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UNIVERSITY OF RIJEKA
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**TRANSLATING A KAJKAVIAN DIALECT LITERARY TEXT: A CASE
STUDY OF THE NOVEL *ODŠKRINJENA DUŠA DAVNE RASINJE*
FROM CROATIAN INTO ENGLISH**

MASTER THESIS

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Sveučilišni diplomski prevoditeljski studij

Supervisor:

doc. dr. sc. Tatjana Vukelić

Rijeka, September 2024

IZJAVA O AUTORSTVU DIPLOMSKOG RADA

Ovime potvrđujem da sam osobno napisao rad pod naslovom: TRANSLATING A KAJKAVIAN DIALECT LITERARY TEXT: A CASE STUDY OF THE NOVEL ODŠKRINJENA DUŠA DAVNE RASINJE FROM CROATIAN INTO ENGLISH te da sam njegov autor.

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ABSTRACT

Translating dialectal texts is a subdivision of translating literary texts. As is the case in all literary texts it is important for the translator to remain consistent, accurate and dedicated to the translation process to produce a target text that appears as if it is not a translation at all. In this thesis we will be translating Kajkavian dialect which is one of three Croatian dialects. Theoretical background regarding Kajkavian dialect is briefly presented to give the reader insight into how the dialect operates and its fundamental rules as well as influences from other languages that helped in its creation. The complexity of this task lies in the understanding of the source text, so a dictionary is created to serve as a tool in the translation process. Along with a Kajkavian-English dictionary, another dictionary is made that tracks changes between Standard English and “crooked” English that villagers speak in the novel. These differences are made to make the distinction between education and social class between characters seem clear and almost palpable. Excerpts from the novel are translated to demonstrate how these ideas are integrated in the translated text. Specific situations and parts of the target text are subsequently analyzed in more detail to explain the translator’s way of thinking and which parts of the source text were the hardest to translate as well as the strategies used in the translation process.

Keywords: Literary translation, Kajkavian dialect, Dictionary, English, Croatian, Translation analysis

INTRODUCTION

Translating literary texts can be considered as one of the most difficult types of translation. It is not just about translating the text for what is written, as it would be the case in legal or technical translations. The essence of translating literary works is not only in the translator's ability to convey the meaning, but also to convey the style, the setting, and the language. The translator's task is to make characters believable and relatable as they are in the source text. To convey the story in such a way so it does not lose the fluidity of the original, and that the translation does not appear as translation, but as a standalone literary work in the target language.

The key issues that this thesis will tackle are precisely the aforementioned points. The added complexity of the novel *Odškrinjena duša davne Rasinje* is that dialogues are not written in the standard Croatian language, but rather in a northern Croatian dialect called Kajkavian dialect. Translating dialectal literary text will prove challenging because the first step will have to be to fully understand the source text. The strategy that will be employed is to consult various online and physical dictionaries pertaining to the Kajkavian dialect to grasp the vocabulary needed to understand the text. Alongside dictionaries the translator will consult active speakers of the dialect to get a better understanding of the syntactic and semantic structure of the dialect. The next step is to create an in between translation from the dialectal to standard Croatian which will be used to create an English translation of the text.

In the interest of maintaining consistency throughout the translation, a dictionary will be made that will contain words in Kajkavian with two separate English translations where possible. The point of the two translations is to differentiate the way in which different social classes would state the same sentence given the differences in both their prestige and education levels. This way a more eloquent word will be selected for the aristocrats, whereas a basic level word will be used for the villagers.

The characters in the story are an integral part of any novel. Aside from their physical appearance the reader connects to the characters through their interactions. This novel is no different and the language, i.e., the dialect ought to be considered the main method by which the reader can differentiate the social status of each character. The conversations that they have among themselves give away their social standing which plays an essential role in this novel. One of the major decisions will be to decide on the variant of English language that will convey not only the meaning but the disparity between the characters and their usage of the language.

The purpose of this thesis is not to translate the entire novel, but to focus on the translation of the dialectal parts of the text, to provide solutions to the problems regarding the different usages of the dialect and to translate cultural and historical elements within the novel. In the latter part of the thesis all the strategies used throughout the translation will be discussed and supported with arguments. Insights into the decision-making process will also be demonstrated so that the reader has a better understanding of why a certain decision was made.

WRITER'S BIOGRAPHY AND SUMMARY OF THE STORY

Odškrinjena duša davne Rasinje is a 2016 romantic historical novel interwoven with fictional elements. The story that it presents started off as a tale that was passed down through generations as part of the local oral tradition. The novel is written by Vesna Hadelan (2. May 1956), a local writer with a deep love for Rasinja's history and tradition. She started publishing her poems and prose when she was only in elementary school in various children's magazines and collections of papers. She writes drama scripts, *U Ambulanti* (In the Infirmary) and *Veliki greh* (A Great Sin) just to name a few, for amateur acting troupes both inside and outside the Koprivničko-križevačka county. She is the head of the acting troupe called "Opojski zvon" for which she has been writing scripts for more than twenty years, many of which she has received awards on the national level. *Odškrinjena duša davne Rasinje* is her first novel created as a way of preserving events that are passed through oral tradition.

The story takes place in the first half of the 19th century, and it follows the rise and fall of the baronial family Inkey de Pallin. It starts on the 10th of February 1848 with the passing of Ferdinand's father Mirko II and Ferdinand's vow to keep the bloodline and his father's legacy alive. We are also introduced to Ferdinand's mother, Josipa Kiss de Nemesker Inkey de Pallin, who is portrayed as a goddess both in her beauty and demeanor.

The novel's protagonist is Ferdinand Inkey. An aristocrat who after returning to his home from studies in Vienna falls in love with a village woman by the name of Marta with whom he spends a passionate night. The issue was that it had to be kept a secret given the discrepancy in their social statuses. Following their encounter, Marta was wed to another, older man since at that point she was as the villagers would call "used goods". Soon after, she already had two children, sons Matko and Ivan. On the other hand, Ferdinand was living his best life, wooing women, finishing his studies and being recognized by his mother and other family members as the heir

to his father's estate. His funding of both cultural and scientific events on a local and regional level has netted him a position of the head of the newly found Croatian-Slavonian Economic Society. Baron Ferdinand became the most desirable bachelor even among those of much higher social status than he was.

It all started to change when he was to be wed to a younger countess Ludmila Deym von Stritez. She was not considered beautiful because of her boyish looks, but what she lacked in her appearance she made up for in her wits. After getting married to Ludmila nothing was the same for Ferdinand. He lost his youthful glow and had only one wish: for Ludmila to give birth to at least one daughter that would resemble his mother. Not long after the wedding his mother Josipa passed away. Saving grace for Ferdinand was that his wife Ludmila was expecting a child for whom he believed to be the gorgeous baroness that would be the spitting image of his late mother. Neither the first daughter Fernandina, nor the second daughter Gabriella Franciska Ludmilla Fernandina Maria, also known simply as Ela, fulfilled Ferdinand's wish, but he hadn't lost hope. During those years Ferdinand's influence and fame rose to new heights. He became the sub-prefect of Križevci county but decided to step down due to peer pressure. His wife Ludmila, who was much more passionate about money, fame and social status was furious, threatening to leave him and to take their two daughters with her. Ferdinand snapped out of his idleness and apathy, deciding to fight for his daughters and his position as the head of the household. Because of his newfound will he managed to become a member of the Croatian parliament where he was the representative of the Koprivničko-križevačka county. From that point onward he infiltrated the highest levels of society, travelling to and from Vienna and Pest. He was also invited to the charity ball in Vienna where he and his wife Ludmila had the honor of meeting the royal family, especially queen Sisi to whom Ludmila looked up to immensely throughout her upbringing.

With the birth of their third child Ludmila Elizabeta Ferdinandina Gabriela Maria, or Lily for short, Ferdinand finally got what he had been hoping for all these years. A daughter that had his mother's beauty and grace. Ever since Lily was born, strange things started to happen. Her cradle would rock on its own, people would whisper that young Lily would look at empty spaces and that they would hear her talking to someone even if she was alone in her room. Around her birth, plans were made to build a larger castle, one worthy of the name and status of the family, but before the castle was built Ferdinand had received another child. This time it was a son whom they named Emerik Mirko III. In the years to come Inkeys had upgraded the church, the school, the coal mine and many other things to elevate their estate and to make them more

renowned. It was all on the back of Ferdinand's diligence and wits alongside his ambitious wife Ludmila. Lily grew more beautiful by the day which caught the attention of famous Croatian writer and poet Ante Kovačić (nowadays known for his famous novel *In the Registrar's Office*). At this point of the story, we are again reminded of Marta and her older son Matko following the death of her husband Lojzek. Matko, who became the head of the family, had taken on all the responsibilities that his stepfather used to do. One day, during a downpour, young Lily decided to seek shelter near her grandmother's grave when she met young Matko and they instantly fell in love with each other. Matko, a poor, humble and hardworking villager, and her, Lily, a baroness and the most beautiful girl in the entire region. Their love burned bright, but it was also forbidden due to differences in their social statuses. Not long after their fateful encounter, the Inkey family moved to the newly built castle just next to the place where Lily and Matko had met. Neither Lily nor Matko could stop thinking about one another, but Lily's mother Ludmila had other plans for her daughter. She planned to marry her off to the count Ivan IX Drašković in order to spread their influence and to give her into a family that had all the riches and luxury one could desire.

But before her mother could make her plan come to fruition Lily and Matko decided to have a private wedding which they consummated the same night. On the night of Lily's birthday and during the ball that was organized in the new castle she was informed that she is to be wed to count Drašković who proposed to her. In that instant Lily fainted and when she came back to her senses, she declared that she cannot become count Drašković's wife because she is already married to Matko and that her heart had chosen him over any other nobleman. Out of anger Ferdinand decided to send for Matko and to make him disappear. As for his daughter Lily, she was to be locked in the highest room in the castle so that no one could see her again and so that the family's shame would be tucked away and hopefully one day forgotten.

That same night Matko decided to leave his home to go and help his neighbor, but he was never seen again. He never made it to his neighbor's home and from that day forward Marta became weaker by the day and her will to live diminished rapidly. One day she decided to go to the village church to confess her sins since she knew her time on this Earth was coming to an end. It was there that she encountered Ferdinand who was also praying for forgiveness and for strength to carry on living with the shame that Lily brought upon them all. There he was faced with the fact that Matko was in fact his son from the affair that he had had with Marta all those years ago. Upon exiting the church, he stumbled upon the priest that listened to his confession, while Marta died in the snow on her way home to her children. Soon after locking Lily in the

tower, governess Elizabeta, who was with her since the day she was born and knew of her relationship with Matko, noticed that Lily is in fact pregnant. She tried to hide that fact from Ludmila, which proved to be impossible. After discovering that her daughter was pregnant, Ludmila decided to send her away to Zagreb, to a monastery led by nuns that were already acquainted with the delicate situation at hand. The idea was to wait out the pregnancy there and to return Lily home once she delivers the baby that will be placed in an orphanage. In the end the baby was not placed in an orphanage because the nun Rozika, who knew Lily and her family ever since she was little, decided to return the baby to Rasinja and to give it to a humble family that had no children without telling anyone of her plan. Lily returned home, but she remained sick both physically and mentally. The following winter of 1890, Ferdinand died and was buried in Rasinja. At the funeral Lily encountered her lost child that was given to the villagers, but did not know it was in fact her child. The encounter made Lily fall into a trance thus she had to be escorted from her father's funeral. Before her death in 1922, Lily had a number of encounters with her son, but she never managed to find out the truth behind why the boy seemed so familiar to her. That was the beginning of the fall of the Inkey family who sold their land to the peasants. Following his father's death, Emerik took over governing all that the family had left but was forced to sell even their old home. His mother Ludmila died in 1925 in Hungary and he in Zagreb in 1934.

