Zoology of Purely Conceptual Sharks,
Dictaphone Defence Systems and Light Bulb Code
Cracking in Selected Letters from the First Eric
Sanderson***

(Received: 22nd September)

Letter #2

Dear Eric,

I used to know so many things. The things I learned, the ways I learned to see and the things I believed possible, I think they might amaze you. Mostly now, all I have are splinters. Remains of things I was quick enough to write down and preserve; fragments which seem to be increasingly incomplete and confusing to me now.

This is what I know, what at the middle of me I feel is true: all the lost research, the journeys, the dangerous choices, I did it all for a girl called Clio Aames. I loved her, Eric. So much. And she died. I only get the general senses of things and they pass so quickly, like childhood smells touching you and then being gone on the breeze. But. But but but. It feels strange to be writing this down—I think I believed I could change what happened, undo it, prevent it, save her life somehow after she was already gone. Of course I couldn't. Dead is dead is dead is dead. If you are reading this then I'm dead too and you'll shortly be fighting for your own life.

Eric, I am so sorry.

There's so much I've lost, so much that's been eaten all away from the insides of my head, but I've worked hard to squirrel away enough to help you. I don't have any answers, I'm almost as empty as you must be now, but I do have a few tools and a little knowledge. Some weapons and some fragments. The rest is up to you. You always have a choice.

I'm so forgetful. The creature will find something I've missed because it never stops looking and its senses are very sharp. It will find a way to get me and in time it will come looking for you. The waters are almost up to the bedroom window now. I can't keep all the balls in the air. I can't stay in this

shark cage forever.

The animal hunting you is a Ludovician. It is an example of one of the many species of purely conceptual fish which swim in the flows of human interaction and the tides of cause and effect. This may sound like madness, but it isn't. Life is tenacious and determined. The streams, currents and rivers of human knowledge, experience and communication which have grown throughout our short history are now a vast, rich and bountiful environment. Why should we expect these flows to be sterile?

Life will always find a way. Just look at you and me and see the truth in it.

I don't know exactly how the thought fish came to be in the world, but in the wide, warm pools of society and culture, millions of words and ideas and concepts are constantly evolving. It doesn't seem too implausible that one of them elevated itself above its single cellular cousins in much the same way we did. The Selfish Meme?

The Ludovician is a predator, a shark. It feeds on human memories and the intrinsic sense of self. Ludovicians are solitary, fiercely territorial and methodical hunters. A Ludovician might select an individual human being as its prey animal and pursue and feed on that individual over the course of years, until that victim's memory and identity have been completely consumed. Sometimes, the target's body survives this ordeal and may go on to live a second twilight life after the original self and memories have been taken. In time, such a person may establish a 'bolt-on' identity of their own, but the Ludovician will eventually catch the scent of this and return to complete its kill.

I'm sorry if I'm putting this too bluntly.

I know what you must be thinking and you don't have to believe any of this if you don't want to, but the Ludovician is out there and in time it will find you. Learn the Ryan Mitchell text I sent you. If nothing else, do it to humour me; an old and crazy coat hanging in your wardrobe. I'm afraid that in time you will see for yourself that what I am telling you is the truth.

With regret and also hope,

The First Eric Sanderson

(Received: 24th September) Letter #3

Dear Eric, The Ryan Mitchell text is a very limited form of conceptual camouflage. The longer you exist in the world, the less effective it will be. It's important then that you learn to protect yourself on a more permanent basis. There are several short-term and several long-term ways to achieve this. The non-divergent conceptual loop is the quickest and the most secure, so it is the best place to start.

This parcel should contain: x 4 Dictaphones with continuous playback and AC adaptors x 4 pre-recorded Dictaphone tapes x 4 8- metre extension cables x 1 four-way plug adapter x 16 AA batteries in case of power failure or outdoor use *Function:* The function of this equipment is to generate a non-divergent conceptual loop. That is, a stream circle, a flow of pure and singular association moving around the Dictaphones in order. From one to two. From two to three. From three to four. From four back to one. The resulting current is strong and clean enough to push otherwise incoming flows (of cause and effect, degrees of separation etc.) *around* the defined space, rather than allowing them through or into it, thus creating an area of isolation. To the best of my knowledge, no Ludovician, or any conceptual fish, has ever breached a non-divergent conceptual loop. In essence, it will function as a shark cage.

Instructions: Insert tapes into Dictaphones. Place Dictaphones in each corner of your room or at the edges of whatever space you are aiming to define. Rig up each Dictaphone with an AC adaptor if possible. Ensure each Dictaphone is set to continuous play. Begin playback on all Dictaphones. Protection is only provided within the area described by the layout of the Dictaphones.

Further notes, explanations & information in the eventuality of equipment damage: Each of the four Dictaphone tapes provided has been recorded by a different person. An individual making a recording of this type does not have to be speaking necessarily, they can simply go about their daily business with the Dictaphone recording in their pocket for a few hours. The longer the recording, the more the person is clarified in sound and the more secure your loop. Now—and this is complicated, Eric, so read it back until you're sure you have it exactly right, you may have to attempt your own replacement tapes one day—the person who records tape one must forward three blank Dictaphone tapes and their own recorded tape to the

person who is to record tape two. The person who records tape two must then forward their own tape, tape one and the two remaining blank tapes to the person who will record tape three. And so on. All four recorded tapes must then be sent back to person one. At no time must any of the people involved in the recording listen to any of the tapes. Apart from this single interaction, the four people must not know each other at all, otherwise branching or crossstreaming could occur and a whirlpool loop collapse would quickly follow. Obviously, you must have no contact with any of the four participants for the same reason. Obviously again, this is almost impossible. Hence the importance of maintaining the provided equipment.

With regret and also hope, The First Eric Sanderson

(Received: 9th January)

Letter #108

Dear Eric,

I just realised, it has been more than three months for you now. More than a hundred of these letters. I hope you can follow them, I am doing all I can.

Soon you will receive a package containing a light bulb, a videotape and two exercise books. It's important that you open this package inside a Dictaphone loop because reading the enclosed information will create a strong scent in the waterways.

The light bulb has been carefully modified to flicker a doubleencoded Morse/QWERTY text (more on this later) containing a fragment of your history. As you will see, one of the exercise books contains my work on identifying the type of encryption, the other contains the clean text I have been able to extract so far. There is still more to translate and that task falls to you. The videotape contains the light bulb's complete flash cycle for decoding purposes, and in case of accident.

Be very careful with this text. It should be considered 'live' at all times. As with all other live documents, ensure it is stored in a postfilled box for safety.

Regret and hope,

The First Eric Sanderson.

(Received: 12th January)

Letter #111

Dear Eric,

There are two stages to the light bulb text encryption. The first is simple Morse code. The bulb flashes in short and long bursts, dots and dashes. These can be transcribed as letters using the following chart:

A	.-	H	O	---	V	...-
B	-...	I	..	P	.-..	W	.-..
C	-.-.	J	.-...	Q	---.	X	-.-.
D	-..	K	-.-	R	.-.	Y	-.--
E	.	L	.-..	S	...	Z	--..
F	..-.	M	--	T	-		
G	--.	N	-.	U	..-		

You will notice that the letters produced still appear to be random at this point. They don't make any sense. That is because there is still more to do.

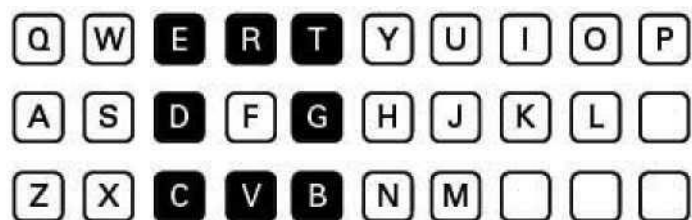
The second part of the code uses the layout of a computer or typewriter keyboard, as below (with rows two and three slightly realigned to make a grid):



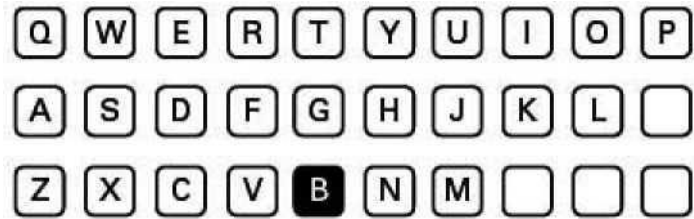
Each letter from the translated Morse code sequence is applied to the grid:



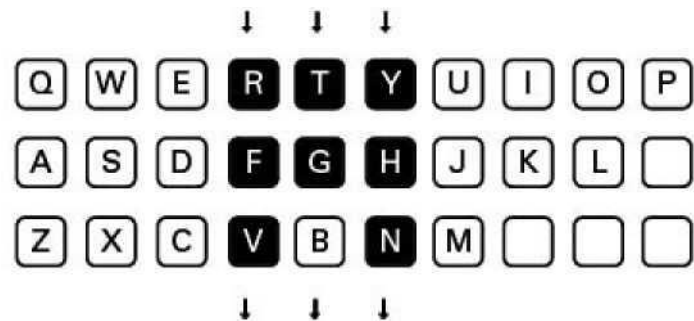
The final, correctly decoded letter will always be one of those adjacent to the Morse code letter. For example, if you translate an 'F' from the Morse code, the actual letter you are looking for will be one of the eight adjacent to 'F' on the QWERTY layout:



The translation letters also ‘rollaround’. This is a way of saying if a Morse code letter touches the edge of the board, as B does



the possible translation letters will not only include V, F, G, H and N, but also R, T and Y, as the three unavailable bottom spaces are rolled up to the top.



This rollaround is applied to all edge-of-grid letters, as shown here:

Q	W	E	R	T	Y	U	I	O	P
A	S	D	F	G	H	J	K	L	
Z	X	C	V	B	N	M			
Q	W	E	R	T	Y	U	I	O	P
A	S	D	F	G	H	J	K	L	
Z	X	C	V	B	N	M			

As you are probably noticing, the code is not very specific. When translated from Morse, each letter has eight possible solutions. Only one of these will be the correct letter. This means clean text cannot be constructed at the level of the individual letter. Possible translations must be constructed at word level, re-evaluated at sentence level and refined at paragraph level. It makes the process very time-consuming. It will take a long time. I think I built ambiguity into the encryption as added camouflage against the word shark. Did I? Well. It seems to serve no other purpose. It's raining here in the past. I hope the weather there in the future is better.

Regret and hope,

E

(Received: 29th April)

Letter #205

Dear Eric,

Six months. Are you still with me? A sort of half birthday if you are, I'm sorry. I'm sorry you are so alone.

Now, here is what this letter is about:

There is a story. There is a story I've been avoiding. It's the story about why all this is happening. Why the Ludovician is hunting you. It's all my fault, Eric.

Stories. There used to be more stories, records of other things, other fragments I'd written down or encoded. I can remember some of their names. Once, there was The Dust Fragment and The Shadow Fragment and The Envelope Fragment, as well as The Light Bulb Fragment which you have. But it's dangerous here in the past where I am and things get muddled or lost or destroyed. I'm trying, I'm trying to save as much as I can but those fragments have all gone and I can't remember what they said.

There once was a fragment called The Aquarium Fragment. I have a single piece of text left from The Aquarium Fragment. It is part of the story of why all this is happening. I will try to tell the story and slot this little bit of fragment in the right place.

This is how the story goes:

To try to change what happened to Clio, I went looking for a man called Dr Trey Fidorous. I don't know, I don't remember what I thought this Dr Trey Fidorous could do, but I devoted myself to finding him. He was a writer, an academic, I think. I looked for him first in his dense and complex papers, all filed and forgotten in university basement stacks. From them, I found his rolling pencil footnotes in a set of old encyclopaedias in a library in Hull. They led me to flyposted text- swarmed poster sheets in Leeds, and from Leeds, on to series of essays written in black marker on the tiles of underpasses in Sheffield. The underpass essays led me to a suite of chalked

texts on the walls of an old tower block in Manchester.

I remember this part, this route so clearly because I repeat it to myself every day: ‘The dictionary in Hull, the posters in Leeds, the underpasses in Sheffield, the tower block in Manchester.’ And then there’s a last stop on this route, the place I finally found Dr Trey Fidorous: I found him sick in a closed-up doorway in Blackpool. Something had happened to him. I can’t remember what it was.

Hull. Leeds. Sheffield. Manchester. Blackpool.

Hull. Leeds. Sheffield. Manchester. Blackpool.

What happened next is I went with Fidorous down into the empty, abandoned areas in the world which are sometimes called un-space (I will write you a letter about un-space another time) and I studied with him down there. I learned things, the things I am teaching you about survival and other things too, things he wanted me to know and things he didn’t want me to know, that I shouldn’t have known. I thought I could save her, Eric. I had so many ideas. The details have all gone.

Somewhere in un-space, there was a hole. A deep black hole, a lift shaft. I’d been looking for that hole, for a way to get down it, for so long. It’s patchy, sketchy. Mostly all I have are the feelings left behind, emotion shadows where the facts should be. I do know that I left Fidorous to go looking for that hole and that I hired someone to help me find it, someone from what is called the Un-Space Exploration Committee (I will write you a letter about the Un-Space Exploration Committee too) but the details of that part, the hows and the whys, when I try to think about them they all come apart like rotten old cloth.

I did find the hole.

Down at the bottom there was a place filled with rows and rows of stinking neglected fish tanks with sick, dead and dying fish; a horrible abandoned aquarium. In the heart of the place, that’s where I found the Ludovician. It was younger then, much smaller but still very dangerous. And I let it out of its conceptual loop prison, Eric. I did it. It was me. I gave myself to the thought shark and it ate and ate, growing bigger and bigger and now it’s an adult and there’s no stopping it. I killed myself and I’ve probably killed you too. Why did I do it? Why would I do that?

I think I thought I could save her.

I was so stupid. I was so stupid and now everything’s all gone.

This is the only piece of The Aquarium Fragment I have left, the end of the story. As always, some parts, some meanings, are missing:

] stepped inside the tank-circle.

[missing text] suddenly had a very clear memory of my Granddad, tall and Roman-nosed with silver Brylcreemed hair, hanging wallpaper on old, dark, paint-splattered stepladders. I thought about how since his death my Granddad had become more a collection of scenes than a real man to me, how I could recall him being kind, angry, serious and joking but how the edges of these memory events didn't quite fit together and left me with a sort of schizophrenic collage rather than the real, rounded-out man I must have known as a child.

My senses, trying to catch my attention in all this, suddenly broke through to the surface and I came back into the present. A horrific clarity came into the world, a sense of all things being exactly what [missing text] with relevance, obviousness and a bright [missing text]. Without me telling it to, my mind switched itself back to the image of my Granddad up the ladder. And then I saw it, partly with my eyes, or with my mind's eye. And partly heard, remembered as sounds and words in shape form. Concepts, ideas, glimpses of other lives or writings or feelings. And living, the thing obviously alive and with will and movement. Coming oddly [missing text] light links in my memory, swimming hard upstream against the panicking fast flow of my thoughts.

The Ludovician, into my life in every way possible.

I did it, Eric. I let it out. I'm responsible.

I really am so sorry.

Regret and hope,

Eric

(Received: 1st May)

Letter #206

Dear Eric,

Q) What is un-space?

A) It is the labelless car parks, crawl tunnels, disused attics and cellars, bunkers, maintenance corridors, derelict industrial estates, boarded-up houses, smashed-windowed condemned factories, offlined power plants, underground facilities, storerooms, abandoned hospitals, fire escapes, rooftops, vaults, crumbling churches with dangerous spires, gutted mills, Victorian sewers, dark tunnels, passageways, ventilation systems, stairwells, lifts, the dingy winding corridors behind shop changing rooms, the pockets of no-name-place under manhole covers and behind the overgrow of railway sidings.

