

# The Haunted Mind: Translating Shirley Jackson

---

**Benčić, Elly**

**Master's thesis / Diplomski rad**

**2021**

*Degree Grantor / Ustanova koja je dodijelila akademski / stručni stupanj:* **University of Rijeka, Faculty of Humanities and Social Sciences / Sveučilište u Rijeci, Filozofski fakultet**

*Permanent link / Trajna poveznica:* <https://um.nsk.hr/um:nbn:hr:186:668760>

*Rights / Prava:* [In copyright](#)/[Zaštićeno autorskim pravom.](#)

*Download date / Datum preuzimanja:* **2024-11-30**



*Repository / Repozitorij:*

[Repository of the University of Rijeka, Faculty of Humanities and Social Sciences - FHSSRI Repository](#)



**SVEUČILIŠTE U RIJECI  
FILOZOFSKI FAKULTET  
ODSJEK ZA ANGLISTIKU**

**KATEDRA ZA TRANSLATOLOGIJU  
ANGLISTIKA I OPĆIMODUL**

**Elly Benčić**

**The Haunted Mind: Translating Shirley Jackson**

Diplomski rad

Mentor:

dr. sc. Nikola Tutek

2021

**UNIVERSITY OF RIJEKA**  
**FACULTY OF HUMANITIES AND SOCIAL SCIENCES**  
**DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE**

DIVISION OF TRANSLATOLOGY  
ENGLISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE AND GENERAL MODULE

**Elly Benčić**

**The Haunted Mind: Translating Shirley Jackson**

Master's thesis

Supervisor:  
Nikola Tutek, PhD

2021

## **Abstract**

This Master's thesis focuses on the translation of three American Gothic short stories from the genre of American Gothic and written by Shirley Jackson. The aim of this paper is to accurately translate and analyze these classic short stories and to provide solutions to the possible issues that arose during the process of translation. The thesis includes a brief introduction into the topic and the author, and a general theoretical background on short stories and the genre of Gothic. The main part of the thesis comprises of the translations and analysis and commentary - the translation analysis is problem-oriented and discusses the possible solutions and used strategies for the encountered issues.

Keywords: short story, American Gothic, Shirley Jackson, translation, analysis

## Table of content

1. Introduction .....	1
2. Source text 1 .....	3
2.1 Target text 1 .....	12
2.2 Commentary and analysis 1 .....	22
3. Source text 2 .....	28
3.1 Target text 2 .....	46
3.2 Commentary and analysis 2 .....	63
4. Source text 3 .....	69
4.1 Target text 3 .....	74
4.2 Commentary and analysis 3 .....	78
5. Conclusion .....	80
6. References .....	81

## 1. Introduction

The general topic of my thesis is translating and analyzing the translations of short stories. The main questions are how to properly translate a short story that belongs to the genre of modern Gothic and which translation strategies should be used. Before we dive into the theoretical background, it is important to emphasize my expectations prior to the translation process itself. Before I approached the source texts from a translator's point of view, I had a clear vision of what the target texts in Croatian should be. But theory and practice differ. Once I started analyzing the texts and coming up with translation strategies, I discerned that the task would not be as easy as it seemed in the beginning.

The problems in translating a classic short story arise when one encounters a lack of correspondence between the source and target language in terms of syntax and grammar, translation shifts and changes of voice. Another problem is related to semantics and deciding on the appropriate word choice while preserving the same vivid visual and sound effects of the source text. It is arduous, especially because of the Gothic genre, to delineate the same gory atmosphere and the same elements of dread in the target language. Furthermore, since another prominent characteristic of the short story is its plot-twist ending, it is crucial to translate that same end-result in the target language. As stated by Goyet (2020) „great stories with a *twist-in-the-tail* force us into some sort of a *retroreading*: a reconsideration of the entire text from its beginning.” This *twist-in-the-tail* must be rendered properly in the target text, with all the semantic and cultural elements of the source text preserved, since these elements come together as one to help convey the message.

Since the focus of my paper was on three short stories written by Shirley Jackson, I will say a few words about the author and her style of writing. Shirley Jackson (1916-1965) was an American novelist and short-story writer whose dark pessimism influences the general theme of her work which is “the presence of evil and chaos just beneath the surface of ordinary everyday life (Editors of Encyclopaedia Britannica, 2021).” That is why her short stories are said to belong to the genre of American, or modern Gothic fiction. According to an article by Hansen, J. and published by Encyclopaedia Britannica (2015) a “short story is a brief fictional prose narrative that is shorter than a novel and that usually deals with only a few characters. The form encourages economy of setting, concise narrative, and the omission of a complex plot; character is disclosed in action and dramatic encounter but is seldom fully developed.” All of the aforementioned characteristics are evident in her short stories, especially the exclusion of a complex plot, since the bedrock of it is the characters’ progression throughout the storyline. Shirley Jackson’s short stories are full of dire symbolism and imagery that evoke distress in the reader, so it is a given that her writing is characterized by the use of gothic elements. “Through the effective use of the gothic conventions Jackson reveals the contours of human madness and loneliness in a disintegrating world generally bereft of the meliorating power of love and forgiveness. Her gothic fiction is an effective mode for her exploration of the violations of the human self - the aching loneliness, the unendurable guilt, the dissolution and disintegration, the sinking into madness, the violence and lovelessness (Parks, 1984).” It is important to take all of this into consideration when translating her short stories and her style of writing, since it is crucial to preserve those same elements of “madness” and gothic fiction in the target language.

## 2. Source text 1

### *THE LOTTERY*

THE MORNING of June 27th was clear and sunny, with the fresh warmth of a full-summer day; the flowers were blossoming profusely and the grass was richly green. The people of the village began to gather in the square, between the post office and the bank, around ten o'clock; in some towns there were so many people that the lottery took two days and had to be started on June 2th. but in this village, where there were only about three hundred people, the whole lottery took less than two hours, so it could begin at ten o'clock in the morning and still be through in time to allow the villagers to get home for noon dinner.

The children assembled first, of course. School was recently over for the summer, and the feeling of liberty sat uneasily on most of them; they tended to gather together quietly for a while before they broke into boisterous play. and their talk was still of the classroom and the teacher, of books and reprimands. Bobby Martin had already stuffed his pockets full of stones, and the other boys soon followed his example, selecting the smoothest and roundest stones; Bobby and Harry Jones and Dickie Delacroix-- the villagers pronounced this name "Dellacroy"--eventually made a great pile of stones in one corner of the square and guarded it against the raids of the other boys. The girls stood aside, talking among themselves, looking over their shoulders at rolled in the dust or clung to the hands of their older brothers or sisters.

Soon the men began to gather. surveying their own children, speaking of planting and rain, tractors and taxes. They stood together, away from the pile of stones in the corner, and their jokes were quiet and they smiled rather than laughed. The women, wearing faded house dresses and sweaters, came shortly after their menfolk. They greeted one another and exchanged bits of gossip as they went to join their husbands. Soon the women, standing by their husbands, began to call to their children, and the children came reluctantly, having to be called four or five times. Bobby Martin ducked under his mother's grasping hand and ran, laughing, back to the pile of



stones. His father spoke up sharply, and Bobby came quickly and took his place between his father and his oldest brother.

The lottery was conducted--as were the square dances, the teen club, the Halloween program--by Mr. Summers. who had time and energy to devote to civic activities. He was a round-faced, jovial man and he ran the coal business, and people were sorry for him. because he had no children and his wife was a scold. When he arrived in the square, carrying the black wooden box, there was a murmur of conversation among the villagers, and he waved and called. "Little late today, folks." The postmaster, Mr. Graves, followed him, carrying a three- legged stool, and the stool was put in the center of the square and Mr. Summers set the black box down on it. The villagers kept their distance, leaving a space between themselves and the stool. and when Mr. Summers said, "Some of you fellows want to give me a hand?" there was a hesitation before two men. Mr. Martin and his oldest son, Baxter. came forward to hold the box steady on the stool while Mr. Summers stirred up the papers inside it.

The original paraphernalia for the lottery had been lost long ago, and the black box now resting on the stool had been put into use even before Old Man Warner, the oldest man in town, was born. Mr. Summers spoke frequently to the villagers about making a new box, but no one liked to upset even as much tradition as was represented by the black box. There was a story that the present box had been made with some pieces of the box that had preceded it, the one that had been constructed when the first people settled down to make a village here. Every year, after the lottery, Mr. Summers began talking again about a new box, but every year the subject was allowed to fade off without anything's being done.

The black box grew shabbier each year: by now it was no longer completely black but splintered badly along one side to show the original wood color, and in some places faded or stained.

Mr. Martin and his oldest son, Baxter, held the black box securely on the stool until Mr. Summers had stirred the papers thoroughly with his hand. Because so much of the ritual had been forgotten or discarded, Mr. Summers had been successful in having slips of paper substituted for the chips of wood that had been used for generations. Chips of wood, Mr. Summers had argued. had been all very well when the village was tiny, but now that the population was more than three hundred and likely to keep on growing, it was necessary to use

something that would fit more easily into the black box. The night before the lottery, Mr. Summers and Mr. Graves made up the slips of paper and put them in the box, and it was then taken to the safe of Mr. Summers' coal company and locked up until Mr. Summers was ready to take it to the square next morning. The rest of the year, the box was put away, sometimes one place, sometimes another; it had spent one year in Mr. Graves's barn and another year underfoot in the post office. and sometimes it was set on a shelf in the Martin grocery and left there.

There was a great deal of fussing to be done before Mr. Summers declared the lottery open. There were the lists to make up--of heads of families. heads of households in each family. members of each household in each family. There was the proper swearing-in of Mr. Summers by the postmaster, as the official of the lottery; at one time, some people remembered, there had been a recital of some sort, performed by the official of the lottery, a perfunctory. tuneless chant that had been rattled off duly each year; some people believed that the official of the lottery used to stand just so when he said or sang it, others believed that he was supposed to walk among the people, but years and years ago this part of the ritual had been allowed to lapse. There had been, also, a ritual salute, which the official of the lottery had had to use in addressing each person who came up to draw from the box, but this also had changed with time, until now it was felt necessary only for the official to speak to each person approaching. Mr. Summers was very good at all this; in his clean white shirt and blue jeans. with one hand resting carelessly on the black box. he seemed very proper and important as he talked interminably to Mr. Graves and the Martins.

Just as Mr. Summers finally left off talking and turned to the assembled villagers, Mrs. Hutchinson came hurriedly along the path to the square, her sweater thrown over her shoulders, and slid into place in the back of the crowd. "Clean forgot what day it was," she said to Mrs. Delacroix, who stood next to her, and they both laughed softly. "Thought my old man was out back stacking wood," Mrs. Hutchinson went on. "and then I looked out the window and the kids was gone, and then I remembered it was the twenty-seventh and came a-running." She dried her hands on her apron, and Mrs. Delacroix said, "You're in time, though. They're still talking away up there."

Mrs. Hutchinson craned her neck to see through the crowd and found her husband and children standing near the front. She tapped Mrs. Delacroix on the arm as a farewell and began to

make her way through the crowd. The people separated good-humoredly to let her through: two or three people said. in voices just loud enough to be heard across the crowd, "Here comes your, Missus, Hutchinson," and "Bill, she made it after all." Mrs. Hutchinson reached her husband, and Mr. Summers, who had been waiting, said cheerfully. "Thought we were going to have to get on without you, Tessie." Mrs. Hutchinson said. grinning, "Wouldn't have me leave m'dishes in the sink, now, would you. Joe?," and soft laughter ran through the crowd as the people stirred back into position after Mrs. Hutchinson's arrival.

"Well, now." Mr. Summers said soberly, "guess we better get started, get this over with, so's we can go back to work. Anybody ain't here?"

"Dunbar." several people said. "Dunbar. Dunbar."

Mr. Summers consulted his list. "Clyde Dunbar." he said. "That's right. He's broke his leg, hasn't he? Who's drawing for him?"

"Me. I guess," a woman said. and Mr. Summers turned to look at her. "Wife draws for her husband." Mr. Summers said. "Don't you have a grown boy to do it for you, Janey?" Although Mr. Summers and everyone else in the village knew the answer perfectly well, it was the business of the official of the lottery to ask such questions formally. Mr. Summers waited with an expression of polite interest while Mrs. Dunbar answered.

"Horace's not but sixteen yet." Mrs. Dunbar said regretfully. "Guess I gotta fill in for the old man this year."

"Right." Sr. Summers said. He made a note on the list he was holding. Then he asked, "Watson boy drawing this year?"

A tall boy in the crowd raised his hand. "Here," he said. "I'm drawing for my mother and me." He blinked his eyes nervously and ducked his head as several voices in the crowd said things like "Good fellow, lack." and "Glad to see your mother's got a man to do it."

"Well," Mr. Summers said, "guess that's everyone. Old Man Warner make it?"

"Here," a voice said. and Mr. Summers nodded.

A sudden hush fell on the crowd as Mr. Summers cleared his throat and looked at the list. "All ready?" he called. "Now, I'll read the names--heads of families first--and the men come up and take a paper out of the box. Keep the paper folded in your hand without looking at it until everyone has had a turn. Everything clear?"

The people had done it so many times that they only half listened to the directions: most of them were quiet, wetting their lips, not looking around. Then Mr. Summers raised one hand high and said, "Adams." A man disengaged himself from the crowd and came forward. "Hi. Steve." Mr. Summers said, and Mr. Adams said, "Hi. Joe." They grinned at one another humorlessly and nervously. Then Mr. Adams reached into the black box and took out a folded paper. He held it firmly by one corner as he turned and went hastily back to his place in the crowd, where he stood a little apart from his family, not looking down at his hand.

"Allen." Mr. Summers said. "Anderson.... Bentham."

"Seems like there's no time at all between lotteries any more." Mrs. Delacroix said to Mrs. Graves in the back row.

"Seems like we got through with the last one only last week."

"Time sure goes fast.-- Mrs. Graves said.

"Clark.... Delacroix"

"There goes my old man." Mrs. Delacroix said. She held her breath while her husband went forward.

"Dunbar," Mr. Summers said, and Mrs. Dunbar went steadily to the box while one of the women said, "Go on, Janey," and another said, "There she goes."

"We're next." Mrs. Graves said. She watched while Mr. Graves came around from the side of the box, greeted Mr. Summers gravely and selected a slip of paper from the box. By now, all through the crowd there were men holding the small folded papers in their large hand, turning them over and over nervously. Mrs. Dunbar and her two sons stood together, Mrs. Dunbar holding the slip of paper.

"Harburt.... Hutchinson."

"Get up there, Bill," Mrs. Hutchinson said. and the people near her laughed.

"Jones."

"They do say," Mr. Adams said to Old Man Warner, who stood next to him, "that over in the north village they're talking of giving up the lottery."

Old Man Warner snorted. "Pack of crazy fools," he said. "Listening to the young folks, nothing's good enough for them. Next thing you know, they'll be wanting to go back to living in caves, nobody work any more, live that way for a while. Used to be a saying about 'Lottery in June, corn be heavy soon.' First thing you know, we'd all be eating stewed chickweed and acorns. There's always been a lottery," he added petulantly. "Bad enough to see young Joe Summers up there joking with everybody."

"Some places have already quit lotteries." Mrs. Adams said.

"Nothing but trouble in that," Old Man Warner said stoutly. "Pack of young fools."

"Martin." And Bobby Martin watched his father go forward. "Overdyke.... Percy."

"I wish they'd hurry," Mrs. Dunbar said to her older son. "I wish they'd hurry."

"They're almost through," her son said.

"You get ready to run tell Dad," Mrs. Dunbar said.

Mr. Summers called his own name and then stepped forward precisely and selected a slip from the box. Then he called, "Warner."

"Seventy-seventh year I been in the lottery," Old Man Warner said as he went through the crowd. "Seventy-seventh time."

"Watson" The tall boy came awkwardly through the crowd. Someone said, "Don't be nervous, Jack," and Mr. Summers said, "Take your time, son."

"Zanini."

After that, there was a long pause, a breathless pause, until Mr. Summers, holding his slip of paper in the air, said, "All right, fellows." For a minute, no one moved, and then all the slips of paper were opened. Suddenly, all the women began to speak at once, saying. "Who is it?,"

"Who's got it?," "Is it the Dunbars?," "Is it the Watsons?" Then the voices began to say, "It's Hutchinson. It's Bill," "Bill Hutchinson's got it."

"Go tell your father," Mrs. Dunbar said to her older son.

People began to look around to see the Hutchinsons. Bill Hutchinson was standing quiet, staring down at the paper in his hand. Suddenly, Tessie Hutchinson shouted to Mr. Summers. "You didn't give him time enough to take any paper he wanted. I saw you. It wasn't fair!"

"Be a good sport, Tessie." Mrs. Delacroix called, and Mrs. Graves said, "All of us took the same chance."

"Shut up, Tessie," Bill Hutchinson said.

"Well, everyone," Mr. Summers said, "that was done pretty fast, and now we've got to be hurrying a little more to get done in time." He consulted his next list. "Bill," he said, "you draw for the Hutchinson family. You got any other households in the Hutchinsons?"

"There's Don and Eva," Mrs. Hutchinson yelled. "Make them take their chance!"

"Daughters draw with their husbands' families, Tessie," Mr. Summers said gently. "You know that as well as anyone else."

"It wasn't fair," Tessie said.

"I guess not, Joe." Bill Hutchinson said regretfully. "My daughter draws with her husband's family; that's only fair. And I've got no other family except the kids."

"Then, as far as drawing for families is concerned, it's you," Mr. Summers said in explanation, "and as far as drawing for households is concerned, that's you, too. Right?"

"Right," Bill Hutchinson said.

"How many kids, Bill?" Mr. Summers asked formally.

"Three," Bill Hutchinson said.

"There's Bill, Jr., and Nancy, and little Dave. And Tessie and me."

"All right, then," Mr. Summers said. "Harry, you got their tickets back?"

Mr. Graves nodded and held up the slips of paper. "Put them in the box, then," Mr. Summers directed. "Take Bill's and put it in."

"I think we ought to start over," Mrs. Hutchinson said, as quietly as she could. "I tell you it wasn't fair. You didn't give him time enough to choose. Everybody saw that."

Mr. Graves had selected the five slips and put them in the box. and he dropped all the papers but those onto the ground. where the breeze caught them and lifted them off.

"Listen, everybody," Mrs. Hutchinson was saying to the people around her.

"Ready, Bill?" Mr. Summers asked. and Bill Hutchinson, with one quick glance around at his wife and children. nodded.

"Remember," Mr. Summers said. "take the slips and keep them folded until each person has taken one. Harry, you help little Dave." Mr. Graves took the hand of the little boy, who came willingly with him up to the box. "Take a paper out of the box, Davy." Mr. Summers said. Davy put his hand into the box and laughed. "Take just one paper." Mr. Summers said. "Harry, you hold it for him." Mr. Graves took the child's hand and removed the folded paper from the tight fist and held it while little Dave stood next to him and looked up at him wonderingly

"Nancy next," Mr. Summers said. Nancy was twelve, and her school friends breathed heavily as she went forward switching her skirt, and took a slip daintily from the box "Bill, Jr.," Mr. Summers said, and Billy, his face red and his feet overlarge, near knocked the box over as he got a paper out. "Tessie," Mr. Summers said. She hesitated for a minute, looking around defiantly. and then set her lips and went up to the box. She snatched a paper out and held it behind her.