KAJKAVIAN DIALECT

Before proceeding with the translation of passages from the novel, we should discuss what makes Kajkavian dialect different from standard Croatian and give general information regarding its rules and distinctions that would make it interesting and quite difficult to translate into English language.

Given that most¹ of the research done on the subject of Kajkavian dialect belong to the linguistic sphere of scientific research, we will focus only on the most important and “generic” facts since the linguistic analysis of Kajkavian dialect is not the goal of this thesis. Even though we will not necessarily delve deeper into the distinctions and different variants of Kajkavian dialect, it is important to state that according to Ivšić's maps² (Ivšić, 1936), there are 4 distinct areas

¹ Some of the researchers that have done research on the subject are: Ivšić S., Ivić P., Lončarić M., Jagić V. and other authors.

² Ivšić, “Jezik Hrvata kajkavaca”

belonging to different variants of Kajkavian dialect based solely on the accentuation of words belonging to “standard” Kajkavian. Out of these four areas Ivšić divided them into two spheres. The divide is the imaginary line that connects the cities Zagreb and Varaždin. Those that are west of the line belong to the “conservative” Kajkavian speech, whereas those east of the line are called “revolutionary”.³ The one that interests us the most is the IV area which encapsulates both Rasinja, where the novel takes place, and Koprivnica which is the first large town in the vicinity. In the novel, we also get glimpses of the Kajkavian dialect spoken in Zagreb which is different from that spoken in rural Rasinja. According to Ivšić, Zagreb belongs to a different area and is in fact a mixture of different Kajkavian influences mostly due to it being a big city where different cultures and therefore language variants intertwine. In his book *Kaj – Jučer i Danas (Kaj – Before and Now)*⁴, Mijo Lončarić further explains the number of different variants of Kajkavian dialects belonging to each of the IV areas previously identified by Ivšić. He believes that based on the accentuation there are seven distinct groups: gornjosutlanski, zagorsko-plješivički, međimurski, lonjsko-bilogorski, virovskopodravski, sjevernomoslavačko-bilogorski, and posavski.⁵ Out of these seven accentuation groups the one that is of importance for this novel is the virovskopodravski which got its name from the Virovitica and Podravina regions. This group is different from the others because of “restrictions in the place of accentuation”⁶ meaning that Kajkavian speakers in that area have a specific position of accent, a specific syllable in the word, which they would accentuate as opposed to other speakers of the dialect.

Now that we have touched upon the different variants of Kajkavian dialect and located the one that is used in the novel, let us give some general information about the dialect itself which could prove useful in the understanding of the source text as well as in the translation process. The main characteristics of Kajkavian dialect are both its openness and closeness as well as the vowels becoming diphthongs. It is important to state that the majority of speakers of Kajkavian do not differentiate *č* and *ć* which makes almost all words use the *č* variant as is the case in the following words (*čelo*, *počinuti* and *noć*).⁷ When it comes to morphology, one of the cases, vocative, has almost lost its function and is commonly replaced by the nominative case.⁸ Comparative form is often done with the ending *-ši* which is visible throughout the novel (*Bolši*,

³ Hrvatska enciklopedija, “Kajkavsko narječje”

⁴ Not an official translation since there the book does not have an official English translation.

⁵ Lončarić, “Kaj – jučer i danas” 63.

⁶ Ibid 63.

⁷ Hrvatska enciklopedija, “Kajkavsko narječje”

⁸ Ibid.

Mlajši, Jakši and so on). Another important aspect of Kajkavian dialect is that Croatian imperfect tense, aorist and past verbal adverb are completely removed and that perfective form of the Croatian verb *biti* (to be), perfective form of verbs in present tense, or l-participle are used for expressing future (*budem/bum, bom/ došel, dojdem zutra k tebi*).⁹ The usage of diminutives that end in *-ek* is also highly common such as in words like *sin -> sinek, Bog -> Bogeč, gospodin -> gospodinček*, as well as diminutives for proper nouns (*Josip/Joža/Jožek, Stjepan/Štef/Štefek, Barbara/Bara/Barica*).

Another crucial aspect of Kajkavian dialect is that it does not only contain words that belong to Croatian, but rather has words that have entered from neighboring languages that Croatia has close relations with, or with which it was a part of the larger countries throughout history. Among them the largest number of foreign words that have entered the dialect belong to German and Hungarian languages.¹⁰ Most notable Germanisms that are visible in the novel are: adj. *Nori* (crazy)-> **Narr**, n. *Fajercajg* (lighter)-> **Feuerzeug**.¹¹ The second language that influenced Kajkavian vocabulary is Hungarian. Words such as adj. *betežan* (sick) and other word classes of the same root come from Hungarian word **Beteg**, then word n. *Turuš/Turoš* (cheese with paprika) comes from the word **Túró**, very common word n. *Pajdaš* (friend) comes from the word **Pajtás**, another word that appears in the novel is the word n. *fiškal* (attorney) that also comes from Hungarian. The word from which it comes is **Fiskárius**. Family names such as n. *japa* (dad) comes from the word **Apa** as well as some places such as n. *plac* (market) that come from the word **Piac**.¹² There is also an instance in which the Venetian word **Castigo** is used as v. *kaštigati* (to punish). It is no wonder that there are so many Hungarian words present in the text as opposed to just a couple of German ones. The reason lies in the vicinity of Hungarian border and the Austro-Hungarian empire that Croatia was a part of in the 19th century when the story takes place.

These and many other words that are not a part of the novel are incorporated in Đuro Blaženka's paper *Gatherings of the Kajkavian Dialect: Past, Present and Future*. This list, as well as dictionaries and active speakers of Kajkavian dialect have made it possible to understand the essence of the novel which are the dialogues between its many characters.

⁹ Ibid.

¹⁰ Blažeka, "Gatherings of the Kajkavian Dialect: Past, Present and Future."

¹¹ Ibid. 132.

¹² Ibid. 135-139.

DICTIONARIES

Kajkavian	Standard Croatian	Villagers	Aristocracy
Baba	Starica	Old biddy	Granny
Babica	Baka	Grangran	Grandmother
Beštek	Jedaći pribor	Noif, fork, spoon	Cutlery
Betežan	Bolestan	Sick	Ailing
Bogec	Siromah	Poor un	Poor soul
Bogica	Sirotica	Poorthing	Poor darling
Božićnica	Božićna jabuka	Christmas apple	Christmas apple
Bum/buš/bu	Budem/budeš/bude	Will	Will
Cirkva	Crkva	Church	Church
Coprnica	Vještica	Witch	Witch
Crknuti	Uginuti	Drop dead	Die
Cureti	Padati	Rain cats and dogs	Pouring
Če	Ako	If	If
Čem	Čime	Wut	With what
Čez	Kroz	Trugh	Through
Čkomiti	Šutjeti	To shut yer mouth	Hold your tongue
Črevce	Trbuh	Belly	Stomach
Črno	Crno	Black	Sunless
Davlu	Daju	Gib	Give
De	Gdje	Vere	Where
Deda	Djed	Grampy	Grandfather
Dekla	Djevojka	Gurl	Girl
Delati	Raditi	Wurk	Work
Dete	Dijete	Kiddy	Child
Dežd	Kiša	Sky-leak	Rain
Dimo	Doma	Ome	Residence
Dišeči	Mirišljavi	Smelly	Scented
Dober	Dobar	Good	Good
Dogo	Dugo	Long	Long
Dovec	Udovac	Widower	Widower
Drevo	Drvo	Wud/woodies	Wood
Duhi	Duhovi/Dusi	Ghost	Spirit/Spectre
Fajercajg	Upaljač	Firestarter	Lighter
Fakin	Mangup (ima šarm)	Rascal	Scamp
Fiškal	Odvjetnik	Lewyer	Attorney
Fletno	Brzo/ Žustro	With speed	Briskly
Frak	Muško svečano odijelo	Coat	Tailcoat
Furt	Stalno/Uvijek	Always	Constantly
Gibanica	Pita/Savijača	Pie	Pie
Gledeti	Gledati	Wutch	Watch/Observe
Glibok	Beskrajan	Not ending	Infinite/Limitless
Hititi	Baciti	Trow	Throw/ Cast

Hiža	Kuća	House	Castle
Hmoriti	Ubiti	Off	Kill
Hmreti	Umrijeti	Die	Pass away
Hodati	Íći	Go	Go
Imeti	Imati	Ave (apostrof)	Have/Posess
Iskati	Tražiti	Search	Probe/Sift
Iti	Íći	Go	Go
Jalsa	Joha (vrsta stabla)	Alder	Alder
Japa	Tata	Pa	Father
Je	Da	Aye	Yes
Je je	Jest/ Je	Yessirrie	Yes of course
Jemput	Jednom/jedanput	Once	On one occasion
Ji	Joj	Er	Her
Jim	im	Um	Them
Jotec	Otac	Pa	Father
Kaj	Kao	Like	Resembling
Kak	Kao	Like	As
Kam	Gdje	Vere	Where
Kaštigati	Kazniti	Come down hard on	Penalize
Kmica	Mrak	Dark	Night
Kmično	Mračno	Dark	Gloomy
Krajcer	Novčić	Copper	Penny
Kupica	Čašica	Cup	Glass
Kuružnjak	Kukuruzni kruh	Cornbread	Cornbread
Lepi	Lijepi	Pretty	Beautiful
Lesa	Dvorišna vrata	Gate	Gate
Let	Godina	Yr	Year
Mam	Odmah/Uskoro	Rightaway	Straightaway
Mejaš	Susjed preko međe/ Prvi susjed	Neighbor	Neighbour
Melin	Mlin	Mill	Mill
Mesto	Mjesto	Spot	Place
Meti	Imati	Ave	Posess/Have
Minuti se	Mimoići se	Miss someone	Miss someone
Mlajši	Mlađi	Yungur	Yunger
More	Može	Can	Is able to
Moriti	Mučiti	Wurry	Trouble
Morti	Možda	Maybe	Mayhaps
Mož	Muž/Muškarac	Husband	Husband
Mužikaš	Glazbenik	Songplayer	Musician
Nadušak	Odjednom/ U jednom dahu	Till the last drop	In a single breath
Naj	Nemoj	Don't	Speak not of...
Najbolši	Najbolji	The most good	The best
Najjakši	Najjači	The most strong	The fiercest/Strongest
Napri	Naprijed	Forward	Forward
Narašiti	Raširiti/Rastaviti	Spread	Disperse