Q) Who are the Un-Space Exploration Committee?

A) They map and chart and explore and research un-space.

I'm sorry for the format. Today is a bad day. All my structure is gone.

Regret and hope,

Eric

(...)

Nightmares.

I woke up with a jolt, panicking at the unfamiliar covers over me and the blur of a strange ceiling up above. And then I remembered where I was. *The First Eric Sanderson's bedroom*. My muscles relaxed. I tried to chase after the dream, get a look at it, but it was already gone, evaporated and forgotten like so many others.

What time was it? The light I'd left on glowed the exact same yellow as before and it could have been any-when, seconds or hours after I'd finally climbed into the bed. The days and the nights were meaningless here, replaced with switches and a steady electric forever.

I thought about the yellow Jeep, the rain, the air.

"You've missed something."

I shuffled up onto my elbows, peered down the line of the duvet to see someone sitting at the bottom of the bed. Fidorous.

I'd crawled under the covers still dressed so I swung myself slowly up into a sitting position.

"What?"

"In these books, you've overlooked something. It really is very clever."

I tried to shake focus myself. Fidorous was reading my Light Bulb Fragment books.

"Hey. You can't just walk in and go through my stuff."

"I didn't. You left it behind last night."

He was right. I'd forgotten the plastic bag, left it in the room with the table and the candles.

"It still doesn't mean you should be reading them."

The doctor's eyes settled on me. Always so clear and empty, there was no way to tell what might be brewing behind them. I felt the smallest twist of anxiety.

"So, you don't want to know what it is you've missed?"

Still foggy and drowsy, I lifted my hand, half wanting him to give me the books and half preparing to snatch them. The result was a *not quite anything* gesture which wasn't strong enough to get either thing done, especially as I really did want to know what he was talking about.

"This QWERTY code," the doctor said, ignoring me. "Your notes here, and here, and, yes, here, suggest it's random. I'm not sure it is."

I rubbed my fingers through my hair as if the extra static might help fire up my brain.

The QWERTY code was part of the encryption used on The Light Bulb Fragment text. In one big mouthful, it meant that a correctly decoded letter could always be found adjacent to the letter it had been encoded as on a standard QWERTY keyboard layout, like this:



Here, the encoded letter is an F, so the correctly decoded letter must be either E, R, T, D, G, C, V or B. As the first Eric Sanderson wrote, there didn't seem to be any pattern which might predict which of the eight possible letters would turn out to be the correct one and this made the decoding process very slow and painstaking.

"You mean you think there's a system?"

"Yes," Fidorous nodded. "But that's only the tip of the iceberg. Look." He took a pen from the inside of his jacket pocket and found a clean page in one of the notebooks. "The very first letter of the whole Light Bulb Fragment is the C from 'Clio's masked and snorkelled head', correct?"

"Yeah."

"But before you applied the QWERTY to decode it, your notes say this letter was originally a V—"



“—meaning the correct letter was one space to the left of the given letter, yes?”

“Yes.”

“So we take our pen and we draw a horizontal arrow running from right to left, like this:”



“Okay.”

“The second letter you translated was the L in Clio, but originally this letter appeared as a Z. It gets a bit tricky here because of the way the letters roll around at the edges, but the connection works like this:”



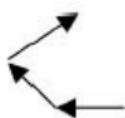
“From Z to L is effectively a diagonal up and left move, so, going from where we finished the first arrow, we draw another, this one going diagonal up and left, like this:”



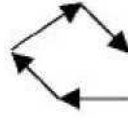
“With me so far?”

Groggy, I was straining to take any of this in. “Completely with you,” I lied.

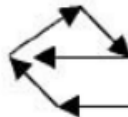
“Good. Almost there. The third letter you translated was the I. Originally, this appeared as a J. The I is diagonal up and right from the J, so our next line goes like this:”



“The fourth letter is the O. This was a K originally. This is one of the few letters we have a choice with. We can either draw another line going diagonal up right or, with the roll-around, we can decide to draw a line going diagonal down right. Let’s choose down.”



“Now the ‘D’ decodes into the ‘S’. That’s a horizontal left to right...”



“There. So what do you see?”

I looked at the page and the ground shifted inside my head.

“It’s a letter. The letter e.”

“I thought so too. The system isn’t perfect—as you’ve seen there are a few lines which can go one of two ways—but with a little work it should be possible to understand how the letters have been formalised and recognise each of them as they appear.”

“So wha—”

“Well, if I’m right, this QWERTY encryption doesn’t just encode a single piece of writing, it meshes two together. What you’re looking at is the first letter of a second text, smaller but quite distinct from the first.”

“So there’s more to The Light Bulb Fragment?”

“Yes. At least, there’s certainly more of *something*.”

I stared at the letter made from biro arrows.

“Unfortunately,” Fidorous said, closing the Light Bulb books and handing them to me, “we can’t give this any more time now.”

“Doctor, if there’s more text here, I need to know what it says.”

“I’m afraid events are already catching up with us. Scout has stabilised a connection between the laptop and Mycroft Ward’s online self. We have to get underway.”

I tried to say *get underway where?* but I didn't get a chance.

"Now, how did you do last night, with the water and the brush?"

"I finished with the brush," I said, "but the paper in the glass is still just paper. There's—I didn't know how to make it happen."

"Hmmm. Where's the brush?"

I found it and passed it to Fidorous. He weighed it in his hand, thinking for a moment. "You're sure you wrote everything out with this?"

I nodded. "I was doing it for hours. I didn't get to sleep till—what time is it now?"

"Eight o'clock."

"I've had three hours' sleep."

"Well," the doctor tucked the brush away in an inside pocket. "That will have to do. Bring the glass with you. You'll just have to keep working on it at the *Orpheus*."

"The *Orpheus*?"

"Our boat," the doctor said, getting to his feet. "Use the bathroom and pack whatever you need to pack. I'll be back for you in fifteen minutes. Make sure you bring a coat and those Dictaphones too, we might well need them."

4.1 Translation of source text 2

Kripto-zoologija čisto konceptualnih morskih pasa, diktafonski obrambeni sustavi i razbijanje šifre žarulje iz odabranih pisama Prvog Erica Sandersona

(Primljeno: 22. rujna)

Pismo br. 2

Dragi Eric,

Prije sam toliko toga znao. Što sam naučio, kako sam naučio vidjeti i što sam mislio da je moguće, mislim da bi te to sve moglo zapanjiti. A sada su ostale samo krhotine. Ostatci onoga za što sam bio dovoljno brz da zapišem i sačuvam; fragmenti koji su mi sada sve nepotpuniji i zbunjujući.

Ali ovo znam, za ovo u dubini duše osjećam da je istinito: sva izgubljena istraživanja, putovanja, opasni izbori, sve sam to učinio za djevojku koja se zove Clio Aames. Volio sam je, Eric. Jako. I umrla je. Sve oko sebe pojmim jako površno, i to prođe za tren, poput mirisa djetinjstva koji te dotaknu, a onda ih povjetarac odnese. Ali. Ali ali ali. Čudno mi je ovo uopće pisati - mislim da sam vjerovao da mogu promijeniti ono što se dogodilo, poništiti to, spriječiti, nekako joj spasiti život nakon što je već bila otišla. Naravno da nisam mogao. Mrtvo je mrtvo je mrtvo je mrtvo - Ako ovo čitaš, onda sam i ja mrtav i uskoro ćeš se morati boriti za vlastiti život.

Eric, tako mi je žao.

Toliko sam toga izgubio, toliko toga mi je isparilo iz glave, ali sam se potrudio koliko sam mogao da prikupim dovoljno materijala da ti pomognem. Nemam nikakve odgovore, prazan sam gotovo kao i ti sada, ali imam nekoliko alata i malo znanja. Nešto oružja i neke ulomke. Ostalo je na tebi. Uvijek imaš izbora.

Tako sam zaboravan. Stvorenje će pronaći nešto što mi je promaknulo jer nikad ne prestaje tražiti, a ima vrlo oštra osjetila. Pronaći će način da me uhvati, a s vremenom će početi i tebe tražiti. Voda je sada došla gotovo do prozora spavaće sobe. Ne mogu paziti na sve u isto vrijeme. Ne mogu zauvijek ostati u ovom kavezu.

Životinja koja te lovi je Ludovicijan. Primjer je to jedne od mnogih vrsta čisto konceptualnih riba koje plivaju u tijekovima ljudskih interakcija i plimama uzroka i posljedica. Ovo možda zvuči ludo, ali nije. Život je uporan i odlučan. Potoci, struje i rijeke ljudskog znanja, iskustva i komunikacije koje su rasle kroz našu kratku povijest sada su prostrano i bogato okruženje. Zašto bismo očekivali da su ti tokovi sterilni?

Život će uvijek naći način. Samo pogledaj sebe i mene i u tome vidi istinu.

Ne znam točno kako je nastala riba koja se hrani mislima, ali se milijuni riječi i ideja i koncepata neprestano razvijaju u širokim, toplim bazenima društva i kulture. Nije baš toliko nevjerojatno da se jedna od njih izdignula iznad svojih jednostaničnih rođaka na sličan način kao i mi. Sebični mem?

Ludovicijan je grabežljivac, morski pas. Hrani se ljudskim sjećanjima i intrinzičnim osjećajem sebstva. Ludovicijani su osamljeni, jako teritorijalni i metodični lovci. Ludovicijan može odabrati ljudsko biće kao svoj plijen i progoniti ga i hraniti se njime godinama, sve dok sjećanje i identitet te žrtve ne nestanu u potpunosti. Ponekad žrtva preživi ovo iskušenje i nastavi živjeti život na granici smrti čak iako su joj prvobitno ja i njezine uspomene oduzete. S vremenom takva osoba može stvoriti novi identitet, ali Ludovicijan će na kraju nanjušiti taj miris i vratiti se da dovrši posao.

Žao mi je ako sam predirektan.

Znam što sad sigurno misliš i ne moraš vjerovati ni u što ako ne želiš, ali Ludovicijan je negdje vani i s vremenom će te pronaći. Prouči tekst o Ryanu Mitchellu koji sam ti poslao. Ako ništa drugo, učini to da udovoljiš meni, starom, ludom kaputu koji ti visi u ormaru. Mislim da ćeš s vremenom i sam vidjeti da govorim istinu.

Sa žaljenjem i nadom,

Prvi Eric Sanderson

(Primljeno: 24. rujna) Pismo br. 3

Dragi Eric, tekst o Ryanu Mitchellu vrlo je ograničen oblik konceptualne kamuflaže. Što duže postojiš u svijetu, to će on biti manje učinkovit. S vremenom ćeš morati naučiti kako se trajnije zaštititi. Postoji nekoliko kratkoročnih i nekoliko dugoročnih načina da se to postigne. Nedivergentna konceptualna petlja je najbrža i najsigurnija, pa je najbolje od nje početi.

Ovaj paket treba sadržavati: x 4 diktafona s neprekidnom reprodukcijom i adapterima za naizmjeničnu struju x 4 unaprijed snimljene diktafonske kasete x 4 8-metarska produžna kabela x 1 četverosmjerni adapter za utikač x 16 AA baterija u slučaju nestanka struje ili vanjske upotrebe *Funkcija*: Funkcija ove opreme je generiranje nedivergentne konceptualne petlje. Odnosno generiranje cirkularnog toka čiste i pojedinačne asocijacije koja se redom kreće oko diktafona. Od prvog do drugog. Od drugog do trećeg. Od trećeg do četvrtog. Od četvrtog natrag do prvog. Rezultirajuća struja dovoljno je jaka i čista da potisne tokove koji bi inače dolazili (tokovi uzroka i posljedica, stupnjeva razdvajanja itd.) *oko* definiranog prostora, umjesto da ih propusti kroz ili u njega, stvarajući tako područje izolacije. Koliko mi je poznato, nijedan Ludovicijan niti bilo koja konceptualna riba nikada nije probila nedivergentnu konceptnu petlju. Ona će u biti funkcionirati kao kavez.

Upute: Ubaci kasete u diktafone. Postavi diktafone u svaki kut svoje sobe ili na rubovima bilo kojeg prostora koji želiš definirati. Ako je moguće, na svaki diktafon dodaj adapter za izmjeničnu struju. Provjeri je li svaki diktafon postavljen na kontinuiranu reprodukciju. Započni reprodukciju na svim diktafonima. Zaštita se pruža samo unutar područja opisanog diktafonima.

Daljnje napomene, objašnjenja i informacije u slučaju oštećenja opreme: Zapise na diktafonskim kasetama snimile su četiri različite osobe. Pojedinac koji snima ovakav zapis ne mora nužno govoriti, može raditi svakodnevne stvari dok diktafon u džepu nekoliko sati snima. Što je zapis duži, to je osoba zvučno jasnija, a time je i tvoja petlja sigurnija. E sad – s tim da je ovo komplicirano, Eric, pa ovaj dio pročitaj dok ne budeš siguran da si sve shvatio, možda ćeš jednog dana morati snimiti vlastite zamjenske kasete – osoba koja snima zapis mora proslijediti tri prazne diktafonske kasete i svoj snimljeni zapis osobi koja će snimiti drugu kasetu. Osoba koja snima drugu kasetu onda prosljeđuje vlastitu, prvu i dvije preostale prazne kasete osobi koja će snimiti treću kasetu. I tako dalje. Sve četiri snimljene

kasete onda se šalju prvoj osobi. Ni u jednom trenutku nitko od ljudi koji sudjeluju u snimanju ne smije preslušati nijednu kasetu. Osim te interakcije, ti se ljudi uopće ne smiju poznavati jer bi u protivnom moglo doći do razgranjavanja ili unakrsnog strujanja i ubrzo bi uslijedio vrtložni kolaps petlje. Naravno, iz istog razloga ni ti ne smiješ doći u kontakt s tim ljudima, a to je, naravno, isto gotovo nemoguće. Zbog toga je važno održavanje opreme koju sam ti dao.

Sa žaljenjem, ali i nadom, Prvi Eric Sanderson

(Primljeno: 9. siječnja)

Pismo br. 108

Dragi Eric,

Sad mi je sinulo, tebi su prošla više od tri mjeseca. Više od stotinu ovih pisama. Nadam se da ih možeš pratiti, trudim se koliko mogu.

Uskoro ćeš dobiti paket koji sadrži žarulju, videokasetu i dvije vježbenice. Važno je da ovaj paket otvoriš unutar diktafonske petlje jer će čitanje priloženih informacija stvoriti snažan miris u vodenim tokovima.

Žarulja je modificirana da treperi dvostruko kodirani Morseov/QWERTY tekst (više o tome kasnije) koji sadrži fragment tvoje povijesti. Kao što ćeš vidjeti, jedna od vježbenica sadrži moj rad na identificiranju vrste šifriranja, druga sadrži čisti tekst koji sam do sada uspio izvući. Još puno toga treba prevesti, a to će biti tvoj zadatak. Videokaseta sadrži cijeli ciklus bljeskanja žarulje za potrebe dekodiranja i u slučaju nesreće.

Budi vrlo oprezan s ovim tekstom. Njega u svakom trenutku trebaš smatrati 'živim'. Kao i kod svih ostalih živih dokumenata, iz sigurnosnih ga razloga čuvaj u kutiji punoj pošte.