"Bill," Mr. Summers said, and Bill Hutchinson reached into the box and felt around, bringing his hand out at last with the slip of paper in it.

The crowd was quiet. A girl whispered, "I hope it's not Nancy," and the sound of the whisper reached the edges of the crowd.

"It's not the way it used to be." Old Man Warner said clearly. "People ain't the way they used to be."

"All right," Mr. Summers said. "Open the papers. Harry, you open little Dave's."

Mr. Graves opened the slip of paper and there was a general sigh through the crowd as he held it up and everyone could see that it was blank. Nancy and Bill, Jr., opened theirs at the same time, and both beamed and laughed, turning around to the crowd and holding their slips of paper above their heads.

"Tessie," Mr. Summers said. There was a pause, and then Mr. Summers looked at Bill Hutchinson, and Bill unfolded his paper and showed it. It was blank.

"It's Tessie," Mr. Summers said, and his voice was hushed. "Show us her paper. Bill."

Bill Hutchinson went over to his wife and forced the slip of paper out of her hand. It had a black spot on it, the black spot Mr. Summers had made the night before with the heavy pencil in the coal company office. Bill Hutchinson held it up, and there was a stir in the crowd.

"All right, folks." Mr. Summers said. "Let's finish quickly."

Although the villagers had forgotten the ritual and lost the original black box, they still remembered to use stones. The pile of stones the boys had made earlier was ready; there were stones on the ground with the blowing scraps of paper that had come out of the box. Delacroix selected a stone so large she had to pick it up with both hands and turned to Mrs. Dunbar. "Come on," she said. "Hurry up."

Mr. Dunbar had small stones in both hands, and she said, gasping for breath. "I can't run at all. You'll have to go ahead and I'll catch up with you."

The children had stones already. And someone gave little Davy Hutchinson few pebbles.

Tessie Hutchinson was in the center of a cleared space by now, and she held her hands out desperately as the villagers moved in on her. "It isn't fair," she said. A stone hit her on the side of the head. Old Man Warner was saying, "Come on, come on, everyone." Steve Adams was in the front of the crowd of villagers, with Mrs. Graves beside him.

"It isn't fair, it isn't right," Mrs. Hutchinson screamed, and then they were upon her.



## 2.1 Target text 1

### *LUTRIJA*

**JUTRO** 27. lipnja bilo je vedro i sunčano, ispunjeno toplinom ljetnog dana, cvijeće je bujno cvalo, a trava je bila bogato zelena. Ljudi iz sela počeli su se okupljati oko 10 sati na trgu, između pošte i banke. U nekim je gradovima bilo toliko ljudi da je lutrija trajala po dva dana i morala je početi 2. lipnja, ali u ovom selu, u kojem je bilo samo tristotinjak ljudi, cijela lutrija trajala je manje od dva sata, tako da je mogla početi u deset sati ujutro i završiti na vrijeme kako bi seljani stigli na ručak.

Djeca su se naravno okupila prva. Škola je nedavno završila i krenuo je ljetni odmor, a osjećaj slobode većini je stvarao nelagodu. Obično bi se kratko okupili u tišini prije nego što bi započeli burnu igru, te su i dalje razgovarali o učionici i učitelju, o knjigama i ukorima. Bobby Martin već je bio napunio svoje džepove kamenjem, a i ostali su dječaci ubrzo slijedili njegov primjer, odabirući ono najglade i najoblije. Bobby i Harry Jones i Dickie Delacroix - seljani su ovo ime izgovarali „Dellacroy“ – naslagali su hrpu kamenja u jedan kut trga i zaštitili ju od napada drugih dječaka. Djevojčice su se držale po strani, međusobno razgovarajući i gledajući dječake preko ramena, a najmanja djeca valjala su se u prašini ili hvatala za ruke starije braće i sestara.

Ubrzo su se muškarci počeli okupljati, nadgledajući svoju djecu, razgovarajući o sadnji i kiši, traktorima i porezu. Držali su se zajedno, podalje od hrpe kamenja u kutu, a njihove su šale bile tihe i prije su se smješkali nego smijali. Žene, odjevene u izbljedjele kućne haljine i džempere, pristigle su nedugo nakon muškaraca. Pozdravile su se i razmijenile nekoliko tračeva pridružujući se svojim muževima. Ubrzo su žene, koje su stajale uz muževe, počele prizivati svoju djecu, a djeca su nevoljko dolazila nakon što su ih više puta zazvali. Bobby Martin izbjegnuo je dohvat majčine ruke i, smijući se, potrčao prema hrpi kamenja. Njegov je otac podigao glas te je Bobby brzo dotrčao i zauzeo mjesto između oca i najstarijeg brata.

Lutriju je vodio gospodin Summers koji je imao i vremena i energije posvetiti se građanskim aktivnostima. Uz to, organizirao je i plesove na trgu, tinejdžerski klub i program za Noć vještica. Bio je to veseo čovjek okrugla lica koji je vodio posao s ugljenom. No, ljudi su se sažalijevali nad njim jer nije imao djece i supruga mu je bila zanovijetalo. Kad je stigao na trg,

noseći crnu drvenu kutiju, začuo se žamor seljana. „Narode, danas malo kasnite“ povikao je. Poštanski nadzornik, gospodin Graves, slijedio ga je noseći tronožac koji su postavili na središte trga. Gospodin Summers odložio je crnu kutiju na nj. Seljani su se držali na distanci, ostavljajući prostora između sebe i stolca. „Momci, hoćete li mi pomoći?“ upitao je gospodin Summers, a dva su muškarca zastala oklijevajući. Gospodin Martin i njegov najstariji sin Baxter otišli su pridržati kutiju dok je gospodin Summers miješao papiriće koji su se nalazili unutra.

Izvorni pribor za lutriju odavno je izgubljen, a crna kutija koja se sada nalazila na stolcu počela se koristiti i prije nego što je rođen Stari Warner, najstariji čovjek u gradu. Gospodin Summers često je razgovarao sa seljanima o izradi nove kutije, ali nitko nije htio narušiti ni tračak tradicije koju je predstavljala ta crna kutija. Postojala je priča da je sadašnja kutija izrađena s nekim dijelovima kutije koja joj je prethodila, ona koja je izrađena kad su se ovdje naselili prvi ljudi koji su izgradili selo. Svake godine, nakon lutrije, gospodin Summers ponovno bi započeo raspravu o novoj kutiji, ali svake bi godine ta ideja utihnula do zaborava. Crna je kutija svake godine postajala sve otrcanija - sada više nije bila potpuno crna, već je s jedne strane bila toliko izgrebena da se vidjela njezina prava drvena boja, a na nekim je mjestima bila izbljedjela ili zamrljana.

Gospodin Martin i njegov najstariji sin Baxter čvrsto su držali crnu kutiju na stolcu sve dok gospodin Summers nije temeljito promiješao papiriće. Budući da je toliko od rituala zaboravljeno ili odbačeno, gospodin Summers uspio je zamijeniti drvene sječke, koje su se koristile generacijama, sa papirićima. Drvene sječke koristile su se kad je selo još bilo malo, ali sada kada je stanovnika bilo više od tristo (i vjerojatno će se ta brojka još povećati), bilo je potrebno osmisliti nešto što će lakše stati u crnu kutiju, tvrdio je gospodin Summers. Noć prije lutrije, gospodin Summers i gospodin Graves pripremili su papiriće i stavili ih u kutiju, a zatim su ih odnijeli u sef tvrtke za proizvodnju ugljena gospodina Summersa i stavili ih pod ključ sve do idućeg jutra kad ih je gospodin Summers morao nositi na trg. Ostatak godine kutija bi bila negdje spremljena, ponekad na jednom mjestu, ponekad na drugom - godinu dana nalazila se u staji gospodina Gravesa, drugu godinu u pošti, a ponekad bi bila spremljena na polici u trgovini gospodina Martina.

Trebalo je puno toga obaviti prije nego što gospodin Summers proglasi otvorenje lutrije. Trebalo je sastaviti popise glava obitelji i članova svakog kućanstva u svakoj obitelji. Nadzornik

pošte svečano je proglasio gospodina Summersa službenikom lutrije. Neki su se prisjetili kako se jedno vrijeme održavao recital koji bi izvodio službenik lutrije – rutinsko nemelodično pjevanje koje se verglalo svake godine. Neki govore da je službenik lutrije samo stajao na mjestu dok je recitirao ili pjevao, dok drugi govore da je morao ići među ljude, ali kako su godine prolazile ovaj je dio rituala zanemaren. Postojao je i ritualni pozdrav, koji je službenik lutrije morao upotrijebiti pri obraćanju svakoj osobi koja bi došla izvući papirić iz kutije, ali to se također s vremenom promijenilo. Do sada se smatralo potrebnim samo obraćanje službenika svakoj osobi koja je prilazila kutiji. Gosp. Summers bio je vrlo dobar u svemu tome; u svojoj čistoj bijeloj košulji i plavim trapericama, s jednom rukom koja je nemarno počivala na crnoj kutiji. Činio se vrlo pristojnim i važnim dok je neprekidno razgovarao s gospodinom Gravesom i Martinima.

U trenutku kad je gosp. Summers napokon završio razgovor i okrenuo se prema okupljenim seljanima, gđa. Hutchinson žurila je stazom do trga, s prebačenim džemperom preko ramena, te šmugnula natrag u mnoštvo. „Potpuno sam zaboravila koji je dan“ rekla je gđi. Delacroix koja je stajala pokraj nje i obje su se tiho nasmijale. „Mislila sam da moj stari vani slaže drva,“ nastavila je gđa. Hutchinson, „no kad sam pogledala kroz prozor djeca su nestala, a onda sam se sjetila da je 27. i dotrčala ovdje“. Obrisala je ruke o pregaču, a gđa. Delacroix rekla je: „Ipak ste stigli na vrijeme. Još razgovaraju tamo gore.“

Gđa. Hutchinson istegnula je vrat da progleda kroz mnoštvo i zatekla supruga i djecu kako stoje negdje na početku gomile. Pozdravila je gđu. Delacroix potapšavši ju po ruci te se krenula probijati kroz gužvu. Ljudi su je veselo propustili. „Evo je Vaša gospođica Hutchinson!“ i „Bill, ipak je stigla!“, rekoše dvoje ili troje ljudi dovoljno glasno da se čuje u mnoštvu. Gđa. Hutchinson došla je do svog supruga. „Mislio sam da ćemo morati nastaviti bez tebe, Tessie“, rekao je veselo gosp. Summer. „Ne bi htio da ostane neoprano suđe u sudoperu, je li, Joe?“, odgovorila je nasmiješeno gđa. Hutchinson, a tihi smijeh prožeo se kroz gomilu dok su se svi vraćali na svoja mjesta nakon njena dolaska.

„Eto“, trijezno reče gosp. Summers, „najbolje da započnemo, da završimo s tim, pa se možemo vratiti na posao. Tko nije tu?“

„Dunbar“, reklo je nekoliko ljudi. „Dunbar, Dunbar.“

Gosp. Summers pregledao je svoj popis i rekao: „Clyde Dunbar. Tako je. Slomio je nogu, zar ne? Tko izvlači umjesto njega?“

„Ja. Pretpostavljam“, rekla je jedna žena i gosp. Summers se okrenuo da je pogleda. „Supruga izvlači za svog muža“, rekao je. „Zar nemaš odraslog momka koji bi to učinio umjesto tebe, Janey?“ Iako su gosp. Summers i svi ostali u selu znali odgovor na to pitanje, uloga službenika lutrija bila je da formalno postavlja takva pitanja. Gosp. Summers čekao je odgovor s izrazom pristojnog zanimanja.

„Horace još nije napunio ni šesnaest godina“ rekla je gđa. Dunbar sa žaljenjem. „Stoga ja moram uskočiti za starog ove godine.“

„Da, tako je“, kaže gosp. Summers i nešto zabilježi na svom popisu. Tada je upitao: „Ove godine izvlači mali Watson?“

Visoki dječak u gomili podigao je ruku. „Tu sam“, rekao je. „Izvlačim za majku i sebe.“ Nervozno je zatreptao očima i pognuo glavu dok je nekoliko glasova u gomili govorilo nešto poput: „Dobar je to momak, Jack,“ i „Drago mi je što vidim da je tvoja majka natjerala muškarca na izvlačenje.“

„Pa“, rekao je gosp. Summers, „pretpostavljam da su to svi. Je li stigao Stari Warner?“

„Tu sam““, rekao je netko i gosp. Summers je kimnuo.

Iznenadna tišina pokrila je mnoštvo kad je gosp. Summers pročistio grlo i pogledao popis. „Svi spremni?“ povikao je. „Sad ću pročitati imena - prvo glave obitelji - a muškarci će doći i izvući papirić iz kutije. Držite papirić presavijen u ruci, ne gledajući ga dok svi ne dođu na red. Je li sve jasno?“

Ljudi su već prošli kroz ovo toliko puta da su jednim uhom slušali upute - većina je šutjela, nervozno vlažeći usne i ne osvrćući se oko sebe. Tada je gosp. Summers visoko podigao ruku i rekao: „Adams.“ Čovjek se odvojio od gomile i istupio naprijed. „Bok, Steve“, rekao je gosp. Summers, a gosp. Adams uzvratilo je s „Bok, Joe.“ Nervozno su se nasmiješili jedan drugome. Zatim je gosp. Adams posegnuo u crnu kutiju i izvadio presavijeni papirić. Čvrsto ga je držao za jedan rub dok se okretao i užurbano odlazio na svoje mjesto u gomili gdje je stajao malo odvojen od svoje obitelji, odbijajući pogledati u svoju ruku.

„Allen“, rekao je gosp. Summers. „Anderson .... Bentham.“

„Čini se kao da više nema odmora od lutrije“, gđa. Delacroix rekla je gđi. Graves u zadnjem redu. „Kao da je tek jučer bila.“

„Vrijeme leti.“ rekla je gđa. Graves.

„Clark .... Delacroix“, nastavio je gosp. Summers.

„Ode moj stari“, kaže gđa. Delacroix. Zadržala je dah dok je njezin suprug išao na izvlačenje.

„Dunbar“, rekao je gosp. Summers, a gđa. Dunbar smireno je otišla do kutije. „Ajde, Janey“, rekla je jedna žena, a druga odgovori „Evo ide.“

„Sljedeći smo“, kaže gđa. Graves. Gledala je kako gosp. Graves dolazi do kutije, tmurno pozdravlja gosp. Summersa i iz kutije izvlači papirić. Sada su skoro svi muškarci iz gomile u ruci držali presavijene papiriće, nervozno ih prevrćući. Gđa. Dunbar i njezina dva sina stajali su zajedno, a gđa. Dunbar držala je papirić.

„Harburt .... Hutchinson“, prozivao je gosp. Summers.

„Odi gore, Bille“, rekla je gđa. Hutchinson, a ljudi u njezinoj blizini nasmijali su se.

„Jones.“

„Priča se da tamo u sjevernom selu razmišljaju o ukidanju lutrije“, rekao je gosp. Adams Starom Warneru, koji je stajao do njega.

Stari Warner frknuo je. „Čopor ludih budala“, rekao je. „Slušajući mlade ljude shvatiš da im *ništa* nije dovoljno dobro. Uskoro će htjeti živjeti u špiljama i nitko neće htjet raditi, *tako* će biti neko vrijeme. Nekad je postojala izreka „Lutrija u junu, kuruze šaku punu.“ Dok kažeš keks svi bismo pasli travu za preživjet!. Lutrija postoji *od kad znam za sebe*“, dodao je iziritirano. „Dovoljno je loše što se mladi Joe Summers tamo gore zafrkava sa svima.“

„Neka su mjesta već ukinula lutrije“, rekla je gđa. Adams.

„*To* će samo donijeti probleme“, rekao je Stari Warner odlučno. „Čopor mladih budala.“

„Martin.“ Bobby Martin gledao je oca kako izlazi iz gomile. „Overdyke .... Percy.“

„Voljela bih da požure“, gđa. Dunbar rekla je svom starijem sinu. „Voljela bih da požure.“

„Skoro su gotovi“, rekao je njezin sin.

„Spremite se otrčati reći tati“, rekla je gđa. Dunbar.

Gosp. Summers sam je prozvao svoje ime, a zatim je precizno zakoračio naprijed i odabrao listić iz kutije. Tada je pozvao: „Warner.“

„Sedamdeset i sedam godina prisustvujem lutriji“, rekao je Stari Warner prolazeći kroz gužvu, „ovo mi je sedamdeset i sedmi put.“

„Watson“, visok dječak nespretno se probio kroz gomilu. „Ne budi nervozan, Jack“, netko je rekao. „Ne žuri, sine“ nadodao je gosp. Summers.

„Zanini.“

Nakon toga je uslijedila duga stanka bez daha, sve dok gosp. Summers nije podigao papirić u zrak i progovorio: „U redu, momci.“ Na trenutak se nitko nije pomaknuo, a onda su se otvorili svi papirići. Odjednom su sve žene počele govoriti u isti glas. „Tko je dobio?“, „Tko je izvučen?“, „Jesu li Dunbarovi?“, „Jesu li to Watsonovi?“ Tada su glasovi počeli govoriti: „Hutchinson je. Bill je“, „Bill Hutchinson je dobitnik.“

„Idite javit svom ocu“, gđa. Dunbar rekla je svom najstarijem sinu.

Ljudi su se počeli osvrtnuti oko sebe kako bi vidjeli Hutchinsonove. Bill Hutchinson mirno je stajao i gledao dolje u papirić u ruci. Tessie Hutchinson je iznenada viknula na gosp. Summersa. „Nisi mu dao dovoljno vremena da izabere papirić koji je želio. Vidjela sam te. Nije bilo pošteno!“

„Tessie, budi fer“, povikala je gđa. Delacroix. „Svi smo imali iste šanse“, ubacila se gđa. Graves.

„Začepi, Tessie““, rekao je Bill Hutchinson.

„Dragi svi“, rekao je gosp. Summers, „ovo smo brzo riješili, a sada bi trebali požuriti ako mislimo završiti na vrijeme.“ Provjerio je svoj sljedeći popis. „Bill“, rekao je, „ti izvlačiš u ime obitelji Hutchinson. Imate li još članova kućanstva?“

„Tu su Don i Eva“, zaderala se gđa. Hutchinson. „Neka *oni* riskiraju!“

„Kćeri izvlače s muževim obiteljima, Tessie“, blago je rekao gosp. Summers. „Znaš to jednako dobro kao i ostali.“

„Nije bilo *pošteno*“, rekla je Tessie.

