

Translation of Three Short Stories by Tanja Mravak from Croatian into English

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FACULTY OF HUMANITIES AND SOCIAL SCIENCES

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Translation of Three Short Stories by Tanja Mravak from Croatian into English

Master's thesis

Graduate study of Translatology

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Rijeka, 8th of September 2022

AUTHORSHIP STATEMENT

I hereby certify that I am the sole author of this thesis titled *Translation of Three Short Stories by Tanja Mravak from Croatian into English* under the mentorship of Professor Nikola Tutek, PhD. I certify that, to the best of my knowledge, my thesis does not infringe upon anyone's copyright nor violate any proprietary rights and that any ideas, techniques, quotations, or any other material from the work of other people included in my thesis, published or otherwise, are fully acknowledged in accordance with the standard referencing practices.

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ABSTRACT

The topic of this thesis is the translation of three short stories written mainly in Croatian dialect by Tanja Mravak into English and the analysis of the translations, as well as the issues surrounding individual expressions. The paper first introduces the notion of dialect literature and its translation into foreign languages followed by the short description of the short stories in terms of their language, Shtokavian dialect and the amount of its representation in each story. The following chapter presents different translation procedures used in dialect translation, as well as the methodology for the translation of these short stories. The paper, then, presents the reader with three source texts each followed by their translation and analysis. Final commentary and a short overview are given in the conclusion of this thesis.

Key words: translation, dialect, translation of dialects, Shtokavian dialect, Croatian into English language, Tanja Mravak, short story

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1. INTRODUCTION

Translation in itself is a challenging discipline, but when dialects are taken into account, it becomes a real test of linguistic skills. Dialect translation is one of the greatest undertakings that translators encounter given the different sociological, cultural and ideological connotations that dialects carry with them.

Regarding the source texts of this paper, they are short stories written by Tanja Mravak¹ in Croatian Shtokavian dialect, more precisely in New Western subdialect. The dialect is closely related to the author's hometown, Sinj, which is situated in Dalmatian Hinterland. This dialect is Ikavian both in word roots and their suffixes.² The source texts are comprised of three short stories which present three ways of dialect representation in literary discourse. The first story, under the title *Banane su važne*, abounds in dialect words, phrases and idioms with only a few of the sentences written in Standard Croatian language. Dialect represents the core of this discourse. The second text, *Moramo razgovarati*, contains more or less equal representation of dialect and Standard language; the majority of the text is a conversation between two characters where one speaks in Standard Croatian and the other one uses dialect. In both of these stories, the author used vocabulary and grammar of the dialect in the entirety of speech uttered by characters that use dialect. The last story, *Dark chocolate*, is almost entirely written in Standard Croatian language with a few dialect sentences. In all three stories we can see how a character can change registers depending on the situation (e.g. for dramatic effect or using Standard language in a work environment).

Before we delve into the process of translation and its analysis, we should inspect which translation procedures are commonly used in dialect translation and which methodology was applied in this paper.

2. TRANSLATION OF DIALECTS – THEORETICAL BACKGROUND AND METHODOLOGY

¹ Mravak, Tanja. *Moramo razgovarati*. Hena com., 2018.

² Vranić, Silvana, and Sanja Zubčić. "Hrvatska narječja, dijalekti i govori u 20. stoljeću." *Povijest hrvatskoga jezika* 5, 2018, pp. 542-543.

There are various expert opinions on the most appropriate translation procedure when translating dialects. The reason behind this lies in the complexity of a dialect. In other words, there is no generally accepted methodology due to the specificity of a particular dialect in a literary work. Dialects are usually used in literature as a stylistic means for character interpretation, depicting a cultural background and/or emphasizing local diversities.³ The main task of a translator should be to convey in the target text the authenticity expressed by the use of dialects in the source text.

Three most commonly used translation procedures regarding dialects are: (a) translation of dialect source text by using Standard target language, (b) translation of dialect source text by using particular dialect of a target language and (c) translation of dialect source text by using a particular sociolect of a target language.⁴ The result of the first procedure is usually a translation without linguistically marked characteristics which a dialect gives to the original text. This can only be applicable to source texts which are written entirely in dialect and if the latter “appears metalingually, i.e. as an example of language”⁵. Texts which are partially written in dialect, the latter has a clear function (e.g. indicating local cultural features or stressing social classes) and opposes Standard language. The second procedure is often rejected by many linguists, such as Jiří Levý who argues that uncompromising substitution of a dialect is unsuitable and that “the translator cannot render dialect in its entirety if he is to avoid linguistic naturalism; the dialect can only be suggested. To give a suggestion of rural dialect it is desirable to resort to unmarked features of the language, not associated with any particular region.”⁶ Furthermore, Goran Schmidt argues that it is impossible to find a target dialect which is a perfectly equivalent of the source text, since a dialect is too closely related to a specific region to be a suitable substitute.⁷ The third translation procedure uses sociolects. This means that while, for example, a character in an original work is described regionally

³ Košutić-Brozović, Nevenka. “O problemu prevođenja s dijalekata.” *Croatica: časopis za hrvatski jezik, književnost i kulturu*, 3.3, 1972, pp. 97-106.

⁴ Procedures are cited from my own notes taken during one of the lectures from the course “Hrvatska narječja u prevođenju” held by prof. Marina Marinković, PhD.

⁵ Newmark, Peter. *A textbook of translation*. Prentice-Hall International, 1987, p.195.

⁶ Levý, Jirí. *The art of translation*. Vol. 97. John Benjamins Publishing, 2011, p. 98.

⁷ Schmidt, Goran. “Urbani škotski dijalekti u hrvatskim prijevodima.” *Standardni jezici i sociolekti u 21. stoljeću: zbornik radova s međunarodnoga znanstvenoga skupa Hrvatskoga društva za primijenjenu lingvistiku održanog 18. do 20. travnja 2013. u Dubrovniku*. (ed.) Anita Peti-Stantić, Mateusz-Milan Stanojević, Goranka Antunović. Zagreb: Srednja Europa, 2014, pp. 139-153.

through his/her usage of dialect, the translation describes him/her socially, i.e. through linguistic characterization the focus is on his/her social status rather than geographical background.

While dealing with the translation of these short stories, translation procedure which was used is a combination of a 'neutral' Standard English language and elements of dialects spoken in the South of the USA. In this way the reader can recognize that the stories are written in a dialect and that the latter is an important part of the characterization, but at the same time the neutral elements provide the reader with a complete understanding of the translation. This is further provided by adding a glossary of Southern terms⁸ to assist in the readers' comprehension of the translation.