Naroditi se	Roditi se	Was born	Come into this world
Narogušen	Nakostriješen	Spiky	Bristled
Navek	Oduvijek/Uvijek	Since world's start	Always
Ne	Nije	Not	Not
Negda	Nekoć	Once	Once
Nekaj	Nešto	Sumtin	Something
Nešće	Netko	Sumwun	Someone
Nete	Ne budete	Y'ont	You will not
Nevreme	Nevrijeme	Storm	Storm
Nigdar	Nikad	Nevur	Never
Niko	Nitko	Non	Noone
Nišće	Nitko	No one	No one
Nišće	Ništa	Nuthin	Nothing
Noriti	Ludovati/Glupirati se	Horse around	Lark
Obed/Ebed	Objed	Food	Meal
Obloček/obločec	Maleni prozor	Windowy/Windowlet	Small/tiny window
Odi	Dođi	Cum	Come
Odpelati	Otpeljati	Carry off	Carry away
Onud	Ondje	There	There
Osuda	Presuda	Decision	Vedict
Ote	Dođite	Cum ir	Come here
Ote	Odite	Cum	Come
Otprti	Otvoriti	Open	Open
Pajdaš	Prijatelj	Chum	Colleague
Pak	Pa	So	So
Pak	Makar	Though	Although
Pedu/Peju	Idu	Go	Go
Penezi	Novci	Muny	Money
Pes	Pas	Pup	Dog
Picek	Pile	Pullet	Chicken
Plac	Tržnica	Markit	Market
Ponoriti	Poludjeti	Lost one's marbles	Go off the deep end
Porinuti	Pogurnuti	Push	Push
Posel	Posao	Job	Work
Postiha	Potiho	Hushly	Quietly
Potepuh	Nevaljalac	Troublemaker	Blackguard
Potrti	Potrgati	Break	Smash
Povedati	Pričati	Tell/Speak/Retell	Converse
Povleči	Povuči	Puwl	Pull
Poznati	Znati	Know	Be familiar with
Prališće	Mjesto za pranje robe u potoku/jezeru	Laundering site	Laundering site
Prečnem	Popreko	A cross	Across
Predi	Prije	Before	Before
Prepraviti se	Pripremiti se	Prepare	Prepare

Presvetli	Presvijetli	Noble	Illustrious
Preštiman	Poštovan	Respected	Respected
Pri	Kod	At	At
Prijeti	Primiti	Grab	Grab
Prosit	Moliti	Beg	Beseech/implore
Pulitika	Politika	Pulitik	Politics
Raka	Grobnica/Kripta	Deadbox	Crypt
Rasinčanke	Rasinjanke	Rasinja gals	Rasinja women
Reči	Reći	Say	Utter/Tell
Rejše/Rajše	Rade	Rather	Preferably
Reka	Rijeka	Rivur	River
Repe	Repove	Tails	Tails
Rit	Zadnjica	Arse	Behind
Sako	Svatko	Everyun	Everyone
Se	Sve	Everything/All	Everything/All
Sega	Svega	All	All
Sem	Samo/Sam/Osim	Only	Only
Senjati	Sanjati	Dream	Fantasize
Sfundati se	Upropastiti se	To be a wreck	To be in shambles
Si	Svi	Everyun	Everyone
Sikut	Svuda	Eryvere	Everywhere
Sinek	Sin	Sonny	Son
Soza	Suza	Tear	Teardrop
Spameten	Pametan	Smort	Intelligent
Spominati	Razgovarati	Talk	Converse
Sporadi	Zbog	Cuz ov	Due to/ because of
Sposoben	Sposoban	Cumtrent	Adept/Competent
Starati se	Brinuti se	Look after	Take care of
Starejši	Stariji	Ulder	Older
Stati se	Ustati se	Git up	Awaken
Stelaža	Polica	Shelv	Shelf/rack
Stopram	Upravo	Just	Barely/ Scarcely
Strefiti	Udariti/Lupiti	Clobber	Strike
Su	Svu	All	All
Sušica	Tuberkuloza	Consumption	Tuberculosis
Svet	Svijet	Wurld	World
Ščera	Jučer	Yday	Yesterday
Škornje	Čizme od narodne nošnje	Folk costume boots	Folk costume boots
Šteti	Htjeti	Wunt	Require/Wish
Što	Tko	Who	Who
Štrik	Uže	Rope	Rope
Tej	Taj	Dat	That
Tepsti	Provlačiti se/Smucati se/Tresti	Wander	Wander
Trenpast	Šeprtljav	Klutzy	Clumsy
Uljanka	Svijeća na ulje	Oil lamp	Oil lamp

V	u	In	In
V spot	Usput	By the way	While on the subject
Vami	Vama	Ye	You
Vazda	Uvijek	Frever	Always
Ve	Sad	Now	Momentarily
Vekše	Veće	More bigger	Larger
Veli	Kaže	Sayd	Claim/ Divulged
Veš	Rublje	Rags	Laundry
Vienac	Književni tjednik (Urednik A. Šenoa)	Wreath	Wreath
Vince	Vino	Vino	Wine
Vliti	Ulit	Pour	Pour
Vrnuti	Vratiti	Git back	Return
Vručina	Temperatura	Heat	Temperature
Vse	Sve	Evrifin	Everything
Vu	U	In	In
Z	S	With	Alongside
Zabiti	Zaboraviti	Furget/Furgoted (past)	Forget/Forgot
Zagovoriti	Zaštititi/Zauzeti za nekoga	Protect	Protect
Zalunjati	Zalutati	Wunder into	Stumble into
Zaprti	Zatvoriti	Close	Close
Zdavnja	Odavno	Many a moon ago	Since the years long gone
Zdići	Podignuti	Gitup/Pikup	Rise/ Pick up
Zglancati	Ulaštiti	Shine	Polish
Zgledeti	Izgledati	Look	Appear
Zmazati	Zaprljati	Dirty/Smudge	Soil/Bemire
Zmisliti	Sjetiti	Regather	Recollect
Zutra	Sutra	Break of day	Morrow
Žganci	Palenta	Corn flour	Polenta

Standard English	Crooked English
About	Bout
And	Und
Appearance	Looks
As	Az
Be born	Get born
Beautiful	Beutiful
Brewing	Brewin
Carried	Curryed
Carrying	Carryin
Crackling	Cracklin
Crying	Cryin
Dinner	Dinnur
Do you	D'ye

Don't know	Dunno
Dreaming	Dreamin
Dropped	Dropd
Eating	Eatin
Evening	Evenin
Everyone	Eryun
Everything	Erythin
Everywhere	Eryvere
Fell	Falled
Fever	Heat
For	Fur
Forget	Furget
Forgot	Forgeted
Get	Git
Girl	Gurl
Grandfather	Granda
Handle	Andle
Have	Ave
Head	Ed
Heard	Herd
Her	Er
Here	Ir
Herself	Ersel
Him	Im
Home	Ome
Horse	Orse
It was	Twas
Laughing	Laughin
Legend	Legund
Mother	Ma
Never	Nevur
No	Nay
No one	Noone
Nothing	Nuthin
Older	Ulder
One	Un
Peasant	Pesant
Prettiest	The most pretty
Promise	Prumis
Pudding	Puddin'
Ringin	Ringin
River	Rivur
Said	Sayd
Sent	Sended
Some	Sum
Something	Sumthin
Sorry	Sorey
Stayed	Stayd
Straightaway	Rightaway
Strongest	The most strong

Sung	Singed
Tear	Tir
Than	Then
That	Dat
The best	The most good
Their	Eir
Then	Thun
Thought	Thinked
Threatened	Tretened
Threw	Trew
Told	Telled
Tomorrow	To-morrow
True	Tru
Twelve	Twelf
Underneath	Below
Us	Uz
Was	Were
What	Wut
Whatever	Wutever
When	Whun
Whom	Who
With	Wuth
World	Wurld
You	Ye
Young	Yung
Youngster	Yungster
Your	Yer

SOURCE TEXTS

Text 1

Ferdinand je prvi sjahao sa konja, uzde prebacio preko mlade bukve i oprezno krenuo po velikim kamenim razvalinama obraslim mahovinom.

-Evo me zloglasni Pavao Opojski, došao sam u tvoje odaje – grlenim je glasom povikao i teatralno se naklonio mladić

-Najte barune. Joj, pustite mrtve na miru- Znate, baš tu de ve stojite, bila je negda cirkvica. Je, vidite i razbojniki su cirkvicu meli.

-Znam Miškec, sve sam to dobro proučio. Idem u *velke škole*, kak ti veliš. 1532. godine je slavni sultan Sulejman na povratku iz svojih osvajanja, gdje je, budi rečeno, pretrpel velike gubitke, prolazio baš tu, blizu Opojgrada, utvrde Pavla Opojškog. Jedan od njegovih razbojnika, koji su

kak i on pljačkali putnike koji su tud išli za Križevce i Zagreb, bil je pijani i zapucal je v sultanovu kolonu i zamisli, pogodil je baš njegovoga pisara.

Sultan je ponorel. Navalila njegova vojska na Opojgrad. Se su poubijali, i Pavla, a cirkvicu i njegovu utvrdu razvalili, nije ostal ni kamen na kamenu.

-Se ja to znam barune. A zvona Opojskoga su hitili v Gliboki. Rekli su moji dedek da su njim rekli njegov dedek, se su preiskali, prekopali, al' zvona so ne nigdar našlim ali zakleli su se puno njih kak se zvon čje, i to v noć dok je pun mesec. Me sram reči, ali veliju ak' koja deklica nevinost zgubi, mam zazvoni opojski zvon.

- Je Miškec, daje na znanje da se bo začas mali Rasinčan ili Rasinčanka narodil.

Ferdinand se grleno smijao i zavjerenički namignuo Mišku.

- Vi se smijete al' ne to baš bez vruga. Kak to more znati zvon?

- Su mu rasinjske babe povedale. No, Miškec moj, a znaš ti kaj je onda bilo?

- Znam. Turčini su onda zdigli i celo selo na noge i se najlepše i najjakše mlade dečke i može zarobili i seбом otpeljali. Se njihove sestre, prelepe Rasinčanke, v harem odpelali, a mame i mlade žene prijele su se za ruke i počele plakati. Njihove so suze tekle na zemljicu koja se otprla i potekla je reka- reka suza, boli. Bila je črne, črne boje kaj kmica. Dobila je ime Črna reka i baš tu pod Budimom vlevle se v Gliboki, veliju baš na mestu de su Turčini hitili opojskoga zvona. Baš tu...