„Izgleda da nije, Joe“, rekao je Bill Hutchinson sa žaljenjem. „Kćer neka mi izvlači sa muževom obitelji, to je jedino pošteno. A ja nemam druge obitelji osim djece.“

„Stoga, što se tiče izvlačenja za obitelji, to ćeš biti ti“, objasnio je gosp. Summers, „a što se tiče izvlačenja za kućanstva, to ćeš isto biti ti. Je li tako?“

„Tako je“, odgovorio je Bill Hutchinson.

„Koliko je djece, Bill?“ formalno je upitao gosp. Summers.

„Troje“, odgovorio je Bill.

„Bill Jr, Nancy, i mali Dave. I Tessie i ja.“

„Dobro.“ rekao je gosp. Summers. „Harry, imaš li njihove papiriće?“

Gosp. Graves je kimnuo i pokazao papiriće. „Stavi ih u kutiju“, rekao mu je gosp. Summers. „Stavi i Billov papirić unutra.“

„Mislim da moramo opet sve ponoviti“, rekla je gđa. Hutchinson potišteno. „Kažem vam da nije bilo *pošteno*. Niste mu dali dovoljno vremena da bira. *Svi* su to vidjeli.“

Gosp. Graves izabrao je pet papirića, ubacio ih u kutiju, a sve ostale bacio je na tlo s kojeg ih je otpuhao lagani povjetarac.

„Ljudi, slušajte“, gđa. Hutchinson molila je ljude oko sebe.

„Bill, jesi li spreman?“ upitao je gosp. Summers, a Bill Hutchinson letimice je pogledao ženu i djecu a zatim kimnuo.

„Upamtite“, rekao je gosp. Summers, „uzmite papiriće i nemojte ih otvarati dok svi ne uzmu jedan. Harry, ti pomogni malom Daveu.“ Gosp. Graves uzeo je malog dječaka za ruku te su pošli prema kutiji. „Uzmi papirić iz kutije, Davy“, rekao je gosp. Summers. Davy je stavio ručicu u kutiju i nasmijao se. „Uzmi samo *jedan* papirić“, rekao je gosp. Summers. „Harry, pričuvaj mu papirić.“ Gosp. Graves uzeo je papirić iz dječakove čvrsto stisnute šake i pridržao ga dok je mali Dave stajao uz njega gledajući ga sa znatiželjom.

„Sljedeća je Nancy“, rekao je gosp. Summers. Nancy je imala dvanaest godina i njezini su školski prijatelji nemirno čekali dok je hodala prema kutiji zamahujući svojom suknjicom i oprezno uzimala papirić iz nje. „Bill Jr“ rekao je gosp. Summers. Billy, rumenih obraza i prevelikih stopala, skoro je srušio kutiju dok je vadio papirić. „Tessie“, rekao je gosp. Summers. Na trenutak je oklijevala, gledajući prkosno oko sebe, zatim je stisnula usnice i krenula prema kutiji. Zgrabila je papirić i stavila ga iza leđa.



„Bill“, rekao je gosp. Summers i Bill Hutchinson posegnuo je rukom u kutiju, izvlačeći zadnji papirić iz nje.

Mnoštvo je utihnulo. „Nadam se da nije Nancy“, prošaptala je jedna djevojčica, a njen šapat dopro je do kraja publike.

„Nije kao što je prije bilo.“ Rekao je Stari Warner. „Ljudi nisu kao što su prije bili.“

„U redu“, rekao je gosp. Summers. „Otvorite papiriće. Harry, ti otvori papirićmalog Davea.“

Gosp. Graves otvorio je papirić i začuo se kolektivan uzdah publike kad ga je podigao i svi su mogli vidjeti da je prazan. Nancy i Bill Jr otvorili su svoje u isto vrijeme te su se oboje ozarili i nasmijali, okrećući se prema publici i držeći prazne papiriće iznad glave.

„Tessie“, rekao je gosp. Summers. Nastala je stanka, i tad je gosp. Summers pogledao u Billa Hutchinsona koji je otvorio papirić i pokazao ga. Bio je prazan.

„Tessie je“, rekao je potihom gosp. Summers. „Bill, pokaži nam njezin papirić.“

Bill Hutchinson prišao je svojoj ženi i silom joj uzeo papirić iz ruke. Na sredini je bila crna točka – točka koju je gosp. Summers olovkom nacrtao noć prije u svom uredu tvrtke za ugljen. Bill Hutchinson podigao je papirić i publika se uskomešala.

„U redu, ljudi“, rekao je gosp. Summers, „ajmo ovo privesti kraju.“

Iako su seljani zaboravili ritual i izgubili izvornu crnu kutiju, sjećali su se kako koristiti kamenje. Hrpa kamenja koju su prije pripremili dječaci bila je spremna – kamenje je bilo na podu uz papiriće iz kutije koje je otpuhnuo vjetar. Gđa. Delacroix izabrala je toliko veliki kamen da ga je morala podići sa obje ruke te se okrenula prema gđi. Dunbar. „Hajde“, rekla je, „požuri.“

Gđa. Dunbar imala je kamenčiće u rukama i zadihano je rekla: „Ne mogu trčati. Morat ćeš krenuti bez mene, a ja ću te sustići.“

Djeca su već imala spremno kamenje. Čak je i Davyu Hutchinsonu netko dao par kamenčića.

Tessie Hutchinson sad se već našla u sredini praznog prostora. Očajnički je ispružila ruke ispred sebe u trenutku kad su joj se seljani počeli približavati. „Nije pošteno“, rekla je. Kamen ju je pogodio u glavu.

Stari Warner govorio je: „Ajmo, ajmo svi!“ Steve Adams bio je u prvom redu među seljanima, zajedno sa gđom. Graves.

„Nije pošteno, nije u redu,“ vrištala je gđa. Hutchinson. Krenuli su na nju.

## 2.2 Commentary and analysis 1

Although there are several different aspects of analysis that might be addressed regarding this short story, the focus of the present analysis will be on the issue of translating the author's horrific and ghastly effect in the target language. The grimness and uneasiness conveyed in these three short stories is what makes them so brilliant but at the same time as equally difficult to translate. Her peculiar style of writing, mainly the language symbolism and the syntax, makes the translation quite challenging and complex.

The general issues faced while translating *The Lottery* revolved around vocabulary and syntax. Speaking in terms of style and word choice, Shirley Jackson has a very specific way of writing and a very rich and vivid vocabulary which makes the short story quite challenging to live up to in the target language. While tackling on translating her vocative and arresting imagery I realized that it is not always necessary to follow the author's style blindly and try to "dodge" the problems with literal translation. Since this is a fictional short story, it is preferable to adapt the target text and make the translation as true as possible to the spirit of the target language, in this case – the Croatian language, while preserving the story's original visual effects and the desired emotional response.

Due to the fact that this is a classical short story that belongs to the American Gothic fiction genre (with elements of horror), it is important to follow the syntax of the source text because it is closely related to the portrayal of the characters and their psyche, i.e., their train of thought and state of mind.

Another general problem was related to semantics and getting the desired meaning across, while keeping in mind the structure (and content) of short stories by and large. In this

short story, the plot revolves around a 'gory atmosphere' that keeps the readers on their toes, while slowly approaching the shocking ending with a plot twist. It is quite demanding to maintain that same effect in the target text and, at the same time, to live up to that same ending with a semantic twist.

Since it is important to portray the vivid imagery displayed in the source text, I tried to preserve its evocative visual effects in the target text. The visuals were illustrated in the first sentence of the short story, so it was very important to set the same setting in the target language: *The morning of June 27<sup>th</sup> was clear and sunny, with the fresh warmth of a full-summer day; the flowers were blossoming profusely and the grass was richly green.* As the English language is known for its rich vocabulary, I had to alter the sentence in the Croatian language: *Jutro 27. lipnja bilo je vedro i sunčano, ispunjeno toplinom ljetnog dana, cvijeće je bujno cvalo, a trava je bila bogato zelena.* Some parts of the sentence could be translated literally while in others we can notice shifts in class since it was necessary to make it sound more natural to the spirit of the target language. I translated the phrase *were blossoming profusely* as *je bilo u bujnom cvatu*. Gerund *were blossoming* modified by the adverb *profusely* shifted to a verb + adjective + noun structure.

Furthermore, I faced several issues when translating the following sentence: (...) *they tended to gather quietly for a while before they broke into boisterous play, and their talk was still of the classroom and the teacher, of books and reprimands.* I decided to translate it as: *Obično bi se kratko okupili u tišini prije nego što bi započeli burnu igru, te su i dalje razgovarali o učionici i učitelju, o knjigama i ukorima.* Sometimes idioms, phrasal verbs and collocations can be translated word-for-word (sticking with a similar meaning and form), while sometimes they must be either partially or descriptively translated. In this example, I translated the phrasal verb and

collocation *break into boisterous play* as *započeti burnu igru*. According to the Cambridge Dictionary(1995)the adjective *boisterous* means “noisy, energetic, and rough”, which is almost the same as the definition of the Croatian adjective *burno*, so the collocation *boisterous play* could be translated with a full equivalent in Croatian. I had also changed the voice from passive into active at the end of the sentence.

Another example of a voice shift is the following: *The lottery was conducted – as were the square dances, the teen-age club, the Halloween program – by Mr. Summers, who had time and energy to devote to civic activities.* The literal translation would be *Lutrija je provedena od strane gosp. Summersa (...)*, but this kind of passive structure is not preferred in the Croatian language, so I went with the following: *Lutriju je vodio gospodin Summers koji je imao i vremena i energije posvetiti se građanskim aktivnostima. Uz to, organizirao je i plesove na trgu, tinejdžerski klub i program za Noć vještica.* Furthermore, a shift in structure is evident since a literal translation could sound unnatural in Croatian due to the word order.

Another interesting sentence to translate was: *He was a round-faced, jovial man and he ran the coal business, and people were sorry for him, because he had no children and his wife was a scold.* The first thing I did was change the structure and order of the elements in the sentence: *Bio je to veseo čovjek okrugla lica koji je vodio posao s ugljenom. No, ljudi su se sažalijevali nad njim jer nije imao djece i supruga mu je bila zanovijetalo.* Furthermore, I split the sentence into two parts in the Croatian language since it would sound clumsy if translated literally from English. I also replaced a prepositional phrase *a round-faced, jovial man* with a noun phrase and modifiers which function as attributes *veseo čovjek okrugla lica*.

In the following example there was a change of voice, as well as a rank shift: (...) *carrying a three-legged stool and the stool was put in the center of the square (...)*. I translated

the sentence as: (...) *noseći tronožac koji su postavili na središte trga* (...). I shifted the sentence from passive into active, and instead of using a conjunction, I replaced it with a relative clause to make it more connected in the target text. Another example of a change of voice from passive into active is exemplified in the following sentence: (...) *there was a hesitation before two men* (...). I translated this passive construction as: *a dva su muškarca zastala oklijevajući* since a word-for-word translation is not recommendable.

I dwelled upon the following sentence: *There was a great deal of fussing to be done before Mr. Summers declared the lottery open*. Apart from the change of voice, the translation needed a structure shift and omission of some elements that could not be translated literally in Croatian. Also, at the very end of the sentence I replaced the adverb *open* with a noun *otvorenje* in Croatian, thus this was an example of a class shift: *Trebalo je puno toga obaviti prije nego što gospodin Summers proglasi otvorenje lutrije*.

An example with similar issues was: *There was the proper swearing-in of Mr. Summers by the postmaster, as the official of the lottery* (...). The reason I had trouble with translating this sentence is because I had to describe the full importance of the villagers' tradition and how it all started as it is illustrated in the source text, and transfer all of that in the target language while keeping in mind the semantics-related problems: *Nadzornik pošte svečano je proglasio gospodina Summersa službenikom lutrije*. In this example we can detect a change of voice, structure shift and class shift, a noun replaced with a verb in the target language - *a proper swearing-in* translated as *svečano je proglasio*.

Moreover, the author of the source text uses a rich vocabulary and an abundance of phrasal verbs to make the story as vivid as possible to the readers: (...) *a perfunctory, tuneless chant that had been rattled off duly each year* (...). I considered the possible translations that

would sound as equally “colorful” in the target language and ended up translating it as: *rutinsko nemelodično pjevanje koje se verglalo svake godine*. I replaced the phrasal verb *rattle off*, which according to Merriam-Webster’s Dictionary (1996) means “to say (something) quickly or easily from memory” with the Croatian verb *verglati*, which according to Hrvatski Jezični Portal (2004) means “govoriti brzo, mehanički ili ponavljajući uvijek isto; brbljati, blebetati.” I also dwelled on the translation *propisno recitirati*, but I think that is a more formal translation.

Moreover, the sentence where I had to preserve the tense imagery and the feeling of anticipation as to evoke suspense throughout the narrative is the following: *A sudden hush fell on the crowd (...)*. Firstly, I translated it as *Okupljeno je mnoštvo utihnulo*, but I wanted to keep a similar structure and form of the original sentence, so I opted for: *Iznenadna tišina pokrila je mnoštvo*.

The following passage was really challenging to translate, since I had to get creative and translate it sense-for-sense and not literally word-for-word: *Old Man Warner snorted. "Pack of crazy fools," he said. "Listening to the young folks, nothing's good enough for them. Next thing you know, they'll be wanting to go back to living in caves, nobody work any more, live that way for a while. Used to be a saying about 'Lottery in June, corn be heavy soon.' First thing you know, we'd all be eating stewed chickweed and acorns. There's always been a lottery," he added petulantly.* There are a lot of elements in this passage that need to be adapted to the target language and the target audience, if I went with a literal translation there would be a lack of correspondence between the SL and TL in terms of semantics and syntax. The only part I could translate literally was *pack of crazy fools*: *Stari Warner frknuo je. „Čopor ludih budala“, rekao je. „Slušajući mlade ljude shvatiš da im ništa nije dovoljno dobro. Uskoro će htjeti živjeti u špiljama i nitko neće htjet raditi, tako će biti neko vrijeme. Nekad je postojala izreka „Lutrija u junu, kuruze šaku punu.“ Dok kažeš keks svi bismo pasli travu za preživjet'. Lutrija postoji od*

*kad znam za sebe“*, dodao je iziritirano. The most challenging and interesting part was translating the saying *lottery in June, corn be heavy soon*. I had to use word play and rhymes to get the same effect in the target language. Another option was: *U lipnju Lutrija dolazi, žetva je u punoj snazi*, but I opted for *lutriju u junu, kuruze šaku punu*, since this is an old villager’s saying and I believe the translation can be free if it makes sense in the target language and corresponds to the source text.

The most important part of this short story is probably the last sentence, where there is an obvious plot twist and revelation that leaves the audience shocked. I had to translate that same desired emotional response of the readers in the target language and evoke the same gory atmosphere that has been slowly building up throughout the story: *“It isn’t fair, it isn’t fair,” Mrs. Hutchinson screamed, and then they were upon her*. I decided to split up the sentence for that same breath-stopping effect: *„Nije pošteno, nije u redu,“ vrištala je gđa. Hutchinson. Krenuli su na nju*. While trying to come up with an adequate solution, I also thought about translating the last part as *kad su nasrnuli na nju; kad su se nadvili nadnju; kad su je opkolili*.



### 3. Source text 2

## *THE TOOTH*

THE BUS was waiting, panting heavily at the curb in front of the small bus station, its great blue-and-silver bulk glittering in the moonlight. There were only a few people interested in the bus, and at that time of night no one passing on the sidewalk: the one movie theatre in town had finished its show and closed its doors an hour before, and all the movie patrons had been to the drugstore for ice cream and gone on home; now the drugstore was closed and dark, another silent doorway in the long midnight street. The only town lights were the street lights, the lights in the all-night lunchstand across the street, and the one remaining counter lamp in the bus station where the girl sat in the ticket office with her hat and coat on, only waiting for the New York bus to leave before she went home to bed.

Standing on the sidewalk next to the open door of the bus, Clara Spencer held her husband's arm nervously. "I feel so funny," she said.

"Are you all right?" he asked. "Do you think I ought to go with you?"

"No, of course not," she said. "I'll be all right." It was hard for her to talk because of her swollen jaw; she kept a handkerchief pressed to her face and held hard to her husband. "Are you sure you'll be all right?" she asked. "I'll be back tomorrow night at the latest. Or else I'll call."

"Everything will be fine," he said heartily. "By tomorrow noon it'll all be gone. Tell the dentist if there's anything wrong I can come right down."

"I feel so funny," she said. "Light-headed, and sort of dizzy."

"That's because of the dope," he said. "All that codeine, and the whisky, and nothing to eat all day."

She giggled nervously. "I couldn't comb my hair, my hand shook so. I'm glad it's dark."

"Try to sleep in the bus," he said. "Did you take a sleeping pill?"

“Yes,” she said. They were waiting for the bus driver to finish his cup of coffee in the lunchstand; they could see him through the glass window, sitting at the counter, taking his time. “I feel so funny,” she said.

“You know, Clara,” he made his voice very weighty, as though if he spoke more seriously his words would carry more conviction and be therefore more comforting, “you know, I’m glad you’re going down to New York to have Zimmerman take care of this. I’d never forgive myself if it turned out to be something serious and I let you go to this butcher up here.”

“It’s just a toothache,” Clara said uneasily, “nothing very serious about a toothache.”

“You can’t tell,” he said. “It might be abscessed or something; I’m sure he’ll have to pull it.”

“Don’t even talk like that,” she said, and shivered.

“Well, it looks pretty bad,” he said soberly, as before. “Your face so swollen, and all. Don’t you worry.”

“I’m not worrying,” she said. “I just feel as if I were all tooth. Nothing else.”

The bus driver got up from the stool and walked over to pay his check. Clara moved toward the bus, and her husband said, “Take your time, you’ve got plenty of time.”

“I just feel funny,” Clara said.

“Listen,” her husband said, “that tooth’s been bothering you off and on for years; at least six or seven times since I’ve known you you’ve had trouble with that tooth. It’s about time something was done. You had a toothache on our honeymoon,” he finished accusingly.

“Did I?” Clara said. “You know,” she went on, and laughed, “I was in such a hurry I didn’t dress properly. I have on old stockings and I just dumped everything into my good pocketbook.”

“Are you sure you have enough money?” he said.

“Almost twenty-five dollars,” Clara said. “I’ll be home tomorrow.”

“Wire if you need more,” he said. The bus driver appeared in the doorway of the lunchroom. “Don’t worry,” he said.

“Listen,” Clara said suddenly, “are you sure you’ll be all right? Mrs. Lang will be over in the morning in time to make breakfast, and Johnny doesn’t need to go to school if things are too mixed up.”

“I know,” he said.

“Mrs. Lang,” she said, checking on her fingers. “I called Mrs. Lang, I left the grocery order on the kitchen table, you can have the cold tongue for lunch and in case I don’t get back Mrs. Lang will give you dinner. The cleaner ought to come about four o’clock, I won’t be back so give him your brown suit and it doesn’t matter if you forget but be sure to empty the pockets.”

“Wire if you need more money,” he said. “Or call. I’ll stay home tomorrow so you can call at home.” “Mrs. Lang will take care of the baby,” she said.

“Or you can wire,” he said.

The bus driver came across the street and stood by the entrance to the bus.

“Okay?” the bus driver said.