The reason behind choosing Southern dialect lies in the fact that the region of Sinj and the Dalmatian Hinterland in general, in my opinion, share a number of cultural similarities and stereotypes which I wanted to emphasize in the translations. The South of the USA, especially the so-called 'Deep South' historically relied on the agriculture and it is highly rural and conservative, as well as religious. The most common stereotypes are usually depicted in literature and films where the Southerners are portrayed as uneducated, uncultured and illiterate. These are mostly lower-class people who are marginalized by the rest of the country.⁹ Moreover, one of the most prominent cultural elements of the South is their Southern English dialect. The Southern drawl is characterized by slower and longer vowel sounds and diphthongs, which is usually considered to be related with laziness and shallow-thinkers.¹⁰ When we look at the perception of the Dalmatian Hinterland by the rest of the Croatia, we come across the notion of Dalmatian mentality.¹¹ Those who have it are considered impetuous, lazy, superficial, stupid and temperamental (especially those who live in rural Zagora). Like the aforementioned Southerners, people from Zagora and its surroundings are also considered very religious; they mostly live from agriculture and

⁸ Inspired by Anthony Burgess' glossary in his novel *A Clockwork Orange*.

⁹ Hamilton, Karen C. "Y'all Think We're Stupid: Deconstructing Media Stereotypes of The American South.", *Electronic Theses and Dissertations*. 491., 2009, <https://digitalcommons.georgiasouthern.edu/etd/491> (accessed on 4th of July 2022)

¹⁰ Fields, R. D. "Why Does a Southern Drawl Sound Uneducated to Some?." 2012, <http://blogs.scientificamerican.com/guest-blog/why-does-a-southern-drawl-sound-uneducated-to-some/> (accessed on 3rd of July 2022).

¹¹ Lorger, Mira Ljubić. "Lijeni, glupi, temperamentni? Upotreba stereotipova o dalmatinskom mentalitetu." *Narodna umjetnost-Hrvatski časopis za etnologiju i folkloristiku* 52.2, 2015, pp. 7-29.

maintain patriarchal tradition. Although they are often portrayed in the media as narrow-minded, regressive and primitive, they are very proud of their traditional values and national identity.¹² Moreover, it very interesting to see how Dalmatian Ikavian dialect is usually used in animated movie synchronizations for narrow-minded and uneducated characters.¹³

To further show a distinction between a dialect and Standard language, ‘eye dialect’ was used. This denotes orthography alteration of a Standard language into one that resembles phonetic realization of the speech variant. When using eye dialect in literature we have to “balance between showing that the character is using a dialect and making it intelligible for the average reader, in addition to the artistic effect.”¹⁴ Moreover, it is important to note that this can best be demonstrated in languages in which words are rarely written the same way they are pronounced, such as English language. This was inspired by Irvine Welsh’s novel *Trainspotting* which was also written using eye dialect.

¹² Ban, Marta. *Pitanje kolektivnog identiteta Dalmatinske Zagore na primjeru romana i filma Što je muškarac bez brkova*. Diss. University of Rijeka. Faculty of Humanities and Social Sciences. Department of Croatian Language and Literature, 2019.

¹³ Žanić, Ivo. *Kako bi trebali govoriti hrvatski magarci?: o sociolingvističkim animiranim filmovima*. Algoritam, 2009.

¹⁴ Maček, Dora, and Mateusz-Milan Stanojević. “A standard orthography for non-standard English?.” *Studia Romanica et Anglica Zagrabienis: Revue publiée par les Sections romane, italienne et anglaise de la Faculté des Lettres de l’Université de Zagreb*, 45, 2001, pp. 1-9.

3. SOURCE TEXT I

Banane su važne

Zašto sam ja pustio majku da mi priča o svojim problemima, prijateljicama, o svom mužu, mome ocu, a istog tog oca nisam pustio, ne znam. Ali tako je. Ima ona i drugog sina, mog brata Petra. Pa joj nekad kažem:

- Ma daj majko pusti me sad malo, ajde Petru govori.

Ali ona njemu ne govori ništa, on...

- ... radi. Ima familiju. Ne voli ti on mene slušat.

Petar je mamin sin, a ja sam materina kćer. Ja sam Dinko.

- Ne može on Dinko moj, on dođe umoran s posla, šta ću ja njega zvat. I ne zna on meni reć ko šta ti znaš. Ti čitaš.

Moj brat Petar postavlja knauf zidove u jednoj firmi. Ima ženu i dvoje djece. Njega mater pita samo kad će treće.

Ja predajem hrvatski jezik u srednjoj prometnoj školi. Nemam ni ženu ni djecu. Kaže da joj to nije drago, ali čini mi se da to nije uvijek točno.

Danas je čekala da se vratim s posla pa da je vozim kod oca u bolnicu. Prošli sam tjedan radio popodne pa je išla autobusom. Otac je slomio ruku. Ručao sam, a ona je spremala vrećice.

- Šta će mu mirisne maramice? Zva je od jutros deset puta. E da mu ponesen još bičava, e da mu stavin bajama, da se zaželio bajama. A nije bajama okusio ja mislin... ko zna od kad. Uf. I da mu ti neku knjigu poneseš.

- Koju?

- Ne znan, reka je nešto. Ma pusti ga. Pusti ga, bogati pusti ga.

Rijetko ona psuje. Samo kad priča o ocu.

- Koju knjigu? Što je tražio?

- Ajde Dinko i ti kompliciraš. Knjigu.

Uzeo sam knjigu. Sjeli smo u auto. Osjetio se snažan miris kuhanog kupusa.

- Ma zašto si to sad nosila?

Usmrdit će mi auto, mislio sam reći. Al onda bi počela priča o mojoj sobi i neredu i smradu. Pa nisam.

- Eto. Da se i kupusa zaželio. Kaže „Proće zima, a ja kupusa nisan okusio.“

Upalio sam auto i krenuo. Bolnica je udaljena tridesetak kilometara.

- Ako tebi smrdi, otvori ti Dinko prozor. Evo, ja ću.

- Ma dobro je.

- Neka, neka, nek malo zraka uđe.

Bilo je hladno pa je brzo zatvorila. Čvrsto je stiskala na koljenima lonac s kupusom.

- Jebenti i njega i kupus - promrmljala je.

Pa uzdahnula, malo protresla glavom i nastavila.

- Znaš Dinko sine di san sinoć bila? Ajme šta ti je to bilo lipo. Ti bi to isto volio. Išle smo ja i teta Anka na jednu predstavu šta je došla u nas u kino. A da je on kući šta bi me ispitiva... di ćeš, s kin ćeš, šta sad treba ta predstava? Moj Dinko šta ti on mene izludi. Pa uvik, uvik, pa uvik, pa uvik, pa ja neman živa mira. Šta će to, šta to treba, jesmo li dosad i bez toga mogli? A meni je lipo, ja se nasmijem s teta Ankon. Ti znaš da meni nije lako, znaš kakvi je on. Samo on, samo on... ko da niko drugi ne postoji. Ma znaš šta mi je nikidan reka?! Prije nego je slomio ruku?

- Majko, nemoj mi sad to. Pusti, vozim.

- Ma dobro ti i govoriš, šta ću ti uvik isto govorit. A ta predstava. Nije ti to obična predstava di ima puno glumaca. Al ja san se nasmijala ko da ih je deset. To ti je samo jedna ženska i onda ti ona priča ovin našin naglaskon. Ajme šta je to bilo smišno. Pa sve ono, znaš, kako je, o životu. Kako muški odu na balota, a žene ostanu u kući. Ma u stvari, nije to ovo kako mi iz grada govorimo. To je više kako oni okolo govore. Mi smo se davile od smija. A da je on bio kod kuće... uf.