Sa žaljenjem i nadom,

Prvi Eric Sanderson

(Priljeno: 12. siječnja)

Pismo br. 111

Dragi Eric,

Dvije su faze dešifriranja fragmenta žarulje. Prva je obični Morseov kod. Žarulja trepće u kratkim i dugim signalima, točkicama i crticama. Oni se mogu transkribirati kao slova pomoću sljedeće tablice:

A .-	H	O ---	V ...-
B -...	I ..	P .-.-	W .--
C -.-.	J .---	Q ---.	X -.-
D -..	K -.-	R .-.	Y -.-
E .	L .-..	S ...	Z --..
F ..-.	M --	T -	
G --.	N -.	U ..-	

Vidjet ćeš da se ta slova u tom trenutku još uvijek čine nasumičnima. Nemaju nikakvog smisla. To je zato što još ima puno posla.

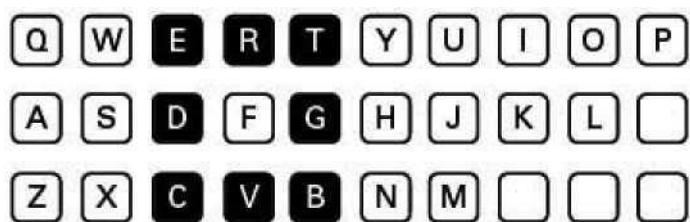
Drugi dio koda koristi raspored tipkovnice računala ili pisaćeg stroja, kao u nastavku (s tim da su drugi i treći red blago poravnani kako bi tvorili mrežu):



Svako slovo iz prevedenog slijeda Morseova koda primjenjuje se na mrežu:



Posljednje pravilno dekodirano slovo uvijek će biti jedno od slova susjednih Morseovom slovu. Na primjer, ako prevedeš 'F' iz Morseova koda, stvarno slovo koje tražiš bit će jedno od osam slova oko slova 'F' na QWERTY tipkovnici:



Mogući prijevodi slova se isto tako vrte u krug. To znači da ako je Morseovo slovo uz rub ploče, kao, na primjer, slovo B

Q	W	E	R	T	Y	U	I	O	P
A	S	D	F	G	H	J	K	L	
Z	X	C	V	B	N	M			

mogući prijevod tog slova neće biti samo V, F, G, H i N, već i R, T i Y, jer se tri polja na dnu mreže vraćaju na vrh.

			↓	↓	↓				
Q	W	E	R	T	Y	U	I	O	P
A	S	D	F	G	H	J	K	L	
Z	X	C	V	B	N	M			
			↓	↓	↓				

To također vrijedi i za sva slova na rubu mreže, kao što je ovdje prikazano:

Q	W	E	R	T	Y	U	I	O	P
A	S	D	F	G	H	J	K	L	
Z	X	C	V	B	N	M			

←	Q	W	E	R	T	Y	U	I	O	P	←
←	A	S	D	F	G	H	J	K	L		←
←	Z	X	C	V	B	N	M				←

Kao što možeš vidjeti, kod nije baš specifičan. Kad se prevodi s Morsea, svako slovo ima osam mogućih rješenja, a samo jedno od njih je točno. To znači da se čisti tekst ne može konstruirati na razini pojedinačnog slova, nego se mogući prijevodi moraju izraditi na razini riječi, preispitati na razini rečenice i razraditi na razini odlomka. Zbog toga cijeli postupak jako dugo traje, trebat će ti dosta vremena. Mislim da sam u šifriranje uveo dvosmislenost kao dodatnu kamuflažu protiv morskog psa. Jesam li? No dobro. Čini se da nema neku drugu svrhu. Ovdje u prošlosti pada kiša. Nadam se da je vrijeme tamo u budućnosti ljepše.

Sa žaljenjem i nadom,

E

(Primljeno: 29. travnja)

Pismo br. 205

Dragi Eric,

Šest mjeseci. Jesi li još uvijek sa mnom? Ako jesi, ovo je onda poput nekog polurođendana, žao mi je. Žao mi je što si tako sam.

E sad, u ovom se pismu radi o sljedećem:

Postoji priča. Priča koju sam izbjegavao. Priča o tome zašto se sve ovo događa. Zašto te Ludovicijan lovi. Za sve sam ja kriv, Eric.

Priče. Nekad je bilo više priča, zapisa o drugim stvarima, drugih fragmenata koje sam zapisao ili kodirao. Znam kako se neki od njih zovu. Postojao je fragment prašine i fragment sjene te fragment omotnice, kao i fragment žarulje koji imaš. Ali ovdje u prošlosti gdje se nalazim je opasno, stvari se zbrkaju ili izgube ili unište. Pokušavam spasiti koliko god mogu, ali ti su fragmenti nestali i ne mogu se sjetiti o čemu su bili.

Jednom je postojao fragment akvarija. Od tog mi je fragmenta ostao samo jedan dio teksta. Dio je priče zašto se sve ovo događa. Pokušat ću ispričati priču i ubaciti ovaj djelić na pravo mjesto.

Priča ide ovako:

Da bih pokušao promijeniti ono što se dogodilo s Clio, pokušao sam pronaći čovjeka po imenu dr. Trey Fidorous. Ne znam, ne sjećam se što sam mislio da taj dr. Trey Fidorous može učiniti, ali posvetio sam se tome da ga pronađem. Bio je književnik, sveučilišni profesor, tako nešto. Prvo sam ga potražio u njegovim kompliciranim radovima, spremljenima i zaboravljenima u podrumu sveučilišta. Tamo sam pronašao njegove fusnote u nekim starim enciklopedijama u knjižnici u Hullu. One su me odvele do divlje postavljene plakata prepunih teksta u Leedsu i od Leedsa do niza eseja napisanih crnim markerom na pločicama podvožnjaka u Sheffieldu. Eseji na podvožnjaku odveli su me do niza kredom ispisanih tekstova na zidovima starog nebodera u Manchesteru.

Sjećam se ovog dijela, ove rute tako jasno, jer si je ponavljam svaki dan: 'Rječnik u Hullu, plakati u Leedsu, podvožnjaci u Sheffieldu, neboder u Manchesteru.' A tu je i posljednja stanica na ovoj ruti, mjesto na kojem sam napokon pronašao dr. Treya Fidorousa: Našao sam ga bolesnog u jednoj uličici u Blackpoolu. Nešto mu se dogodilo. Ne mogu se sjetiti što.

Hull. Leeds. Sheffield. Manchester. Blackpool.

Hull. Leeds. Sheffield. Manchester. Blackpool.

Onda sam s Fidorousom otišao do praznih, napuštenih područja koja se ponekad nazivaju ne-prostorom (napisat ću ti pismo o tome drugi put) i tamo učio s njim. Naučio sam svašta, stvari o preživljavanju koje tebi pokušavam prenijeti, ali i druge stvari, stvari koje je on htio da znam i stvari koje on nije htio da znam, a koje nisam trebao znati. Mislio sam da ju mogu spasiti, Eric. Imao sam toliko ideja. Pojednosti sam zaboravio.

Negdje u ne-prostoru postojala je rupa. Duboka crna rupa, okno dizala. Toliko sam dugo tražio tu rupu, način da se spustim niz nju. Ne mogu se baš svega sjetiti, sve mi je u magli. Ono što sad imam su uglavnom osjećaji koji su ostali iza mene, sjene osjećaja tamo gdje bi trebale biti činjenice. Znam da sam pustio Fidorousa da traži tu rupu i da sam unajmio nekoga da mi pomogne pronaći je, nekoga iz takozvanog Odbora za istraživanje ne-prostora (napisat ću ti pismo i o njemu), ali detalji tog dijela raspadnu se kao stara krpa kad pokušam razmišljati o njima.

Uspio sam pronaći rupu.

Na dnu se nalazilo mjesto ispunjeno redovima i redovima smrdljivih zapuštenih ribnjaka s bolesnim, mrtvim i umirućim ribama; užasan napušteni akvarij. U samom srcu tog mjesta sam pronašao Ludovicijana. Tada je bio mlađi, puno manji, ali svejedno jako opasan. I ja sam ga pustio iz konceptualne petlje koja ga je držala zatvorenog, Eric. Napravio sam to. Ja sam kriv. Prepustio sam se morskom psu i on je jeo i jeo, rastući sve više i više, a sad je odrastao i ne može ga se više zaustaviti. Ubio sam sebe, a vjerojatno sam ubio i tebe. Zašto sam to učinio? Zašto bih to učinio?

Mislim da sam mislio da ju mogu spasiti.

Bio sam tako glup. Bio sam tako glup i sad je sve nestalo.

Ovo je jedini dio fragmenta akvarija koji mi je ostao, kraj priče. Kao i uvijek, nedostaju neki dijelovi, neka značenja:

] zakoračio u bazen.

[nedostaje tekst] odjednom se jasno prisjetio djeda, visokog i rimskog nosa i sijede gelirane kose, kako postavlja tapete stojeći na starim, tamnim ljestvama uprljanih bojom. Razmišljao sam o tome kako je nakon njegove smrti on za mene postao više zbirka scena nego stvarni muškarac, kako se mogu sjetiti kad je bio dobar, ljut, ozbiljan i šaljiv, ali kako se rubovi tih događaja u pamćenju baš i ne poklapaju i kako mi je ostao svojevrsni šizofreni kolaž, a ne pravi, zaokruženi muškarac kojeg sam sigurno poznao dok sam bio dijete.

Pokušavajući privući moju pozornost u svemu ovome, osjetila su mi se iznenada probila na površinu i vratio sam se u sadašnjost. Na svijet je došla stravična jasnoća, osjećaj da su sve stvari upravo [nedostaje tekst] s relevantnošću, jasnoćom i svijetlom [nedostaje tekst]. Iako mu to nisam naredio, moj se um vratio na sliku mog djeda na ljestvama. A onda sam vidio, djelomično svojim očima ili okom svog uma. I djelomično čuo, zapamtio kao zvukove i riječi u oblicima. Koncepti, ideje, trenutani uvid u druge živote, zapise ili osjećaje. I živ, stvar je očito živa, sa svojom voljom i pokretima. Dolazi neobično [nedostaje tekst] lagane veze u mom sjećanju, plivajući uzvodno protiv paničnog brzog toka mojih misli.

Ludovicijan, u moj život na svaki mogući način.

Učinio sam to, Eric. Pustio sam ga. Ja sam odgovoran.

Stvarno mi je žao.

Sa žaljenjem i nadom,

Eric

(Priljeno: 1. svibnja)

Pismo br. 206

Dragi Eric,

P) Što je ne-prostor?

O) To su parkirališta bez oznaka, uski tuneli, nekorišteni tavani i podrumi, bunker, koridori za održavanje, zapuštene industrijske zone, kuće s daskama na vratima i prozorima, napuštene tvornice razbijenih prozora, elektrane van pogona, podzemni objekti, spremišta, napuštene bolnice, vatrogasne stepenice, krovovi, svodovi, crkve u raspadu s opasnim tornjevima, razoreni mlinovi, kanalizacijski kanali iz viktorijanskog doba, mračni tuneli, prolazi, ventilacijski sustavi, stubišta, dizala, prljavi vijugavi hodnici iza kabina za presvlačenje u trgovinama, bezimni prostori ispod poklopaca šahova i iza zaraslih željezničkih kolosijeka.

P) Tko je Odbor za istraživanje ne-prostora?

O) Oni kartiraju, mapiraju i istražuju ne-prostor.

Žao mi je zbog formata. Danas je loš dan. Sva moja struktura je nestala.

Sa žaljenjem i nadom,

Eric

(...)

Noćne more.

Probudio me trzaj i počeo sam paničariti zbog nepoznatih prekrivača na meni i mutnog čudnog stropa iznad mene. A onda sam se sjetio gdje sam. *U spavaćoj sobi Prvog Erica Sandersona*. Mišići su mi se opustili. Pokušao sam uloviti san i pogledati ga, ali već je nestao, ispario, zaboravljen kao i mnogi drugi.

Koliko je sati bilo? Svjetlo koje sam ostavio upaljeno svijetlilo je potpuno žuto kao i prije i moglo je biti bilo kada, nekoliko sekundi ili sati nakon što sam napokon legao u krevet. Dani i noći ovdje su besmisleni, zamijenjeni prekidačima i postojanom električnom vječnošću.

Razmišljao sam o žutom džipu, kiši, zraku.

„Nešto si propustio.“

Nalaktio sam se, bacio pogled niz poplun i ugledao nekoga kako sjedi pri dnu kreveta. Fidorous.

Uvukao sam se ispod pokrivača još uvijek odjeven pa sam se polako uspravio u sjedeći položaj.

„Što?“

“Nešto ti je promaknulo u ovim knjigama. Jako je pametno.“

Pokušao sam se usredotočiti. Fidorous je čitao moje knjige o fragmentu žarulje.

„Hej! Ne možeš samo tako ući i početi kopati po mojim stvarima.“

“Nisam. Zaboravio si ovo sinoć.“

Bio je u pravu. Zaboravio sam plastičnu vrećicu, ostavio je u sobi sa stolom i svijećama.

„To i dalje ne znači da bi ih trebao čitati.“

Doktor je uperio pogled u mene. Oči su mu uvijek bile tako bistre i prazne, bilo je nemoguće prokužiti što se kuha iza njih. Osjetio sam blagi grč tjeskobe.

„Znači ne zanima te što ti je promaknulo?“

Još uvijek zbunjen i pospan podigao sam ruku, s jedne strane želeći da mi da knjige, a s druge pripremajući se da ih zgrabim. Rezultat je bio *skoro potpuno beznačajan* pokret, nedovoljno jak da obavi ijedno od toga, pogotovo jer sam stvarno htio saznati znati o čemu govori.

„Ovaj QWERTY kod“, rekao je doktor, ignorirajući me. „Tvoje bilješke tu, i tu, i, da, tu, sugeriraju da je nasumičan. Ne bih se složio.“

Prošao sam prstima kroz kosu, kao da bi mi dodatni statički elektricitet mogao pokrenuti mozak.

QWERTY kod bio je dio šifriranja korišten u fragmentu žarulje. Komplicirano rečeno, ispravno dekodirano slovo uvijek će biti uz slovo kodirano kao na standardnom rasporedu QWERTY tipkovnice, recimo ovako:



Ovdje je kodirano slovo F, tako da točno dekodirano slovo mora biti E, R, T, D, G, C, V ili B. Kao što je Prvi Eric Sanderson napisao, čini se da nema uzorka koji bi mogao predvidjeti koje će od osam mogućih slova biti točno, a zbog toga je postupak dekodiranja bio jako spor i mukotrpan.

„Misliš da postoji sustav?“

„Da“, odgovorio je Fidorous, kimajući glavom. „Ali to je samo vrh sante leda. Vidi.“ Izvadio je olovku iz unutarnjeg džepa jakne i otvorio praznu stranicu u jednoj od bilježnica. „Prvo slovo fragmenta žarulje je C od 'Clijine glave s maskom i disalicom', je li tako?“

„Da.“

„Ali prije nego što si primijenio QWERTY za njegovo dekodiranje, u tvojim bilješkama stoji da je ovo slovo izvorno bilo V—“



„–što znači da je točno slovo bilo jedno mjesto lijevo od danog slova, zar ne?“

„Da.“

„Dakle, uzmemo olovku i nacrtamo vodoravnu strelicu koja ide zdesna nalijevo, ovako:“



„Okej.“

„Drugo slovo koje si preveo bilo je L u Clio, ali izvorno se ovo slovo pojavilo kao Z. Ovdje postaje pomalo nezgodno zbog načina na koji se slova vrte po rubovima, ali poveznica funkcionira ovako:“



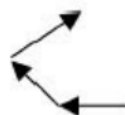
„Od Z do L je zapravo korak dijagonalno gore i lijevo, pa, idući od mjesta gdje smo završili prvu strelicu, nacrtamo još jednu, koja ide dijagonalno gore i lijevo, ovako:“



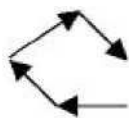
„Pratiš li me?“

Još uvijek u polusnu, bilo mi je naporno shvatiti bilo što od ovoga. „Skroz“, slagao sam.