“Good-bye,” Clara said to her husband.

“You’ll feel all right tomorrow,” her husband said. “It’s only a toothache.”

“I’m fine,” Clara said. “Don’t you worry.” She got on the bus and then stopped, with the bus driver waiting behind her. “Milkman,” she said to her husband. “Leave a note telling him we want eggs.”

“I will,” her husband said. “Good-bye.”

“Good-bye,” Clara said. She moved on into the bus and behind her the driver swung into his seat. The bus was nearly empty and she went far back and sat down at the window outside which her husband waited.

“Good-bye,” she said to him through the glass, “take care of yourself.” “Good-bye,” he said, waving violently.

The bus stirred, groaned, and pulled itself forward. Clara turned her head to wave good-bye once more and then lay back against the heavy soft seat. Good Lord, she thought, what a thing to do! Outside, the familiar street slipped past, strange and dark and seen, unexpectedly, from the unique station of a person leaving town, going away on a bus. It isn't as though it's the first time I've ever been to New York, Clara thought indignantly, it's the whisky and the codeine and the sleeping pill and the toothache. She checked hastily to see if her codeine tablets were in her pocketbook; they had been standing, along with the aspirin and a glass of water, on the dining-room sideboard, but somewhere in the lunatic flight from her home she must have picked them up, because they were in her pocketbook now, along with the twenty-odd dollars and her compact and comb and lipstick. She could tell from the feel of the lipstick that she had brought the old, nearly finished one, not the new one that was a darker shade and had cost two-fifty. There was arun in her stocking and a hole in the toe that she never noticed at home wearing her old comfortable shoes, but which was now suddenly and disagreeably apparent inside her best walking shoes. Well, she thought, I can buy new stockings in New York tomorrow, after the tooth is fixed, after everything's all right. She put her tongue cautiously on the tooth and was rewarded with a split-second crash of pain.

The bus stopped at a red light and the driver got out of his seat and came back toward her. "Forgot to get your ticket before," he said.

"I guess I was a little rushed at the last minute," she said. She found the ticket in her coat pocket and gave it to him. "When do we get to New York?" she asked.

"Five-fifteen," he said. "Plenty of time for breakfast. One-way ticket?"

"I'm coming back by train," she said, without seeing why she had to tell him, except that it was late at night and people isolated together in some strange prison like a bus had to be more friendly and communicative than at other times.

"Me, I'm coming back by bus," he said, and they both laughed, she painfully because of her swollen face. When he went back to his seat far away at the front of the bus she lay back peacefully against the seat. She could feel the sleeping pill pulling at her; the throb of the toothache was distant now, and mingled with the movement of the bus, a steady beat like her heartbeat which she could hear louder and louder, going on through the night. She put her head

back and her feet up, discreetly covered with her skirt, and fell asleep without saying good-bye to the town.

She opened her eyes once and they were moving almost silently through the darkness. Her tooth was pulsing steadily and she turned her cheek against the cool back of the seat in weary resignation. There was a thin line of lights along the ceiling of the bus and no other light. Far ahead of her in the bus she could see the other people sitting; the driver, so far away as to be only a tiny figure at the end of a telescope, was straight at the wheel, seemingly awake. She fell back into her fantastic sleep.

She woke up later because the bus had stopped, the end of that silent motion through the darkness so positive a shock that it woke her stunned, and it was a minute before the ache began again. People were moving along the aisle of the bus and the driver, turning around, said, "Fifteen minutes." She got up and followed everyone else out, all but her eyes still asleep, her feet moving without awareness. They were stopped beside an all-night restaurant, lonely and lighted on the vacant road. Inside, it was warm and busy and full of people. She saw a seat at the end of the counter and sat down, not aware that she had fallen asleep again when someone sat down next to her and touched her arm. When she looked around foggily he said, "Traveling far?"

"Yes," she said.

He was wearing a blue suit and he looked tall; she could not focus her eyes to see any more.

"You want coffee?" he asked.

She nodded and he pointed to the counter in front of her where a cup of coffee sat steaming.

"Drink it quickly," he said.

She sipped at it delicately; she may have put her face down and tasted it without lifting the cup. The strange man was talking.

"Even farther than Samarkand," he was saying, "and the waves ringing on the shore like bells."

“Okay, folks,” the bus driver said, and she gulped quickly at the coffee, drank enough to get her back into the bus.

When she sat down in her seat again the strange man sat down beside her. It was so dark in the bus that the lights from the restaurant were unbearably glaring and she closed her eyes. When her eyes were shut, before she fell asleep, she was closed in alone with the toothache.

“The flutes play all night,” the strange man said, “and the stars are as big as the moon and the moon is as big as a lake.”

As the bus started up again they slipped back into the darkness and only the thin thread of lights along the ceiling of the bus held them together, brought the back of the bus where she sat along with the front of the bus where the driver sat and the people sitting there so far away from her. The lights tied them together and the strange man next to her was saying, “Nothing to do all day but lie under the trees.”

Inside the bus, traveling on, she was nothing; she was passing the trees and the occasional sleeping houses, and she was in the bus but she was between here and there, joined tenuously to the bus driver by a thread of lights, being carried along without effort of her own.

“My name is Jim,” the strange man said.

She was so deeply asleep that she stirred uneasily without knowledge, her forehead against the window, the darkness moving along beside her.

Then again that numbing shock, and, driven awake, she said, frightened, “What’s happened?”

“It’s all right,” the strange man—Jim—said immediately. “Come along.”

She followed him out of the bus, into the same restaurant, seemingly, but when she started to sit down at the same seat at the end of the counter he took her hand and led her to a table. “Go and wash your face,” he said. “Come back here afterward.”

She went into the ladies’ room and there was a girl standing there powdering her nose. Without turning around the girl said, “Cost’s a nickel. Leave the door fixed so’s the next one won’t have to pay.”

The door was wedged so it would not close, with half a match folder in the lock. She left it the same way and went back to the table where Jim was sitting.

“What do you want?” she said, and he pointed to another cup of coffee and a sandwich. “Go ahead,” he said.

While she was eating her sandwich she heard his voice, musical and soft, “And while we were sailing past the island we heard a voice calling us...”

Back in the bus Jim said, “Put your head on my shoulder now, and go to sleep.”

“I’m all right,” she said.

“No,” Jim said. “Before, your head was rattling against the window.” Once more she slept, and once more the bus stopped and she woke frightened, and Jim brought her again to a restaurant and more coffee. Her tooth came alive then, and with one hand pressing her cheek she searched through the pockets of her coat and then through her pocketbook until she found the little bottle of codeine pills and she took two while Jim watched her.

She was finishing her coffee when she heard the sound of the bus motor and she started up suddenly, hurrying, and with Jim holding her arm she fled back into the dark shelter of her seat. The bus was moving forward when she realized that she had left her bottle of codeine pills sitting on the table in the restaurant and now she was at the mercy of her tooth. For a minute she stared back at the lights of the restaurant through the bus window and then she put her head on Jim’s shoulder and he was saying as she fell asleep, “The sand is so white it looks like snow, but it’s hot, even at night it’s hot under yourfeet.”

Then they stopped for the last time, and Jim brought her out of the bus and they stood for a minute in New York together. A woman passing them in the station said to the man following her with suitcases, “We’re just on time, it’s five-fifteen.”

“I’m going to the dentist,” she said to Jim.

“I know,” he said. “I’ll watch out for you.”

He went away, although she did not see him go. She thought to watch for his blue suit going through the door, but there was nothing.

I ought to have thanked him, she thought stupidly, and went slowly into the station restaurant, where she ordered coffee again. The counter man looked at her with the worn sympathy of one who has spent a long night watching people get off and on buses. "Sleepy?" he asked.

"Yes," she said.

She discovered after a while that the bus station joined Pennsylvania Terminal and she was able to get into the main waiting-room and find a seat on one of the benches by the time she fell asleep again.

Then someone shook her rudely by the shoulder and said, "What train you taking, lady, it's nearly seven." She sat up and saw her pocketbook on her lap, her feet neatly crossed, a clock glaring into her face. She said, "Thank you," and got up and walked blindly past the benches and got on to the escalator. Someone got on immediately behind her and touched her arm; she turned and it was Jim. "The grass is so green and so soft," he said, smiling, "and the water of the river is so cool."

She stared at him tiredly. When the escalator reached the top she stepped off and started to walk to the street she saw ahead. Jim came along beside her and his voice went on, "The sky is bluer than anything you've ever seen, and the songs...."

She stepped quickly away from him and thought that people were looking at her as they passed. She stood on the corner waiting for the light to change and Jim came swiftly up to her and then away. "Look," he said as he passed, and he held out a handful of pearls.

Across the street there was a restaurant, just opening. She went in and sat down at a table, and a waitress was standing beside her frowning. "You was asleep," the waitress said accusingly.

"I'm very sorry," she said. It was morning. "Poached eggs and coffee, please."

It was a quarter to eight when she left the restaurant, and she thought, if I take a bus, and go straight downtown now, I can sit in the drugstore across the street from the dentist's office and have more coffee until about eightthirty and then go into the dentist's when it opens and he can take me first.



The buses were beginning to fill up; she got into the first bus that came along and could not find a seat. She wanted to go to Twenty-third Street, and got a seat just as they were passing Twenty-sixth Street; when she woke she was so far downtown that it took her nearly half-an-hour to find a bus and get back to Twenty-third.

At the corner of Twenty-third Street, while she was waiting for the light to change, she was caught up in a crowd of people, and when they crossed the street and separated to go different directions someone fell into step beside her. For a minute she walked on without looking up, staring resentfully at the sidewalk, her tooth burning her, and then she looked up, but there was no blue suit among the people pressing by on either side.

When she turned into the office building where her dentist was, it was still very early morning. The doorman in the office building was freshly shaven and his hair was combed; he held the door open briskly, as at five o'clock he would be sluggish, his hair faintly out of place. She went in through the door with a feeling of achievement; she had come successfully from one place to another, and this was the end of her journey and her objective.

The clean white nurse sat at the desk in the office; her eyes took in the swollen cheek, the tired shoulders, and she said, "You poor thing, you look worn out."

"I have a toothache." The nurse half-smiled, as though she were still waiting for the day when someone would come in and say, "My feet hurt." She stood up into the professional sunlight. "Come right in," she said. "We won't make you wait."

There was sunlight on the headrest of the dentist's chair, on the round white table, on the drill bending its smooth chromium head. The dentist smiled with the same tolerance as the nurse; perhaps all human ailments were contained in the teeth, and he could fix them if people would only come to him in time. The nurse said smoothly, "I'll get her file, doctor. We thought we'd better bring her right in."

She felt, while they were taking an X-ray, that there was nothing in her head to stop the malicious eye of the camera, as though the camera would look through her and photograph the nails in the wall next to her, or the dentist's cuff buttons, or the small thin bones of the dentist's instruments; the dentist said, "Extraction," regretfully to the nurse, and the nurse said, "Yes, doctor, I'll call them right away."

Her tooth, which had brought her here unerringly, seemed now the only part of her to have any identity. It seemed to have had its picture taken without her; it was the important creature which must be recorded and examined and gratified; she was only its unwilling vehicle, and only as such was she of interest to the dentist and the nurse, only as the bearer of her tooth was she worth their immediate and practiced attention. The dentist handed her a slip of paper with the picture of a full set of teeth drawn on it; her living tooth was checked with a black mark, and across the top of the paper was written "Lower molar; extraction."

"Take this slip," the dentist said, "and go right up to the address on this card; it's a surgeon dentist. They'll take care of you there."

"What will they do?" she said. Not the question she wanted to ask, not: What about me? or, How far down do the roots go?

"They'll take that tooth out," the dentist said testily, turning away. "Should have been done years ago."

I've stayed too long, she thought, he's tired of my tooth. She got up out of the dentist chair and said, "Thank you. Good-bye."

"Good-bye," the dentist said. At the last minute he smiled at her, showing her his full white teeth, all in perfect control.

"Are you all right? Does it bother you too much?" the nurse asked.

"I'm all right."

"I can give you some codeine tablets," the nurse said. "We'd rather you didn't take anything right now, of course, but I think I could let you have them if the tooth is really bad."

"No," she said, remembering her little bottle of codeine pills on the table of a restaurant between here and there. "No, it doesn't bother me too much."

"Well," the nurse said, "good luck."

She went down the stairs and out past the doorman; in the fifteen minutes she had been upstairs he had lost a little of his pristine morningness, and his bow was just a fraction smaller than before.

“Taxi?” he asked, and, remembering the bus down to Twenty-third Street, she said, “Yes.”

Just as the doorman came back from the curb, bowing to the taxi he seemed to believe he had invented, she thought a hand waved to her from the crowd across the street.

She read the address on the card the dentist had given her and repeated it carefully to the taxi driver. With the card and the little slip of paper with “Lower molar” written on it and her tooth identified so clearly, she sat without moving, her hands still around the papers, her eyes almost closed. She thought she must have been asleep again when the taxi stopped suddenly, and the driver, reaching around to open the door, said, “Here we are, lady.” He looked at her curiously.

“I’m going to have a tooth pulled,” she said.

“Jesus,” the taxi driver said. She paid him and he said, “Good luck,” as he slammed the door.

This was a strange building, the entrance flanked by medical signs carved in stone; the doorman here was faintly professional, as though he were competent to prescribe if she did not care to go any farther. She went past him, going straight ahead until an elevator opened its door to her. In the elevator she showed the elevator man the card and he said, “Seventh floor.”

She had to back up in the elevator for a nurse to wheel in an old lady in a wheelchair. The old lady was calm and restful, sitting there in the elevator with a rug over her knees; she said, “Nice day” to the elevator operator and he said, “Good to see the sun,” and then the old lady lay back in her chair and the nurse straightened the rug around her knees and said, “Now we’re not going to worry,” and the old lady said irritably, “Who’s worrying?”

They got out at the fourth floor. The elevator went on up and then the operator said, “Seven,” and the elevator stopped and the door opened.

“Straight down the hall and to your left,” the operator said.

There were closed doors on either side of the hall. Some of them said “DDS,” some of them said “Clinic,” some of them said “X-Ray.” One of them, looking wholesome and friendly and somehow most comprehensible, said “Ladies.” Then she turned to the left and found a door

with the name on the card and she opened it and went in. There was a nurse sitting behind a glass window, almost as in a bank, and potted palms in tubs in the corners of the waiting room, and new magazines and comfortable chairs. The nurse behind the glass window said, "Yes?" as though you had overdrawn your account with the dentist and were two teeth in arrears.

She handed her slip of paper through the glass window and the nurse looked at it and said, "Lower molar, yes. They called about you. Will you come right in, please? Through the door to your left."

Into the vault? she almost said, and then silently opened the door and went in. Another nurse was waiting, and she smiled and turned, expecting to be followed, with no visible doubt about her right to lead.

There was another X-ray, and the nurse told another nurse: "Lower molar," and the other nurse said, "Come this way, please."

There were labyrinths and passages, seeming to lead into the heart of the office building, and she was put, finally, in a cubicle where there was a couch with a pillow and a washbasin and a chair.

"Wait here," the nurse said. "Relax if you can."

"I'll probably go to sleep," she said.

"Fine," the nurse said. "You won't have to wait long."

She waited probably, for over an hour, although she spent the time half sleeping, waking only when someone passed the door; occasionally the nurse looked in and smiled, once she said, "Won't have to wait much longer." Then, suddenly, the nurse was back, no longer smiling, no longer the good hostess, but efficient and hurried. "Come along," she said, and moved purposefully out of the little room into the hallways again.

Then, quickly, more quickly than she was able to see, she was sitting in the chair and there was a towel around her head and a towel under her chin and the nurse was leaning a hand on her shoulder.

"Will it hurt?" she asked.

“No,” the nurse said, smiling. “You know it won’t hurt, don’t you?”

“Yes,” she said.

The dentist came in and smiled down on her from over her head. “Well,” he said.

“Will it hurt?” she said.

“Now,” he said cheerfully, “we couldn’t stay in business if we hurt people.” All the time he talked he was busying himself with metal hidden under a towel, and great machinery being wheeled in almost silently behindher. “We couldn’t stay in business at all,” he said. “All you’ve got to worry about is telling us all your secrets while you’re asleep. Want to watch out for that, you know. Lower molar?” he said to the nurse.

“Lower molar, doctor,” she said.

Then they put the metal-tasting rubber mask over her face and the dentist said, “You know,” two or three times absent-mindedly while she could still see him over the mask. The nurse said, “Relax your hands, dear,” and after a long time she felt her fingers relaxing.

First of all, things get so far away, she thought, remember this. And remember the metallic sound and taste of all of it.

And the outrage. And then the whirling vrtlo

ž, the ringing confusedly loud music that went on and on, around and around, and she was running as fast as she could down a long horribly clear hallway with doors on both sides and at the end of the hallway was Jim, holding out his hands and laughing, and calling something she could never hear because of the loud music, and she was running and then she said, “I’m not afraid,” and someone from the door next to her took her arm and pulled her through and the world widened alarmingly until it would never stop and then it stopped with the head of the dentist looking down at her and the window dropped into place in front of her and the nurse was holding her arm.

“Why did you pull me back?” she said, and her mouth was full of blood. “I wanted to go on.”

“I didn’t pull you,” the nurse said, but the dentist said, “She’s not out of it yet.”

She began to cry without moving and felt the tears rolling down her face and the nurse wiped them off with a towel. There was no blood anywhere around except in her mouth; everything was as clean as before. The dentist was gone, suddenly, and the nurse put out her arm and helped her out of the chair. "Did I talk?" she asked suddenly, anxiously. "Did I say anything?"

"You said, 'I'm not afraid,'" the nurse said soothingly. "Just as you were coming out of it."

"No," she said, stopping to pull at the arm around her. "Did I say anything? Did I say where he is?"

"You didn't say anything," the nurse said. "The doctor was only teasing you."

"Where's my tooth?" she asked suddenly, and the nurse laughed and said, "All gone. Never bother you again."

She was back in the cubicle, and she lay down on the couch and cried, and the nurse brought her whisky in a paper cup and set it on the edge of the washbasin.

"God has given me blood to drink," she said to the nurse, and the nurse said, "Don't rinse your mouth or it won't clot."

After a long time, the nurse came back and said to her from the doorway, smiling, "I see you're awake again."

"Why?" she said.

"You've been asleep," the nurse said. "I didn't want to wake you."

She sat up; she was dizzy and it seemed that she had been in the cubicle all her life.

"Do you want to come along now?" the nurse said, all kindness again. She held out the same arm, strong enough to guide any wavering footstep; this time they went back through the long corridor to where the nurse sat behind the bank window.

"All through?" this nurse said brightly. "Sit down a minute, then." She indicated a chair next to the glass window, and turned away to write busily. "Do not rinse your mouth for two hours," she said, without turning around. "Take a laxative tonight, take two aspirin if there is any

pain. If there is much pain or excessive bleeding, notify this office at once. All right?" she said, and smiled brightly again.