- Dobro je majko, aj. I šta je ona još govorila?

- Ma da vidiš, sve one šporkarije. A to meni posve smišno kad govori glumica. Ma da vidiš ti kako ona kaže Ajde kvragu, pa to je cili svit u kinu đava nosio od smija.

Pa se malo smijuckala prisjećajući se predstave. Smrdio mi je kupus u autu i bio sam umoran. Jutros mi je učenik, tako, tim našim lijepim naglaskom rekao: Ko te jebe, neću učit, šta mi moš. Al ne govorim joj to. Ona bi odmah pitala koji je i zvala mu roditelje da porazgovara o odgoju. Ili ravnatelj. Da se neka budaletina ružno odnosi prema njenom Dinku i da kakav je to red i način.

- Zašto ti nisi iša? Ti voliš predstave. Ti bi triba ić na predstave.

- Nisam majko. Eto tako.

- I onda smo ti nas dvi još jutros otišle na kavu. Ti znaš da je ne mogu kad je on u kući ni na kavu otić ko žena. Uvik di ćeš sad, svaki dan odaš vanka. A ti Dinkiću znaš da ja oden dvaput misečno ako i to. Al ne! Ne moš mu dokazat. Ma lako šta on meni nego on i Ani Petrovoj govori da šta triba ić na kavu s prijateljicama udana žena. Bože šta meni to bude neugodno. Pa di... di će to ić govorit jednoj mladoj ženi. Ma ima ona svoje mane, al šta nije red nije. A jel tako?

- Je majko, tako je.

- Kakva je tebi Ana Petrova, jel ti se malo čudna čini?

- Nije, šta ja znam. Dobra je. Valjda.

Na brznoj nas cesti pretječu kamioni i cisterne. Kad vozim preko osamdeset na sat majka se drži za pretinac ispred suvozačkog sjedala i koči objema nogama, gleda na kilometar sat i nadviruje se u retrovizore. Ali ništa ne govori.

Stižemo u grad.

- Znaš šta! Kad ti jedan dan budeš od volje ićemo kupit malo pitara, a?

- Hoćemo majko, samo reci kad.

- Jer ja ne mogu s njim. Čin pogledan nešto on odma: „Šta će ti to, šta to triba, jesmo dosad i bez toga mogli.“ A kad kupin i usadin cviče kaže da je lipo. I kakav džemperić bi pogledala. Vidila san jutros krasan jedan, onako lila, na jednoj ženi. Baš bi i ja mogla nešto malo življih boja, a?

- Mogla bi. Da te otvori u struku.

- Ajde, lude jedan, ne rugaj se s materon svojon.

Drago joj je kad se rugam. Ocu nije drago kad se ljudi šale na njegov račun. Pogotovo ja. Pa se onda ni ne šalimo.

Parkiram u krugu bolnice. Majka je insistirala da iziđe i navodi me iako sam i kamion mogao parkirati. Drži lonac s kupusom i tako mi s tim loncem pokazuje da mogu još. Pomiče ga u krug kao da je još na vatri, a unutra fina riba koju se ne smije miješati nego se samo lonac lagano protrese.

Stao sam kad je napravila nagli pokret dolje-gore-dolje. Smislila je taj čas navigaciju loncem. Izvadio sam vrećice s bademima, čarapama, mirisnim maramicama, ručnikom, pastom za brijanje, donjim rubljem, pidžamom, kruškama, gustim i običnim (kako je ona zvala sok od naranče) sokom, napolitankama. U džepu jakne nosio sam knjigu. Ona me čekala s loncem ispred ulaza u stacionar.

- Ajme moj Dinko šta ti ja ne volin bolnice. Nećemo puno stat, znaš. Evo, sad je tri i po, posjete su do četiri i po. A treba malo prije otić, ne valja čekat zadnji čas, a jel tako?

- Ajde, dobro, vidjet ćemo.

Ušli smo u bolnicu. Ispod mirisa antiseptika osjećam miris bolesti i truleži i operacija i udova i rana.

- Evo, mene već počinje gušit. Ma šta treba dolazit svako drugi dan? Pa meni prikine dan, pa tebe mučin...

Gušilo je i mene. Plitko sam disao. Samo dok osjećam antiseptik sam udisao. Kad bih počeo osjećati bolnicu izdisao sam. Kupus je na kraju nadvladao i miris antiseptika.

Otac je bio na trećem katu. Bio je to gadan lom, operirali su ga, a i kosti više ne zarastaju brzo pa je dobar dio oporavka morao ostati u bolnici.

Majka je ušla prva, ja poslije nje. U sobi su bila tri kreveta. Otac je ležao na kraju sobe, uz prozor. U krevetu do vrata bio je stariji čovjek koji je slomio kuk. Uz njega je sjedio mlađi čovjek. Sin, pretpostavio sam. Smijali su se. Krevet između mog oca i tog čovjeka bio je slobodan.

- Evo mojih - obradova se otac. Pridignuo se na zdravi lakat i uspravio se koliko je mogao.

- Di ćeš, di ćeš?! Ne diži se! Lezi!- poviknula je majka.

Dotrčala je do oca, stavila lonac s kupusom na noćni ormarić pa se okrenula prema čovjeku sa slomljenim kukom.

- Evo, vidite šjor Filipe, on bi odma ozdravio. Ne može to tako, jel tako? Kako ste vi strpljivi i sve polako. E, tako triba. Kako ste vi danas, jel bolje? Jeste li malo šetali? To sin doša, a? E, lipo je to. Evo i mi malo. Danas me je moj Dinko doveza. Jutros je radio, pa je ruča, pa smo se nas dvoje pomalo uputili. Polako on vozi, neće brzo kad san ja. Ja van se posve bojim brzo vozit. E, dobro ste, jel? Dobro mi danas izgledate.

- Nisam loše, fala lipa.

Majka je još malo bila okrenuta prema šjor Filipu, ali kako je on nastavio razgovor sa svojim sinom morala se okrenuti mom ocu.

- Kako si ti? Jel bolje išta?

- Ma ne znan... boli, uuu, boli ko da me rižu sa sto malih noža. A doktor kaže...

- Aj lezi, nasloni se - vratila mu je glavu na jastuk. - Dinko, daj te kese.

Smrad kuhanog kupusa brzo je obuzeo pretjerano ugrijanu sobu. Stajao sam naslonjen na zid jer je bio malo hladniji od ostatka prostorije.

- E, ajme, oprost. Evo kese - približio sam se očevom bolesničkom krevetu.

Spustio sam vrećice na pod. Majka ih je velikom brzinom počela otvarati. U tim kesama svaki je predmet bio u posebnoj kesi koja je bila dobro zavezana pa je ona tako čučala uz krevet i šuškala s tim vrećicama. Kupus je smrdio. Šjor Filipov sin otišao je ocu po novine.