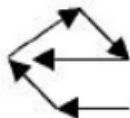
„Dobro. Skoro sam gotov. Treće slovo koje si preveo bilo je I. Izvorno se ono pojavilo kao J. I je dijagonalno gore i desno od J, pa naša sljedeća crta ide ovako:“



„Četvrto slovo je O. Ono je izvorno bilo K. Ovo je jedno od rijetkih slova gdje moramo birati. Ili možemo povući još jednu liniju koja ide dijagonalno gore pa desno ili, s okretanjem, možemo odlučiti povući liniju koja ide dijagonalno dolje pa desno. Ajmo izabrati dolje.“



„Sada se 'D' dekodira u 'S'. To je vodoravno s lijeva na desno...



„Eto ga. I, što vidiš?“

Pogledao sam u stranicu i sve mi se u glavi.

„To je slovo. Slovo e.“

„I ja sam to pomislio. Sustav nije savršen—kao što si mogao vidjeti, postoji nekoliko linija koje mogu ići na jedan od dva načina - ali uz malo rada trebalo bi biti moguće razumjeti kako su slova formalizirana i prepoznati svako od njih kad se pojave.“

„I što—“

„Pa, ako sam u pravu, ova QWERTY enkripcija ne kodira jedan dio zapisa, nego spaja dva. Gledaš u prvo slovo drugog teksta, manje, ali prilično različito od prvog.“

„Znači, ima još nečega iza fragmenta žarulje?“

„Da. Definitivno ima još *nečega*.“

Zagledao sam se u slovo sačinjeno od strelica.

„Nažalost“, rekao je Fidorous, zatvarajući knjige o žaruljama i pružajući mi ih, „sada se tome ne možemo posvetiti.“

„Doktore, ako ovdje ima još teksta, moram znati što piše.“

“Bojim se da nas događaji već sustižu. Scout je stabilizirala vezu između prijenosnog računala i internetske persone Mycrofta Warda. Moramo krenuti.“

Pokušao sam reći *krenuti kamo?* ali nisam dobio priliku.

„Kako ti je išlo sinoć, s vodom i kistom?“

„Završio sam s kistom“, rekao sam, „ali papir u čaši je i dalje samo papir. Ne znam kako to napraviti.“

„Hmmm. Gdje je kist?“

Pronašao sam ga i dao Fidorousu. Odvagnuo ga je u ruci, razmišljajući na trenutak. „Siguran si da si sve ispisao pomoću kista?“

Kimnuo sam. „Radio sam to satima. Nisam išao spavati do – koliko je sad sati?“

„Osam.“

„Spavao sam tri sata.“

„Pa“, rekao je doktor spremajući kist u unutarnji džep. „To će morati biti dovoljno. Ponesi čašu sa sobom. Jednostavno ćeš morati nastaviti raditi na tome na *Orfeju*.“

„*Orfeju*?“

"Našem brodu", rekao je doktor, ustajući. „Posluži se kupaonicom, a onda spakiraj sve što ti treba. Vratit ću se po tebe za petnaest minuta. Svakako ponesi kaput i one diktafone, možda će nam zatrebati.“

4.2 Commentary and analysis

At the textual level, in the chosen excerpts from the *Raw Shark Texts*, multimodality presents itself in a similar manner as in *Bridget Jones's Diary*; the text is a combination of different genres, specifically, letters and narratives, but in this case, the text is further supplemented with images. These images, i.e. keyboard layouts and drawn arrows, are primarily used to explain the written text, as the words themselves are neither very clear nor easy to visualize, so the author provided a visual aid for the reader. Moreover, the letters can be further divided into different categories; Letter #2 is an expository letter and partly a personal narrative, then #3 and #111 are instruction manuals of sorts, #205 is purely a narrative, while #206 only contains questions and answers, specifically, questions that Eric must have, but has not posed directly to the First Eric. Each of these writings has a specific form, which must be appropriately translated so as to leave the same effect on the reader of the target text and have the same aesthetic value as the original.

As regards the flow of the text and the sentences, the excerpts are mostly an erratic flow of short, “choppy” sentences which represents the erratic train of thought of the main character, who suffers from amnesia and is trying to remember his life, and who wrote letters to his future self to help him remember. These letters, though written by the non-amnesia version of Eric, are also choppy, informal and often start with demonstrative pronouns (this, there, these), which makes translating difficult at times because Croatian does not use these as much for starting sentences. Hence, the sentences had to be reworded in some way to make it acceptable for Croatian. For instance, I translated the sentence *There's so much I've lost* as *Toliko sam toga izgubio*; the sentence *There are several short-term and several long-term ways to achieve this* was translated as *Postoji nekoliko kratkoročnih i nekoliko dugoročnih načina da se to postigne*, and the sentence *There is still more to translate* was translated as *Još puno toga treba prevesti*.

At the referential level, there were several semantic issues that appeared while writing the draft version of the translation. Firstly, the novel is a piece of fiction with several strange and new concepts that required a certain level of creativity when translating. Some phrases were difficult to translate as the translation was either ambiguous, referred to the wrong concept or simply could not be composed of the same elements as the original. Such was the case with the phrase *stream circle*; my first thought was to translate it as *kružni tok*, and despite being aware of the phrase *kružni tok vode*, this phrase first suggests a roundabout/traffic circle/rotary, which it definitely is not. As this letter is mostly written in a pseudo-scientific way, I believe using *cirkularni* as a synonym for *kružni* would work well, leading to the phrase *cirkularni tok*. Similarly, thought fish was near to impossible to translate, as a noun+noun collocation would not work, such as *riba misli**; then the only adjective I could think of that relates to thoughts was *misaon*, but this word is defined as “koji izražava misao, koji je svojstven mislima” (HJP) which makes it the wrong choice for this phrase. Ultimately, I had to resort to adding a postpositioned explanation of this concept, where the translation reads *riba koja se hrani mislima*. A similar phrase appears later in the text as well, specifically *thought shark*, but in that case the thought part can be omitted as it is already clear that this is the only type of sharks mentioned in the text.

One reference would have been an issue had I not had such thorough and helpful Translation Workshops during my master studies. Here I am referring to the term *academic*, which can easily be mistaken for *academician*, and then easily mistranslated as *akademik*. However, this is a good example of false friends, as *academic* and *akademik* are not equivalents, but false friends, as the former means “someone who teaches at a college, or who studies as part of their job”, whereas the latter refers to a member of an academy. In the text, Eric says that Dr Fidorous is an academic, which I then translated as *sveučilišni professor*.

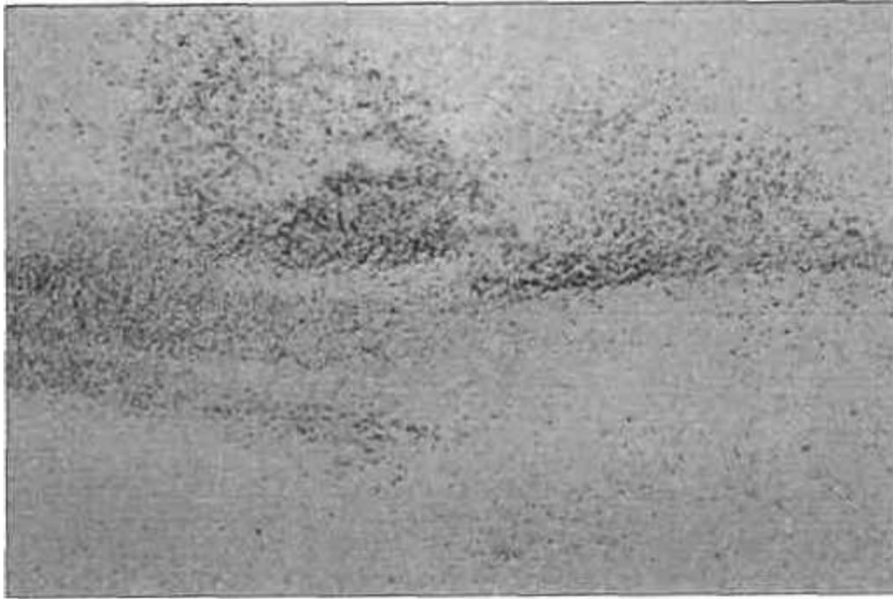
The last referential issue I would like to mention is the polysemy of the word *brush* mentioned on the penultimate page. Namely, the first possible translation for this word is *četka*, which is what I wrote in the draft version. However, the fact that I did not understand what this section actually referred to prompted me to look through other pages of the novel in hope to find what Fidorous was talking about. This helped me avoid translate it wrong as it actually refers to a calligraphy brush, which would be *kist* in Croatian. I particularly wanted to mention this issue, as it shows how much context means when translating, and how it is always important to look at the bigger picture, and not just individual segments or sentences.

At the cohesive level, these excerpts have several different moods. The letters give off a mysterious, even ominous feeling, as we try to understand what happened to Eric; these feelings are achieved through choppy sentences, his erratic train of thought and especial

On the other hand, culture-specific terms are scarce in the chosen excerpts, where I identified only two possible items, *flyposting*, or specifically the adjectival form *flyposted*, and *Brycreemed hair*. Flyposting can be defined as “illegally sticking a political or other poster (= notice) on a public wall, fence, etc.” (Cambridge Dictionary). The problem with this term is that it is not genuinely a culture-specific term as this tactic is used in other places in the world and even here, but it is specific in the sense that the Croatian language just does not have a term for it. I have checked online for possible collocations, and it seems that the most common phrase used is *ilegalno postavljanje plakata*, which is an unfortunate collocation as it does not convey the same feeling as flyposting. However, an article on the Moja Rijeka portal used the phrase *divlje plakatiranje*, which, although uncommon, conveys the same tone of the sheer amount of posters put up and the fact that it is illegal, much in the same way as *divlja gradnja/divlje naselje*, for which I opted, where my translation reads *divlje postavljene plakati*.

Finally, *Brylcreemed hair* is a metonymic expression referring to Brylcreem, a British brand that produces hair styling products for men. When translating this paragraph, I deliberated over my options; I could either leave the name of the product, which risks confusion of the TT reader, as they would most likely not be familiar with the brand; I could domesticate it and use a local brand instead of this one, but this seemed excessive as having a brand name in this phrase does not carry any more meaning than using a word such as *gelled*, which is what I opted for in my translation, i.e. *gelirana kosa*.

U talogu



' Sve je puno zvijezda!', pomisli Vitez.

Vitez je sanjao Zmaja koji jede vjetar.

On otvori oči i pomisli: ' Sve je puno zvijezda!'

Oklopljeni konj brstio je crnu travu, a pokraj potoka su rasla koplja kao trska.

Vitez bere koplje, i štit sa stabla.

Timari konja , šapuće mu u uho.

Sjeda u sedlo, nestrpljivo poteže uzde, u dalekoj šalici čekao ga je Zmaj.

Konj je umjesto kopita imao zrna kave, za njima je frcao talog.

Uspinju se uz planinu na rub šalice.
Vitez odatle promatra svoj Svijet.
Ugleda guštericu kako svira bubnjeve. Činila se pitoma.
Tada potjera konja.



Za njima je frcao talog.



Skakao je s krošnje na krošnju.

Majmun je sanjao Talog. On se probudio i zakreštao.

Skakao je s krošnje na krošnju ili trulim voćem gađao starca koji se pojavljivao na oblaku.

Najednom mu je dosta majmuniranja.

Sebe je vidio kao Gospodina s lulom.

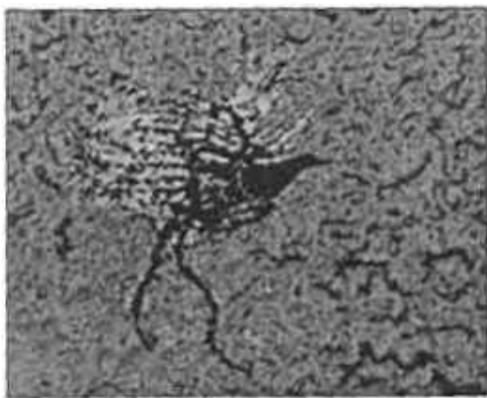
Počne se uspinjali uz pletenicu koja je visjela iz oblaka.

Skoči na rub.

On će pronaći šalicu koja će se preokrenuti. Talog iz kojega se sve vraća.

Naide Vitez i oni nastave zajedno.

* * *



Ptica je samo nastala.

Nikoga nije bilo da je nauči letjeti. Sve je morala sama.

Nosila je jaje u trbuhu.

Ali šalicu je ispunjala pustinja, i nebom je letjelo jato željeznih tučaka.

'Ovdje nije sigurno',
pomisli Ptica.

U šalici nije sigurno, ne treba joj bojno polje.

Negdje raste Stablo na kojem će ptica učiti letjeti.

Ona poletje.

Nađu Vitez i Majmun, i oni nastave.

* * *

Medvjed je sanjao Medvjedicu.

Na nju je pomislio čim se probudio. Iz oblaka je kapao med.



On se uspne na telefonski stup.

Ali Medvjedice nije bilo.

On se uspne na telefonski stup.

Vrati mu se jeka. Šalica je bila prazna.

Ako je ne pronađe, bit će to kao da se nije rodio.

Medvjed krene uz žicu i sjedne na rub šalice.

Naiđu Vitez, Majmun i Ptica, i nastave zajedno.

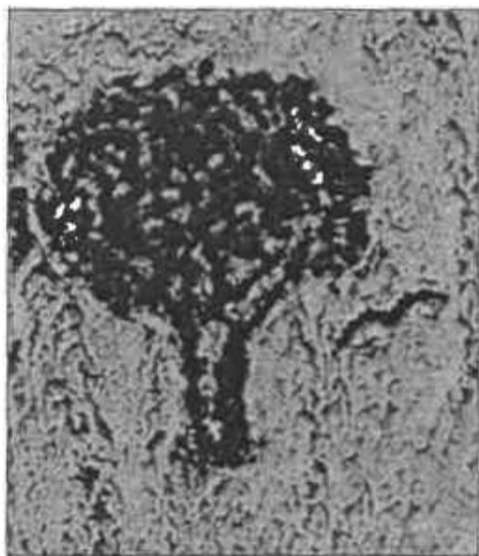
Putuju od šalice do šalice, u tišini, zabavljeni vlastitim mislima zaboravili su razgovarati.

U nosnice im ulazi miris kave, jure raširenih očiju.

Neke su šalice mrtve, kao slikarije, u drugima nema onoga što traže.

Nailaze na Prstac djevojke koje žive u kamenu, one dube rupe dok se ne odlomi stijena, ili dok prosci ne zarone s dlijetima, na Kukurumila koji je krao pješčane satove i pijeskom posipao polja, na Repaticu koja je sjedila na jajima iz kojih je izlazilo perje kojim je uvijek iznova ukrašavala vlastiti rep, letjela je nebom praveći se da gori, na Škrgutala, konop koji je htio postati zmija, tražio je zub, ali nije napuštao šalicu, isuviše se vezao za granu na kojoj je visio.

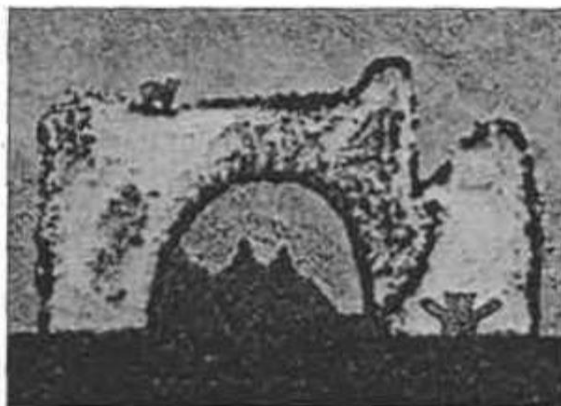
Ali nisu vidjeli ništa od toga. Iako budni, oni i dalje sanjaju.