- Miškec, to ti je jedna tužna lijepa legenda.

- Ne znam ja kaj je to legenda, ali si veliju od navek da je baš tak bilo.

- Ja znam i znanstveno dokazane činjenice. Vidiš, točno tad i s tim zarobljenim mladim ljudima bio je jedan znameniti putopisac, prvi književnik putopisac u hrvatskoj književnosti Đuro Husti. Njega su otpelali te 1532. godine u zarobljeništvo u Stambol, sadašnji Carigrad. Tu su ga, jer je bio jako zgodan i naočit, postavili najprije za trubača, ali je on jednog dana pobjegao u Smederevo. Turci su ga sa svojim uhodama pronašli i ponovno vratili u Stambol. S turskom vojskom krenuo je prema Egiptu i odonud je, onako pustolovan, pisao sve o piramidama i putopise svojeg desetogodišnjeg putovanja Palestinom, Anadolijom i Perzijom. Vratio se u Italiju pa Jadranom došao u Hrvatsku pa dalje u Pržun (danas Bratislavu). Tamo je napisao sve te putopise i to pod imenom kako su ga svi tad zvali, Juraj Hus. A kako se uvijek hvalio

Rasinjom, dobio je po njoj nadimak Rasinjanin. Pokopan je u Pržunu gdje je i umro. Ima svoju spomen ploču u Starom gradu.

-Isusek, kak ste vi spametni, mladi gospon grof!

Miškec se naklonio i u ruci gužvao svoj stari poderani šešir. – To sem ne nigdar znal. Sem bum povedal nek se ne zabi. Znači, pred 300 i nekaj let smo mi meli velikoga čoveka tog Rasinjanina. No, pak makar se i samo po svetu tepel, al' se bar čulo za Rasinju.

- Je, Miškec, veruj mi i ja sem bil silno ponosni na njega. Pa i ja sem *Rasinčanec*. Makar vu meni plava krvca vri, v Rasinji su mi moji sni.

- Jako ste to lepo spopevali, kak on Ljudevit Gaj, kaj sem ga na sprevodu, Bog mu pokoja da, barunovom videl, al' pazite se i najte tu hodati. Veliju vidi se i Pavla pokojnoga duh. Bez glave.

- Ne boj se Miškec. Če treba kaj mističnoga biti, ipak bi ja rejši da zazvoni Opojski zvon. Mislim kak si rekel.

- Jeste fakin, mladi moj barun. No, pak znam. Mislim veliju, ak' deklica, no znate već... Miškec se zacrvenio i pogledao u nebo.

- Isusek, kakvi oblaki! Iti nam je dimo, nevreme se dela.

- Zajašimo Miškec! Stvarno, čuj već od Glogovnice grmi. Brže!

(...)

Text 2

Martu je otac Ivo udao za udovca Lojzeka Klepača. Ipak je ona bila, reklo bi se u to vrijeme, korištena. Nije mogla dobiti dečka za muža.

- Joj samo da je štela reči što ji je to napravil – mrmljao je Ivo – Videl bi kaj bi mu napravil. Al' da sem ju hmoril, ne štela reči. Marta, Marta...

No ve je dobro, ima već dvoje dece, sineka Matka i maloga Ivana, a mela bu još. Več ji se nekak vidi črevce.

- Zbila si je glupost z glave – sam sebi u brk mrnda i pije dobro soviljnjačko vince tu pod brajdami, i gledi jel' bu došel mejaš Imbra Hunjadijev. Se z njim tak lepo o semu spominja. I gle, baš ide.

- Imbra, odi na kupicu vina!

- Idem, mejaš. Sem bil pri barunici v njezinem Kamen gradu. Smo se tak nadelali, se smo čistili i pilili drevje. Bu mladi barun došel dimo z školovanja. Je završil velke škole.

- Je mu je i vreme. Je prešlo već tri lete kak je barun Mirko hmrl, pak de je red da barunica sama vodi sve posle!

- Naj se veseliti! Dok dojde, bodo nas pak tlačili kaj vrage. Si videl kakvoga imetak imaju? Treba to delati! A i Ferdinand se bo ženil, sem čul. Nekaj su žene povedale. Rekla je kuharica Elizabeta. Nekakvu groficu.

- Je, kaj bi. Znaš da se gospoda ne ženiju tak mladi. Pak stopram je 20 let prešel. Malo je stareši od moje Marte. Sečam se, dok se narodil, bil je jako betežan, slab na pluča. Su doktori hodali od sikut. Mislili su da bu hmrl. A gle ve, kakov je!

- Je, istina. Kaj od kamena sklesani. Veliju i da je spameten i sposoben. I pulitiku nekakvu vodi. Sporadi njega si bodo čuli za Rasinju.

Dugo su tako vinski brati prebitali po krunici života i noge su im bile sve teže i teže, što od brige, što od *vinca*. Potekle su i tvrde seljačke *soze*, jer tko zna *kaj čeka zutra*, kako su oni zaključili dok se puni teški mjesec nekako opasno zanjihao nad zvjezdanim nebom nad usnulom Rasinjom. (...)

Text 3

Tamo gore, na brijegu u barunskom gradu bilo je svečano, veselo i ponosno. Barunica majka, u raskoši svoje, kao vino crvene baršunske haljine s dijamantnom tijarom u svojoj srebrnoj kosi, visoko je digla čašu šampanjca.

- Za mog sina, za ponos mog pokojnog Mirka II, za završetak školovanja i sva priznanja, mom Ferdinandu!

- Majko, crvenim se. Ja sam prije svega zahvalan tebi i pokojnom ocu na divnim i čvrstim temeljima što ste mi ih usadili još u djetinjstvu da bih postao čovjek. Treba te roditi žena toplog srca, snažne volje i mudre glave kao što si ti, moja velika barunice Jozefina Kiss de Nemesker Inkey de Pallin. Popijmo sad u tvoju čast!

Svečanom se salom prolomio pljesak, a obrazi barunice Jozefine zažare se poput cjepanica u otvorenom kaminu.

Za klavirom sjedila je divna mlada žena crne kose i haljine boje šampanjca. Čitavu je večer pogledavala u pravcu mladog Ferdinanda.

- Draga, naočit je ovaj moj bratić, je li? Al' ne zaboravi da sam ti muž!
- Svakako, ako ni po čemu drugome, to znam po tvojoj vojničkoj točnosti kad me nadgledaš.
- Slatko treba držati ispod poklopca inače ga ogade muhe.
- Da, dragi. Samo ne zaboravi da se slatko ispod poklopca kviri, često ukiseli. – procijedi ljepotica kroz zube.

Uto do njih dođe Ferdinand.

- Bratiću Aleksandre, iz loze Inkey, ugarske grane, s najljepšom damom što moje oči vide u svom domu! – pruži ruku prelijepoj dami.
- Elizabeta, Aleksandrova nova supruga nakon smrti...
- Da, znam. Mama mi je rekla.

Aleksandar je kipio od ljubomore. Bilo mu je već 56 godina, a mladoj supruzi samo 26. A doista, bila je prekrasna. Spustio je svoju snažnu ruku na golo rame svoje mlade supruge.

- Otiđi, mila, u ženske odaje! Bit će ti dosadno kad malo protresem kroz prste ovog mladca, zelembaća.

Lagano se naklonila i napustila salu. (...)

Text 4

- Hvaljen Isus i Marija, gospon barun!
- Hvaljeni budu uvijek! – odzdravi Ferdinand i pokaza uplašenom dvanaestogodišnjem mladiću da sjedne.

On uplašeno sjedne na rub lijepe velike stolice i prekriži bosc noge u želji da ih sakrije.

- Ti si Andrija. Koliko imaš godina? – upita Ferdinand.

- Dvanaest, presvetli barune. Idem i v dodatnu školu. Su mi gospon velečasni Draganec...

- Znam, Andrija, čul sam sve o tebi. Svi te hvale, i moja barunica.

Andriju oblije rumenilo, a topli znoj izbije ispod pazuha kad barunica uđe u sobu.

Andrija pogleda sa strahopoštovanjem. – Hvala, presvetla barunice.

- Molim, Andrija, ali ti si stvarno poseban. Čula sam i da pišeš pjesme. Znaš, i ja sama pišem. To je jako lijepo. Zaslužuješ biti više od kmeta i seljaka. Pomoći ćemo ti da se školuješ, a i župnik Draganec te jako fali, veli da si jako pametan dečko.

Andrija sramežljivo podigne glavu.

- Ali znate, mi smo jedna jako velika sirotinja. Nam je i kravica crkla, a imam još petoro braće. Mama nemre vse niti hraniti. Nam dedek i majkica davlu mleka. Oprostite, to vas ne briga. – promuca posramljeno.

- Briga nas je. Ti si talentiran. – rekao je župnik.

- Takvima treba pomoć. – ohrabrila ga je Ludmila. Mi ćemo biti tvoji kumovi. Tako ćemo pomoći tebi i tvojoj obitelji, a sada idi i reci mami da dođe k nama na dogovor. Bude tu i župnik. Sutra poslije mise.

Andrija se naklonio i gotovo nijem zurio u barunicu, a tada promuca:

- Fala vam. Vi ste najbolši na svetu. (...)

Text 5

- Oprostite ali ja sem tu bil da ne namočim, znate, dežd, oprostite.

- Oprosti ti meni. Znači ja sam banula u tvoje utočište. Tko si ti? Ja sam inače Lily.

- Lily??? U tren je popustio stisak snažnih ruku oko tanana struka.

- Oprostite još jednom. Pa vi ste Lily barunica. To ste stvarno vi. Ja sem mislil da je anđel z neba k meni doletel, da mi ga je Bogek poslal kaj nebom tu sam pot platanom dok curi i grmi.

- Ma ne vjerujem da su anđeli tako nespretni. Da me nisu zaustavile tvoje ruke, sad bi vidio kako se kupam u toj bari – pokazala je na jarak – i mislim da bi pomislio da sam velika, velika žaba.

Nasmijali su se oboje, sretno i razdragano.

- A kako se ti zoveš, spasioče moj?

- Matko. Ja sam vam obični seljak, siromak. Ne trebate se z menom zamarati. Već zutra bute zabila kak se zovem i kak zgledim. Oprostite ako sem vas zmazal dok sem vas prijel. Idem ja! – pošao je nekako tužnim korakom kao olovnim nogama, prvi puta žaleći što je siromah, lijepi mladi Matko.

- Dođi i sutra tu pod platanu, čekat ću te!- povikala je za njim Lily.

Okrenuo se tužno, nekako umorno lice iskrivilo mu se u bolnu grimasu.

- Moš' mislit!- promrmljao je sam sebi u bradu. (...)

Text 6

- Isuse, kak je lepa. Kak anđelek.

- Što to sinek?- upitala je Marta svog najstarijeg sina i prekinula njegovo glasno sanjarenje.

- Nišće mama, nekaj sem senjal.