Vratio sam se do zida.

- A ti, sine moj, kako si ti? - pogledao me otac i to rekao.

Sine moj. Bilo je to kao da je moj otac top u bolničkom krevetu, a *Sine moj* tane koje je ispalio u neočekivanom i brzom napadu. Pogodilo me točno u pluća. Moj kratki dah skratio se još i više i činilo mi se da dišem samo do korijena jezika.

Koji sad sine?! Brzo sam prelistao sve. Kao da umirem. Zadnjih deset godina od kad radim zove me Dinko. I kad sam bio nezaposlen zvao me Dinko. I kad sam bio na faksu zvao me Dinko (jedino me za trogodišnjeg trajanja mog absolventskog statusa nije nikako zvao). I u srednjoj školi zvao me Dinko. I u višim razredima osnovne. I u nižim me razredima osnovne škole isto zvao Dinko. U vrtić nisam išao nego me baka čuvala. Ona me zvala Dite moje, a on me zvao Dinko. Poslije toga ili bolje da kažem, prije toga, se ne sjećam. Stajao sam tako naslonjen na zid, a majka je, kad je sve vrećice odvezala, otvorila prozor.

Mislim da mi je spasila život. Dobro, bio sam u bolnici, valjda imaju respiratore, ali ja joj to nikada neću zaboraviti. Mila moja majka. Koju slušam.

Udahnuo sam.

- Donio sam ti knjigu.

- Koju?

Izvadio sam knjigu iz džepa. Zaustio sam mu pročitati naslov kad se majka umiješala.

- Pusti sad knjigu... ajde digni glavu. Malo ću te podignit da moš jist.

Pritisnula je lijevom rukom ručicu ispod kreveta, a desnom podignula uzglavlje.

- Tako. Eto ga, sad će kupusić - obraćala mu se kao da je bolesno dijete. I malo nagluho bolesno dijete.

Izvadila je ručnik iz kese i raširila ga preko njegovih grudi.

- Pa majko, da stavimo krpu, ili neke salвете? - bilo mi je neugodno gledati oca s tim velikim frotirnim podbratkom.

- Ma šta ti je, ništa ne kupi vodu ko šugoman.

- Al nisan ja sad gladan, sidi malo tu - bunio se otac.

- Di ću sist? - upitala je majka mrko.

- Pa tu na taj prazni krevet?

- Ovaj bolnički?

- E, šta ima veze, sve je čisto. Kako ja mogu ležat?

- Ti si bolestan. Ajde, skuvala san ti kupusića. Jesi reka da si se zaželio?

Prislonila je rub dubokog tanjura na ručnik na očevim grudima. Suprotni rub držala je rukom. Uzela je žlicu, zagrabila, malo puhnila i onda stala.

- A da ti ja držim, a da ti sam jideš s ovon zdravon rukon, a?

Otac je uzeo žlicu i jeo.

- Jel dobar? - pitala je čim je stavio zalogaj u usta.

Otac je prožvakao, progutao i ostavio žlicu.

- A nakon bolničke spize sve je dobro. Ima li malo bibera?

Majka se okrenula prema meni.

- Jel tebi Dinko bio dobar kupus danas za ručak?

Uzdahnuo sam.

- Je.

- Eto vidiš - rekla je ocu - Dinku je bio dobar.

- Ma dobar je. Al ja bi malo bibera.

- A nema, nisi mi reka da donesen bibera.

- Pa šta to triba govorit. Kad si donila kupusa tribala si donit i soli i bibera.

Majka se opet okrenula šjor Filipu čiji se sin u međuvremenu vratio s novinama. Šjor Filip je listao novine, a sin mu je slagao ladice u noćnom ormariću.

- Eto, vidite vi moj Šjor Filipe, nikad on nije zadovoljan.

Šjor Filip nije dizao pogled sa članka kojeg je čitao. Ni njegov sin nije prestao slagati ladice.

- A šta ćete - konačno se oglasio starac sa slomljenim kukom - mi smo vam muški malo zahtjevni.

- A ne virujen ja da ste vi šjor Filipe ovako zahtjevni. Vidin ja kako ste vi poslušni i smireni. To vi da ga opravdate. Znan ja vas muške, nikad jedan protiv drugog.

- Hmm... - bilo je zadnje što je šjor Filip imao o tome reći.

Majka se opet morala okrenuti ocu.

- Ajde, jidi sad.

Otac je nastavio jesti.

- E, a znaš ko te sve pozdravlja? Nema ko te ne pozdravlja, svi su pitali za te. Mara i Nakić, pa onda moja Nada, pa moja rodica Anka, pa onda je Ivan Putnik pita za te, pa svi iz ulice... pa Vjerica. Ona je rekla: Puno mi pozdravi barba Joška. Pa onda ribar šta donosi ribu gori kod nas, pa Mara jajarica. Govori ona: A di mi je Joško, ne vidin ga? E i Petar te pozdravlja. I Ana i dica isto.

- E, pozdravljaju. Ne bi se oni zaletili vidit dida. Nego jedanput i gotovo.

- Ne mogu, rade. Doće u nedilju. E, a onda je ne triban, jel tako? Šta će nas stotinu dolazit.

Otac je u tom razgovoru pojeo kupus do kraja. Ja sam se i dalje držao o zid. Šjor Filip je ostavio novine i uvukao ruke ispod pokrivača.

- Hoćete da malo zatvorim prozor? Hladno vam je.

- Fala sinko, može. Evo, pročitao sam novine, pa ako hoćeš malo.

Zatvorio sam prozor, uzeo novine, namjestio ih da ne gledam oca i majku. Ali sam i dalje čuo.

- Jesi donila bajama?

- Jesan.

- A soka?

- Jesan. Gustog i običnog.

- A slatko?

- Napolitanke.

- Koje?

- S lješnjacima.

- A voće?

- Kruške.

- A banane?

- Nisan banane.

- Ja bi banana.

- Sad jidi kruške, pa ćeš drugi put banane.

- Ja bi sad banana. Moga bi Dinko skoknit.

- Pusti sad Dinka, nemamo kad. Sad ćemo mi brzo morat ić. Evo, još desetak minuta i posjete su gotove.

- Pa može za deset minuta donit banane. A Dinko? Šta kažeš.

Spustio sam novine. Slegnuo sam ramenima. Umjesto mene oglasio se šjor Filip.

- Dinko je, čini se, u navedenom slučaju, suzdržan.

Nasmijao sam se. Sin ga je prostrijelio pogledom, pa su se obojica potihom nasmijali.

- Nemoj sad gnjavit, donit će ti Petar banane u nedilju. Sad lipo imaš kruškice. Vidi ih šta su lipe.

Izvadila je majka kruške iz kese i pokazivala ocu okrećući ih u ruci kao da ih prodaje.

- Vidiš, baš su krasne. Ma čin san ih vidila rekla san: Kolko jesu da jesu, ja ću ih mome Jošku kupit. Da su po zlato. I donila san ti i pidžamu. Oš da ti je sad prisvučen il ćeš ti to moć sam?