Ptica pronalazi šalicu.
To je bio taj svijet: Stablo
na osami, same travke.
Sleti na rub šalice i zacvr-
kuta.
'Zbogom', reče Ptica.

Tu će sviti Gnijezdo.

Medvjed pronalazi
šalicu.
Medvjedica je čekala.
On skoči u crno
more i zapliva.
'Zbogom', reče
Medvjed.



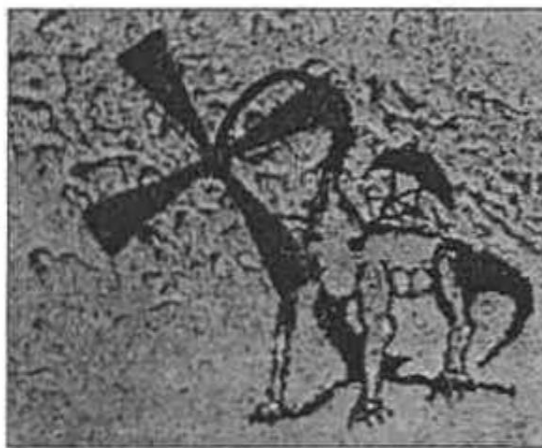
On se počne uspinjati.



Sebe je zamišljao kao
Gospodina s lulom.

Majmun pronalazi šalicu.
Talog je beživotno ležao na dnu.
Ali uskoro će se šalica preokrenuti,
Talog će procvjetati.
Sjedi na rubu šalice. Preko njega
preleti sjena, kao da nije
spreman oprostiti se od samoga sebe.
Tada skoči i nestane u Talogu.

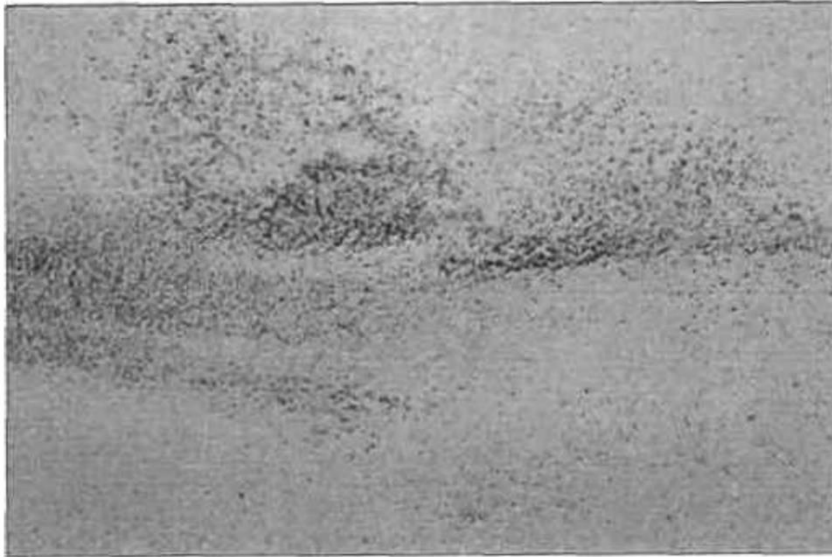
Vitez pronalazi šalicu. U
šalici je huktao vjetar.
Zmaj ga je jeo.
I kada proguta posljednji
dašak, potražiti će novu
šalicu.
Vitez spusti vizir i kre-
ne niz brijeg.



Zmaj ga je čekao.

5.1 Translation of source text 3

In The Coffee Grounds



'Everything is full of stars!' thought the Knight.

The knight dreamed of a Dragon that eats wind.

He opened his eyes and thought, 'Everything is full of stars!'

His armored horse was feeding on the black grass, and spears grew like reeds by the stream.

The Knight picked a spear and then a shield from one of the trees.

He groomed his horse, whispering in his ear.

He sat in the saddle and impatiently pulled the reins, as the Dragon was waiting for him in a cup far away.

The horse had coffee beans instead of hooves, and coffee grounds rose behind them.

They climbed up the mountain to the edge of the cup.
From there, the Knight watched his World.
He saw a lizard playing drums. She seemed tame.
And then he made the horse go.



Coffee grounds rose behind them.



He jumped from tree to tree.

The monkey dreamed of the
Coffee Grounds. He woke
up and squawked.

He jumped from tree to tree
or threw rotten fruit at the
old man appearing on the
cloud.

Suddenly he got tired of
monkeying around.

He saw himself as the Gentleman with a pipe.

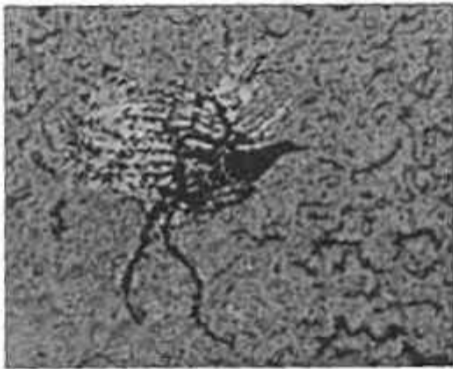
Then he started climbing up the braid that hung from the clouds.

He jumped to the edge.

He will find the cup that will turn over. The Coffee Grounds from which everything returns.

The Knight came along, and they continued together.

* * *



'It is not safe here', the Bird thought.

The bird just came into being. No-one was there to teach her to fly. She had to do everything herself.

She was carrying an egg in her belly.

But inside the cup was a desert, and a flock of iron pistils flew across the sky.

It is not safe in the cup, she doesn't need a battlefield.

The Tree where she will teach her baby to fly is growing somewhere out there.

She took off.

The Knight and the Monkey came along, and they continued.

* * *

The Bear dreamed of the She-bear.

He thought of her as soon as he woke up. Honey was dripping from the sky.



He climbed a telephone pole.

But the She-bear was not there.

He climbed a telephone pole.

His echo returned. The cup
was empty.

If he does not find her, it will be
as if he had not been born.

The bear moved along the wire
and sat down on the edge of the
cup.

The Knight, Monkey and
Bird came along, and they
continued together.

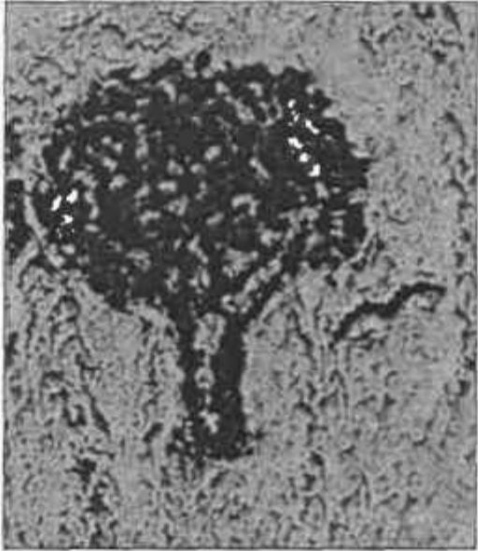
They travel from cup to cup, in silence, as they were so entertained by their own thoughts that they forgot to talk.

The smell of coffee reached their nostrils, and they ran with their eyes wide open.

Some cups are dead, like paintings; others do not have what they are looking for.

They run into Date Shell girls who live in the stone and dig holes until the rock breaks off, or until suitors dive in with chisels; into Curcumin who stole hourglasses and sprinkled the sand onto fields; into the Tailed Comet who sat on eggs with feathers coming out of them, which she used to adorn her own tail, she flew through the sky pretending to burn; into Gills, a rope that wanted to become a snake, who was seeking a tooth but did not leave the cup, as he was too attached to the branch from which he hung.

* * *

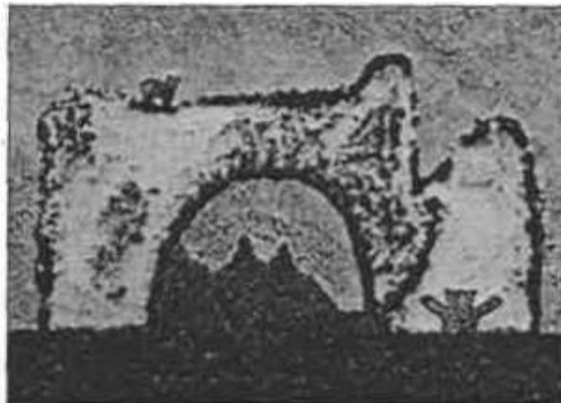


The Bird found the cup.
This was the world: a
single tree, surrounded
only by grass.
She landed on the edge of
the cup and chirped.
'Goodbye,' said the Bird.

She would make her Nest here.

* * *

The Bear found the cup.
The She-bear was waiting.
He jumped into the black
sea and started swimming.
'Goodbye,' said
the Bear.



He started to climb up.



He imagined himself as the Gentleman with a pipe.

The monkey found the cup.
The Coffee Grounds lay lifeless at the bottom.

But soon the cup would turn over and the Coffee Grounds would bloom.

He sat on the edge of the cup. A shadow flew over him, as if he was not ready to say goodbye to himself.

And then he jumped in and disappeared into the Coffee Grounds.

The Knight found the cup.
In it, wind was howling.
The Dragon was eating it.
And once he swallowed the last whiff, he would look for a new cup.
The knight lowered his visor and headed down the hill.



The dragon was waiting for him.

5.2 Commentary and analysis

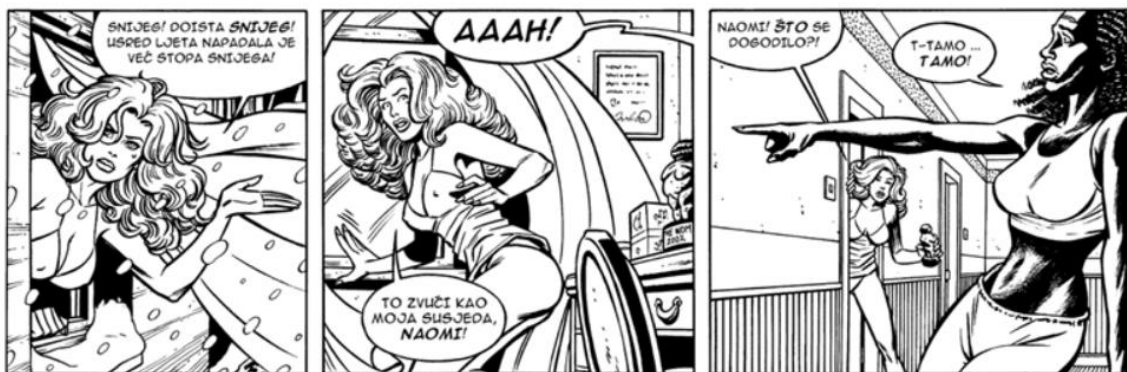
At the textual level, it is important to note that this text reads like a short story meant for children, due to the short and simple sentences, simple grammar, and especially because of the characters, who are not introduced by name, but by what they are. Of course, it is crucial to reproduce the same feeling and mood in the target text. As regards multimodality, it is achieved through images appearing next to the paragraphs, which follow the story and contain a short sentence directly below the image which adds further context.

At the referential level, a few issues cropped up. Firstly, some characters were, for me, impossible to visualize and translate. This was the case with *Kukurumil*; I did not understand the word nor its etymology. At first, I thought it had something to do with corn (cro. *kukuruz*), but that made no sense considering the context, i.e. the hourglasses. Thankfully, my mentor helped me with this by suggesting it might be the Dalmatian version of the word *kurkumin* (eng. *curcumin*), which I then used in my translation.

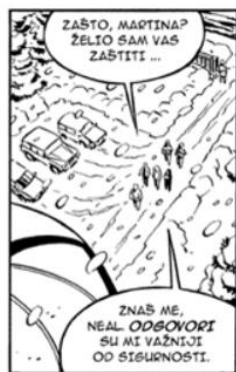
Another referential issue were the female versions of animals, specifically for lizards and bears. Namely, the word formation for this is very easy in Croatian – noun+suffix *-ica*, such as *medvjedica*, *lavica*, *gušterica*. But in English, female versions of animals are most often completely different words. As regards lizards, I could not find any mention of a word denoting a female lizard, but, thankfully, it seemed like this nuance in meaning was not important for the story, and that the paragraph will lose nothing if it were translated as just *lizard*. However, the female bear was much more problematic as both a male and a female bear are mentioned, so a distinction is necessary. This issue has three possible solutions: I could go with *female bear**, which sounds completely wrong when one takes into account the type of text; another option was *sow**, but this word primarily hints at a female pig so it could create confusion. The

third option, and the one I went with was using *she-bear*; despite sounding somewhat strange, this was the best option out of the three.

6 Source text 4 – Goran Sudžuka's *Snijeg u kolovozu*







6.1 Translation of source text 4

JUTRO U NEWYORKŠKOM STANU ČUVENE MARTINE MJESEC ...	MORNING IN THE NEW YORK APARTMENT OF MARTINA MOON ...
AHH! PRVI KOLOVOZA! NAJLJEPŠI DAN U GODINI ... MOJ ROĐENDAN!	AHH! AUGUST 1! THE BEST DAY OF THE YEAR ... MY BIRTHDAY!
TAKO MI JE DRAGO ŠTO SAM ROĐENA LJETI ... MISLIM DA NE BIH MOGLA PODNIJETI DA MI NA ROĐENDAN PADA ...	I'M SO GLAD I WAS BORN IN THE SUMMER ... I DON'T THINK I COULD HANDLE HAVING MY BIRTHDAY ON A ...
... SNIJEG?	... SNOWY DAY?
SNIJEG! DOISTA SNIJEG! USRED LJETA NAPADALA JE VEĆ STOPA SNIJEGA!	SNOW! ACTUAL SNOW! THE MIDDLE OF SUMMER, AND WE HAVE A FOOT OF SNOW!
AAAH!	AAAH!
TO ZVUČI KAO MOJA SUSJEDA, NAOMI!	THAT SOUNDS LIKE MY NEIGHBOR NAOMI!
NAOMI! ŠTO SE DOGODILO?!	NAOMI! WHAT HAPPENED?
T-TAMO ... TAMO!	O-OVER THERE!
NAOMI ... ZAR TI NISI JOŠ JUČER BILA POPRILIČNO TRUDNA? NISI VALJDA IMALA SPONTANI ...	NAOMI, WEREN'T YOU QUITE PREGNANT JUST YESTERDAY? I HOPE YOU DIDN'T HAVE A MISCARRIAGE ...
NISAM, MARTINA ... NISAM. POGLEDAJ TAMO!	NO, MARTINA ... I DIDN'T. LOOK OVER THERE!
DIJETE? ČIJE JE OVO DIJETE?	A BABY? WHOSE BABY IS THIS?
O TOME TI PRIČAM! MISLIM ... MISLIM DA JE MOJE!	THAT'S WHAT I'M TALKING ABOUT... I THINK IT'S MINE!
TVOJE? OVAJ DJEČAČIĆ IMA BAREM ŠEST MJESECI! AKO SI JOŠ JUČER BILA TRUDNA ...	YOURS? THIS BOY IS AT LEAST SIX MONTHS OLD! IF YOU WERE PREGNANT JUST YESTERDAY...
ZNAM, MARTINA, ZNAM! ŠTO SE OVDJE DOGAĐA?!	I KNOW, MARTINA, I KNOW! WHAT IS GOING ON?
VAN! NESTANI!	GET OUT! LEAVE!
AJ!	OUCH!