- I ja sinek. Toplu peč. Drveka su pucketala, a mi smo si meli lepe črne čizmice, saki svoje i saki svoj komad toploga dišečega kuružnjaka. Jeli smo.

- To netrebaš senjati. Obečavlem ti da bom delal ak treba kaj vol samo da nete gladni ve dok nema joca.

- Ti si hranitelj, lepi moj sinek. Koliko si lepi toliko si dobri. Su su zloču z tebe moje suze oprale još predi nego si se rodil.

- A zakaj mama? Pak ti ni trebalo suzi. Zakaj si se plakala?

- Odi, idemo! Gle, i pozdravljenje zvoni! Dugo si se zadržal z temi drvi kaj si vozil. De si tak dugo?

- V nebu sem bil s jenem anđelem.

- Je onda se ve vrni na zemlu k onam četirem kaj čekaj večerju. Odi, sinek moj najlepší na svetu! – zagrlila ga je Marta i uvela u malo dvorište. (...)

- Duboko je udahnuo: - Jel bu i Lily zutra došla ako jako, jako verujem? Budalo! Nije ona kanta vode, ona je barunica. Nije deda mislil na nju dok mi je to govoril. – zmisli se i ode u kuću noseći kantu vode.

- Sinek, pak si ne Pisavu napojil?

Matko se strese ko probuđen iz sna i pocrveni sve do korijena svoje crne nestašne kose što je stršila iznad visokog čela.

- O, pa naš se Matko zaljubil! – veselo je uzviknula mama, a djeca su se vragolasto nasmijala u glas i zapjevala:

Dežd curi, blato je

Matko sprema svatove

Jalžica se nada,

da bi bila mlada.

- Kakva Jalžica, ta trenpasta blebetača!- obrecnuo se Matko na njih.

- Onda, što? – bila je uporna Anica.

- Te briga!? Vi žene se očete znati. – isplazio joj je jezik mali Frane.

(...)

- Lily, prekrasna Lily! – tiho je prošaputao.

- Imaš vrućinu sinek? – prestrašeno je prošaputala Marta i istog trena mu na čelo stavila svoju žuljevitru ruku.

- Ti buncaš.

- Ne mama, ponavljam si nekaj predivno. Nekaj najljepše na svijetu, nekaj nestvarno.

- O, pa to je pak ljubav v zraku, a to je bolest bez vrućine, a sem zabila.

- Fala Bogu da nije nekaj drugo. – nasmijala se Marta i ovlaš poljubila sina u kuštravu crnu kosu.

- Idemo na spanje. Ajde maleni, vi koji niste zalubljeni bute mam zaspali, a zalubljeni budu još malo zvezdice brojili. (...)

Text 7

- Kreću i posljednja kola. Evo, konačno je sve preseljeno. Odsad ćete se ponašati otmjeno u skladu s novim dvorcem jer sada smo u najljepšem zdanju u okolici.

- Da, presvijetla barunice. Naravno, klanjam se. – Emerik se naklonio do zemlje sprdajući se s majčinom željom za otmjenošću koja je nekako nekontrolirano rasla s novim luksuznim prebivalištem.

Sva sreća da pogled ne ubija, jer kako ga je majka pogledala, sumnjam da bi ostao na nogama. Ludmili su sve više i više smetale te nesavršenosti njezine djece za koje je ona mislila da ih ne smiju imati kao pripadnici plave krvi.

- Na oca ste neambiciozni, ali neće to samo tako, ne! Sad je Lily na redu. Samo da sve sredimo i počet će dogovori s groficom Drašković oko njezine udaje za grofa Ivana. Tu je bogatstvo i slava. On nasljeđuje Trakošćan od strica Juraja, a neće mi to samo tako promaknuti. – glasno je razmišljala grofica.

- Što je to, majko? Što to tebi može promaknuti?

- Ništa Emerik. Ne brini. Držim ti ja čvrsto uzde sudbine u svojim rukama.

- Misliš? One se ne daju obuzdati. Sudbina ti je kao i vjetar. Njih nitko nije zauzdao. Nekad davno rekao mi je to tata. – javila se Lily.

- Lily, tvoj tata ne može ni sam sebe obuzdati. On je... no nije važno. Nemoj se voditi njegovom filozofijom. Dokazat ću i tebi i njemu. Ništa i nitko neće me zaustaviti na zacrtanom putu. Znaš to mala! Vidjet ćeš ti moju snagu na djelu!

- Toga se i bojim. Zaboravljaš da sam i ja dovoljno jaka. Znaš, slabi se povijaju, a snažni lome. Vidjet ćemo tko će se prvi slomiti!

- O pa ti se prijetiš! Što to znači? Naslućuješ li ti nešto?

- Ne, ne prijetim, samo upozoravam. – Lily se stresla na samu pomisao što bi bilo da majka zna za njenu veliku ljubav za Matka. (...)

Text 8

- Velečasni, prosim vas!

Čovjek je podigao glavu i pogledali su se. Problijedjeli su oboje očiju uronjenih jedno u drugo:

- Ti... Ti... - mucali su kao da govore neku naučenu predstavu.

Nije bilo moguće odrediti u kojima je očima više bola, koje više sažalijevaju one druge. Jednostavno, zurili su jedno u drugo bez riječi. Marti je preletjela mozgom priča o Lili, o bolesnoj Lily, čiju bolest dobro skrivaju.

Štoviše, ponorela je! – tak je rekla kuharica Malička. A to...

- I tebe je Bog dobro kaštigal – mislila je u sebi, a onda jednostavno izvadila pisamce iz njedara i turnula mu pod nos.

Ništa ne shvaćajući, počeo je čitati. Boje na njegovu licu mijenjale su se od zelene do purpurno crvene. Primio se za srce. Gotovo je. Umire.

- Marta? Moja Marta! Tvoj, tvoj sin? Matko. Taj Matko?

- Ne, tvoja nisam! Bila sam ti samo igračkica. Ja nisem nišče i ništ. Ti si se samo malo z menom poigral i zabil me. Čudo da se i sečaš kak se zovem. Ne znaš ti ništ kak mi je bilo. Ne znaš ti... da... da... sem ja pod srcem nosila tvoje... - jecala je i zastala. Nakašljala se i obrisala šakom suze.

-Marta, za ime Božje! Matko. Matko je moj, naš... moj sin? Bilo je to pitanje, molba, preklinjanje sve u jednoj riječi. Sin.

Nastala je smrtna tišina. Tu u toj crkvi. Pred Bogom i svecima. Gdje nema laži. Marta je potpuno slomljena tiho kao molitvu posljednjom snagom promucala:

- Ne, Matko je samo moj sin. Bil je samo moj sin.

Izašao je iz klecala, kleknuo pred tu blijedu ženu u crnom štrikancu i zavapio:

- Molim te, reci da nije moj sin! Reci da si lagala!

- Pogledala ga je onako s visoka. Toliko ponosa, veličine i nečeg nedorečenog bilo je u toj ranjenoj, slomljenoj ženi.

- Hm, hm. Baš si jadan. Žalim te više nego sebe. – okrenula se i uspravna kao svijeća odlazila iz crkve. (...)

TRANSLATED TEXTS

Text 1

Ferdinand was the first to get off the horse. He slung the reins over a young beech tree and carefully threaded over large stone ruins overgrown with moss.

- Here I am you notorious Pavao of Opoj, I have come to your domain – the boy yelled in a throaty voice and bowed theatrically.

- Baron don't. Of, leave dead be. – Once, ye know, stood a church just where ye now stand. D'ye see, bandits too once ave 'ad a church.

- Miškec I am well aware of that for I have studied it all very thoroughly. I attend, as you say, *big schools*. In the year 1532, while returning from his conquests where he, let it be said, suffered great losses, the great sultan Suleiman passed right here, near the Opoj-grad, the fortress of Pavao of Opoj. One of his highwaymen, who robbed passengers passing through on their way to Križevci and Zagreb, was drunk and took a shot at the sultan's marching column and, would you imagine, shot non other than sultan's scribe.

Sultan was fuming. His army laid siege to Opoj-grad. They slaughtered everyone, including Pavao. His fortress, as well as its church, was demolished so that not a single stone was left standing on top of one another.

- I know that all my baron. Und the bell of Opoj they trew in Gliboki stream. My granda sayd that his granda telled 'im that they searched und dug, but they ave found no bell anywhere. But they've sworn that the ringin can be heard in the night when the moon is full. I'm ashamed to say, but the stories say if a gurl gets deflowered, the bell of Opoj dings rightaway.

- Aye Miškec, it notifies that a baby boy or a gurl from Rasinja will get born very soon.

Ferdinand uttered a throaty laugh and conspiratorially winked at Miško.

- Ye be laughin, but the proof is in the puddin'. How the bell knows such things?

- Old biddies must've told 'im. Well, my dear Miško, do you happen to know what followed?

- Oh do I. The Turks gathered the whole village too and captured all the most pretty and most strong yungsters and husbands and took them away. Their sisters, beautiful gurls of Rasinja, was

taken to harems, while their mas and yung women grabbed hands and started cryin. Their tears falled into the ground that opened up and from it a rivur started to run – a rivur of tears and pain. It was black, az black az night. It got the name Black Rivur and right ir under Budim it goes into Gliboki, right in the spot where the Turks tossed the bell of Opoj. Right ir...

- Miškec, that is just a sad, beautiful legend.

- I dunno what is that legund, but all sayd since world's start that it was so.

- I also know the scientifically proven facts. You see, at that moment, among those imprisoned young people was a prominent travel writer, the first travel writer in Croatian literature, Đuro Husti. He was curried off to Stambul, todays Constantinople in 1532. There they appointed him as a trumpeter due to him being very handsome and personable, but one day he fled to Smederevo. The Turkish spies found him and brought him back to Stambul. He went with the Turkish army towards Egypt and from there, adventurous as he was, wrote all about the pyramids and travel books of his ten-year journey across Palestine, Anatolia and Persia. He returned to Italy, then across the Adriatic Sea to Croatia continuing to Pressburg (todays Bratislava). There he wrote down all his travel books under the name Juraj Hus, which was how he was known back then. And because he always glorified Rasinja, he got the nickname Rasinjanin after it. He was buried in Pressburg where he died. He has his memorial plaque in the Old Town.

- Sweet baby Jesus, you so smart young count sire!

Miškec bowed while wrinkling his old torn hat. – Nevur 'ave I known dat. I'll retell it so it isn't forgeted. So, 300 and sum years ago we 'ad a great man that Rasinjanin one. Well, even if only he wandered the world, at least the word of Rasinja was spread.

- Aye Miškec, me two was very proud of 'im. I too am *Rasinjese*. Even if blue blood through me flows, only of Rasinja my heart knows.

- Very well singed, like that Ljudevit Gaj, who I saw on the funeral of the baron, God rest his soul; but take care and don't walk ir. They sayd the ghost of deceased Pavao can be seen. With no ed.

- Fret not Miškec. If sumthin mystical has to happen I'd rather it be the toll of the Opoj bell. Az you've sayd.