- Pa mogla si.

- Odo ja po banane - izustio sam.

- Ne treba - reče majka.

- Triba - reče otac.

Izišao sam. Hodnik je smrdio na kupus, i drugi i prvi kat i predvorje i cijeli put do ulaza gdje se prodaje sve što bolesnicima može zatrebati. Voće je smrdjelo na kupus. Cijeli je svijet smrdio na kupus. Kupio sam kilogram banana i brzo se vratio nazad. Bila je gužva, posjete su završavale.

- Di si ti više? - zaurla majka.- Ljutit će se doktor.

- Ma neće gospođo - reče šjor Filipov sin. - Ja uvijek ostanem malo duže i nitko se ne ljuti.

- E, al mi moramo ić. Jel tako Dinko da moramo? Aj, daj vamo te banane da ih spremim. Tako. Mi ti sad, moj Joško, moramo ić.

Pospremila je ladice, uputila oca gdje je što. Dotaknula mu je gips vršcima prstiju i brzo ih maknula.

- Evo ti knjiga. O ratu je.

Tad sam se prvi put približio ocu. Učinilo mi se da je ostario.

- Zašto o ratu? Šta mi nisi donio neki roman? S radnjom. Je i ti znaš sve usrat.

Ostavio sam knjigu, pružio mu ruku, on je meni pružio zdravu.

- Ajte... Baš lipo šta ste došli.

3.1. TRANSLATION OF SOURCE TEXT I

Bananas are important

I really don't know why I let Mother tell me about her problems, her friends and her husband — my Father, for whom I wouldn't do the same. But it is what it is. She has another son, my brother Petar. So sometimes I tell her:

- Oh c'mon, Mother, leave me be, go and tell Petar 'bout it.

But she doesn't tell him anything, he...

- ... is workin'. He has a family. He doesn't like listenin' to may.

Petar is momma's boy, and I'm mother's daughter. I am Dinko.

- Oh he can't, dear Dinko, he comes home tired from work, why would ah bother him. And he doesn't talk to may like you do. You are well-read.

My brother Petar works as a drywall contractor in one company. He has a wife and two children. Mother only asks him when they're gonna have a third kid.

I teach Croatian language at a traffic school. I have no wife or children. She says she's not happy about it, but it seems to me that's not always true.

Today she was waiting for me to come back from work so I can drive her to see my Father in the hospital. Last week I worked an afternoon shift, so she took the bus. My Father broke his arm. I was having lunch while she was packing plastic bags.

- What does he need scented wipes for? He's called ten times since this mornin'. To bring him more socks and pack him almonds cuz' he was hankerin' for 'em. Ah dunno when was the last time he's tasted some almonds... Gosh. And he also wanted you to bring him a book.

- Which one?

- Ah dunno, he mentioned somethin'... Ah, forget about it. Just forget about it, gosh dang it.

Rarely does she swear. Only when she talks about Father.

- Which book? Which one did he want?

- Oh, Dinko, you're just fussing now. A book.

I took a book. We got in the car. There was a strong odor of a cabbage stew.

- Why are you bringing this?

“It’s gonna stink my car” is what I wanted to say. But then the tale about my messy room and its stench would begin. So I didn’t say it.

- ‘Cause. He was also hankerin’ for cabbage. He said: “Winter’s gonna be over, and ah won’t taste cabbage stew.”

I started the car and drove off. The hospital is about thirty kilometers away.

- Dinko, if it stinks, you can open the window. Here, I’ll do it.

- It’s fine.

- No, no, let some air in.

It was cold, so she closed it shortly after. She was holding the pot of cabbage stew tightly on her knees.

- Fuck him and his cabbage stew - she muttered.

She then sighed, shook her head a little, and said:

- Dinko, mah boy, do you know where ah have been last night? Oh, t’was a hoot. You would’ve loved it, too. Aunt Anka and ah went to a show which was at our cinema. And if he was at home, he would’ve right interrogated may...“where you goin’, who you goin’ with, why you goin’ to that show?” Mah dear Dinko, he drives me crazy. Gosh darn it always...always, always, always. Ah just can’t live in peace. “What’s it for, why we need it, haven’t we managed to live without it so far?” But ah was havin’ a good time laughing with aunt Anka. You know it’s not easy for may, you know what he’s like. Only “may, mahself and ah”... as if no one else exists. You know what he said to me the other day?! Before he broke his arm?

- Mother, don’t do this to me now. Let it go, I’m driving.

- Yeah, you’re right, ah don’t need to repeat mahself. Now, that show... It ain’t like a regular show with a lotta actors. But ah was laughin’ as if there were ten of ‘em. It was just one woman and she spoke with our accent. Mah God, t’was funny as all get-out. And she spoke

'bout, you know, life and all. How men go to play bocce¹⁵ and women stay at home. Actually, this accent, it's not the same as ours, here in town. It's more like of those folks who live up yonder. We choked with laughter. And if he had been at home...dear Lord.

- It's fine, Mother, c'mon. And what else did she talk about?

- Oh, all those nasty stuff. Which, to me, is totally hilarious when an actress talks 'bout it. If only you'd seen how she said *go to hell*, the whole crowd in the cinema split their sides with laughter.

Then she giggled a little remembering the show. The cabbage stew was stinking in my car and I was tired. This morning a student told me with this beautiful accent of ours: "Screw you, I ain't studyin', what can you do 'bout it?" But I won't tell her that. She would immediately ask who he was and call his parents to talk to them about parenting. Or called the principal and told him some fool treats her Dinko badly and asked where their manners are.

- Why didn't you go? You love shows. You should go sometimes.

- I didn't go, Mother. Just because.

- And then the two of us met for coffee this mornin'. You know ah can't even properly go get a cup of coffee when he's home. He's always goin' on 'bout where I'm goin' and how ah go out every day. Dinky boy, you know that ah go out twice a month, if so. But nah! You can't reason with him. It's not even a problem that he scolds *may*, but he also scolds Petar's wife Ana 'bout going out for a coffee with her friends while being a married woman. Dear Lord, how that makes me embarrassed. How...how can you tell that to a young woman? I mean, bless her heart, she has her flaws, but enough is enough. Ain't that right?

- Yeah, Mother, that's right.

- What do you think of Petar's wife Ana, does she seem a little strange to you?

- She doesn't. I dunno. She's alright. I guess.

Trucks and tanks were overtaking us on the highway. When I drive over fifty miles per hour, Mother holds on to the compartment in front of the passenger seat and "brakes" with both feet, looks at the speedometer and at the rearview mirrors. But she says nothing.

¹⁵ *Bocce* (*boccie* or *bocci*) is a game of Italian origin similar to lawn bowling that is played with wooden balls on a long narrow court covered with fine gravel.

We arrived in the town.

- You know what! One day when you're up for it, we'll go buy some pots, huh?

- We will, Mother, just tell me when.