There was a new little slip of paper; this one said, "Extraction," and underneath, "Do not rinse mouth. Take mild laxative. Two aspirin for pain. If pain is excessive or any hemorrhage occurs, notify office."

"Good-bye," the nurse said pleasantly.

"Good-bye," she said.

With the little slip of paper in her hand, she went out through the glass door and, still almost asleep, turned the corner and started down the hall. When she opened her eyes a little and saw that it was a long hall with doorways on either side, she stopped and then saw the door marked "Ladies" and went in. Inside there was a vast room with windows and wicker chairs and glaring white tiles and glittering silver faucets; there were four or five women around the washbasins, combing their hair, putting on lipstick. She went directly to the nearest of the three washbasins, took a paper towel, dropped her pocketbook and the little slip of paper on the floor next to her, and fumbled with the faucets, soaking the towel until it was dripping. Then she slapped it against her face violently. Her eyes cleared and she felt fresher, so she soaked the paper again and rubbed her face with it. She felt out blindly for another paper towel, and the woman next to her handed her one, with a laugh she could hear, although she could not see for the water in her eyes. She heard one of the women say, "Where we going for lunch?" and another one say, "Just downstairs, prob'ly. Old fool says I gotta be back in half-anhour."

Then she realized that at the washbasin she was in the way of the women in a hurry so she dried her face quickly. It was when she stepped a little aside to let someone else get to the basin and stood up and glanced into the mirror that she realized with a slight stinging shock that she had no idea which face was hers!

She looked into the mirror as though into a group of strangers, all staring at her or around her; no one was familiar in the group, no one smiled at her or looked at her with recognition; you'd think my own face would know me, she thought, with a queer numbness in her throat. There was a creamy chinless face with bright blond hair, and a sharp-looking face under a red veiled hat, and a colorless anxious face with brown hair pulled straight back, and a square rosy

face under a square haircut, and two or three more faces pushing close to the mirror, moving, regarding themselves. Perhaps it's not a mirror, she thought, maybe it's a window and I'm looking straight through at women washing on the other side. But there were women combing their hair and consulting the mirror; the group was on her side, and she thought, I hope I'm not the blonde, and lifted her hand and put it on her cheek.

She was the pale anxious one with the hair pulled back and when she realized it she was indignant and moved hurriedly back through the crowd of women, thinking, It isn't fair, why don't I have any color in my face? There were some pretty faces there, why didn't I take one of those? I didn't have time, she told herself sullenly, they didn't give me time to think, I could have had one of the nice faces, even the blonde would be better.

She backed up and sat down in one of the wicker chairs. It's mean, she was thinking. She put her hand up and felt her hair; it was loosened after her sleep but that was definitely the way she wore it, pulled straight back all around and fastened at the back of her neck with a wide tight barrette. Like a schoolgirl, she thought, only—remembering the pale face in the mirror—only I'm older than that. She unfastened the barrette with difficulty and brought it around where she could look at it. Her hair fell softly around her face; it was warm and reached to her shoulders. The barrette was silver; engraved on it was the name, "Clara."

"Clara," she said aloud. "Clara?" Two of the women leaving the room smiled back at her over their shoulders; almost all the women were leaving now, correctly combed and lipsticked, hurrying out talking together. In the space of a second, like birds leaving a tree, they all were gone and she sat alone in the room. She dropped the barrette into the ashstand next to her chair; the ashstand was deep and metal, and the barrette made a satisfactory clang falling down. Her hair down on her shoulders, she opened her pocketbook, and began to take things out, setting them on her lap as she did so. Handkerchief, plain, white, uninitialled. Compact, square and brown tortoise-shell plastic, with a powder compartment and a rouge compartment; the rouge compartment had obviously never been used, although the powder cake was half-gone. That's why I'm so pale, she thought, and set the compact down. Lipstick, a rose shade, almost finished. A comb, an opened package of cigarettes and a package of matches, a change purse, and a wallet. The change purse was red imitation leather with a zipper across the top; she opened it and dumped the money out into her hand. Nickels, dimes, pennies, a quarter. Ninety-seven cents.



Can't go far on that, she thought, and opened the brown leather wallet; there was money in it but she looked first for papers and found nothing. The only thing in the wallet was money. She counted it; there were nineteen dollars. I can go a little farther on that, she thought.

There was nothing else in the pocketbook. No keys—shouldn't I have keys? she wondered—no papers, no address book, no identification. The pocketbook itself was imitation leather, light grey, and she looked down and discovered that she was wearing a dark grey flannel suit and a salmon pink blouse with a ruffle around the neck. Her shoes were black and stout with moderate heels and they had laces, one of which was untied. She was wearing beige stockings and there was a ragged tear in the right knee and a great ragged run going down her leg and ending in a hole in the toe which she could feel inside her shoe. She was wearing a pin on the lapel of her suit which, when she turned it around to look at it, was a blue plastic letter C. She took the pin off and dropped it into the ashstand, and it made a sort of clatter at the bottom, with a metallic clang when it landed on the barrette. Her hands were small, with stubby fingers and no nail polish; she wore a thin gold wedding ring on her left hand and no other jewelry.

Sitting alone in the ladies' room in the wicker chair, she thought, The least I can do is get rid of these stockings. Since no one was around she took off her shoes and stripped away the stockings with a feeling of relief when her toe was released from the hole. Hide them, she thought: the paper towel wastebasket. When she stood up she got a better sight of herself in the mirror; it was worse than she had thought: the grey suit bagged in the seat, her legs were bony, and her shoulders sagged. I look fifty, she thought; and then, consulting the face, but I can't be more than thirty. Her hair hung down untidily around the pale face and with sudden anger she fumbled in the pocketbook and found the lipstick; she drew an emphatic rosy mouth on the pale face, realizing as she did so that she was not very expert at it, and with the red mouth the face looking at her seemed somehow better to her, so she opened the compact and put on pink cheeks with the rouge. The cheeks were uneven and patent, and the red mouth glaring, but at least the face was no longer pale and anxious.

She put the stockings into the wastebasket and went barelegged out into the hall again, and purposefully to the elevator. The elevator operator said, "Down?" when he saw her and she stepped in and the elevator carried her silently downstairs. She went back past the grave professional doorman and out into the street where people were passing, and she stood in front of

the building and waited. After a few minutes Jim came out of a crowd of people passing and came over to her and took her hand.

Somewhere between here and there was her bottle of codeine pills, upstairs on the floor of the ladies' room she had left a little slip of paper headed "Extraction"; seven floors below, oblivious of the people who stepped sharply along the sidewalk, not noticing their occasional curious glances, her hand in Jim's and her hair down on her shoulders, she ran barefoot through hot sand.

### 3.1 Target text 2

## ZUB

AUTOBUS je čekao, teško cvileći uz pločnik ispred male autobusne stanice, a njegova glomazna plavo-srebrna boja blistala je na mjesecini. Samo je nekolicina ljudi čekala autobus, a u to doba noći nitko nije prolazio pločnikom. Jedino kino u gradu zatvorilo je svoja vrata prije sat vremena, a svi su ljudi nakon filma otišli u trgovinu po sladoled i zatim se zaputili kući. Sada je trgovina bila zatvorena i mračna, još samo jedan nečujan ulaz u beskrajno dugoj ponoćnoj ulici. Jedina gradska svjetla bila su ona ulična, svjetla iz zalogajnice preko puta koja radi cijelu noć i lampa na pultu blagajne autobusnog kolodvora za kojom je je sjedila djevojka sa šešišrom i kaputom, nervozno čekajući da njujorški autobus krene kako bi mogla otići kući spavati.

Stojeći na pločniku pokraj otvorenih vrata autobusa, Clara Spencer nervozno je držala supruga za ruku. „Čudno se osjećam“, rekla je.

„Jesi li dobro?“ upitao je njezin suprug. „Misliš li da bih trebao ići s tobom u New York kod zubara?“

„Ne, naravno da ne“, rekla je. „Bit ću dobro.“ Bilo joj je teško razgovarati zbog natečene čeljusti; pritisnula je maramicu na lice, čvrsto se držeći za supruga. „Jesi li siguran da ćeš *ti* bit u redu bez mene doma?“ upitala je. „Vratit ću se najkasnije sutra navečer. Ako se što promijeni nazovem te.“

„Sve će biti u redu“, rekao je toplo. „Do sutra u podne sve će proći. Ako nešto ne bude u redu reci zubaru da odmah mogu doći u New York.“

„Čudno se osjećam“, rekla je. „Ošamućeno...I nekako omamljeno.“

„To je zbog lijekova“, rekao je. „Sav taj kodein, viski i još ništa nisi jela cijeli dan.“

Nervozno se zahihotala. „Nisam se mogla počesljati, ruka mi se toliko tresla. Drago mi je da je vani mrak.“

„Pokušaj spavati u autobusu“, rekao je. „Jesi li uzela tabletu za spavanje?“

„Da“, rekla je. Čekali su da vozač autobusa popije šalicu kave u zalogajnici. Mogli su ga vidjeti kroz staklo kako sjedi za šankom, ne žureći se. „Čudno se osjećam“, rekla je.

„Znaš, Clara“, rekao je trijezno, kao da će ako govori ozbiljnije, njegove riječi zvučati uvjerljivije te samim time i utješnije, „znaš, drago mi je što ideš u New York kod Zimmermana da se pobrine za taj zub. Nikad si ne bih oprostio da se ispostavi da je riječ o nečemu ozbiljnom, a da sam te pustio da odeš kod ovog lokalnog mesara.“

„To je samo *zubobolja*“, rekla je Clara s nelagodom, „nema ničeg preozbiljnog u vezi sa *zuboboljom*.“

„Ne možeš to znati“, rekao je. „Možda imaš apsces ili nešto slično...Siguran sam da će ga morati izvaditi.“

„Nemoj to govoriti“, rekla je zadržavajući.

„Pa, izgleda prilično loše“, rekao je ozbiljnim tonom, kao i prije. „Tako natečeno...Ma, ne brini.“

„Ne brinem“, rekla je. „Jednostavno se osjećam kao da sam samo zub. Ništa više.“

Vozač autobusa ustao je sa stolice i otišao platiti račun. Clara je krenula prema autobusu, a njezin suprug rekao je: „Ne žuri, imaš dovoljno vremena.“

„Samo se osjećam čudno“, rekla je Clara.

„Slušaj“, rekao je njezin suprug, „taj te zub muči već godinama na mahove, barem si šest ili sedam puta otkad te znam imala komplikacija s tim zubom. Vrijeme je da se nešto poduzme. Imala si zubobolju i na našem medenom mjesecu“, završio je optužujućim tonom.

„Jesam li?“ rekla je Clara. „Znaš“, nastavila je nasmijavši se, „toliko sam žurila da se nisam obukla kako treba. Na sebi imam stare hulahopke i samo sam sve pobacala u torbicu.“

„Jesi li sigurna da imaš dovoljno novca za put i zubara?“ upitao je.

„Imam skoro dvadeset i pet dolara“, rekla je Clara. „A i sutra dolazim kući.“

„Pošalji brzojav ako ti bude što trebalo“, rekao je. Vozač autobusa pojavio se na vratima zalagajnice. „Ne brini, sve će biti u redu“, ohrabrio ju je suprug.

„Slušaj“, reče Clara iznenada, „jesi li *siguran* da ćeš biti dobro? Gospođa Lang doći će ujutro na vrijeme da pripremi doručak, a Johnny ne treba ići u školu ako je situacija previše komplicirana.“

„Znam“, rekao je.

„Gđa. Lang“, prisjetila se. „Nazvala sam gospođu Lang, ostavila sam narudžbu namirnica na kuhinjskom stolu, za ručak možete pojesti hladni goveđi jezik, a u slučaju da se ne vratim, gospođa Lang će vam prirediti večeru. Čistač bi trebao doći oko četiri sata, tad se još neću vratiti, zato mu daj svoje smeđe odijelo...Nije važno ako zaboraviš, ali svakako isprazni džepove.“

„Pošalji brzojav ako ti treba još novca“, rekao je. „Ili nazovi. Sutra ću ostati doma pa me možeš nazvati na kućni.“

„Gđa. Lang će se pobrinuti za malog“, rekla je.

„Ili možeš poslati brzojav“, rekao je.

Vozač autobusa prešao je cestu i stao kraj ulaza u autobus.

„Možemo?“ rekao je vozač.

„Zbogom“, rekla je Clara suprugu.

„Sutra ćeš se osjećati dobro“, rekao je njezin suprug. „To je samo zubobolja.“

„Dobro sam“, rekla je Clara. „Ne brini.“ Ušla je u autobus, a zatim se zaustavila dok je vozač autobusa strpljivo čekao iza nje. „Mljekar“, rekla je mužu. „Ostavi mu poruku da želimo jaja.“

„Hoću“, rekao je njezin suprug. „Zbogom.“

„Zbogom“, rekla je Clara. Ušla je u autobus, a vozač se zavukao na svoje mjesto. Autobus je bio gotovo prazan, a ona je otišla sjesti na zadnje sjedalo kod prozora ispred kojeg je čekao njezin suprug. „Zbogom“, rekla mu je kroz staklo, „čuvaj se.“

„Zbogom“, rekao je žestoko mašući.

Autobus se uskomešao, zarežao i povukao naprijed. Clara je okrenula glavu da još jednom mahne zbogom, a zatim je utonula u meko sjedalo. *Bože dragi*, pomislila je, *što mi ovo*

*treba!* Krozprozor je promicala poznata ulica, neobična, mračna i (neočekivano) gledana, kroz jedinstvenu perspektivu osobe koja napušta grad i odlazi autobusom. *Nije da prvi put idem u New York*, ogorčeno je pomislila Clara, *to je zbog viskija, kodeina, tableta za spavanje i zubobolje*. Žurno je provjerila jesu li joj tablete kodeina u torbici - bile su na kuhinjskom ormariću, zajedno s aspirinom i čašom vode, ali izgleda da ih se nekako sjetila dohvatiti u luđačkoj žurbi. Sada su se nalazile u njezinoj torbici, zajedno s dvadesetineštositno dolara, pudrijerom i ružem za usne. Po osjećaju ruža mogla je razabrati da je ponijela onaj stari, gotovo iskorišten, a ne novi koji je bio tamnije nijanse i koštao dva dolara i pedeset. Hulahopke su joj bile poderane i imala je rupu na nožnom prstu koju prije nije primijetila u svojim starim udobnim cipelama, ali koja je sada bila neugodno uočljiva u njezinim najboljim cipelama za hodanje. *Pa*, pomislila je, *mogu kupiti nove hulahopke sutra u New Yorku kad popravim zub i kad sve bude u redu*. Oprezno je jezikom opipala zub i u djeliću sekunde bila je nagrađena naletom oštre boli.

Autobus se zaustavio na semaforu, a vozač je ustao sa svog mjesta i otišao otraga do njezinog mjesta. „Zaboravio sam sam vam provjeriti kartu“, rekao je.

„Da, malo sam žurila“, rekla je. Dala mu je kartu koju je izvadila iz džepa kaputa. „Kad smo u New Yorku?“ upitala je.

„Pet i petnaest“, rekao je. „Dovoljno vremena za doručak. Jednosmjerna karta?“

„Vraćam se vlakom“, rekla je, ne vidjevši razlog zašto bi ga to zanimalo, osim toga da je bila kasna noć i da su ljudi izolirani u ovom čudnom autobusnom zatvoru morali biti ljubazniji i komunikativniji nego inače.

„Ja se vraćam autobusom“, rekao je i oboje su se nasmijali (ona bolno zbog natečenog lica). Kad se vratio na svoje mjesto skroz u prednji dio autobusa, ona se opušteno naslonila na sjedalo. Osjetila je kako joj tableta za spavanje počinje djelovati - pulsiranje zubobolje sada je bilo udaljeno i miješalo se s kretanjem autobusa, ravnomjernim otkucajima poput otkucaja svog srca koje je mogla čuti sve glasnije i glasnije, i tako dugo u noć. Zabacila je glavu, podigla stopala diskretno prekrivena suknjom, i zaspala, ne oprostivši se od grada.

Jednom je otvorila oči kad su se gotovo nečujno kretali kroz tamu. Zub joj je neprestano pulsirao te je okrenula obraz na hladan naslon sjedala u umornoj rezignaciji. Osim tanke zrake svjetla na stropu autobusa, sve je bilo u tami. Daleko ispred sebe mogla je vidjeti ostale

putnikekako sjede na svojim mjestima i naizgled budnog vozača, toliko udaljenog da je bio samo sićušna figura na kraju teleskopa, koji je sjedio za volanom. Utonula je natrag u svoj fantastičan san.

Probudila se kad se autobus zaustavio, završetak tog tihog kretanja kroz tamu toliko ju je šokirao da se probudila ošamućena, i za trenutak se opet pojavila pulsirajuća bol. Ljudi u autobusu su se počeli komešati, a vozač je rekao, „Petnaest minuta.“ Ustala je i krenula vani za ostalim putnicima, skoro pa spavajući na nogama i hodajući bez svijesti. Zaustavili su se pokraj restorana koji je radio cijelu noć, usamljen i osvjetljen na pustoj cesti. Unutra je bilo toplo, užurbano i krcato ljudi. Ugledala je mjesto na kraju šanka i sjela, nesvjesna da je ponovno zaspala, kad je netko sjeo do nje i dodirnuo je po ruci. Kad je zbunjeno pogledala oko sebe, upitao je: „Putuješ daleko?“

„Da“, rekla je.

Na sebi je imao plavo odijelo i izgledao je kao visok muškarac, no nije mogla fokusirati pogled.

„Hoćeš kavu?“ upitao je.

Kimnula je, a on je pokazao na šank ispred nje, gdje se nalazila kipuća kava,

„Brzo ju popij“, rekao je.

Nježno je pijuckala, možda je čak spustila glavu i okusila kavu ne podižući šalicu. Neobičan je čovjek nastavio govoriti.

„Čak i dalje od Samarkanda“, rekao je, „i valova koji zveckaju o obalu poput zvona.“

„U redu, narode“, rekao je vozač, a ona je ispila ogroman gutljaj kave, dovoljan da joj pomogne vratiti se u autobus.

Kad je ponovno sjela na svoje mjesto, neobični je muškarac sjeo pokraj nje. U autobusu je bilo toliko mračno da su svjetla iz restorana bila nepodnošljivo blistava te je zatvorila oči. U trenutku kad je zatvorila oči, taman prije nego što je zaspala, osjećala se preplavljena zuboboljom.

„Flaute sviraju cijelu noć“, rekao je neobičan čovjek, „i zvijezde su veličine mjeseca, a mjesec veličine jezera.“

Kad se autobus ponovno pokrenuo, kliznuli su natrag u tamu i samo ih je tanka zraka svjetla na stropu autobusa držala na okupu, sjedinivši stražnji dio autobusa gdje je ona sjedila, zajedno s prednjim dijelom autobusa gdje je sjedio vozač i putnici koji su se nalazili tako daleko od nje. Svjetla su ih povezala, a neobični muškarac pored nje govorio je: „Cijeli dan samo ležiš pod drvećem.“

Unutar autobusa, putujući dalje, osjećala se kao da je ništa. Prolazila je pored drveća i povremenih uspavanih kuća, ali nalazila se između tu i tamo - nejasno spojena s vozačem pomoću zraka svjetla, nošena bez vlastitog napora.