GOVORI! TKO SI TI I ŠTO SI UČINIO NAŠOJ PRIJATELJICI LINDI LEE!	WHO ARE YOU AND WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO OUR FRIEND LINDA LEE?
ZAR SE TAKO ZOVE? NIKAD JE U ŽIVOTU NISAM VIDIO, A SADA ...	THAT'S HER NAME? I NEVER SAW HER BEFORE, AND NOW ...
... SADA IZGLEDA KAKO SMO VJENČANI!	... NOW IT LOOKS LIKE WE'RE MARRIED!
POMETNJA VLADA I NA ULICI ...	THERE'S CHAOS IN THE STREETS, TOO ...
'DI MI JE KOSA? ŠTO RADIM U OVOJ UNIFORMI?	WHERE'S MY HAIR? WHY AM I WEARING THIS UNIFORM?
GDJE JE MOJ AUTO? KOJI JE?	WHERE'S MY CAR? WHICH ONE IS IT?
NISAM UDOVICA! NISAAAM!	I'M NOT A WIDOW! I'M NOOOT!
KAO ... KAO DA SE NITKO NE SJEĆA ZADNJIH MJESECI! KAO DA NAM JE IZBRISANO PAMĆENJE!	LIKE...IT'S LIKE NOBODY REMEMBERS THE LAST FEW MONTHS! LIKE OUR MEMORY WAS ERASED!
NE, NEŠTO JOŠ GORE JE POSRIJEDI, A MISLIM DA ZNAM I ŠTO!	NO, SOMETHING WORSE IS GOING ON, AND I THINK I KNOW WHAT!
KAMO IDEMO, MARTINA?	WHERE ARE WE GOING?
DO ZVJEZDARNICE , TAMO RADI MOJ PRIJATELJ NEAL.	TO THE OBSERVATORY , MY FRIEND NEAL WORKS THERE.
ZVJEZDARNICA? ZAR ĆE TAMO ZNATI ZAŠTO SE NE SJEĆAM ZADNJIH ŠEST MJESECI?	THE OBSERVATORY? WILL THEY KNOW WHY I DON'T REMEMBER THE LAST SIX MONTHS?
NI KORAKA DALJE, GOSPOĐO! OVO JE ZABRANJENA ZONA!	STOP RIGHT THERE, MA'AM! THIS IS A RESTRICTED AREA!
SNIJEG PADA USRED LJETA! NIČEG SE NE SJEĆAMO! PUSTI NAS DO ZVJEZDARNICE!	IT'S SNOWING IN THE MIDDLE OF SUMMER! WE DON'T REMEMBER ANYTHING! LET US IN!
ZAR TEBE NE BRINE RUPA U PAMĆENJU, MOMČE?	AREN'T YOU WORRIED ABOUT YOUR MEMORY, BOY?
NE ZNAM O ČEMU GOVORITE, GOSPOĐO. JUČER SAM BIO VOJNIK, DANAS SAM VOJNIK ...	I DON'T UNDERSTAND, MA'AM. I WAS A SOLDIER YESTERDAY, I AM ONE TODAY ...
... I SUTRA ĆEŠ BITI, SHVATILA SAM. USPUT ... GOSPOĐICA SAM!	... AND YOU'LL BE ONE TOMORROW, I GOT IT. ALSO IT'S MISS!

HAJDEMO, NAOMI! TREBA MI KAVA, VIDJELA SAM RESTORAN U BLIZINI.	LET'S GO, NAOMI! I NEED COFFEE AND I SAW A CAFE NEARBY.
KAKO BILO, OVO JE SAMO POTVRDILO MOJE PRETPOSTAVKE!	ANYWAY, THIS JUST CONFIRMED MY SUSPICIONS ...
DVAPUT FRAPPUCCINO VENTI, MOLIM. JEDNOM DECAF VANILIJA I JEDNOM ...	TWO VENTI FRAPPUCCINOS, PLEASE. ONE DECAF VANILLA AND ONE ...
MARTINA MJESEC , JESI LI TO TI?	MARTINA MOON , IS THAT YOU?
NEAL!	NEAL!
NAOMI, OVO JE MOJ PRIJATELJ NEAL – ONAJ KOJEG SMO POŠLI VIDJETI U ZVJEZDARNICU!	NAOMI, THIS IS MY FRIEND NEAL - THE ONE WE WERE MEETING AT THE OBSERVATORY!
DOŠLA SI ME VIDJETI? DAKLE, SIGURNO SI POSUMNJALA ...	YOU CAME TO SEE ME? SO YOU MUST'VE THOUGHT ...
BOJIM SE DA JESAM ... NETKO NAM JE SVIMA UKRAO ŠEST MJESECI ŽIVOTA , ZAR NE?	I'M AFRAID SO ... SOMEONE STOLE SIX MONTHS OF OUR LIVES , RIGHT?
UKRAO NAM ŠEST MJESECI? MISLILA SAM DA IH SE SAMO NE SJEĆAM?	STOLE SIX MONTHS? I THOUGHT I JUST DIDN'T REMEMBER THEM?
AMNEZIJA OBIČNO IMA ORGANSKE UZROKE I JASNE SIMPTOME, A KAKO IH NITKO OD NAS NE SPOMINJE ...	AMNESIA USUALLY HAS ORGANIC CAUSES AND CLEAR SYMPTOMS, AND SINCE NO ONE IS MENTIONING THOSE...
NEDOSTAJE NAM KOMAD VREMENA – UMJESTO U KOLOVOZU, U VELJAČI SMO!	A CHUNK OF TIME IS MISSING - INSTEAD OF AUGUST, WE'RE IN FEBRUARY!
PO NEBU JE JASNO DA SMO U ZIMI ... PITAM SE KAKO JE NA POLUTKI GDJE SE PROMJENA DOGODILA DANJU, ALI VEZE OD JUTROS NE RADE ...	THE SKY SHOWS IT'S WINTER ... I WONDER WHAT IT'S LIKE IN THE HEMISPHERE WHERE THE CHANGE HAPPENED IN DAYTIME, BUT OUR LINKS ARE DOWN...
ENO GA, TAMO JE!	THERE HE IS!
NEAL WELLINGTON? A VAŠE PRIJATELJICE? RADE LI I ONE U ZVJEZDARNICI?	NEAL WELLINGTON? AND YOUR FRIENDS? DO THEY WORK AT THE OBSERVATORY , TOO?
MOLIM ...? A, NE, OVO SU MI SAMO ZNANICE IZ KAFIĆA ...	WHAT ...? OH, NO, I JUST MET THEM HERE ...

NEAL NAM JE BAŠ PRIČAO KAKO SNIJEG NIJE POSLJEDICA KLIMATSKOG POREMEĆAJA VEĆ DA SMO ZAISTA U VELJAČI! ZAMISLITE SAMO!	NEAL WAS JUST TELLING US HOW THE SNOW ISN'T A CLIMATE DISRUPTION, WE'RE ACTUALLY IN FEBRUARY! CAN YOU IMAGINE?
U TOM SLUČAJU ĆETE I VI MORATI S NAMA, GOSPOĐO.	IN THAT CASE, YOU'RE COMING WITH US, TOO, MA'AM.
ZAŠTO, MARTINA? ŽELIO SAM VAS ZAŠTITITI ...	WHY DID YOU DO THAT? I WAS TRYING TO PROTECT YOU...
ZNAŠ ME, NEAL. ODGOVORI SU MI VAŽNIJI OD SIGURNOSTI.	YOU KNOW ME, NEAL. ANSWERS ARE MORE IMPORTANT THAN SAFETY.
A, TU JE NAŠ ODLUTALI ASTRONOM! HAJDE NEKA JOŠ I TEBI OBJASNIM KAKO O SVEMU ŠTO ZNAŠ MORAŠ DRŽATI ZAČEPLJENU GUBICU PA MOGU IZ OVE RUPE!	OH, THERE'S OUR WANDERING ASTRONOMER! LET ME BE CLEAR, YOU HAVE TO KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT ABOUT EVERYTHING! AND NOW I CAN GET OUT OF HERE!
GOSPODINE PUKOVNIČE, OVO JE KRAJNJE NEPROPISNO!	COLONEL, SIR, THIS IS AGAINST THE REGULATIONS!
DRŽAVNA TAJNA JE POSVE PO PROPISU ... GOSPODINE.	THE GOVERNMENT SECRET IS NOT AT ALL ... SIR.
BIT ĆEŠ TIHO ILI ĆEŠ BITI U ZATVORU ZBOG ... MA, NAĆI ĆE SE NEŠTO ... ZBOG RUŽNIH NAOČALA, NA PRIMJER! JASNO?	YOU'LL KEEP QUIET OR GO TO JAIL FOR ... WELL, WE'LL FIND SOMETHING ... FOR UGLY GLASSES! IS THAT CLEAR?
NIJE!	NO!
NISTE ME SHVATILI, GOSPOĐO, JA PREDSTAVLJAM VLADU SJEDINJENIH DRŽAVA I ...	MA'AM, YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND. I REPRESENT THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT ...
A JA PREDSTAVLJAM SEBE I ŽELIM ZNATI ŠTO SE DOGODILO SA ŠEST MJESECI MOGA ŽIVOTA! ?	AND I REPRESENT MYSELF AND I WANT TO KNOW WHAT HAPPENED TO SIX MONTHS OF MY LIFE! ?
I GOSPOĐICA SAM!	AND IT'S MISS!
MA, ZAR TO NIJE ČUVENA MARTINA MJESEC? ! MOGU REĆI DA MI JE BAŠ DRAGO ...	OH, ISN'T IT THE FAMOUS MARTINA MOON? I MUST SAY, IT'S A PLEASURE ...
... TE DA VAŠIH ŠEST MJESECI ČUVAM ZA SEBE.	... AND I'M KEEPING YOUR SIX MONTHS TO MYSELF.
PRAVI SAM FAN , ŠTO ĆETE?	I'M A HUGE FAN , YOU SEE.

6.2 Commentary and analysis

Instead of following the same structure as in previous chapters and analyzing the translation by Newmark's levels, this analysis will focus on the challenges that are specific for translating comics, as the linguistic side of the text is mostly informal and was easy to translate.

The first and most difficult issue to deal with is the character limit. Namely, every comic has a set number of speech bubbles with a set size, meaning that the translation will also have to fit into the same speech bubble. There are two options for dealing with this problem. On the one hand, the translator has the option of making the font smaller, however, this process can lead to a product with a font that cannot be easily read, which then creates another problem instead of solving one. On the other hand, the translator can decide to cut some parts out, which is also a difficult task, as it can be unclear which information is essential and which is not. For instance, I first translated the bubble "PO NEBU JE JASNO DA SMO U ZIMI... PITAM SE KAKO JE NA POLUTKI GDJE SE PROMJENA DOGODILA DANJU, ALI VEZE OD JUTROS NE RADE..." with 30 characters more than the ST, which meant that something had to be omitted to make it fit. I figured that the temporal adverbial *od jutros* is not essential information for the bubble so it was omitted, which saved 13 characters, but there is still a ca. 10-character difference between the ST and TT, which unfortunately cannot be evened out.

Another possible issue is the fact that achieving naturalness in a comic can be much more difficult than in a scientific paper, for instance, as the latter generally always follows the same strict structure, there are desirable phrases and those to avoid, everything has a pattern, whereas comics are much freer as they mostly employ everyday language and are full of colloquialisms, idioms, but are usually as simply put as possible. Hence, it is important not just to translate, but to visualize the situation in the target language and try to figure out what the characters might say. For instance, when the soldier stops Martina and Naomi on their way to

the observatory, he says “NI KORAKA DALJE, GOSPOĐO! OVO JE ZABRANJENA ZONA!”. A literal translation would read “NOT A STEP FURTHER, MRS! THIS IS A FORBIDDEN ZONE!”, where none of the elements are right for this sentence. Starting with *ni koraka dalje*, although *not a step further* is not inherently incorrect, I would imagine a soldier would probably rather say *stop right there*, and he would definitely use the title *Ma’am* when speaking to another woman. As for *zabranjena zona*, it is again important to remember that this sentence is said by a soldier, who would use a military term or at least a specific collocation, in this case, *restricted area*.

I took more creative liberty with the segments than with any other translation, as comics seem to be very forgiving, since most of the story and context comes from the images and not the text. For instance, in the 11th frame, Martina says “GOVORI!”, which can be translated as “SPEAK!”, but this is not something any native speaker would say, especially not at the beginning of their utterance, and before posing the question. Therefore, this speech bubble would be improved if that part was omitted, and it read “WHO ARE YOU AND WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO OUR FRIEND LINDA LEE?”. Similarly, I intervened in the speech bubbles “NE ZNAM O ČEMU GOVORITE, GOSPOĐO. JUČER SAM BIO VOJNIK, DANAS SAM VOJNIK ...” and “... I SUTRA ĆEŠ BITI, SHVATILA SAM.” where, instead of repeating the word *soldier* I used the pronoun *one*. Moreover, *shvatila sam* can be translated as *I understand*, but considering that it is an informal text, I opted for the informal saying *I got it*. Finally, the segment I changed the most is the bubble “MOLIM ...? A, NE, OVO SU MI SAMO ZNANICE IZ KAFIĆA ...”. This utterance has two major issues; firstly, *znanice* can maybe work in Croatian, but translating that word into English, e.g. *acquaintances* has too many characters. The other issue is that first a restaurant is mentioned, and then Neal calls it a café. Based on their order, I used the word *café* at the first mention, and I changed the bubble to sound normal in English, i.e. “WHAT ...? OH, NO, I JUST MET THEM HERE ...”

7 Source text 5 – Ivan Kušan's *Ljubav ili smrt*

- Ja mislim da mogu. ?
– Misliti je drek znati – rekao je Zlatko.

Baš me briga za Zlatkovo mišljenje. Ja ne želim da o meni više piše Ivan Kušan i njemu slični. Dosta mi je njihovih gluposti. Što taj Kušan zna o meni? Da se češem lijevom rukom iza desnoga uha? Bez veze, a nije ni istina. Da obožavam punjene paprike? Fuj!

Ja se ne mislim (bar ne tako brzo) baciti pod vlak, jer znam da me čeka najveća pustolovina moga života. Drukčija od onih koje opisuje Kušan u svojim knjigama. On je jedan stari dripac, njemu je dosadno, pa je zato i sam dosadan. Moj će roman biti čisto drukčiji.

- Još te drži nogomet, Koko? — upitao je Zlatko.
– Ti ne voliš nogomet i zato misliš da se njime bave samo imbacili — odvratio sam ljuto.
– Misliš valjda *imbecili* — smijao se on opet.

Neću s njim trošiti riječi. Približava se utakmica moga »Zelenoga Vrh« protiv momčadi »Crvenoga gusara«. To je polufinale juniorskoga prvenstva sjeveroistočne prigradske zone. Nadam se da ćemo ući u finale. Ja sam već zvijezda (golmanska), pa je Zlatko možda i pomalo zavidan.

- A ljubav? — pitao je Zlatko.

Ljubav? Što on zna o ljubavi, cvikeraš jedan štrkljavi? Bio je zapan u Emicu, ali ona bira s kim će hodati. Mene, recimo, ona uopće ne zanima. Mene ne zanima nijedna cura od onih koje poznajem. Takav sam. Ja čekam onu pravu. Ⓢ

- Ti čekaš svoju Dulčinijemu? Koko, ha? — smijao se opet Zlatko. Njemu je danas smiješno sve u svezi sa mnom.
– Zašto se bacila? — upitao sam ga.
– Tko?
– Pa ta tvoja Ana, što je bila zaljubljena u konje.
– Ana Karenjina? Ubila se, jer drugoga izlaza za nju nije bilo. Bila je vezana.
– Pa kako se bacila ako je bila vezana?
Zlatko se smijao kao lud.