- 'Cause ah can't go with him. As soon as ah glance at sumpin', he immediately goes: "What do you need that for, we've lived fine without it so far." But when ah buy some pots and plant some flowers in 'em, he says it looks perty. And I'd like to buy a sweater. Ah saw a divine lilac one this mornin' on some woman. Ah could dress in little more vivid colors, huh?

- Sure. To make you heavier in the waist.

- Don't make fun of yer mother, you silly goose.

She's glad when I'm making fun of her. Father is not happy when people joke about him, especially me. So then we don't joke.

I parked on the hospital grounds. Mother insisted on coming out of the vehicle and guiding me into the parking spot, even though there was enough space to park a truck. She was holding a pot of cabbage stew with which she pointed to me to go more forward. She was moving the pot in circles as if it was still on a stove, and as if inside was a delicious fish that must not be stirred but only the pot can be shaken lightly.

I stopped my car when she made a sudden up-and-down movement. She devised pot navigation there at the spot. I took out bags full of almonds, socks, scented wipes, a towel, shaving cream, underwear, pajamas, pears, cloudy and regular (as she called orange juice) juice and wafers. I carried a book in my jacket pocket. She was waiting for me with the pot in front of the hospital entrance.

- Oh sweet baby Jesus, how ah don't like hospitals. We won't be too long, you know. Look, it's half past three, visits are until half past four, and we should leave a little earlier, we shouldn't wait until the last minute, ain't that right?

- Ah'ite, we'll see.

We went inside the hospital. Beneath the smell of antiseptics I could smell a scent of disease and decay and surgery and limbs and wounds.

- Gosh, I'm already startin' to stifle. Why should we come here every other day? It disrupts mah entire day, and I'm botherin' you...

It stifled me, too. I was taking shallow breaths. I inhaled only when I smelled antiseptic. When I would start to feel the smell of the hospital I exhaled. Cabbage stew eventually overpowered the smell of antiseptics.

Father's room was on the third floor. It was a nasty fracture, they operated on him and his bones no longer heal quickly, so for the majority of his recovery he had to stay in the hospital.

Mother came in first followed by me. There were three beds in the room. Father was lying at the end of the room, by the window. In the bed next to the door was an elderly man who had broken his hip. A younger man was sitting next to him. His son, I guessed. They were laughing. The bed between my Father's and that man's was free.

- Here comes mah kin, - Father said delighted. He got up on his healthy elbow and sat up as much as he could.

- Hold yer horses, where you goin'?! Don't get up! Lie down! - Mother yelled.

She ran up to Father, placed a pot of cabbage stew on the nightstand, and turned to face the man with the broken hip.

- You see, Mr. Filip, he thinks he's already healed. It doesn't go that way, does it? You are so patient and do everything slowly. That's the way to go. How are you today, feelin' better? Did you go for a walk? Yer son came, huh? Well, that's nice. We've also made a short visit. Mah dear Dinko drove may here today. He was workin' this mornin', then he had lunch, and then the two of us headed for the hospital. He drives slowly; he won't go fast when I'm with him. I'm completely afraid of drivin' fast. Well, you're fine, right? You look fine to may today.

- Not too bad, thanks very much.

Mother was still facing Mr. Filip, but as he continued his conversation with his son, she had to turn to my Father.

- How are you? Anythin' better?

- Ah dunno... it hurts, Lord Jesus, it hurts like being cut with hundred little knives. And the doctor says...

- Lie down, lean back - she put his head back on the pillow. - Dinko, gimme those bags.

The stench of the cabbage stew quickly pervaded the overheated room. I stood leaning against the wall because it was a little colder than the rest of the room.

- Oh, sorry. Here are the bags - I approached Father's bed.

I put the plastic bags on the floor. Mother began to quickly open them. In those bags each item was in a special plastic bag that was well tied, so she was squatting by the bed and rustled with them. The cabbage stew smelled. Mr. Filip's son went to get his father some newspapers.

I went back to the wall.

- And you, mah son, how are you? - Father looked at me and said that.

My son. It was as if my Father was cannon in a hospital bed, and *my son* a cannon-ball that he fired in an unexpected and quick attack. It hit me right in the lungs. My short breath was shortened even more and I seemed to be breathing shallow.

What bloody *son*?! My life flashed before my eyes. Like if I was dying. For the last ten years since I've been working, he has called me Dinko. And when I was unemployed, he called me Dinko. And when I was in college, he called me Dinko (only when my graduate year lasted for three years, he didn't call me at all). And in high school he called me Dinko. Throughout the entire elementary school he called me Dinko. I didn't go to kindergarten; my grandmother took care of me. She called me Mah baby, and he called me Dinko. After that or better to say, before that, I don't remember. I was standing there leaned against the wall, and Mother opened the window when she had untied all the bags.

I think she saved my life. Alright, I was in the hospital, I guess they have respirators, but I'll never forget that. My dear Mother whom I always listen to.

I inhaled.

- I brought you a book.

- Which one?

I took the book out of my pocket. I began to read the title to him when Mother intervened.

- Forget the book... c'mon lift yer head. I'll prop you up a little, so you can eat.

She pressed the handle under the bed with her left hand and lifted the headboard with her right one.

- There. There we go, here comes piddlee'o cabbage - she addressed him as if he were a sick child. One that is rather hard of hearing.

She took a towel from a bag and spread it over his chest.

- Mother, should we rather give him a kitchen cloth or some napkins? - I was embarrassed to see Father with that big terry-cloth bib.

- You insane? Nuttin' soaks up liquid like a towel.

- But I'm not hungry now; sit there for a bit - Father protested.

- Sit where? - Mother asked grimly.

- Well, there, on that empty bed.

- This sickbed?

- Yeah, what does it matter, ev'thang is clean. I'm lying in one.

- Well you're sick. C'mon, I cooked you some cabbage stew. Didn't you say you got a hankerin' for it?

She leaned the edge of a soup plate against the towel on Father's chest. She held the opposite edge with her hand. She took a spoon, scooped a bit, blew on it a little and then stopped.

- How about ah hold it for you while you eat with yer healthy arm, huh?

Father took a spoon and ate.

- Is it good? - she asked as soon as he put a spoonful of cabbage in his mouth.

Father chewed it up, swallowed and left the spoon in the plate.

- Well after eatin' hospital food, ev'thang's good. Is there any pepper?

Mother turned to me.

- Dinko, did you like the cabbage stew for lunch today?

I sighed.

- Yes.

- You see - she told Father - Dinko liked it.

- It's fine. I'd just like some pepper.

- Well there ain't any, you didn't tell me to bring pepper.

- Did ah need to tell that? When you brung the cabbage stew, you shoulda brung salt and pepper.

Mother turned again to Mr. Filip, whose son had, meanwhile, returned with the newspaper. Mr. Filip was leafing through the newspaper and his son was stacking drawers in the nightstand.

- There, you see dear Mr. Filip, he's never satisfied.

Mr. Filip did not look up from the article he was reading. His son didn't stop stacking drawers, either.

- Well, what can you do, - finally said the old man with the broken hip - all of us men are a little demanding.