- What a rascal ye are my young baron. Well, I know. I mean they sayd, if a gurl, you know... Miškec's face turned red and he looked up to the sky.

- Sweet baby Jesus, such clouds! Time to go back ome, storm is brewin.

- Let us ride Miškec! Indeed, listen, from the Glogovnica River come the sound of thunder. Swiftly! (...)

Text 2

Marta's father Ivo wed her to a widower Lojzek Klepač. She was, after all, what they would refer to in those days as used goods. She couldn't get a youngster for a husband.

- Oh, if she only wanted to tell me who did that to er – mumbled Ivo – He'd see wut I'd do to im. But she'd kept er mouth shut even if I 'ad tretened to kill er. Oh Marta, Marta...

But now she good, has 2 kiddies already, sonny Matko and baby Ivan, and will ave more. Ye can already see er belly.

- She knocked out that stupid thing out ov er ed. – he mumbled to himself underneath the grapevine while drinking good vino from Soviljnjak hill and waiting to see if his neighbor Imbra Hunjadijev will come over. It's so easy to talk to im ebout evrithin. Oh look, here he comes.

- Imbra, cum over fur a cup of vino!

- I'm cumin neighbor. Was over baroness' in er Kamengrad. Ad worked so much, cleaned evrithin and sawed logs. The yung baron'll soon return ome from school. He finished big schools.

- Twas bout time. Three yrs've passed from baron Mirko's death, for baroness to andle all business erself is no good.

- Don't celebrate! When he cums they'll ave uz under eir boots. Ave ye seen the land they ave? Sumwun has to work that! And Ferdinand'll get married, so I've herd. Women have sayd sumthin bout it. The cook Elizabeta sayd so. Sum countess.

- Ya, right. Ye know gentlemen don't get married so yung. He just passed his 20th year of birth. He a bit ulder than my Marta. I remember, he was very sickly when born, weak lungs. Doctors came over from eryvere. Taught he'll konk. Look at im now!

- Ay, tru. Chiseled out of stone. They say he also smort und cumptent. He also in sum pulitiks. He'll be why eryun hears bout Rasinja.

Long have the wine brothers retraced the steps of life, their feet getting heavier by the minute, both from worry and from *vino*. Even heavy peasant *tirs* fell because who knows *what tomorrow brings*, as they have concluded while the full moon dangerously swayed across the starry sky over the sleepy village of Rasinja. (...)

Text 3

Up there, in the baron's town upon the hill, the atmosphere was ceremonial, joyful and dignified. Mother baroness, in her splendorous bordeaux velvet dress with a diamond tiara in her silvery hair, raised her champagne glass high in the air.

- To my son, to the pride and joy of my late Mirko II, to the completion of his studies and all his accolades, to Ferdinand!

- Oh mother, you are making me blush. I am first and foremost thankful to you and to my late father for the exquisite and strong foundations you have instilled into me in my youth so that I may now be a man. You have to be born of a woman with a warm heart, strong will and wise head such as yourself, my great baroness Jozefina Kiss de Nemesker Inkey de Pallin. Let us drink in your honor!

The ceremonial hall echoed with applause and baroness Jozefina's cheeks blushed like firewood inside an open fireplace.

At the piano sat a gorgeous raven-haired young woman in a champaign colored dress. She has been glancing over at young Ferdinand.

- How personable this cousin of mine is, isn't he my dear? But let it not slip from your memory that I am your husband!

- Certainly, I am aware of that if from nothing else but from your military precision with which you monitor me.

- Sweet things should be locked up tight so that flies cannot ruin it.

- Yes, my darling. But keep in mind that sweet things spoil when locked up tight, often go stale.
– said the beautiful woman through her teeth.

At that moment Ferdinand joined them.

- Cousin Aleksandar from the Hungarian side of the Inkey line, with the most beautiful lady I have laid my eyes on in my home! – he offers his hand to the beautiful lady.

- Elizabeta, Aleksandar's new wife following the death...

- Yes, I am aware. Mother told me.

Aleksandar was seething with jealousy. He was already 56, and his young wife only 26. And she truly was beautiful. He placed his strong hand on his young wife's bare shoulder.

- Retire, my dear, to the women's quarters! You will be terribly bored when I take this young greenhorn to town.

She bowed gently and left the hall. (...)

Text 4

- Praised be Jesus and Mary, sir baron!

- Always and forever! – responded Ferdinand showing the frightened twelve-year old boy to sit down.

He frightenedly sat on the edge of a beautiful large chair and crossed his bare feet as to hide them away.

- You must be Andrija. How old are you? – asked Ferdinand.

- Twelf, your grace. I go to extra school. Sir pastor Draganec has...

- I am aware, Andrija, I've herd all about you. Everyone sings your praises, including my baroness.

Andrija blushed and warm sweat busted out from underneath his armpits when the baroness entered the room.

Andrija looked at her in awe. – Thank ye, noble baroness.

- You are welcome, Andrija, you are truly special. I have heard that you also write poetry. You know, I write as well. That is very nice. You deserve to be more than a serf and a peasant. We

will aid you in getting educated, even the pastor Draganec praises you a lot, sayd you are a very smart young man.

Andrija raised his head timidly.

- But ya know, very poor uns we are. Our cow dropd dead and I ave five brothers too. Our ma can't feed uz all. Granpa and grangran give milk to uz. Sorey, that's not yer problem. – he muttered, feeling ashamed.

It is our problem. You are talented. -said the pastor.

- People like you deserve help. – Ludmila comforted him. We will be your godparents. Thus, helping both you and your family. Now go and tell your mom to come over to strike a deal. The pastor will be here as well. Tomorrow after mass.

Andrija bowed and almost silently stared at the baroness; then he stammered:

- Thank ye. You the most good in the wurld. (...)

Text 5

- Sorey, but I'm ere so I don't get wet, ye know, sky-leak, sorey.

- I apologize. It appears I happen to have stumbled upon your refuge. Who might you be? I am Lily, by the way.

- Lily??? The heavy grip of his strong hands around her thin waist lessened.

- Sorey once again. Ye're baroness Lily. It's really ye. I've thinked an angel from heavens came to me, that sweet God sended it so I ain't alone ere below the plane tree while it's rainin cats and dogs and thunderin.

- I do not believe angels to be this clumsy. If your hands hadn't caught me, you would have seen me taking a bath in that pond – she gestured towards the ditch – and would have probably thought of me as just a big, big frog.

They both laughed, cheerfully and jubilantly.

- And what is your name, my savior?

- Matko. I'm just a pesant, poor un. Ye don't ave to bother wuth me. To-morrow ye'll furget my name and my looks. Sorey if I've smudged ye whun I grabbed ye. Off I go! – he went with

heavy steps as if his feet were of lead. For the first time bewailing that he, handsome and young Matko, was a poor soul.

- Return here beneath the plane tree tomorrow, I will be waiting for you! – Lily yelled after him.

He dolefully turned; his somewhat tired face contorted into a painful grimace.

- Ya right! – he mumbled to himself. (...)

Text 6

- Sweet baby Jesus, she so pretty. Like a little angie.

- Wut's that sonny? – Marta asked her oldest son interrupting his daydreaming.

- Nuthin mum, I'm just dreamin.

- Me too sonny. A hot stove. Woodies cracklin, uz avin nice black boots, each eir own und each eir own piece of warm smelly cornbread. We was eatin.

- Ye don't ave to dream it. I prumis I'll work like a orse so ye ain't hungry now that pa's gone.

- Ye're our feeder, my pretty sonny. Ye az pretty az ye're good. All the badness've my eyes washed off ye before ye was born.

- Why mum? Ye didn't need cryin. Why'd ye cry?

- Cum, let's go! Look, evenin bell rings! Ye've stayd long wuth those woods ye've been carryin. Were ave ye been so long?

- In the sky wuth an angel.

- Aye thun git back to earth to those four that await dinnur. Cum my most pretty sunny in the world! – Marta hugged him and took him inside a small yard. (...)

He took a deep breath: - Will Lily cum back to-morrow if I believe really, really hard? Nitwit! She ain't a bucket ov water, she a baroness. Grampy didn't think ov er whun he told me telled me that. – he though to himself and entered the house carrying a bucket of water.

- Sonny, didn't ye feed Pisava?

Matko snapped out of it as if abruptly awoken from a dream and his face turned beet red all the way up to the roots of his unruly raven hair that stuck out above his high forehead.

- Oh, our Matko is in love! – his mother exclaimed, and the children giggled mischievously and sang in unison:

Sky is leaking, mud all around

Matko's wedding party is in town

Jalžica hasn't denied,

She hopes to be the bride.

- What Jalžica, that klutzy blabbermouth! Matko lashed out at them.

- Then who? – asked Anica persistently.

- What'd ye care!? Ye women want to know erythin. – Little Frane said sticking his tongue out towards her. (...)

- Lily, beautiful Lily! – he whispered quietly.

- Do ye have the heat sonny? – Marta whispered, frightened, and instantly put her callous hand on his forehead.

- Ye're delirious.

- Nay mum, I'm repeatin sumthin beautiful. The most beautiful thing in the world, sumthin unreal.

- Oh, t'is love in the air, dat's sickness with no heat, I furgeted.

- Thank God it isn't sumthin different. – Marta laughed and nonchalantly kissed her son's scruffy hair.

- Let's go to sleep. Cum little ones, you not in love will fall asleep instantly, those in love will count stars for a bit longer.

Text 7

- The last carriage is on its way. There, everything is finally moved. From now on, in accordance with the new castle, you will act nobly because we are living in the most exquisite edifice in the vicinity.

- Yes, o' noble baroness. Of course, your wish is my command. – Emerik bowed to the ground in mockery of his mother's wish for nobleness that grew uncontrollably with the new, luxurious abode.

Luckily for him his mother's staring daggers didn't kill, otherwise he wouldn't be left standing. Ludmila had more and more issues with her children's imperfections for which she believed they, as members of nobility, should not possess.

- You are ambitionless just like your father, but it will not be that easy, no! Now it is Lily's turn. Just wait until we sort everything out and the negotiations with countess Drašković regarding Lily's marriage to count Ivan shall begin. Riches and fame await there. He will inherit the castle of Trakošćan from his uncle Juraj and I will not let that slip through my fingers. – the countess thought out loud.

- What is that, mother? What cannot slip through your fingers?

- Nothing Emerik. Do not worry. I am holding the reigns of destiny in my own hands.

- Do you really think so? They cannot be tamed. Destiny is like the wind. No one has ever managed to tame them. Father once said that to me. – said Lily.

- Lily, your father cannot contain himself. He is... well it does not matter. Do not follow in his footsteps. I will prove it to both of you. Nothing and no one will impede me from following my course. Know that little one! You will see my strength in action.

- That is what I am afraid of. You forget that I, too, am strong enough. You know, the weak bend, but the strong break. We will see who breaks first!

- Oh, you threaten me! What does that mean? Are you foreboding something?