„Zovem se Jim“, rekao je neobičan čovjek.

Toliko je duboko spavala čelom naslonjena na prozor da se, bez svog znanja, s nelagodom promeškoljila, dok je tama promicala pored nje.

Opet ju je probudio onaj otupljujući šok te je prestrašeno upitala: „Što se dogodilo?“

„U redu je“, odgovorio je neobičan čovjek po imenu Jim. „Dođi.“

Pratila ga je van autobusa, u naizgled isti restoran, ali kad se zaputila sjesti na isto mjesto na kraju šanka, uzeo ju je za ruku i odveo do stola. „Idi se umiti“, rekao je. „Poslije se vrati ovdje.“

Ušla je u ženski toalet, a tamo je stajala djevojka koja je pudrala nos. Ne okrećući se, djevojka je rekla: „Košta 5 centi. Ostavite vrata otvorena tako da sljedeća neće morati platiti.“

Vrata su bila zaglavljena tako da se ne zatvore, s pola kutije šibica u bravi. Tako ih je ostavila i vratila se za stol za kojim je sjedio Jim.

„Što želiš?“ upitala ga je, a on je pokazao na još jednu šalicu kave i sendvič. „Samo navali“, rekao je.

Dok je jela svoj sendvič, čula je njegov glas, melodičan i prigušen: „I dok smo plovili pokraj otoka, čuli smo glas koji nas zaziva...“

Natrag u autobusu Jim je rekao: „Nasloni mi glavu na rame i odi spavati.“



„Dobro sam“, rekla je.

„Ne“, rekao je Jim. „Prije ti je glava udarala o prozor.“

Opet je spavala. Autobus se opet zaustavio naglo ju probudivši. Jim ju je opet odveo u restoran na kavu. Tada joj je zub oživio - jednom je rukom pritisnula obraz, pretražujući džepove kaputa, a zatim i torbicu, dok nije pronašla bočicu tableta kodeina i uzela dvije dok ju je Jim promatrao.

Taman je ispijala kavu kad je začula zvuk motora autobusa. Smjesta se pokrenula i požurila, a Jim ju je držao za ruku kad je šmugnula natrag na svoje mjesto u mračnom skloništu autobusa. Autobus je već krenuo kad je shvatila da je bočicu tableta ostavila na stolu u restoranu i da je sada prepuštena na milost i nemilost svog zuba. Na trenutak se zagledala u svjetla restorana kroz prozor autobusa, a zatim je stavila glavu na Jimovo rame. Dok je tonula u stan čula ga je kako govori: „Pijesak je bijel poput snijega, ali vruć je, čak je i noću vruć pod stopalima.“

Tada su se posljednji put zaustavili, a Jim ju je izveo iz autobusa i tako su jedno vrijeme zajedno stajali na ulici New Yorka. Žena u prolazu obratila se muškarcu koji ju je pratio s koferima: „Stigli smo na vrijeme, pet i petnaest je.“

„Idem kod zubara“, rekla je Jimu.

„Znam“, rekao je. „Pazit ću na tebe.“

Zatim je Jim otišao. Mislila je da će uočiti njegovo plavo odijelo kako odlazi, ali izgubio se u mnoštvu ljudi.

*Trebala sam mu zahvaliti*, pomislila je i polako ušla u restoran na kolodvoru, gdje je ponovno naručila kavu. Čovjek za pultom pogledao ju je s umornim suosjećanjem onoga koji je proveo dugu noć gledajući ljude kako izlaze i ulaze u autobuse. „Pospani?“ upitao je.

„Da“, rekla je.

Nakon nekog vremena otkrila je da se autobusni kolodvor pridružuje kolodvoru Pennsylvania te je uspjela ući u glavnu čekaonicu i pronaći mjesto na jednoj od klupa gdje je ponovno zaspala.

Tada ju je netko grubo protresao za rame i rekao: „Kojim vlakom idete, gospođo, skoro je sedam.“ Sjela se uspravno i ugledala torbicu u krilu, prekrížene noge, i sat koji zuri u nju. Rekla je: „Hvala“, ustala, slijepo prošla pored klupica, i prišla pokretnim stepenicama. Netko se smjestio odmah iza nje i dodirnuo joj ruku - okrenula se i to je bio Jim. „Trava je tako zelena i tako meka“ rekao je, smiješeći se, „a voda u rijeci je tako hladna.“

Umorno je zurila u njega. Kad je pokretnim stepenicama stigla na vrh krenula je prema ulici koja je bila na vidiku. Jim se našao tik do nje te je nastavio govoriti: „Nebo je plavije od svega što si ikad vidjela, a pjesme...“

Brzo se odmaknula od njega i pomislila da ljudi u prolazu zure u nju. Stajala je na uglu čekajući da se svjetlo na semaforu promijeni, kad joj je Jim brzo prišao, a zatim se odmaknuo. „Gledaj“, rekao je i ispružio dlan prepun bisera.

Preko puta ulice nalazio se restoran - upravo se otvarao. Ušla je i sjela za stol, a kraj nje je stajala namrštena konobarica. „Spavali ste“, rekla je konobarica optužujuće.

„Jako mi je žao“, rekla je. Bilo je jutro. „Poširana jaja i kavu, molim.“

Bilo je četvrt do osam kad je napustila restoran, i pomislila je, *ako odem autobusom ravno u centar grada, mogu sjesti u zalogajnicu preko puta zubarske ordinacije, popiti još koju kavu do oko osam i trideset, zatim otići kod zubara čim se otvori i može me primiti prvu.*

Autobusi su se počeli puniti. Ušla je u prvi autobus koji je naišao, no nije mogla pronaći slobodno mjesto. Željela je ići u Dvadeset treću ulicu i sjela je baš u trenutku kad su prolazili Dvadeset šestu ulicu; kad se probudila, bila je toliko daleko od centra da joj je trebalo gotovo pola sata da pronađe autobus i vrati se na Dvadeset i treću.

Na uglu Dvadeset i treće ulice, dok je čekala da se svjetlo na semaforu promijeni, zatekla se u gomili. Kad su prešli ulicu i razdvojili se u raznim smjerovima, osjetila je kako je netko krenuo koračati za njom. Nastavila je hodati dalje, pritom ne podižući pogled i ogorčeno zureći u pločnik. Osjećala je pulsirajući zubobolju, no kad je podignula pogled, među ljudima koji su je naguravali s obje strane, nije bilo ni traga plavom odijelu.

Bilo je vrlo rano jutro kad je skrenula u poslovnu zgradu u kojoj se nalazio njezin zubar. Vrtar poslovne zgrade bio je svježije obrijan i počešljan; žustro je držao vrata otvorena, jer će već

u pet sati biti ulijenjen, a kosa mu neće stajati na mjestu. Ušla je kroz vrata ponosna na svoje postignuće - uspješno je došla s jednog mjesta na drugo, i ovo je bio kraj njezina putovanja i njezin cilj.

Medicinska sestra obučena u čisto bijelo sjedila je za stolom u uredu; pogled joj je prešao preko natečenog obraza i umornih ramena, te je rekla: „Sirotice moja, izgledaš iscrpljeno.“

„Imam zubobolju.“ Sestra blago nasmiješila, kao da još uvijek čeka dan kada će netko ući ordinaciju i požaliti se: „Bole me noge.“ Bila je vrlo profesionalna. „Samo uđite“, rekla je. „Nećemo vas tjerati da čekate.“

Sunčeva svjetlost obasjavala je naslon za glavu zubarske stolice, okrugli bijeli stol i zubarsku bušilicu (glatke i savijene kromirane glave). Zubar se nasmiješio istom tolerancijom kao i medicinska sestra; možda se sve ljudske bolesti nalaze u zubima, a on bi ih mogao izliječiti kad bi ljudi samo došli k njemu na vrijeme. Sestra je smireno rekla: „Donijet ću njezin dosje, doktore. Mislili smo da je bolje da je odmah primimo.“

Dok su radili RTG, osjećala se kao da u njezinoj glavi nema ničega što bi zaustavilo zlonamjerno oko kamere. Kao da će kamera na neki način progledati kroz nju i fotografirati čavle zabijene u zid iza nje ili dugmeta zubarske kute ili male tanke kosti zubarskih instrumenata. Zubar je sa žaljenjem rekao medicinskoj sestri, „Vađenje“, a sestra je odgovorila, „Da, doktore, odmah ću ih nazvati.“

Činilo se da je njezin zub, koji ju je nepogrešivo doveo do ovdje, sada jedini dio nje same koji ima identitet. Kao da se slikao bez nje – da je važno stvorenje koje se mora zabilježiti, ispitati i zadovoljiti, a da je ona samo njegov nevoljan domaćin i samo je kao takva od važnosti zubaru i medicinskoj sestri - kao nositeljica zuba vrijedna njihove neposredne i uvježbane pažnje. Zubar joj je pružio papirić na kojem je nacrtana slika njezinog zubala; njezin živi zub označen je crnom mrljom, a na vrhu papira ispisano je „Donji kutnjak; vađenje.“

„Uzmi ovu karticu“, rekao je zubar, „i odi na adresu koja je na njoj zapisana; to je dentalni kirurg. Oni će se tamo pobrinuti za tebe.“

„Što će učiniti?“ upitala je. To nije pitanje koje je željela postaviti kao primjerice: *Što je sa mnom?* ili, *Koliko duboko ide korijen?*

„Izvadit će ti taj zub“, rekao je grubo, okrećući joj leđa. „Trebalo je to učiniti prije mnogo godina.“

*Predugo sam ostala*, pomislila je, *moj zub ga umara*. Ustala je sa zubarske stolice i rekla: „Hvala Vam. Doviđenja.“

„Zbogom“, rekao je zubar. U posljednji trenutak joj se nasmiješio, pokazujući svoje savršeno bijele zube.

„Jeste li dobro? Smeta li Vas zubobolja?“ pitala je medicinska sestra.

„U redu sam.“

„Mogu vam dati nekoliko kodein tableta“, rekla je sestra. „Bilo bi nam draže da trenutno ništa ne uzimate, naravno, ali mislim da bih Vam ih mogla prepisati ako je bol nepodnošljiva.“

„Ne“, rekla je sjetivši se svoje male bočice tableta na stolu restorana između ovdje i tamo. „Ne, ne boli me toliko.“

„Pa“, rekla je medicinska sestra, „sretno.“

Spustila se stubama i prošla pored vratara. U petnaest minuta što je bila gore izgubio je djelić svog jutarnjeg raspoloženja, a naklon mu je bio mrvu manji nego prije.

„Taksi?“ upitao je. Prisjetivši se autobusa do Dvadeset treće ulice odgovorila je, „Da.“

Baš kad se vratar vratio s pločnika, naklonivši se taksiju za koji je izgledalo kao da vjeruje da je stvorio, učinilo joj se da joj je netko mahnuo iz mnoštva s druge strane ulice.

Pročitala je adresu na kartici koju joj je zubar dao i pažljivo je ponovila taksistu. Nepomično je sjedila u taksiju, gotovo zatvorenih očiju, držeći u rukama karticu i papirić, na kojem je pisalo „Donji kutnjak“ i na kojem je njezin zub bio jasno označen. Pomislila je da je sigurno ponovno zaspala kad se taksi iznenada zaustavio, a vozač je, posegnuvši okolo da otvori vrata, rekao: „Evo nas, gospodična.“ Pogledao ju je znatiželjno.

„Izvadit će mi zub“, rekla je.

„Isuse“, rekao je taksist. Ona mu je platila, a on je rekao: „Sretno“, zalupivši vratima.

Bila je ovo neobična zgrada s ulazom prepunim medicinskih natpisa isklesanim u kamenu. Vrtar je čak izgledao donekle obrazovano, kao da je kompetentan za prepisivanje receptata ako se njoj ne da ići dalje. Prošla je kraj njega, hodajući naprijed dok se nisu otvorila vrata dizala. Upravitelju dizala pokazala je karticu i on je rekao: „Sedmi kat.“

Morala se pomaknuti unatrag kako bi medicinska sestra mogla uvesti staricu u invalidskim kolicima u dizalo. Starica je bila mirna i odmorna, sjedila je u liftu s dekom preko koljena. Rekla je: „Lijep dan“ upravitelju dizala, a on je odgovorio, „Dobro je vidjeti sunca“, a onda se starica naslonila natrag na stolicu, a sestra joj je namjestila deku oko koljena i rekla, „Nećemo se brinuti“, a starica je razdražljivo odgovorila: „Tko se brine?“

Izašli su na četvrti kat. Dizalo je nastavilo gore, a onda je upravitelj rekao: „Sedam“, i vrata dizala su se otvorila.

„Ravno niz hodnik i s vaše lijeve strane“, rekao je upravitelj.

S obje strane hodnika nalazila su se zatvorena vrata. Na nekima od njih pisalo je „DDM“, „Klinika“, „RTG“. Na jednim koja su izgledala bezopasno, prijateljski i nekako najpristupačnije pisalo je „Dame“. Zatim se okrenula ulijevo i pronašla vrata s imenom na kartici, otvorila ih je i ušla. Tamo je iza staklenog prozorčića, onom sličnom kao u banci, sjedila medicinska sestra. U kutovima čekaonice nalazile su palmice u vazama, kao i novi časopisi i udobne stolice. Medicinska sestra rekla je kroz stakleni prozorčić: „Da?“ kao nekome tko duguje i kasni s plaćanjem dva zuba.

Provukla je papirić kroz stakleni prozor, a sestra ga je pogledala i rekla: „Donji kutnjak, da. Zvali su zbog Vas. Hoćete li ući, molim vas? Kroz vrata s vaše lijeve strane.“

*U trezor?* umalo je rekla, a zatim šutke otvorila vrata i ušla. Unutra ju je dočekala druga medicinska sestra – nasmiješila se i okrenula, očekujući da je se slijedi, bez vidljive sumnje u svoje pravo na vođenje.

Prošli su pored još jedne sobe sa rendgenom, a medicinska sestra rekla je drugoj: „Donji kutnjak“, na što je druga rekla, „Dođite ovamo, molim.“

Bilo je labirinata i prolaza koji su izgledali kao da vode u srce poslovne zgrade, te je napokon smještena u sobicu s kaučem i jastukom, umivaonikom i stolicom.

„Čekajte ovdje“, rekla je sestra. „Opustite se ako možete.“

„Vjerojatno ću odspavati“, rekla je.

„U redu“, rekla je medicinska sestra. „Nećete dugo čekati.“

Čekala je vjerojatno više od sat vremena, iako je vrijeme provodila napola spavajući, budeći se samo kad bi netko prošao pored vrata. Povremeno bi je medicinska sestra došla provjeriti s osmijehom na licu. U jednom je trenutku rekla, „Nećete još dugo čekati.“ Nakon nekog vremena pojavila se druga medicinska sestra, koja se više nije smiješila, više nije bila ugodna domaćica, već je bila učinkovita i užurbana. „Dođite“, rekla je, opet se vrativši iz male sobice u hodnik.

Tada se, a da nije ni trepnula, našla u zubarskoj stolici. Oko glave i ispod brade joj je bio ručnik, a sestra je naslonila ruku na njezino rame.

„Hoće li boljeti?“ upitala je.

„Ne“, rekla je sestra smiješeći se. „Znate da neće boljeti, zar ne?“

„Da“, rekla je.

Ušao je zubar i nasmiješio joj se preko glave. „Onda“, rekao je.

„Hoće li boljeti?“ upitala je.

„Sad“, rekao je veselo, „ne bismo radili da ljudima nanosimo bol.“ U isto vrijeme je i pričao i čeprkao po metalnom priboru skrivenom ispod ručnika, a iza nje su se gotovo nečujno provlačili veliki zubarski alati. „Uopće ne bismo imali posla“, rekao je. „Jedino o čemu se trebaš brinuti jest da nam ne ispričaš sve svoje tajne dok spavaš. Moraš pripaziti na to, znaš. Donji kutnjak?“ upitao je medicinsku sestru.

„Donji kutnjak, doktore“, odgovorila je.

Zatim su joj preko lica stavili gumenu masku metalnog okusa i zubar je odsutno rekao, „Znate“ dva ili tri puta, dok ga je još uvijek mogla vidjeti preko maske. Medicinska sestra rekla je „Opusti ruke, draga“ i nakon nekog vremena osjetila je kako joj se prsti opuštaju.

*Prvo se sve nekako udaljilo, pomislila je, sjeti se toga. I sjeti se metalnog zvuka i okusa svega toga. I ogorčenje.*

A zatim se začula zaglušujuća glazba, zvonjava zbunjujuće glasne glazbe koja se neprestano ponavljala. Opet i u krug. I trčala je što je brže mogla dugačkim, bistrim hodnikom s vratima s obje strane. Na kraju hodnika bio je Jim, ispruživši ruke i smijući se, i dovikujući nešto što nije mogla čuti zbog glasne glazbe. I trčala je. Zatim je rekla: „Ne bojim se“, a netko s vrata pored nje uzeo ju je pod ruku, povukao je natrag i svijet se alarmantno proširio kao da se nikada neće zaustaviti. Onda ga je zaustavila glava zubara koji je gledao dolje u nju, prozor je pao na svoje mjesto ispred nje, a sestra ju je držala za ruku.

„Zašto ste me povukli natrag?“ rekla je, a usta su joj bila puna krvi. „Htjela sam nastaviti.“

„Nisam Vas povukla“, rekla je medicinska sestra, ali zubar je rekao, „još ju nije popustila anestezija.“

Počela je plakati ne mičući se i osjetila kako joj suze klize niz lice, a sestra ih je obrisala ručnikom. Naokolo nije bilo krvi, osim u njezinim ustima; sve je bilo čisto kao prije. Zubar je iznenada otišao, a sestra joj je ispružila ruku i pomogla joj da ustane sa stolice. „Jesam li pričala?“ pitala je iznenada, zabrinuto. „Jesam li što rekla?“

„Rekli ste: *Ne bojim se*“, odgovorila je sestra umirujuće. „Baš kad ste se počeli buditi.“

„Ne“, nastavila je. „Jesam li što *rekla*? Jesam li rekla gdje je on?“

„Niste *ništa* rekli“, rekla je sestra. „Doktor vas je samo zadirkivao.“

„Gdje mi je zub?“ iznenada je upitala, a medicinska sestra se nasmijala i rekla: „Nema ga. Nikad Vas više neće uznemiravati.“

Vratila se u sobicu, legla na kauč i zaplakala, a sestra joj je donijela viski u papirnatoj šalici i odložila ga na rub umivaonika.

„Bog mi je dao da pijem krv“, rekla je sestri, a sestra je na to odgovorila: „Nemojte ispirati usta jer neće zarasti.“

Nakon dugo vremena sestra se vratila smiješeći joj se s vrata: „Vidim da ste opet budni.“

„Zašto?“ upitala je.