- Oh, ah don't believe you're that demanding, Mr. Filip. Ah see how you listen to yer son and how calm you are. You're just sayin' that to defend him. Ah know you men; you're never against each other.

- Hmm... - was the last thing Mr. Filip had to say about that.

Mother had to turn to Father again.

- C'mon now, eat.

Father continued to eat.

- Hey, guess who said hi to you. There's hardly anyone who didn't, everyone asked 'bout you. Mara and Nakić, then Nada, then mah cousin Anka, then Ivan Putnik asked about you, then everyone from our neighborhood... then Vjerica. She said: "Give mah best to uncle Joško."

Then that one fisherman who brings us fish, then ol' Mara who sells eggs. She said: "Where's mah Joško, ah don't see him that much?" Oh, and Petar greeted you, and Ana and the kids, too.

- Yeah, they greeted may. They wouldn't come to see their grandpa. Only once and that's it.

- They can't, they work. They'll come on Sunday.

- Well, then ah won't be needin' them, am ah right? It'll be too crowded.

During that conversation, Father finished eating the cabbage stew. I still stayed close to the wall. Mr. Filip left the newspaper and tucked his hands under the covers.

- Do you want me to close the window? You are cold.

- Thanks sonny, sure. Here, I read the newspaper, so you can have them.

I closed the window, took the newspaper, set it up so I wouldn't see Father and Mother. But I could still hear them.

- You brung almonds?

- Ah did.

- And juice?

- Yep, cloudy and regular.

- And sumpin' swate?

- Wafers.

- Which ones?

- With hazelnuts.

- Whatabout fruit?

- Pears.

- And bananas?

- I didn't bring bananas.

- I'd like some bananas.

- Eat the pears now; you'll eat bananas next time.

- I'd like some bananas now. Dinko could pop to the store.

- Leave Dinko alone, we have no time. We'll have to go soon. Look, another ten minutes and the visits are over.

- Well, he can bring bananas in ten minutes. Dinko? What do you say?

I put down the newspaper. I shrugged. Mr. Filip spoke for me.

- In this case, Dinko seems restrained.

I laughed. His son shot a glance at him, and they both laughed quietly.

- Don't be a nag, Petar's gonna bring you bananas on Sunday. Now you have swate little pears. Look how purty they are.

Mother took the pears out of the bag and showed them to Father, turning them in her hand as if selling them.

- See, they're delightful. A soon as ah saw 'em, ah said: I'll buy 'em for mah Joško, you can't beat that with a stick, even if they cost fortune. And ah brought you pajamas. Do you want me to change it for you now or you'll be able to do it yerself?

- Well, you could've brung some bananas.

- I'll go fetch the bananas - I said.

- There's no need - Mother said.

- There is - Father said.

I went out. The hallway smelled of cabbage stew, as well as the second and first floors and the lobby all the way to the entrance where everything the patients might need was sold. The fruit smelled of cabbage stew. The whole world smelled of cabbage stew. I bought two pounds of bananas and quickly headed back. It was crowded, the visits were finishing.

- What took you so long? - Mother shouted. - The doctor's gonna be angry.

- No, ma'am, he won't - said Filip's son. - I always stay a little longer and no one gets angry.

- Well, we have to go. Is that right, Dinko? C'mon, give me those bananas to put them away. There. Joško darling, we have to go now.

She tidied up the drawers, instructed Father where everything was. She touched his plaster with her fingertips and quickly pulled her hand away.

- Here's the book. It's about the war.

That was the first time I approached Father. It seemed to me he looked older.

- Why about the war? Why didn't you bring may a novel? With a plot. You always know how to screw ev'thang up.

I left him the book, held out my hand and he shook it with his healthy one.

- Bye then...very nice of you to come.

3.2. COMMENTARY AND ANALYSIS

As it was already mentioned, this text was almost entirely written in dialect. Standard language is only used when the narrator (son Dinko) is addressing the reader and narrating the plot. However, when he is talking to his mother and father, he uses dialect, although not to such extent as his parents. I tried to differentiate dialect from Standard language (and son's dialect vs. parents' dialect) mainly by using eye dialect – using apostrophes for missing letters and changing spelling to suggest a non-standard pronunciation (broken English, e.g. *may* for “me”, *yer* for “your”, *perty* for “pretty”, *shoulđa* for “should have”, *brung* for past simple tense of “bring” and so on).

Furthermore, different phrases and idioms related to Southern USA slang (and vocabulary in general) was used. For example, Croatian term *zaželjeti (...da se zaželio bajama...)* was not translated with the verb “craving”, but rather with “hankering” (or in this specific sentence: “he was hankerin’ for ‘em”). To translate the phrase *Ajme šta ti je to bilo lipo*, I opted for a phrase frequently used in the South of the USA “a hoot”, so the translation goes “Oh, t’was a hoot”. Similar to this, was a phrase *Ajme šta je to bilo smišno* where I wanted to emphasize how very funny that show was, therefore this phrase was translated as “Mah God, t’was funny as all get-out”, where this comparison denotes in American English an extreme degree of something. Moreover, when translating the phrase *cili [je] svit u kinu đava nosio od smija*, I was searching for an idiom in English language that could, to some extent, be an equivalent to the source language phrase. The end result reads as “the whole crowd in the cinema split their sides with laughter”, meaning to be very amused and laugh in an extremely noisy way. In addition, it is worth mentioning the phrase *kako oni okolo govore*. From my understanding, the author wanted to highlight how the accent in which the woman spoke in the show was not the same as the one Dinko and his parents speak, who live in a city area (supposedly the city of Sinj), but the accent of those who live in near villages and small places on the outskirts. I decided to use the Southern phrase “up yonder” (“those folks who live up yonder”) which means ‘farther’ or in an indicated distance. It is an archaic and dated word which, I believe, fits well into the translation since this phrase is spoken by Dinko’s mother who is an elderly lady. Since diminutives are infrequent in Standard English, it was a challenge to translated words such as *kupusić* or when mother affectionately calls Dinko *Dinkić*. For the former word, I opted for a solution where I translated the non-diminutive word “cabbage” preceded by a Southern word “piddlee’o” meaning 'small' or 'tiny'. For the latter

word, I decided to put the suffix “-y” on the root of the name and add “Boy” denoting a son, so as to become a sort of a nickname, “Dinky Boy”.

Aside from issues with translating certain dialect words, a few other problems arose during the translation process. For instance, the source text mentions words like *teta* and *barba*, which have nothing to do with relatives, specifically mother’s/father’s sister or brother. These are used in Croatian to respectfully address an older man or a woman who is not related. Likewise, English language, chiefly New England and South Midland of the USA also uses terms like “aunt” and “uncle” for the same purpose, thus I used the aforementioned terms in the translation. Furthermore, I translated *balote* as “bocce”, but as it is a foreign word, I decided to further explain the term in the footnotes. Moreover, the author mentions in the story *Ana Petrova*, meaning Ana who is related to Petar (literally means Petar’s Ana). This is a common way to describe relations in Croatian, especially in Dalmatia. Since this is very difficult to convey in English, I opted for maybe not the smartest, but definitely the easiest and clearest solution – description. Thus, this phrase is translated as “Petar’s wife Ana”. Also, kilograms were converted in translation into pounds as a unit for measuring weight, specifically regarding the bananas (*Kupio sam kilogram banana* → “I bought two pounds of bananas”). What is more, American English is present in the translation, so this was the main reason to use pounds and not kilograms, since the latter is mainly used in the UK and Australia. Lastly, I decided to capitalize Mother and Father as they are used in place of their names.