- No, I am not threatening, just warning you. – Lily shook just from the thought of her mother knowing about her great love for Matko. (...)

Text 8

-Pastor, I beg ye!

The man raised his head, and their eyes met. They both went pale with eyes staring into each other. – Ye... Ye... - they both muttered as if acting out a rehearsed play.

It wasn't possible to determine whose eyes were filled with more grief, whose pitied the other one's more. They simply stared at each other speechlessly. The story of Lily, of sick Lily whose illness they hid well went through Marta's head.

- As a matter of fact, she's lost her marbles! - that is what the cook Malička said. But that...

- God has come down hard on ye too- she thought to herself and then simply took the letter out of her bosom and held it in front of his nose.

Without understanding a thing, he started reading it. His face changed colors from green to purplish red. He grabbed himself by the heart. It's over. He is dying.

- Marta? My Marta! Your, your son? Matko. That Matko?

- Nay, I ain't yours. I was just a toy for ye. I'm noone and nuthin. Ye just played wuth me a bit and furgoted about me. It's a miracle ye remember my name. Ye know nuthin how it was fur me. Ye don't know... that... that... below my heart I carried yer... - she sobbed and then stopped. Coughed and wiped away her tears with her hand.

- Marta, for God's sake! Matko. Matko is my, our... my son? – It was a question, request, and a plea all in a singular word. Son.

Dead silence ensued. In that church. Before God and all the saints. Where there are no lies. With her last ounce of strength, utterly devastated and quietly as if it were a prayer, Marta mumbled:

- Nay, Matko was only my son. He was only my son.

He left the kneeler, knelt before that pale woman in black knitwear and cried out:

- Please, tell me that he is not my son! Tell me that you've lied!

She looked down on him. Such pride, grandeur and vagueness emanated from that hurt and broken woman.

- Hm, hm. You're pathetic. I pity you more than I do myself. – She turned away and exited the church while walking straight as a rod.

ANALYSIS OF TRANSLATED TEXTS

In the following part of the thesis, we will be analyzing strategies that were implemented in the process of translation. Attention will be given to both the translated texts and the tables which serve as a dictionary. These are crucial for understanding the text itself as well as for discussing

potential solutions many of which were discarded in favor of what you have previously read in the translation part of the thesis.

The two tables are a part of a single whole dictionary meaning that one includes words that come from Kajkavian dialect and are translated into Standard Croatian language for clarity in the understanding of the novel. They are then translated in two variations. One is what I would refer to as the “villager, or peasant, English” which, as its name implies, is the English translation of the Croatian word that belongs to a lower register of English language given the education and the social status of the characters that use it. The second variation is the “aristocrat English” which would be the vocabulary item that is of higher register and is thus used by the aristocracy in the novel. It is important to underline that the previously mentioned dictionary does not contain words that belong only to those passages that were translated in the previous part of the thesis, but to the entire novel. The reason for this is that it is impossible to determine which parts of the novel are to be translated without reading it in its entirety. This is the most basic thing the translator must do before starting the translation itself: reading and getting acquainted with the source text. In the process of getting acquainted with the novel I have had to consult dictionaries of Kajkavian dialect for more than just these brief passages of text and I had to be sure that I understand the meaning of each individual Kajkavian word to correctly understand the meaning of the source text. That is why I created the entire Kajkavian-English dictionary to note down all words that would have to be translated from the dialect into English even though most of them will not be touched upon in this thesis. In some cases, the same word was used in both “villager English” and “aristocrat English” because either the more “refined” word was too nuanced to apply to the situation in the story, or, as was most often the case, there are words that are used in both registers. There does not have to be a different word in “villager” and “aristocrat English” which would refer to the same Kajkavian word. In this dialect, like in any other language, people from different social statuses use the same words to refer to the same concept, idea, or object in the world. Sometimes the thing that differentiates social classes from one another is the grammatical structure in which those words are used. My idea was to approach this novel as if I were to translate it in its entirety because that is what the usual practice would be. As was previously mentioned, I had to consult different dictionaries of Kajkavian dialect as well as talk to native speakers of the dialect. Even though the target reader might not have the possibility of doing the latter part of the process, my vision is for the dictionary to be included in the finished translation so that English readers have the same

experience of looking up new words and getting acquainted with intricacies that my translation offers.

The purpose of the second dictionary is somewhat different. This dictionary had a working title of *Crooked English* because of its concept. In this dictionary we can find English words used across all registers which were used in the translation process. The purpose was to make the “villager English” appear English. This means that all these words have been modified, changed, shortened, or even replaced with other English words as to appear “crooked”. The reason why this was done is because, as I have mentioned in the previous paragraph, on many occasions the same word is used across all registers, but the grammatical structure that surrounds it and words that are a part of the sentence can indicate the level of proficiency, eloquence and education that the person uttering the sentence has. The point was to create a systematic list of all changes done to words in Standard English that would make them incorrect. The logic behind this idea was taken from the distinction between Standard Croatian and Kajkavian dialect. The dialect uses a lot of “crooked” standard words as part of its vocabulary and by that analogy I wanted to do the same in English. To use generally known words and put a twist on them making them interesting and different enough that would warrant them being dialectal variants of the standard word. The reason for collecting and listing these differences is consistency. As we have mentioned before, consistency is the cornerstone of every good translation and one of the postulates that every translator should uphold. Given that we are twisting the Standard English language I wanted to make sure that something which I have decided to present as a way in which “villager English” is written is not seen as merely a mistake on the translator’s part. That is why consistency is important. A word misspelled once or twice but written normally in other instances within the same register is to be considered a mistake. On the other hand, a word misspelled every time within the same register is to be considered in this case a rule that speakers of “villager English” use. Even when misspelling occurs in the register used in “aristocrat English” it is to be considered a reflection of the region they live in. It is visible in the conversations between aristocrats and villagers where the “villager English” sometimes “slips” out and can be seen in lines said by members of the aristocratic family.

I believe it is important to state the reason why the idea of creating a “crooked” version of English was decided upon instead of taking one of the many English dialects as the main strategy in the translation process. The point of translating Kajkavian in a way that I have done is to create an original version of English that would serve as a possible basis of how this foreign dialect could be translated. By deciding upon a preexisting, originally English, dialect would

lose the authenticity of it coming from outside the English-speaking area and as such it would carry connotations that come with the dialect that was chosen. If one of the dialects had been decided upon it could then lead to misinterpretations of where the story takes place as well as the type of people that appear in the novel. At first glance it looks like this decision defeats the purpose of the target text not appearing as a translation, but that is not the case. The parts of the novel that are narrated by an omniscient narrator, as well as dialogues between members of aristocracy are completely translated abiding by the rules of the Standard English grammar. Dialogues between villagers, as well as those between villagers and aristocrats give the sensation of the text taking place outside the English-speaking area. Names of people and locations that were left as they were in the source text also gives the sense of it belonging to a different part of the world. The point was to tell a Croatian story with its inhabitants by using English language, and not to domesticate the entire story in which case the cultural aspect of the source text would be lost in translation. The other reason as to why “crooked” English was used is because it is impossible to convey the disparity in social class and education levels between characters without making one appear correct and the other incorrect. Naturally, language uses both the oral and the written form. If people from different parts of the English-speaking world write in Standard English it is impossible for one to discern whether they are speakers of the same dialect, or even if they have the same level of education or belong to the same social class. These issues are immediately resolved when the same two people speak to one another. The issue was that the reader does not have the possibility to hear the characters speak which would immediately make him aware of the differences in both the education and the social status of these characters. The translator has only the written language to convey, and to convince the reader that these characters are not linguistically on equal ground. The goal was to create such a difference in their vocabulary and grammar that would be almost palpable. That would be as if the reader is having the possibility to “listen” to these characters interacting with each other only by using words. The reader is able to take notice that aristocrats use grammatical sentences with more advanced vocabulary due to them being able to attend, as the characters in the novel like to say, *big schools*. Villagers, on the other hand, use barebones vocabulary, oftentimes in wrong syntactic structures. This is also a part of their characterization, demonstrating that they were not able to attend school and were forced to work from a very young age. These are the two extremes in the language used in the novel, but there are also instances in which aristocrat characters interact with villagers in which they, the aristocrats, lose track of their higher education and perfect English by occasionally using words and phrases that villagers would use. This is as well a purposeful decision which accentuates that they both

come from the same region and that aristocrats fully understand the way in which villagers speak and can speak in the same manner as them, but they simply choose not to as to appear more educated.

When it comes to rules that have been implemented and adhere to in the making of the “crooked” English the most noteworthy are: personal pronoun “you” is always written as “ye”, words ending in “-ing” form lose the “g” at the end. Word “than” is written as “then” and the word “then” is written as “thun”, as well as all superlative forms of adjectives behave as if they are regular forms. This means that there is no irregular comparison of adjectives as is the case in good/better/the best. Villagers would not say “the best” but the “The most good”. So, they would take the positive form of the adjective while adding “the most” before every adjective. In this way we could consider every adjective in the “villager English” vocabulary as regular. It is common in this version of English that the letter “u” replaces other vowels in words as is the case in “Legend” -> “Legund”, “Something” -> “Sumthin”, “Older” -> “Ulder”, “When” -> “Whun” and so forth. It was also important to stay consistent with words created through process of compounding. In cases such as “What” -> “Wut” in “Whatever” must be “Wutever”, or word “Every” -> “Ery” in words “Everything”, “Everywhere” and “Everyone” must become “Erythin”, “Eryvere” and “Eryun”. The same rule is applied to the word “Thing” -> “Thin” where we both shortened the word by removing the final “g” and had to keep it consistently written as “Thin” in words such as “Something”, “Nothing”, “Everything” where it became “Sumthin”, “Nothin”, and “Erythin”. Some words use different past tense forms than those used in Standard English. Verbs such as “Sent”, “Said”, “Told”, “Forgot” and “Sung” are replaced with “Sended”, “Sayd”, “Telled”, “Forgeted” and “Singed”. Even the irregular verb “Be” in its past tense form “was/were” uses only the “was” form in the conjugation. As you can see in this version of English words are made more simple and irregular forms of both verbs and adjectives are replaced with what would be their regular counterparts if they existed in Standard English language. It is also worth mentioning that aristocrats use the full form of verbs such as “has not”, “cannot”, “It is” whereas villagers use the contracted form of the verbs “hasn’t”, “can’t”, “It’s”. The reasoning behind this decision is that usage of full form of the verb appears more educated and eloquent as opposed to using the shortened form of the verb with the purpose of simply conveying the message.