?

pisac

valjda
Dulcine

— Pa nije bila vezana lancima. Joj, Koko, ti ništa ne čitaš! Bila je sputana okovima groznoga braka.

Ako ne čitam, ja zato pišem, moj Zlatko. Ako ne uspijem kao golman, uspjeh ću kao pisac, ipak je to lakše. A osim toga sam pun osjećaja, za razliku od mnogih.

Zlatko je htio uzeti bilježnicu u koju sam zasada upisao samo broj 1. Prvo poglavlje romana. U tome ću prvome poglavlju zapisati ovaj moj razgovor s njim. A poslije toga dolazi tragedija, osjećam. (1)

— Tko je Dulčinijema? — upitao sam.

— Dulsineja je idealna ljubav hrabroga viteza Don Kihota od Manče. Toliko divna i savršena djevojka da je pitanje da li je uopće postojala ili ju je izmislio Ser Vantes, pisac romana. Njemu se ionako činilo da je cijeli život samo borba protiv vjetrenjača.

— Krasan pisac koji izmišlja svoje junake! — rekao sam oštro. — Kako je završila ta Dulčinijema? Da se nije bacila pod vjetrenjaču?

Sad sam se ja smijao kao mutav. Zlatko je bijesno ustao i zalupio »Anu Karenjinu« sebi po prstima. Gledao me prezirno.

— Ti nisi zaslužio da Ser Vantesu ni cipele čistiš.

Kako on zna da bih ja uopće želio takvome lažljivcu čistiti cipele? Neka mu ih čisti njegova izmišljena Dulčinijema, ili kako se već zove!

Zlatko je zalupio zubima i vratima.

Ostao sam sâm kao pravi pisac.

Osjećao sam da se strašni i divni događaji strašno i divno približavaju. Pomaknuo sam stol do prozora i upalio stolnu lampu. Promatrao sam granu bagrema pred prozorom. (Cijeli glupi opis moje sobe i bezveznoga bagrema imate u knjizi »Koko i duhovi«, poglavlje 11. Tko voli.) Ali što sad? Umoran sam. O čemu da pišem? Počešao sam se lijevom rukom iza desnog uha.

Znao sam da sutra počinje. (Drugo poglavlje.)

4. Pred vratima raja

Marijana je dotrčala za mnom.

— Treba angažirati i Maricu. Ona može sve ispipati od Mikija.

— Moju sestru?

Nikada mi još nije palo na pamet da bi moja sestra nekome mogla biti od koristi. Slegnuo sam ramenima. Žurilo mi se.

S druge strane ulice mahnuo nam je Miki. Pojavio se u pravi čas. Baš kao da nešto sluti. Kakve se njemu djevojke sviđaju? U koju se on to zacopao?

Marijana je rekla:

— Od tebe samo tražim, zato što vam pomažem, da me... spojiš sa Žoharom. Vrijedi?

Pogledao sam je. Bila je crvena kao Zlatko maločas. Nisam uspio ni razmisliti što to znači »spojiti«, jer je Miki već prelazio ulicu prema nama.

— Bok, škvadra — rekao je.

— Je li se tebi sviđaju crнке? — upitao sam ga ravno u rebra.

— Crne? — suzio je on svoje kose oči. — Pa crne su glavne fore.

Osobito ako imaju dugu crnu dlaku i crne okice, pa samo ovako trepću...

Počeo je tako blesavo treptati da sam ga skoro ~~X~~nokautirao.

— Gdje si bio? — zapitala ga je lukava Marijana.

— Ja? Jesi jedna! Pa u cirkusu, gdje bih bio? Ja sam uvijek u cirkusu.

I sada, s vama, majmunima.

Počeo se divljački smijati i skakati kao čimpanza. Tako nešto odvratno nisam vidio. Nije mi se sviđalo kako je na brzinu odmah zagrizao za crнке. Njega bi ipak trebalo zatući. Šteta što mi se žurilo.

što je "škvadra"

nema "k"

Htio sam ga upitati da li pozna Anu Moser, ali je dobro da sam se svladao. A i Marijana mi je namignula i uhvatila ga ispod ruke. Da znam da je u njenim špijunskim pandžama.

— Pozdravi Žohara — rekla je Marijana na rastanku i opet pocrvenjela kao Zlatko.

Dok je ona odvodila Mikija natrag prema našoj ulici, ja sam brzo krenuo prema trgu. Žohar? Koga će joj sad vruga i Žohar? Žohar jest moj prijatelj sa Zelenoga Vrha i igramo u istoj momčadi, ali što će nam sad još i Žohar?

Ubrzo sam stigao u centar svijeta, na Kvaternikov trg. Htio sam još svratiti do male prodavačice u robnu kuću, ali sam radije prvo skrenuo u telefonsku govornicu.

Imao sam sreću. Dio telefonskoga imenika sa slovima MO nije još bio istrgnut. Dečki su očito brisali ~~X~~ samo do slova K.

Upro sam prstom u jedino prezime Moser u knjizi. Ivan Moser. Piše se sa S. U našem jeziku nikad ne znaš. To je sigurno sin slavnoga golmana Franje Mosera — Anin stari. Adresa: Kvaternikov trg br. 3. Kuća točno preko puta govornice. To ne bi ni Kušan smislio, tako nešto jednostavno.

Zaboravio sam da tuda prolazi i tramvaj, ali vozač tramvaja br. 11 sigurno nije zaboravio taj dan (u 16, 35) kad kočnice njegovih kola nisu zakazale. Ni putnici koji su popadali kao domine. Preko pruge je, naime, pretrčao neki mladi manijak i skoro pao pod tramvaj. To sam bio ja. Ali nisam jurio bez veze, imao sam cilj: Aninu kuću.

Pogledao sam zvonca na ulaznim vratima. U kući su bila tri stanara. Neka dva kretena i — Moser. → *veže*

Otvorio sam vrata haustora i ušao. Srce mi je lupalo. Na prstima sam se popeo do vrata na prvome katu i napeto osluškivao. Stajao sam na vrscima prstiju, spreman da sjurim niza stubište ako se začuje neki sumnjivi šum.

Zar je moguće da sam ja na nekoliko koračaja od stana Ane Moser? (Na vratima je velikim zlatnim slovima pisalo: FRANJO MOSER, sigurno je to djedov stan.) Možda sam svega 1,5 m daleko od Aninih kućnih

stranijicu

8. 5:1

Nema Anina odgovora na moje pismo. Je li ona tako okrutna ili je prefin, pa neće pokazati koliko joj je stalo do mene? A iz njenoga dubokoga pogleda jasno se vidjelo koliko joj je stalo. Sigurno je svemu kriva pošta. Ili neki nepoznati neprijatelj, zaljubljen u nju, koji se domogao pisma?

Zlatko se posve povukao i čita samo neke tužne knjige. Ona koju sad čita zove se »Jadi maloga vrtlara«. S njime se ne da uopće razgovarati.

Nije mi palo na pamet da ga tražim zbog Emice. Nisam vjerovao da bi mi ona, kao protuuslugu, mogla reći išta značajno.

Potpuno sam se posvetio nogometu. Gotovo sam se preselio na Zelenu Vrh. Trenirali smo non-stop. Sanjao sam o peharu koji će mi uručiti Franjo Moser. Na terenu sam uvijek bio najvredniji. Možda i zbog toga da Žohara imam stalno na oku. On se nije micao sa Zelenoga Vrh.

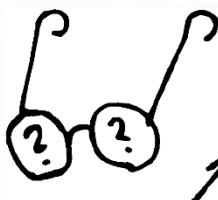
Došao je dan polufinalne utakmice s ekipom »Crvenoga gusara«.

Gorio sam od želje da se iskažem na голу. Potajno sam se nadao da će se pojaviti i Ana Moser. U pismu sam je pozvao. Ali nije došla. Ništa, Koko zna biti strpljiv.

»Gusari« su bili dobri tehničari, ali u kondiciji i taktici nisu mogli s nama. Cijeli brijeg je odjekivao: — Zeleni, zeleni! — Naši zeleni dresovi su lepršali kao zeleni leptiri koje ne možeš uhvatiti ni za glavu ni za rep. Ja sam bio pantera bez posla, ali sam neprestano stajao na vršcima prstiju kao pred vratima Ane Moser.

Na istočnoj strani najglasniji su bili Marijana i Božo. Zlatko, naravno, nije došao, pa je i Emica očito počela prezirati nogomet. Ni nje nije bilo, ali baš me briga. Ona se previše pravi važna i uvijek bira dečke.

22. Zelenooko čudovište



Otkada Zlatko nosi naočale? Mislim da ih u mojim knjigama nije nosio...

Zlatko je bio zagonetan kao svi cykeraši. Pokazao mi je na svome stolu jedan papir a onda ga brzo pokrio.

Uspio sam samo primijetiti da je na papiru velika kružnica a po njoj ispisana neka imena. Čini mi se da sam vidio i svoje: Koko. Ali tu su još bili i Melita, Zlatko, Marijana i još neki. Drugo nisam stigao pročitati. Smuča mi se kad vidim Melitino ime. Nje mi je sad zbilja dosta.

— Još nije vrijeme — rekao je Zlatko. — Fale mi još neki podaci.

— A što ti je to?

— Bit će to, kako da kažem, znanstveni, geometrijski tlocrt ljubavne igre u kojoj, Koko, mi svi sudjelujemo.

Naravno da ništa nisam razumio. A i imao sam prećih briga nego da se bavim nekom ljubavnom geometrijom. Moja je geometrija bila duboko u mom srcu, da tako to fino rečem.

— Ti previše čitaš te vrtlarske knjige — rekao sam.

— Kakve vrtlarske knjige?

— Pa sam si mi rekao. »Jadi maloga vrtlara«.

Zlatko je prasnuo u smijeh i pokazao mi tu knjigu. Zapravo se zvala: »Jadi mladoga Werthera«. Pa što? Isti vrag.

— Moraš pročitati »Anu Karenjinu« — uporno mi je gurao Zlatko u ruke debelu knjigu. — Prvo pročitaj poglavlje o konjskim trkama, da dobiješ volju. Kako je Vronski jahao pred svojom Anom. To upravo sad i tebe čeka. Na utakmici u nedjelju...

Zgrabio sam knjigu. Zlatko mi je pokazao poglavlje. Dvadeset i peto. Sad sam tek shvatio da bi Ana (ne Karenjina) zaista mogla doći na utakmicu. S djedom, slavnim golmanom Franjom Moserom! Najradije bih

AHA!
TU SMO
Gotovo je
vrtlarim

je Marica bacila u zahod jer se ukiselio. Ne smeta. Griotte će mi dati dovoljno snage.

Pristupio mi je Zlatko. Nisam se uopće nadao da će doći na utakmicu. Znao sam da duboko prezire nogomet, pa sam bio dirnut. To se zove drug.

— Ja neću ostati na utakmici — rekao je Zlatko. — Idem na jezero da gledam regatu, to je plemenitiji sport.

To se zove poznavati staroga druga. Šutio sam.

— Gdje je Miki? — upitao me. — Da nije u karanteni?

Regata, karantena! Ne može Zlatko bez španjolskih riječi. Ali dobro sluti da se Miki negdje skriva.

— Nisi pročitao poglavlje o konjskim trkama? — nastavi on baš kao da mi je posudio onu knjigu. — Šteta! Jer ti si sada u ulozi grofa Vronskog. Lopta je za tebe što je za njega bila kobila Fru-Fru. A jedan i drugi imate svoju Anu među publikom.

Ako Ana dođe, pomislio sam gorko. Još jučer sam mu ispričao sve o dnevniku Ane Moser. On mi je savjetovao da se jako koncentriram na nju i da je pokušam dozvati svojim mislima. Rekao mi je, na španjolskome, da se taj način zove tele-opatija, a znanost da se zove parna psihologija. → PARAPSIHOLOGIJA.

Pokušao sam i to. Mislio sam u krevetu tako jako o Ani da sam se oznojio. Ali sam se sjetio i savjeta tete Ruže, pa sam zvao u pomoć i svetoga Antu padobranskoga, neka mi odozgo spusti Anu na tribine. Pa što bude. PADOVANSKOGA

Ipak me jedno pitanje mučilo: tko je ono bio pred vratima Anina stana? Je li to ona došla s nekim? S kime? S nekim zelenookim čudovištem o kojem mi je pričao Zlatko?

Zlatko mi je poželio uspjeh i odgegao se na svojim dugačkim nogama. Oko vrata mu se ljuljao dalekozor. Prošao je u velikom luku oko Marijane i Emice. Pravio se da cure i ne vidi, a Marijana se pravila da ne vidi njega. Emica nije.

— Idemo polako u svlačionice — rekao je Žohar.

Ja sam razmišljao o Mikiju. Sada valjda nije u cirkusu? Valjda ne tre-

! telepatija

me kaže se KONCENTRACIJA

grozna stranica!

7.1 Translation of source text 5

“I think I can”.

“Thinking and knowing are two different things,” said Zlatko.

I don't care what Zlatko thinks. I don't want Ivan Kušan and others like him to write about me anymore. I'm tired of their crap. What does this Kušan know about me? That I scratch behind my right ear with my left hand? It doesn't matter, and it's not true either. That I love stuffed peppers? Yuck!



I don't plan to jump in front of a train (at least not anytime soon), because I know that the greatest adventure of my life awaits me. Different from those Kušan describes in his books. He's an old jerk and he's bored, so he's boring himself. My novel will be totally different.

“You're still into football, Koko?” Zlatko asked.

“You don't like football, so you think everyone who plays football is an imbacile,” I replied angrily.

“You mean *imbecile*,” he was laughing again.

I will not waste words on him. The game between my “Green Hill” team against the “Red Pirate” team is coming up. It's the semifinals of the Northeast Suburban Junior Championship. I hope we make it to the finals. I'm already a star (goalie), so Zlatko may be a bit envious.

“And love?” Zlatko asked.

Love? What does he know about love, the scrawny four-eyes? He had a crush on Emica, but she is picky about who she dates. For example, I'm not interested in her at all. I'm not interested in any of the girls I know. That's just the way I am. I'm waiting for the right one. (!)

“You're waiting for your Dullseenea, aren't you?” Zlatko laughed again.

He finds everything about me funny today.

“Why did she jump?” I asked him.

“Who?”

“Well, that Anna of yours, the one who loved horses.”

“Anna Karenina? She killed herself because there was no other way out for her. She was tied up.”

“So how did she jump if she was tied up?”

Zlatko laughed like crazy.

You mean
Dulcinea?

“Well, she wasn't chained. Oh, Koko, you never read! She was bound by the shackles of a terrible marriage.”

If I don't read, then I write, my dear Zlatko. If I fail as a goalie, I will succeed as a writer, it is easier anyway. And besides, I'm full of emotions, unlike many.

Zlatko wanted to take the notebook in which I have written only the number '1' so far.

The first chapter of the novel. That first chapter will contain this conversation I had with him. And after that comes tragedy, I can feel it.

“Who is Dullseenea?” I asked.



“Dulcinea is the ideal love of the brave knight Don Quixote of Mancha. She is such a wonderful and perfect girl that it's questionable whether she even existed, or she was invented by Sir Vantes, the author of the novel. He thought his whole life was just a fight against windmills anyway.”

“A great writer who invents his heroes!” I said sharply. “How did that Dullseenea end up? Did she jump in front of a windmill?”

Now I was laughing like a fool. Zlatko got up angrily and caught his fingers in “Anna Karenina”. He looked at me with contempt.

“You don't even deserve to clean Sir Vantes' shoes.”

Cervantes!

Why does he think that I would even want to clean the shoes of such a liar? Let his imaginary Dullseenea clean them, or whatever her name was!