„Spavali ste“, rekla je sestra. „Nisam Vas htjela probuditi.“

Sjela je uspravno. Vrtjelo joj se u glavi i osjećala se kao da je cijeli život provela u ovoj sobici.

„Želite li sada poći?“ upitala je sestra, opet čista ljubaznost. Ispružila je istu ruku, dovoljno snažnu da vodi njezin kolebljiv korak. Ovaj su se put vratile dugim hodnikom do mjesta gdje je sestra sjedila iza „bankovnog“ prozorčića.

„Sve gotovo?“ vedro je rekla medicinska sestra. „Onda sjednite na minuticu.“ Pokazala je na stolicu pokraj staklenog prozorčića i zauzeto se okrenula da nešto zapiše. „Nemojte ispirati usta dva sata“, rekla je, ne okrećući se. „Večeras uzmite laksativ, i dva aspirina ako osjetite bolove. Ako osjetite jaku bol ili prekomjerno krvarenje, odmah nas nazovite. U redu?“ rekla je i ponovno se vedro nasmiješila.

Usljedio je novi papirić; na ovome je pisalo, „Vađenje“, a ispod, „Ne ispirati usta. Uzeti blagi laksativ. Dva aspirina protiv bolova. Ako je bol pretjerana ili dođe do krvarenja obavijestite ured.“

„Zbogom“, rekla je sestra ugodno.

„Zbogom“, rekla je.

S papirićem u ruci, izašla je kroz staklena vrata, još uvijek u polu snu, skrenula iza ugla i krenula niz hodnik. Kad je malo otvorila oči i vidjela da je to onaj dugačak hodnik s vratima s obje strane, zaustavila se, a zatim ugledala vrata s natpisom „Dame“ i ušla. Unutra je bila prostrana soba s prozorima, pletenim stolicama, blistavo bijelim pločicama i svjetlucavim slavinama od srebra. Ispred umivaonika je stajalo četiri ili pet žena koje su češljale kosu ili stavljale ruž. Otišla je do najbližeg od tri umivaonika, uzela papirnati ručnik, odložila torbicu i papirić na pod kraj nje, i petljala po slavinama, namaćući ručnik dok s njega nije počelo kapljati. Zatim ga je silovito prislonila na lice. Oči su joj se razbistrile i osjećala se svježije, pa je opet natopila ručnik i protrljala lice sa njime. Slijepo je potražila još papirnatih ručnika, sve dok joj žena do nje nije pružila jedan, uz smijeh koji je mogla čuti, iako nije vidjela zbog vode u



očima. Čula je kako jedna od žena govori: „Kamo idemo na ručak?“ a druga odgovara, „Vjerojatno tu dolje. Stara budala kaže da se moram vratiti za pola sata.“

Tada je shvatila da za umivaonikom smeta ženama koje su bile u žurbi, pa je brzo osušila lice. Tek kad se odmaknula malo u stranu kako bi dopustila nekome drugome da dođe do umivaonika, i kad se uspravila i pogledala u zrcalo, shvatila je, s probadajućim šokom, da nema pojma koje je lice njezino!

U zrcalu je gledala u grupu stranaca, koji su svi zurili u nju ili oko nje. U grupi joj nitko nije bio poznat, nitko joj se nije nasmiješio niti je pogledao s prepoznavanjem. *Ne bi li me vlastito lice poznavalo?* pomislila je, s neobičnom ukočenošću u grlu. Vidjela je slabašno, kremasto lice (bez brade) sa svijetloplavom kosom, lice oštrog izgleda ispod crvenog zastrtog šešira, bezbojno tjeskobno lice sa smeđom ravnom kosom povučenom unatrag, četvrtasto ružičasto lice pod četvrtastom frizurou, i još dva ili tri lica koja se naguravala što bliže zrcalu kako bi se što bolje pogledala sa svih strana. *Možda to nije ogledalo,* pomislila je, *možda je to prozor, a ja gledam ravno u žene koje se nalaze na drugoj strani.* Ali bilo je žena koje su se češljale i savjetovale sa ogledalom. Grupa se nalazila sa ove strane, a ona je pomislila - *nadam se da nisam ova plavuša,* i podigla ruku i stavila je na obraz.

Bila je ona blijeda, tjeskobna s povučenom kosom unatrag, i kad je to shvatila, ogorčeno i užurbano se pomaknula unatrag kroz gomilu žena, misleći: *Nije fer, zašto nemam bojeu licu? Bilo je tamo nekoliko lijepih lica, zašto nisam uzela jedno od njih? Nisam imala vremena,* mrzovoljno si je rekla, *nisu mi dali dovoljno vremena za razmišljanje, mogla sam imati lijepo lice, čak bi i ona plavuša bila bolja.*

Odmaknula se i sjela u jednu od onih pletenih stolica. *Nije fer,* razmišljala je. Podigla je ruku kako bi dotaknula kosu; bila je neurednanakon sna, ali definitivno ju tako inače nosi, povučenu unatrag i pričvršćenu širokom ukosnicom na stražnjem dijelu. *Poput školarke,* pomislila je prisjećajući se blijedog odraza u zrcalu, *samo što sam ja starija.* Otkopčala je ukosnicu i približila je licu kako bi ju mogla bolje pogledati. Kosa joj je nježno padala oko lica; bila je topla i dosezala joj je do ramena. Ukosnica je bila srebrna; na njoj je bilo ugravirano ime „Clara“.

„Clara“, rekla je naglas. „Clara?“ Dvije žene koje su izlazile iz prostorije nasmiješile su joj se preko ramena; gotovo su sve žene sada odlazile, uredno začešljane i našminkane, žureći vani i brbljajući. U sekundi, poput ptica koje su napustile stablo, sve su nestale i ona je ostala sama u toaletu. Bacila je ukosnicu u pepeljaru pored stolice; pepeljara je bila duboka i metalna, a ukosnica je zveknula udarajući dno. Spuštene kose na ramenima, otvorila je torbicu i počela vaditi stvari, stavljajući ih u krilo. Maramica, obična, bijela, bez inicijala. Pudrijera, četvrtasta i smeđa plastika od kornjačevine, s pretincem za puder i za rumenilo; rumenilo očito nikada nije korišteno, iako pudera u prahu skoro pa više nije ni bilo. *Zato sam tako blijeda*, pomislila je i odložila pudrijeru. Ruž za usne, crvene boje, skoro potpuno iskorišten. Češalj, otvorena kutija cigareta i kutija šibica, torbica za kovanice i novčanik. Torbica za kovanice bila je crvena imitacija kože s patentnim zatvaračem na vrhu; otvorila ga je i istresla novac u ruku. Sveukupno je nabrojala devedeset i sedam centi. Nije dovoljno, pomislila je i otvorila smeđi kožni novčanik; u njemu je bilo novca, ali ona je prvo potražila dokumente i nije pronašla ništa. U novčaniku je bio samo novac. Prebrojala je; bilo je devetnaest dolara. *To je već malo bolje*, pomislila je.

U torbici nije bilo ničega drugog. Ni traga ključevima - *ne bih li trebala imati ključeve?* pitala se – ni tragadokumentima, adresaru, identifikaciji. Sama torbica bila je od umjetne kože i svijetlosive boje, a ona je spustila pogled i otkrila da nosi tamno sivo flanelsko odijelo i ružičastu bluzu boje lososa s volanima oko vrata. Na sebi je imala crne cipele na vezice, od kojih je jedna bila odvezana, sa srednje-visokim potpeticama. Nosila je bež hulahopke - poderane na desnom koljenu sve do rupe na nožnom prstu koju je mogla osjetiti u cipeli. Na ovratniku odijela nalazila se pribadača za koju se ispostavilo da je plavo plastično slovo C. Skinula je pribadaču i bacila je u pepeljaru. Ruke su joj bile male, sa zdepastim prstima i nelakiranim noktima; na lijevoj je ruci imala tanki zlatni vjenčani prsten i nikakav drugi nakit.

Sjedeći sama u ženskom toaletu na pletenoj stolici, pomislila je, *najmanje što mogu učiniti je riješiti se ovih hulahopki*. Budući da nikoga nije bilo u blizini, skinula je cipele i svukla hulahopke s osjećajem olakšanja kad je oslobodila nožni prst. *Sakrij ih*, pomislila je, u koš za papirnate ručnike. Kad je ustala, bolje se pogledala u ogledalo - bilo je gore nego što je mislila - sivo odijelo zgužvalo se dok je sjedila, noge su joj bile koščate, a ramena opuštena. *Izgledam kao da imam pedeset*, pomislila je, ali proučavajući lice zaključila je, *ne mogu imati više od*

*trideset.* Kosa joj se neuredno objesila oko blijedog lica i s iznenadnim bijesom dohvatila je torbicu i pronašla ruž za usne. Nanijela je izražajno crveni ruž na usne blijedoga lica, shvativši kako i nije baš stručna u tome, ali s tako crvenim ustima lice koje ju je gledalo učinilo joj se nekako ljepšim. Stoga je otvorila pudrijeru i nanijela ružičastog rumenila na obraze. Rumeni su obrazi sad bili neujednačeni i preupadljivi, a crvena usta blistava, ali barem joj lice više nije izgledalo toliko blijedo i tjeskobno.

Bacila je hulahopke u koš za smeće, vratila se golih nogu u hodnik i ciljano otišla do dizala. Upravitelj dizala upitao je: „Dolje?“, a ona je kimnula i zakoračila unutra. Prošla je pored ozbiljnog vratara i izašla na ulicu kojom su prolazili ljudi. Stala je ispred zgrade i čekala. Nakon nekoliko minuta među gomilom ljudi pojavio se Jim, prišao joj i uzeo je za ruku.

Negdje između ovdje i tamo nalazila se njezina bočica kodein tableta. Gore na podu ženskog toaleta ostavila je papirić s natpisom „Vađenje“. Sedam katova niže, nesvjesna ljudi koji su žustro koračali pločnikom, ne primjećujući njihove povremene znatiželjne poglede, držeći se za Jimovu ruku i kose spuštene na ramenima, bosa je trčala kroz vrući pijesak.

## 3.2 Commentary and analysis 2

I believe the most important aspect of translating this short story is focused on the syntax and vocabulary and in the flow of thoughts of the main character. The story and its flow are focused on the main character's development and, in a way, her gradual descent into madness. Thus, it is crucial to transfer that same gory effect in the target text. Jackson used quite a picturesque word choice, so this translation required several complex adjustments and adaptations in the target language.

The first paragraph in the short story abounds with metaphors and vivid phrases, which on the one hand gives the translator freedom, but on the other hand makes the translation more challenging. For example, *The bus was waiting, panting heavily at the curb in front of the small bus station, its great blue-and-silver bulk glittering in the moonlight.* The first translation I contemplated over was of the phrase *panting heavily* which is used as a metaphor to describe the sound effects of the bus. I had a few options in mind, some of which were *teško daščući/drhteći/stenjući*, but I believe the most suitable one was: *Autobus je čekao, teško cvileći uz pločnik ispred male autobusne stanice, a njegova glomazno plavo-srebrna boja blistala je na mjesecini.* The reason why I chose this particular translation is because the verb *cviljenje* is usually used in the Croatian language to describe the sounds of vehicles and, more specifically, the sound of tires. I translated the rest of the sentence quite literally, but with a few adjustments to make it sound more poetic in the target language. The following sentence was in passive: *There were only a few people interested in the bus (...)*, so I changed the voice to active and shifted the structure a bit: *Samo je nekolicina ljudi čekala autobus (...)*. Moreover, at the end of the paragraph there is a collocation *all-night lunchstand*, which, if translated literally, would be *štrand/kiosk za hranu koji radi cijelu noć*, but later on in the story it becomes obvious it is an

enclosed space where you can go eat (like a restaurant or a diner), thus I decided that the best option was *zalogajnica*.

As I mentioned before, it is necessary to accurately translate the character's state of mind: "*I just feel as if I were all tooth. Nothing else.*" Here I used the method of literal translation since the semantics of the sentence is closely related to the character's psyche: "*Jednostavno se osjećam kao da sam samo zub. Ništa više.*"

In the following example I, once again, had to translate the author's metaphoric and poetic style into the target language: *The bus stirred, groaned, and pulled itself forward*. I translated this part as *autobus se uskomešao, zarezao i povukao naprijed*. The alterations in the target sentence resulted in a free translation.

Another challenging sentence in this paragraph was the following: *There was a run in her stocking and a hole in the toe that she never notices at home wearing her old comfortable shoes, but which was now suddenly and disagreeably apparent inside her best walking shoes*. Here we can notice a shift in structure, a change of voice from active into passive, the introduction of relative clauses in the Croatian language and modification of some of the collocations:

*Hulahopke su joj bile poderane i imala je rupu na nožnom prstu koju prije nije primijetila u svojim starim udobnim cipelama, ali koja je sada bila neugodno uočljiva u njezinim najboljim cipelama za hodanje*. Another apparent instance of a change of voice is noticeable at the end of the sentence: *was rewarded with a split-second crash of pain*. I used an almost literal translation: *u djeliću sekunde bila je nagrađena naletom oštre boli*. The verbs *to reward* and its Croatian equivalent *nagraditi* can be used here in the same metaphorical sense.

As the essence of this story focuses on the expressive descriptions of the character's health (physical and mental) and its progression throughout the text, it was challenging to try and portray that same graphic imagery and sound in the target language. For example, *the throb of the toothache was distant now, and mingled with the movement of the bus, a steady beat like her heartbeat which she could hear louder and louder, going on through the night*. I wanted to achieve the same effect in the target text that would portray the character's current psychological state: *pulsiranje zubobolje sada je bilo udaljeno i miješalo se s kretanjem autobusa, ravnomjernim otkucajima poput otkucaja svog srca koje je mogla čuti sve glasnije i glasnije, i tako dugo u noć*.

Another important part of the story were the instances where the character Jim (who we later find out is probably just in her imagination) interacts with the main protagonist Clara. Here are some of the peculiar parts of the story where Jim is talking to Clara who is in a foggy state and that is, in fact, crucial for the translation process itself: *even farther than Samarkand and the waves ringing on the shore like bells - čak i dalje od Samarkanda i valova koji zveckaju o obalu poput zvona; the flutes play all night and the stars are as big as the moon and the moon is as big as a lake - flaute sviraju cijelu noći zvijezde su veličine mjeseca, a mjesec veličine jezera; and while we were sailing past the island we heard a voice calling us - i dok smo plovili pokraj otoka, čuli smo glas koji nas zaziva; the sand is so white it looks like snow, but it's hot, even at night it's hot under your feet - pijesak je bijel poput snijega, ali vruć je, čak je i noću vruć pod stopalima; the grass is so green and so soft and the water of the river is so cool - trava je tako zelena i tako meka, a voda u rijeci je tako hladna*.

Since the English language tends to use a lot of idioms, phrasal verbs, and metaphors, it is challenging to transform the sentences into Croatian: (...) *and with Him holding her arm she*

*fled back into the dark shelter of her seat. (...) now she was at the mercy of her tooth.* The phrasal verb *flee back* has the same meaning as the Croatian verb *šmugnuti*, which is synonymous with the verbs *odjuriti*, *zbrisati*, *kidnuti*, so I translated the sentence as:

*(...) a Jim ju je držao za ruku kad je šmugnula natrag na svoje mjesto u mračnom skloništu autobusa. (...) i da je sada prepuštena na milost i nemilost svog zuba.* Also, I replaced the idiom *leave to the mercy of*, or in this case, *left at the mercy of her tooth*, with the Croatian phraseme *ostaviti koga/što na milost i nemilost*.

If translated literally, the following example would not make sense in the target language and is not a recommendable structure in Croatian: *The clean white nurse sat at the desk in the office.* This attributive adjective phrase could be translated word-for-word as *čisto bijela medicinska sestra*, but that would sound really confusing and clumsy, so the translation I went with was: *Medicinska sestra obučena u čisto bijelo*, thus there was an obvious class (verb addition) and structure shift.

Furthermore, the following example was quite demanding because it also portrayed the main character's state of mind and (un)consciousness through descriptive imagery: *Her tooth, which had brought her here unerringly, seemed now the only part of her to have any identity. (...) it was the important creature which must be recorded and examined and gratified; she was only its unwilling vehicle, and only as such was she of interest to the dentist and the nurse, only as the bearer of her tooth was she worth of their immediate and practiced attention.*

Firstly, I changed the structure of the sentences and inverted the first part of the first sentence: *Činilo se da je njezin zub, koji ju je nepogrešivo doveo do ovdje, sada jedini dio nje same koji ima identitet. (...) da je važno stvorenje koje se mora zabilježiti, ispitati i zadovoljiti, a da je ona samo njegov nevoljan domaćin i samo je kao takva od važnosti zubaru i medicinskoj*

*sestri - kao nositeljica zuba vrijedna njihove neposredne i uvježbane pažnje.*

Secondly, I changed the voice from passive into active in the second half of the paragraph and kept to the same poetic style of the vocabulary, with the focus being on adjectives.

Another technique I decided to use in my translation was writing the main characters' thoughts in italics as for clearer emphasis - this makes a clear distinction between thoughts and the surrounding text. For instance, *Poput školanke, pomislila je prisjećajući se blijedog odraza u zrcalu, samo što sam ja starija.*

In the final paragraph of the short story there is a shocking realization that the main character goes through a change of identity and it is a crucial paragraph since it brings into focus her current state of mind and mental health: *Between here and there was her bottle of codeine pills, upstairs on the floor of the ladies' room she had left a little slip of paper headed "Extraction"; seven floors below, oblivious of the people who stepped sharply along the sidewalk, not noticing their occasional curious glances, her hand in Jim's and her hair down on her shoulders, she ran barefoot through hot sand.* I decided to split the sentences and change the punctuation as for a greater effect in the target language and I also changed the structure of the sentence and added some extra elements: *Negdje između ovdje i tamo nalazila se njezina bočica kodein tableta. Gore na podu ženskog toaleta ostavila je papirić s natpisom „Vađenje“. Sedam katova niže, nesvjesna ljudi koji su žustro koračali pločnikom, ne primjećujući njihove povremene znatiželjne poglede, držeći se za Jimovu ruku i kose spuštene na ramenima, bosa je trčala kroz vrući pijesak.*

To recapitulate, this short story was quite demanding and challenging. There were a lot of class and structure shifts, as well as quite a few adjustments of idioms and metaphors. The most important part of the short story was, as said before, the main characters' state of mind and flow



of thought, so my translation strategy was to focus on those parts and try to maintain the same flow of the text as to evoke the same effect as the source text.

## 4. Source text 3

### *THE WITCH*

THE COACH was so nearly empty that the little boy had a seat all to himself, and his mother sat across the aisle on the seat next to the little boy's sister, a baby with a piece of toast in one hand and a rattle in the other. She was strapped securely to the seat so she could sit up and look around, and whenever she began to slip slowly sideways the strap caught her and held her halfway until her mother turned around and straightened her again. The little boy was looking out the window and eating a cookie, and the mother was reading quietly, answering the little boy's questions without looking up.

"We're on a river," the little boy said. "This is a river and we're on it."

"Fine," his mother said.