At this point I would like to give further insight into some specific situations that I have come across in the process of translating this novel. Firstly, I would like to address the title of the novel itself. The original title is *Odškrinjena duša davne Rasinje*. The direct translation of the

title would be *Ajared Soul of the Rasinja from Long Ago*, but it is too literal and too uninspiring. Literal title would not draw the reader in and does not ooze with the mysteriousness of the original. The title that was decided upon is *Rasinja's Soul from a Bygone Era Unveiled*. It would fit better because of the phrase “bygone era” being a more archaic term as well as the word “unveiled” which gives an impression of something being uncovered. In this case the story of the rise and fall of the Inkey family is being uncovered because they were the heart and soul of Rasinja in that period of history. Even though the purpose of this thesis is to translate Kajkavian elements within the novel of which there are none in the title it is still important to have a title that will captivate the readers and make them interested in what is written. That way they are more open to exploring and getting immersed in a new world that the story offers.

Something that has to be touched upon relates to what we have said in one of the previous paragraphs and those are the names in the novel. Names of the villagers in the novel are typical names for people born in rural areas of Croatia where Kajkavian dialect is spoken. Names such as Matko, Miško, Marta, Imbra, Lojzek, and Ivo are typical Croatian Kajkavian names. On the other hand, names such as Jozefina, Ferdinand, Lily, Ludmila, Fernandina and Gabriella Franciska are not typical Croatian names but typical aristocrat Austro-Hungarian names and as such have their English equivalents as well as their Croatian equivalents according to the site *FamilySearch*¹³. In it we can see that for each of the Austro-Hungarian names found within the novel there is an equivalent name in English language. The reason for not translating the names of the characters is that if the decision was made to translate the names of aristocrats into their English equivalents, that same logic would have to be applied to villager names. If we decided to translate those names, they would have to be completely different and relate to English names used in the 19th century when the story takes place. By doing so we would once again lose the cultural aspect of the Kajkavian dialect by domesticating the names of characters. It would be as if changing a modern Croatian name Ivan into John because that would be the equivalent. In that instance the Croatian element within the name would be lost in translation. The names of the towns, rivers and hills within the story were checked on the official pages to see if there is a translated version so that readers can find out more regarding the places where the story takes place. Such were the cities of *Stambul*, *Constantinople* and *Pressburg/Bratislava*, as well as the countries of *Palestine*, *Anatolia*, *Persia*, *Croatia* and *Italy*. The only name that was altered was

¹³ FamilySearch, https://www.familysearch.org/en/wiki/Given_Name_Equivalents_in_the_Austro-Hungarian_Empire (accessed 15.9.)

the name *Suleiman* instead of the *Sulejman* as is in the original because it refers to a well-known historical figure.

The next thing that I would like to point out are idioms used in the source text and how they were translated into target text. First one that we will be analyzing is the phrase “Ne to baš bez vraga” which would literally mean “It is not really without the devil”. In the source text it means that whatever you are talking about holds true because of the circumstances in which it occurs. The idiom decided upon in the translation is “The proof is in the pudding” which indicates that the truth of something is visible from the experience that one has witnessed. In this case, the bell of Opoj rings when a girl loses her virginity. The subsequent idiom comes from the sentence “Al’ da sem ju hmoril, ne štela reči”, meaning that she didn’t want to speak even if he threatened to kill her. The phrase “kept her mouth shut” seemed appropriate in this context given that the speaker is annoyed how the person chose not to disclose any information regarding the subject at hand. The other options that were considered but decided to scrap were “kept quiet”, “keep it to herself”, “hold her tongue” and more colloquial “cammed up”. Most of them just didn’t convey the emotion with which the person is saying that sentence, and most importantly, given that the person saying the sentence is a villager, the sentence “hold her tongue” appeared too eloquent in this case. In the third text there was a phrase “kad malo protresem kroz prste ovog mladca” which means that he will berate him with questions, scold him and show him who is smarter and better. The idiom I have chosen is “to take this young greenhorn to town”. The idiom itself to take someone to town implies criticizing someone and trying to outperform them. The word “greenhorn” seemed a suitable and eloquent way of saying that someone is young and inexperienced. In the fourth text the sentence “Sva sreća da pogled ne ubija, jer kako ga je majka pogledala, sumnjam da bi ostao na nogama.” has a very interesting phrase: “pogled ubija” meaning that someone is looking at you menacingly because of your action or words. The sentence was translated as follows: “Luckily for him his mother’s staring daggers didn’t kill, otherwise he wouldn’t be left standing.” The phrase “staring daggers” have the same meaning as the Croatian phrase “pogled ubija” and the syntactic structure of the sentence was molded around this phrase being in the center. Within the same text there is a Croatian phrase “držim čvrsto uzde sudbine” which means that someone is the master of his/her own destiny. There is the same idiom in English “Holding the reins of destiny in my own hands”. A couple of sentences later the translator was faced with the following sentence: “Nemoj se voditi njegovom filozofijom.” The sentence means that one should not “follow in another person’s footsteps” which I have ultimately decided upon being the translation. I have considered translating it as

“do not practice what he preaches” but that particular idiom always refers to oneself and not someone else doing what you are saying. The next idiom that was used is “raining cats and dogs” instead of going for a more generic “rain is pouring”. An idiom would sound more like something a villager would say, giving it a rural feel. In the eighth text, where Marta and Ferdinand are in the church she says “Štoviše, ponorela je”. Here it would mean that she has lost her mind but that seemed too generic and not something a village woman would say about a baroness that they are very fond of. The phrase “lost her marbles” seemed demurer and more considerate in this particular situation.

The following topic is about translation of religious terms relating to God, calling out to God, to the saints and Mother Mary. Given that story takes place in a rural area we often hear the characters calling out to the Heavens as a form of a buzzword. Words such as “Isusek”, “Marijica”, “anđelek” are common words in their everyday language and are diminutives of the words “Jesus”, “Mary”, “angel” and should thus be translated in diminutives “Baby Jesus”, “Mama Mary”, “angie”. There are also common greetings such as “Hvaljen Isus i Marija” and the response “Hvaljeni budu uvijek!” which is how Croatian people greet members of the clergy. English equivalent would be “Praised be Jesus and Mary” with the response being “Always and forever”. With God being an integral part of the lives of villagers it is important to translate those commonly used phrases correctly to reflect the way in which English-speaking people greet priests and how they refer to God, Mary and the saints. In Croatia there is also an idiom regarding the rosary which says: “prebirati po krunici života” which would mean to talk thoroughly about life and past events because it reflects the way in which a person prays using a rosary, one bead at a time. This idiom can literally be translated as going through rosary of life, but there is an idiom that would express it without having a religious connotation. That idiom would be “retracing the steps of life” which was used, but other possibilities include: “take a walk down memory lane” or “rewind the tape of life”.

The penultimate thing that I would like to point out is a play on words in the fifth text that was translated. In the scene where Lily and her mother Ludmila are having a discussion and are trying to outwit one another. Words that we will take a closer look at are “reigns”, “tamed” and “contain”. The word “reigns” is used in the sentence: “I am holding the reigns of destiny in my own hands.”, “tamed” in “They cannot be tamed.” and “contain” in “Lily, your father cannot contain himself.” The interesting thing that occurred with these three words is that they sound similar when said out loud and they all refer to the process of restraining someone or something. It was completely possible to translate these three sentences by using words that are not that

similar sound wise but given that the scene in which those words are uttered is filled with witty comments and Lily trying to undermine Ludmila's authority it seemed fitting to make the dialogue itself appear fluid and dynamic.

The last part of the translated text that I would like to turn your attention to is the short song that Marta's children sing when they figure out that Matko is in love with a girl. The Croatian song is:

Dežd curi, blato je

Matko sprema svatove

Jalžica se nada,

da bi bila mlada.

Which is translated into English as:

Sky is leaking, mud all around

Matko's wedding party is in town

Jalžica hasn't denied,

She hopes to be the bride.

It is divided into four verses with the rhyme scheme AABB. The thing that was to consider when creating the song is to retain the theme of the original while staying consistent with the word "Dežd" being "Sky leak". It was also important to keep in mind who sings the song and if they are a villager or an aristocrat. In this case the song is sung by a young villager girl, so it was decided for the song to be kept simple and to focus on retaining the melody and theme of the original. The story uses elements of weather present when the girl sung the song and Matko's mental state of being head over heels in love. Jalžica refers to a local girl that is never before, or since, mentioned, but her name should be kept in the translated song to retain the Croatian element.

CONCLUSION

To conclude the thesis, I would like to reiterate the main points and ideas that were presented and arguments behind them. The translation of the novel *Rasinja's Soul from a Bygone Era*

Unveiled was a complex task mainly due to the difficulty in translating Kajkavian dialect into English while maintaining the cultural and historical element of the source text. The process of translating the above presented texts was both long and arduous given that I had to acquaint myself with the Kajkavian idiom and its rules. I had to make sure that I took into consideration which one of the different variations of Kajkavian is used and to translate it accordingly. By consulting dictionaries of Kajkavian dialect and by speaking to native speakers of the dialect I was able to fully understand the meaning behind each of the words and their semantic meaning within the text. Because of this I decided to create a dictionary that would serve as a guiding tool for the reader in understanding the English translation of the Kajkavian dialect. The purpose of the dictionary was to show the translation process in its full extent: translating Kajkavian words into Standard Croatian words which were then translated into English based on the speakers of said words. When it comes to the English words used for translating Kajkavian ones it was decided to use simpler and sometimes “crooked” English words to show a clear distinction between villagers that use those terms and aristocrats that use Standard English words. It was not always possible to find a different word for each variant, but that is why another dictionary was created. The purpose of the second dictionary was to keep track of changes done to all English words in the translation process. This way the reader would have a Standard English word and its “crooked” variant which could serve as a dictionary while reading the novel. The translation aspect which was the focal point during the translation of the novel was consistency. It is because creating a completely different way of speaking to emphasize the difference in character’s education and social class is a tall task. Every misspelled word, wrongly written word ending, verb conjugation in past tense being changed, superlative form of an irregular adjective changed to a most + positive form, and other changes had to be done consistently and consciously. This was done so that a question cannot be raised whether each of those occurrences was made on purpose or was it simply an error on the translator’s part. The translation of the title posed difficulties as well simply because, like all titles, it has to draw the reader in and make the reader open to understanding and exploring what is between the covers. Finding idioms that would complement Croatian ones was also an issue that had to be tackled all the while keeping in mind who is speaking and to whom. Given that the story takes place in the 19th century, religion was essential in the everyday life of a villager, so invocations of God, Mary, angels and saints were also present in the text. They had to be compared to how they are referred to in English and translated accordingly so that target reader does not notice that he is reading a translation. Finally, within the prose text, there was a short song to be translated as well. Even though it is only 4 verses long with a simple rhyming scheme

of AABB it was a different type of translation. Finding suitable words while paying attention to those that were previously used in the dictionary proved challenging, but ultimately the challenge was embraced and the solution to a Kajkavian song was successfully found.

Overall, this translation was a test of patience, perseverance, and fundamentals which were passed onto me by my professors. It is what I would consider an interesting take on how a dialect can be translated. This work has taught me many things regarding the translation process and helped me develop my out of the box thinking in tackling an issue such as this one. This is at the same time both my MA thesis and a passion project to see how far it is possible to take a translation of a single text.

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