Zlatko slammed both his teeth and the door.

I was left alone, just like a real writer.

I felt that terrible and wonderful events were coming up terribly and wonderfully. I moved my table to the window and turned on the table lamp. I watched an acacia branch in front of the window. (You can find the whole stupid description of my room and the silly acacia tree in “Koko and the Ghosts”, Chapter 11. If you want to.) So, what now? I'm tired. What should I write about? I scratched behind my right ear with my left hand.

I knew it starts tomorrow. (Chapter Two)

4. At Heaven's Gate

Marijana came running after me.

“We should hire Marica, too. She can find *everything* out from Miki.”

“My sister?”

I never thought my sister could be of any use to anyone. I shrugged. I was in a hurry.

Miki waved at us from across the street. He showed up at the perfect time. Like he had a gut feeling. What kind of girls does he like? *Who* does he have a crush on?

Marijana said:

“And since I'm helping you, I just want you to... match me with Žohar. Ok?”

I looked at her. She was as red as Zlatko was a moment ago. I couldn't even think about what “match” meant because Miki was already crossing the street and coming toward us.

“Hi, guys,” he said.

“Do you like brunettes?” I asked him straight.

“Brunettes?” He narrowed his slanted eyes. “Well, brunettes are the best. Especially if they have long dark hair and dark eyes, and just keep batting their eyes like this...”

He started blinking so silly that I almost nocked him out.

“Where were you?” the sly Marijana asked him.

“Me? You are pathetic! At the circus, where else would I be? I'm always at the circus. Now, too, with you monkeys.”

He started laughing wildly and jumping like a chimp. I have never seen anything so disgusting. I didn't like how quickly he fell for brunettes. Someone should beat him up after all. Too bad I was in a hurry.

*It's written
with a 'k'*

I wanted to ask him if he knew Ana Moser, but I thankfully held back. And also Marijana winked at me and grabbed him by the arm. So that I know that he's in her spy claws.

"Say 'hi' to Žohar," Marijana said as she was leaving and blushed like Zlatko again.

As she led Miki back toward our street, I hurried toward the square. Žohar? What the hell does she want with Žohar, too? Žohar is my friend from Green Hill and we play in the same team, but why do we need him now, too?

I soon arrived in the center of the world, on Kvaternik Square. I wanted to stop by the little salesgirl at the department store, but went to a phone booth first.

I was lucky. The part of the phonebook with the letters MO hasn't been torn out yet. I guess the boys wiped their ~~asses~~ only to the letter K.

I pointed my finger at the only Moser in the book. Ivan Moser. It is written with an S. In our language, you never know. He must be the son of the famous goalkeeper Franjo Moser – Ana's old man. Address: Kvaternik Square no. 3. The house right across from the booth. Not even Kušan would think of that, something so simple.

I forgot that the tram also passes there, but the driver of the tram no. 11 certainly didn't forget that day (at 16:35) when the brakes of the tram *didn't* fail. Nor did the passengers who fell like dominoes. Namely, some young maniac ran across the railway and almost fell under the tram. That was me. But I wasn't running around for no reason, I had a goal: Ana's house.

I looked at the doorbell. Three people lived in the house. Some two jerks and – *Moser*.

I opened the lobby door and went in. My heart was pounding. I tiptoed to the door on the first floor and listened intently. I was on my tiptoes, ready to rush down the stairs if I heard any suspicious noise.

Is it possible that I am just a few steps away from the apartment of Ana Moser? (In large gold letters, the door read: FRANJO MOSER; it must be her grandfather's apartment.)

behinds

8. 5:1

Ana never responded to my letter. Is she so cruel or is she so refined that she won't show how much she cares about me? Her deep gaze made it clear how much she cared. The postal service must be at fault for everything. Or some unknown enemy who is in love with her and got hold of the letter?

Zlatko became withdrawn and only reads sad books. The one he is reading now is called "The Sorry's of Young Are Worth It". You can't talk to him at all.

What book
is that???

It never occurred to me to look for him because of Emica. I didn't believe she could, in return, tell me anything significant.

I devoted all my time to football. I basically moved to Green Hill. We trained non-stop. I dreamed of the trophy being handed to me by Franjo Moser. I have always been the most valuable on the field. Maybe it's because I keep an eye on Žohar. He was always at Green Hill.

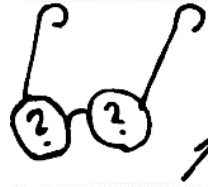
The day of the semi-final match with the "Red Pirate" team has come.

I was burning with the desire to demonstrate my talent as a goalie. I secretly hoped that Ana Moser would also show up. I invited her in the letter. But she didn't come. Well, Koko can be patient.

"The Pirates" had good technique, but when it comes to physical fitness and tactics, they were no match for us. The whole hill echoed "Green, green!" Our green jerseys fluttered like green butterflies that you couldn't grab either by their head or their tail. I was a jobless panther, but I kept standing on my tiptoes just like I did front of Ana Moser's door.

Marijana and Božo were the loudest on the east side. Zlatko, of course, did not come, and Emica obviously started to despise football, too. She wasn't there either, but I don't care. She is a show-off and always chooses guys.

22. Green-eyed Monster



Since when does Zlatko wear glasses? I don't think he wore them in my books...

Zlatko was enigmatic, like all four-eyes are. He showed me a piece of paper on his desk and then quickly covered it.

I could only notice that there was a large circle on the paper and some names written on it. I think I also saw my own: Koko. But there were also Melita, Zlatko, Marijana and some others. I didn't get to read anything else. Seeing Melita's name makes me sick. I'm really fed up with her now.

"It's not time yet," Zlatko said. "Some information is missing."

"What is that even?"

"It will be, so to speak, a scientific, geometric floor plan of the love game all of us are a part of, Koko."

I, of course, didn't understand anything. And I had bigger worries than to deal with some love geometry. My geometry was deep in my heart, to put it elegantly.

"You read those books about saying 'sorry' too much," I said.

"What books?"

"You told me yourself. 'The Sorry's of Young Are Worth It'."

Zlatko burst out laughing and showed me the book. It was actually called: "The Sorrows of Young Werther". So what? Same thing.

"You have to read 'Anna Karenina'." Zlatko kept pushing the thick book into my hands. "First read the chapter on horse racing to get into it. How Vronsky rode in front of his Anna. That is ahead of you just now. In the game on Sunday..."

I grabbed the book. Zlatko showed me the chapter. Twenty-fifth. Now I just realized that Ana (not Anna Karenina) could really come see the match. With her grandfather, the famous goalkeeper Franjo Moser!

OH!!

That's what you were talking about...

Zlatko approached me. I wasn't hoping that he would come to the match at all. I knew he deeply despised football, so I was touched. That's what I call a friend.

"I'm not staying for the game", said Zlatko. "I'm going to the lake to watch a regatta, it's a nobler sport."

That's what I call knowing an old friend. I didn't say anything.

"Where's Miki?" he asked me. "Is he in quarantine?"

Regatta, quarantine! Zlatko can't live without Spanish words. But he is right about Miki hiding somewhere.

"Haven't you read the chapter on horse racing?" he continued as if he lent me that book. "Too bad! Because you are now in the role of Count Vronsky. What his mare Frou-Frou was to him, that's what the ball is to you . And both of you have your Ana in the audience."

If Ana comes, I thought bitterly. Just yesterday I told him all about Ana Moser's diary. He told me to concentrate hard on her and try to call her with my thoughts. He told me, in Spanish, that this is called tell-apathy and the science is called pair a psychology. **PARAPSYCHOLOGY** I tried that too. I thought so much about Ana as I was in bed that I started sweating. But I also remembered my aunt Ruža's advice, so I even asked Saint Francis of a Sissy to bring Ana to the bleachers from above. Whatever happens. **ASSISI**

conCentrate
telepathy!!

Yet one question bothered me: who was that at the door of Ana's apartment? Did she come with someone? With whom? With some green-eyed monster Zlatko told me about?

Zlatko wished me success and wandered away on his long legs. Binoculars swayed around his neck. He made sure to walk far away from Marijana and Emica. He pretended not to see the girls, and Marijana pretended not to see him. Emica didn't.

This page is
awful!

7.2 Commentary and analysis

Ljubav ili smrt the most difficult translation I have had since I started translating, but also the most fun translation. Having said that, multimodality in this text is achieved through the numerous handwritten notes and comments the author leaves on the margins. Namely, the book was supposedly written by a teenager named Koko, who sent the work to Ivan Kušan for proofreading. These notes include corrections of misheard names of authors, book titles and characters, even food (earlier in the novel, he says *grehote* instead of *Griotte*), and these require a significant amount of creativity to be translated for them to sound natural and be equally funny in the target language. For instance, Koko's misheard and misspelled names include *Dulčinijema* instead of *Dulcineja*, which I would translate as *Dullseenea/Dulcinea*, i.e. a homophonic mistake; then he also uses *Ser Vantes* instead of *Cervantes*, which I translated as *Sir Vantes*. The most difficult one was *Jadi malog vrtlara*, which is hilarious in Croatian, but the best I could think of, but is also very far-fetched as a pun, is *The Sorry's of Young are Worth It*, where the *sorry's* sound somewhat similar to *sorrows*, and *worth it* to *Werther*, though I admit the pun could be a lot better. As regards *Ante padobranski*, I could not think of anything that sounded like Padua, so I would actually change the saint, i.e. I would go for Francis of Assisi, which Koko can write like *Francis of a Sissy*, which, admittedly, is vulgar as opposed to the original, but I think it is not too vulgar to be used here and sounds like something Koko might say.

Other Kušan's corrections include those regarding register, for instance, *brisali rit*, which Kušan crossed out and wrote *stražnjicu* on the right margin. This example was easy to translate, as there is a plethora of words relating to the backside in all registers, and I opted for *butt* and *behind*. However, some corrections were problematic because they refer to things that the English language does not have, for instance, synonyms for *lamp* and a vulgar version of the saying *thinking and knowing are two different things*, and grammar issues such as the common

mistake in Croatian between *zbog* and *radi*. These issues can be resolved in two ways; one could either omit these or omit them and then compensate for them somewhere else. I would go for omission for the lamp and *zbog/radi* issue, but when it comes to the saying, the sentence few rows later, *dosta mi je njihovih gluposti*, can be translated as *I'm tired of their crap*, which Kušan could then correct into *nonsense*.

The Croatian language also proved to be quite tricky when it comes to sentence structures which cannot be transposed into English in the same order. Such was the case with the sentence *s njim se ne da uopće razgovarati*. The only sentence with such structure in English I can think of would be *he can't be reasoned with*, which, of course, would not fit here; instead, I introduced the generic you to make the sentence work, i.e. *you can't talk to him at all*.

Similarly, and this issue crosses over into the referential level as well, the sentence *Gusari su bili dobri tehničari, ali u kondiciji i taktici nisu mogli s nama* seems harmless until one has to translate it, and then you realize almost none of the words have a literal translation and everything has to be reworded. So, *tehničari* refers to the fact that their technique was good, which is how I worded it in the translation; then *kondicija* is not *condition** (a possible false friend), but rather *physical fitness*, and, finally, *nisu mogli s nama* is a strange expression I never heard before, but based on the context, I believe it just means that Koko's team is a lot better than the other team, which I then translated with the phrase *no match for* to add some color to the translation, and the translation then reads *"The Pirates" had good technique, but when it comes to physical fitness and tactics, they were no match for us*.

One reference I find particularly interesting was the word *crnka*. This term is one of the most common terms in Croatian used to describe a woman and her hair color, the others being *plavuša* and *crvenokosa*. On the other hand, English uses the terms *blonde*, *redhead* and *brunette* as the basic descriptors for women, there is no mention of black hair, and if there is,

it usually refers to African-American hair. What led me to my translation was the age-old dilemma among men, which is *plavuše* vs. *crnke*, which is not culture-specific and exists in the Anglophone world, but in the form of *blondes* vs. *brunettes*. For this reason, i.e. for being much more common in everyday life, I opted for *brunettes* as a translation for *crnke* instead of being literal, but also because the sentence works best with a one-word noun, instead of using an entire phrase, such as *girls with (jet) black hair*.

As regards naturalness and culture-specific terms, only one term cropped up in the chosen pages, specifically, *Kvaternikov trg*. Here, I had several options; I could either domesticate it, but this seems problematic as I have not domesticated other elements from the story, like the characters and their names, and it is problematic since, in that case, I would need to know (or choose) the target country to be able to domesticate it. Another option would be to leave it in the text, and then add a footnote explaining that this is a square in Zagreb, but having footnotes in novels, especially books for children, seems wrong. For this reason, I realized that the best course of action is to just leave it as is, i.e. write *Kvaternik Square* as all other options have their drawbacks.

The most difficult translation issue regarding this text were the names of the characters. Considering that this is a children's book, it would be wise to translate the names so that the readers can understand and pronounce the names, which is particularly important when dealing with names with diacritics, as well as names that also mean other things, such as *Žohar*. The draft first contained original names, but then my mentor suggested I should translate the names, particularly because of *Žohar*. Hence, I made the list of proper names that appear in the excerpts, and it seemed that the names can be divided into three categories: names that have a near equivalent, names without an equivalent and nicknames. The first category includes names like *Emica*, *Miki*, *Ruža* and *Ana*, and these names can easily be translated, i.e. *Emmy* (or *Emma*), *Mickey*, *Rose*, *Anna*. But then the second and third category are the real problem. The

former includes names like Zlatko and Božo, for which I could not find equivalents and which would then have to be replaced by other names. The latter category includes Žohar and Koko, which comes from Ratko. The options are to translate, i.e. Roach and Coco/Koko, but both versions for Koko are girl names, and if I were to translate names, Ratko would have to be replaced by some other name, and then the nickname would no longer make sense. Moreover, if we consider diacritics as the main motivator for changing the names, even the author's name becomes a problem as Koko mentions him on the first page and changing or adapting his name seems like a nonsensical move. As a result, I have decided to simply leave each name as is, despite the fact that it would cause reading difficulties for children, as I could not translate half of the names and leave the other half untranslated, and I could not think of a uniform solution that would work for everything.

Conclusion

Looking back these past five years and the type of material that was covered in classes, it is safe to say that multimodal literature was unfairly neglected. Translating that type of literature can be very entertaining and simultaneously very educational, since one still learns about the typical traps that translators are faced with. For this reason, this thesis focused on multimodal texts and the translation issues that arise from them. The texts were carefully chosen to cover as much ground possible, i.e. each of the texts was specific regarding the topic, mood, audience and even the type of multimodality.

Once I reached the point of translation analysis, it became clear how, regardless of direction of translation, the most common issues are not related to multimodal elements, but those on the referential level; concepts which exist outside of language for which not all languages have names; concepts that are expressed in a poetic manner and are, therefore, difficult to understand and translate, and concepts that share names, where the disambiguation thereof becomes the translator's task. And when one considers that a text is much more than individual references, it is a combination of different modes, and "all the modes involved, written, visual, audio or tactile, carry their own meanings which permute through their semantic interrelations and create new layers of meaning, (...) which are based on the meanings of every individual mode but are not equal to any of them" (Tutek 2020: 92) then the true value of the process and the product becomes apparent. And once culture and creativity are added into the mix, the translator's job becomes even harder, but all this makes translating fun as each text then becomes a puzzle to solve.

An unexpected conclusion can also be drawn in regard to translating literature in general and particularly children's literature; merely six pages were enough to show me that translating children's literature is not for me, which would probably be true for many other

translators. Translating such texts often requires a substantial level of creativity, and this proved to be a personal shortcoming, but it also helped me reinforce my own ideas of what I want to and what I can translate, which is something every translator needs to determine at the beginning of their career.

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