"We're on a bridge over a river," the little boy said to himself.

The few other people in the coach were sitting at the other end of the car; if any of them had occasion to come down the aisle the little boy would look around and say, "Hi," and the stranger would usually say, "Hi," back and sometimes ask the little boy if he were enjoying the train ride, or even tell him he was a fine big fellow. These comments annoyed the little boy and he would turn irritably back to the window.

"There's a cow," he would say, or, sighing, "How far do we have to go?"

"Not much longer now," his mother said, each time.

Once the baby, who was very quiet and busy with her rattle and her toast, which the mother would renew constantly, fell over too far sideways and banged her head. She began to cry, and for a minute there was noise and movement around the mother's seat. The little boy slid down from his own seat and ran across the aisle to pet his sister's feet and beg her not to cry, and finally the baby laughed and went back to her toast, and the little boy received a lollipop from his mother and went back to the window.

“I saw a witch,” he said to his mother after a minute. “There was a big old ugly old bad old witch outside.”

“Fine,” his mother said.

“A big old ugly witch and I told her to go away and she went away,” the little boy went on, in a quiet narrative to himself, “she came and said, ‘I’m going to eat you up,’ and I said, ‘no, you’re not,’ and I chased her away, the bad old mean witch.”

He stopped talking and looked up as the outside door of the coach opened and a man came in. He was an elderly man, with a pleasant face under white hair; his blue suit was only faintly touched by the disarray that comes from a long train trip. He was carrying a cigar, and when the little boy said, “Hi,” the man gestured at him with the cigar and said, “Hello yourself, son.” He stopped just beside the little boy’s seat, and leaned against the back, looking down at the little boy, who craned his neck to look upward. “What you looking for out that window?” the man asked.

“Witches,” the little boy said promptly. “Bad old mean witches.”

“I see,” the man said. “Find many?”

“My father smokes cigars,” the little boy said.

“All men smoke cigars,” the man said. “Someday you’ll smoke a cigar, too.”

“I’m a man already,” the little boy said.

“How old are you?” the man asked.

The little boy, at the eternal question, looked at the man suspiciously for a minute and then said, “Twenty-six. Eight hunnerd and forty eighty.”

His mother lifted her head from the book. “Four,” she said, smiling fondly at the little boy.

“Is that so?” the man said politely to the little boy. “Twenty-six.” He nodded his head at the mother across the aisle. “Is that your mother?”

The little boy leaned forward to look and then said, “Yes, that’s her.”

“What’s your name?” the man asked.

The little boy looked suspicious again. “Mr. Jesus,” he said.

“Johnny,” the little boy’s mother said. She caught the little boy’s eye and frowned deeply.

“That’s my sister over there,” the little boy said to the man. “She’s twelve-and-a-half.”

“Do you love your sister?” the man asked. The little boy stared, and the man came around the side of the seat and sat down next to the little boy.

“Listen,” the man said, “shall I tell you about my little sister?”

The mother, who had looked up anxiously when the man sat down next to her little boy, went peacefully back to her book.

“Tell me about your sister,” the little boy said. “Was she a witch?”

“Maybe,” the man said.

The little boy laughed excitedly, and the man leaned back and puffed at his cigar. “Once upon a time,” he began, “I had a little sister, just like yours.” The little boy looked up at the man, nodding at every word. “My little sister,” the man went on, “was so pretty and so nice that I loved her more than anything else in the world. So shall I tell you what I did?”

The little boy nodded more vehemently, and the mother lifted her eyes from her book and smiled, listening.

“I bought her a rocking-horse and a doll and a million lollipops,” the man said, “and then I took her and I put my hands around her neck and I pinched her and I pinched her until she was dead.”

The little boy gasped and the mother turned around, her smile fading. She opened her mouth, and then closed it again as the man went on, “And then I took and I cut her head off and I took her head—”

“Did you cut her all in pieces?” the little boy asked breathlessly.

“I cut off her head and her hands and her feet and her hair and her nose,” the man said, “and I hit her with a stick and I killed her.”

“Wait a minute,” the mother said, but the baby fell over sideways just at that minute and by the time the mother had set her up again the man was going on.

“And I took her head and I pulled out all her hair and—”

“Your little sister?” the little boy prompted eagerly.

“My little sister,” the man said firmly. “And I put her head in a cage with a bear and the bear ate it all up.”

“Ate her head all up?” the little boy asked.

The mother put her book down and came across the aisle. She stood next to the man and said, “Just what do you think you’re doing?” The man looked up courteously and she said, “Get out of here.”

“Did I frighten you?” the man said. He looked down at the little boy and nudged him with an elbow and he and the little boy laughed.

“This man cut up his little sister,” the little boy said to his mother.

“I can very easily call the conductor,” the mother said to the man.

“The conductor will eat my mommy,” the little boy said. “We’ll chop her head off.”

“And little sister’s head, too,” the man said. He stood up, and the mother stood back to let him get out of the seat. “Don’t ever come back in this car,” she said.

“My mommy will eat you,” the little boy said to the man.

The man laughed, and the little boy laughed, and then the man said, “Excuse me,” to the mother and went past her out of the car. When the door had closed behind him the little boy said, “How much longer do we have to stay on this old train?”

“Not much longer,” the mother said. She stood looking at the little boy, wanting to say something, and finally she said, “You sit still and be a good boy. You may have another lollipop.”

The little boy climbed down eagerly and followed his mother back to her seat. She took a lollipop from a bag in her pocketbook and gave it to him. “What do you say?” she asked.

“Thank you,” the little boy said. “Did that man really cut his little sister up in pieces?”

“He was just teasing,” the mother said, and added urgently, “Just teasing.”

“Prob’ly,” the little boy said. With his lollipop he went back to his own seat, and settled himself to look out the window again. “Prob’ly he was a witch.”

## 4.1 Target text 3

### VJEŠTICA

PUTNIČKI VAGON bio je toliko prazan da je dječaćić imao sjedalo samo za sebe, a majka je sjedila preko puta prolaza do dječakove sestre, bebice s komadićem prepečenca u jednoj ruci i zvečkom u drugoj. Bila je čvrsto privezana za sjedalo kako bi mogla sjediti uspravno i gledati naokolo. Kad god bi polako počela kliziti postrance, remen bi je zadržao te bi se majka okrenula i ponovno je uspravila. Dječaćić je gledao kroz prozor i jeo kolačić, a majka je čitala u tišini i odgovarala na dječakova pitanja, pritom ne podižući pogled.

„Na rijeci smo“, rekao je dječaćić. „Ovo je rijeka i mi smo na njoj.“

„Dobro“, rekla je njegova majka.

„Na mostu smo koji ide preko rijeke“, rekao je sam sebi.

Nekolicina drugih ljudi sjedila je na drugom kraju vagona. Ako bi se netko slučajno našao u prolazu, dječaćić bi se osvrnuo i rekao: „Bok“, a oni bi mu većinom uzvratili s „bok“. Ponekad bi ga i upitali uživa li u vožnji vlakom, ili bi ga čak pohvalili da je veliki dečko. Ovi su komentari živcirali dječaka, stoga bi se, razdražen, okrenuo natrag prema prozoru.

„Eno krave“, rekao bi, ili sa uzdahom upitao, „Koliko se još moramo voziti?“

„Ne još puno“, odgovorila bi njegova majka svaki put.

Jednom se beba, vrlo tiha i zauzeta svojim zveckanjem i prepečencem, prevrnula previše u stranu i lupila glavom. Počela je plakati, te je na trenutak bilo buke i komešanja oko majčinog sjedala. Dječaćić je skliznuo sa svojeg sjedala i potrčao preko prolaza kako bi pomilovao sestrine nožice i zamolio ju da prestane plakati. Naposljetku se beba nasmijala i vratila svojem prepečencu, a dječaćić je od majke dobio lizalicu te se vratio na svoje mjesto do prozora.

„Vidio sam vješticu“, rekao je majci nakon minute. „Vani je bila velika stara ružna stara zločesta stara vještica.“

„Dobro“, rekla je njegova majka.

„Velika stara ružna vještica i rekao sam joj da ode, a ona je otišla“, dječaćić je nastavio, pričajući sebi u bradu, „došla je i rekla *pojest ću te*, a ja sam rekao, *ne, nećeš* i otjerao je - tu zločestu staru podlu vješticu.“

Prestao je pričati i podigao pogled kad su se otvorila vanjska vrata vagona i kad je ušao muškarac. Bio je to stariji čovjek ugodna lice i bijele kose; njegovo je plavo odijelo bilo samo blago neuređeno kako to biva zbog dugog putovanja vlakom. Kad je dječaćić rekao: „Bok“, muškarac mu je, držeći cigaru u ruci, uzvratios: „Bok i tebi, sinko.“ Zaustavio se tik do dječakova sjedala, naslonivši se i gledajući dolje u dječaka koji je istegnuo vrat kako bi pogledao prema njemu. „Što to tražiš kroz prozor?“, upita čovjek.

„Vještice“, odmah je rekao dječaćić. „Zločeste stare podle vještice.“

„Tako znači“, rekao je čovjek. „Jesi pronašao koju?“

„Moj otac puši cigare“, rekao je dječaćić.

„Svi muškarci puše cigare“, rekao je muškarac. „Jednog ćeš dana i ti pušiti cigare.“

„Ja već jesam muškarac“, rekao je dječaćić.

„Koliko imaš godina?“, upita čovjek.

Dječaćić je, na vječno pitanje koje mu stalno postavljaju, sumnjičavo pogledao muškarca, a zatim rekao: „Dvadeset i šest. Osam stotina i četrdeset osamdeset.“

Njegova je majka podigla glavu s knjige. „Četiri“, rekla je smiješeći se nježno prema dječaćiću.

„Je li tako?“ čovjek je pristojno rekao dječaćiću. „Dvadeset šest.“ Kimnuo je glavom prema majci. „Je li to tvoja majka?“

Dječaćić se nagnuo naprijed da pogleda, a zatim je rekao, „Da, to je ona.“

„Kako se zoveš?“, upita čovjek.

Dječaćić je ponovno izgledao sumnjičavo. „Gospodin Isus“, rekao je.

„Johnny“, rekla je dječakova majka. Uхватила je dječakov pogled i duboko se namrštila.

„Ono tamo mi je sestra“, rekao je dječak čovjeku. „Ona ima dvanaest i pol.“

„Voliš li svoju sestru?“, upita čovjek. Dječaćić je zurio u njega, a čovjek je zaobišao stranu sjedala i došao sjesti pored njega. „Slušaj“, rekao je, „da ti ispričam o svojoj sestrici?“

Majka, koja je zabrinuto podigla pogled kad je muškarac sjeo pored dječaćića, mirno se vratila svojoj knjizi.

„Pričaj mi o svojoj sestri“, rekao je dječaćić. „Je li bila vještica?“

„Možda“, rekao je čovjek.

Dječaćić se uzbuđeno nasmijao, a čovjek se zavalio i uvukao dim cigare. „Jednom davno“, započeo je, „imao sam malu sestru, baš kao i ti.“ Dječaćić je pogledao muškarca,



klimajući glavom na svaku riječ. „Moja je sestra“, nastavi čovjek, „bila tako lijepa i tako draga da sam ju volio više od svega na svijetu. Pa da ti kažem što sam učinio?“

Dječčić je žestoko kimnuo, a majka je, oslušujući, podigla pogled sa knjige i nasmiješila se.

„Kupio sam joj drvenog konjića za ljuljanje, lutku i milijun lizalica,“, čovjek je rekao, „a onda sam je uzeo i stavio joj ruke oko vrata i stiskao je, stiskao je sve dok nije umrla.“

Dječčić je uzdahnuo, a majka se okrenula i osmijeh joj je nestao s lica. Otvorila je usta, a zatim ih opet zatvorila kad je muškarac nastavio,

„A onda sam joj odsjekao glavu i uzeo sam joj glavu i.“

„Jesi ju isjekao na komadiće?“, upitao je dječčić bez daha.

„Odsjekao sam joj i glavu i ruke i stopala i kosu i nos“, rekao je čovjek, „i udario sam je štapom i ubio.“

„Stanite malo“, rekla je majka, ali beba se taman u tom trenutku prevrnula postrance i kad ju je majka ponovno vratila na mjesto muškarac je već pričao dalje.

„I uzeo sam joj glavu i iščupao sam joj svu kosu i...“

„Tvojoj maloj sestri?“, željno je upitao dječčić.

„Mojoj maloj sestri“, odlučno je rekao čovjek. „I stavio sam joj glavu u kavez s medvjedom i medvjed ju je cijelu pojeo.“

„Pojeo joj je cijelu glavu?“, upitao je dječčić.

Majka je odložila knjigu i došla do dječakova sjedala. Stala je do čovjeka i rekla: „Što to radite?“ Čovjek je uljudno podigao pogled i ona je rekla, „Odlazite odavde.“

„Jesam li te uplašio?“ upitao je čovjek. Spustio je pogled na dječčića i gurnuo ga laktom, a on i dječčić su se nasmijali.

„Ovaj je čovjek rasjekao svoju sestricu“, rekao je dječak majci.

„Pozvati ću konduktera“, zaprijetila je majka muškarcu.

„Kondukter će *pojesti* moju mamicu“, rekao je dječčić. „Odsjeći ćemo joj glavu.“

„I sestrinu glavu, također“, rekao je čovjek. Ustao je i majka se odmaknula kako bi prošao. „Da se niste više vraćali u ovaj vagon“, rekla je.

„Moja mama će te pojesti“, rekao je dječčić muškarcu.

Čovjek se nasmijao i dječčić se nasmijao, a onda je čovjek rekao majci, „Oprostite“, i izašao iz vagona. Kada su se za njim zatvorila vrata, dječčić je upitao: „Koliko još moramo biti u ovom starom vlaku?“

„Ne još puno“, rekla je majka. Stajala je i gledala dječčića, želeći nešto reći. Na kraju je rekla, „Sjedi mirno i budi dobar dečko. Možda dobiješ još koju lizalicu.“

Dječčić se željno spustio sa sjedala i slijedio majku natrag do njezina mjesta. Uzela je lizalicu iz vrećice u torbici i dala mu je. „Kako se kaže?“ upitala ga je.

„Hvala“, rekao je dječčić. „Je li taj čovjek doista rasjekao svoju malu sestru na komadiće?“

„To je bila samo šala“, rekla je majka i brže-bolje nadodala, „Samo šala.“

„Vjerojatno“, rekao je dječčić. Vratio se na svoje mjesto sa lizalicom u ruci i nastavio gledati kroz prozor. „Vjerojatno je bio vještica.“

## 4.2 Commentary and analysis 3

This short story was the most explicit in terms of elements of horror and dread, so my translation strategy was to display the same grim imagery in the target text. The focus was not as much on syntax as it was on vocabulary and word choice.

The first example of the ghastly imagery is evident in the following sentences: *“A big old ugly witch and I told her to go away and she went away,” the little boy went on, in a quiet narrative to himself, “she came and said, ‘I’m going to eat you up,’ and I said, ‘no, you’re not,’ and I chased her away, the bad old mean witch.”* I had to make sure that my translation provides the same register (level of formality) as the source text – in this particular example I had to keep in mind that this was quite informal since the words are spoken by a little boy: *„Velika stara ružna vještica i rekao sam joj da ode, a ona je otišla“, dječčić je nastavio, pričajući sebi u bradu, „došla je i rekla pojest ću te, a ja sam rekao, ne, nećeš i otjerao je - tu zločestu staru podlu vješticu.“*

Furthermore, the following part portrays the moment when things get really dark and when the reader realizes this isn't a story that you read to your children before bed: *“I bought her a rocking-horse and a doll and a million lollipops,” the man said, “and then I took her and put my hands around her neck and I pinched her and I pinched her until she was dead.”*

I decided to change the second part of the sentence and translate the verb *pinched* as: *„Kupio sam joj drvenog konjića za ljuljanje, lutku i milijun lizalica,“, čovjek je rekao, „a onda sam je uzeo i stavio joj ruke oko vrata i stiskao je, stiskao je sve dok nije umrla.“* The meaning of this sentence depends on the meaning of this particular verb, but if we apply a literal translation (*štipnuti*) it

would not have the same effect as in the source text. It is clear from the context what the author wanted to say, so I translated the verb as *stiskati*.

In the following example I decided to adjust some parts of the sentence, so it was more in spirit with the target language: "*He was just teasing,*" *the mother said, and added urgently, "Just teasing."* I shifted the class from a verb to a noun, because a literal translation sounded quite unnatural: „*To je bila samo šala*“, *rekla je majka i brže-bolje nadodala, „Samo šala.*“

The last thing I dwelled upon was the last sentence of the short story: "*Prob'ly,*" *the little boy said. With his lollipop he went back to his own seat, and settled himself to look out the window again. "Prob'ly he was a witch."* The Croatian language has a male noun for the word *witch* and that is *vještak*, but since the little boy is the one who utters those words, I translated the sentence as „*Vjerojatno je bio vještica.*“ It sounded more natural to me that the child uses the female noun which is, in my opinion, commonly more used than *vještak*.

This short story was the least unchallenging of the three to translate. Although there were a few issues with the word choice and register of the text, the story in whole was quite entertaining to translate. It was interesting to translate frightening imagery and elements of horror which stand for the essential structural frame of the text.

## 5. Conclusion

To conclude, I will answer the question posed in the introduction: how to properly translate a short story that belongs to the genre of modern gothic and which translation strategies should be used? There is not just one perfect solution or a universal answer to these questions. The task of translating short stories, and fiction in general, is quite challenging because of the unique style of the author and the specific vocabulary used in writing. As the process of translation in general is fairly complex, a literary translation and the adaptation of an author's specific poetic style to a target audience is even more difficult. While analyzing these three short stories and choosing between different translation strategies, I came to a realization that it is not always necessary to follow the author's style blindly since the point of the end-result is to make the target text comprehensible to the target audience and to evoke the same emotions in the readers. Since these short stories are horror-oriented I wanted to make sure that the spine-chilling and harrowing imagery is present in my translations.

With that in mind, this analysis of the translation of three short stories includes both literal and free creative approaches to translation, which show only a few of the possible translation strategies. All three translations might be further analyzed and translated differently if approached from another perspective, but that is, in fact, the brilliance of the translation process itself—the ever-present possibility of change.

## 6. References

- Goyet, F. (2020). *The Classic Short Story, 1870–1925*. Saint Philip Street Press.
- Hansen, Arlen, J. (2015). *Short Story*. Encyclopaedia Britannica.  
<https://www.britannica.com/>
- Parks, John G. (1984). *Chambers of Yearning: Shirley Jackson's Use of the Gothic*.  
Twentieth Century Literature, vol. 30, no. 1, 1984, pp. 15–29. JSTOR,  
[www.jstor.org/stable/441187](http://www.jstor.org/stable/441187).
- American LiteratureLibrary(n.d.). *Short Stories and Classic Literature*.  
<https://americanliterature.com/home>
- The Editors of Encyclopaedia Britannica. (2021). *Shirley Jackson*.  
<https://www.britannica.com/biography/Shirley-Jackson>.