4. SOURCE TEXT II

Moramo razgovarati

Moja žena povremeno dugo šuti. Onda mi, kao danas, s posla pošalje poruku *Moramo razgovarati*. I nije baš da mi ne razgovaramo. Tko će po Martinu u školu, tko će dovršiti ručak, treba nam novi kauč i tako. Što se mene tiče razgovaramo. I onda ona, bar dva puta mjesečno napiše poruku *Moramo razgovarati*.

Razgovarali smo i jutros. Rekla mi je da napišem Martini na knjige i bilježnice ime i prezime, treći be i predmet. Martina je još i dodala da ja to napravim jer ljepše pišem od mame. Onda se njoj mama pravdala da je i ona nekad lijepo pisala, al od kad su došla računala... Martina je, nakon što je godinama više voljela mamu, sad više zavoljela tatu. I svaki put joj kažem da nas treba voljeti isto, al' svejedno mi je drago i likujem. Ja sam na godišnjem odmoru. Da Martinu mogu uputiti u školu. Počela je u poslijepodnevnoj smjeni, pa ja i moje zlato spavamo do deset i onda se smijemo do jedanaest. Ali danas je u deset i trideset, točno na početku Danijeline pauze, stigla poruka o razgovoru. Martina se još malo smijala, a kad je vidjela da sam ja prestao uzela je svoju Svaštarnicu i po njoj crtala ružičasta srca i tete s kosom do ramena i uvojcima prema vani. Podgrijao sam punjene paprike, napravio pire krumpir, natjerao je da jede i odvezao je do škole. Prije toga sam morao na knjige i bilježnice iz današnjeg rasporeda napisati Martina Majić, treći be i naziv predmeta, a na ostale popodne. Sve ružičastom kemijskom čiji se trag presijava.

Vratio sam se kući i čekao razgovor. Nisam imao pojma o čemu.

Danijela je došla malo iza tri, rekla *Bog* i otišla se presvući. Paprike su bile tople, ali ja sam ih svejedno još malo podgrijao.

Sjela je za stol, stavila malo pirea i jednu papriku. S druge strane stola ja sam na likovnu mapu ružičastom kemijskom pisao *Martina Majić, treći be, likovn...*

- Jel se sad zove likovni odgoj il likovna kultura? - pitao sam ne dižući glavu s mape.

- Moramo razgovarati - rekla je.

- Pa eto, razgovaramo. Reci mi kako se sad zove likovni.

- Piše ti na mapi. Mapa za likovnu kulturu.

- Aha, je, nisan vidio.

I nastavio sam ...*a kultura*.

- Moramo razgovarati - ponovila je.

Ostavila je vilicu i nož i pola paprike. Nije se čuo zveket pribora za jelo.

Ja sam nastavio pisati.

- Što ti misliš o Mislavu?

Malo sam se iznenadio. Mislio sam da će pričati o osjećajima.

- O Mišku? Kako šta ja mislin o Mišku, Miško mi je frend.

Uzela je opet vilicu i nož i rezala papriku. Nastavila je ne gledajući u mene.

- Miško. Frend. Hoćete li se tako do smrti zvati?!

Ostavio sam mapu.

- Pa očemo valjda. Ako se ne posvađamo.

- Kada će to biti? - sad me pogledala.

- Neće bit nikad. Kad nismo dosad ni nećemo. Zašto sad pričamo o Mišku?

Onda je opet malo šutjela i jela. Ja sam uzeo bilježnicu na kockice i pisao Martina Majić, treći be, matematika.

- Sjećaš li se ti što smo mi zadnje pričali o Mislavu? - govorila je dok je komadićem kruha kupila ostatke jela.

Kad mi moramo razgovarati ona priča književno.

- Pa ne sićan. Šta ja znan...

- Rekao si mi da ima ljubavnicu.

I znao sam, čim sa rekao, da to nisam smio reći. Osjećao sam se kao da sam prevario Miška sa svojom ženom.

- E, ima.

- I? Što je sada s tim? – nalaktila se na stol i gledala me u oči.

Ja sam brzo uzeo slijedeću bilježnicu s hrpe. Ta nije bila na barbike. Martina me jutros upozorila da je ta za vjeronauk.

- Pa šta ja znan. Nismo se dugo ni vidili. Zašto sad to pitaš?

- Pa pitam. Pitam te što ti sada misliš o Mislavu?

- Kako sad?

- Pa sada, u novonastaloj situaciji.

Osim što govori književno, govori i kao da je glasnogovornik.

Pisao sam ružičastom kemijskom Vjeronauk. Što ja sada mislim o Mišku? Kao da smijem reći.

- Ništa, šta ću mislit... sve isto.

Uspio sam vidjeti da je podignula obrve.

- Ništa?! Što ćeš misliti?! Sve isto?! Hm... nije li sada ipak malo drugačije?

- Nije jebagaled.

- Nije?!

- A nije - slegnuo sam ramenima.

- Dobro. Dobro kad nije.

Ustala je. Uzela je sa stola tanjur, vilicu i nož, pokupila krpom mrvice u dlan i otišla u kuhinju. Ja sam oprao suđe kad smo Martina i ja jeli. Danijela je prala svoje, a ja sam uzeo bilježnicu na crte. Jutros sam napisao Hrvatski jezik, prva bilježnica. A dok Danijela pere svoje pišem Hrvatski jezik druga bilježnica. Onda je, zadubljena u pranje, opet progovorila.

- I tebi to nije razlog za promijeniti mišljenje o njemu?

Morao sam udahnuti i izdahnuti. Ne budem li htio nastaviti razgovor opet će biti šutnja. Kažem li da sam sad promijenio mišljenje o Mišku posrat ću se po sebi. Pogriješim li i jedno

slovce na knjigama i bilježnicama Martina bi opet mogla više voljeti mamu. Prestanem li pisati morat ću dignuti glavu.

Vratila se za stol s čašom soka.

- Onda?

- Šta onda? Šta sad triban reć? Ništa, šta ću mu ja.

A i to sam puno rekao jer mi nije nikad palo na pamet za Miška reć *Šta ću mu ja*. Ja sam se brinuo za njega. Mislio sam da mu nije lako ni svejedno. Nije Miško govno.

- Pa što on sada planira?

- A od kud ja znan šta on planira?

- Pa prijatelji ste - pa me pogledala širom otvorenih očiju. – Frendovi, čak!

- A jesmo, al nismo nikad pričali o tome.

Učinilo mi se da ružičasta kemijska nešto slabije piše pa sam je ugurao u usta i puhnuo.

- Zlatko?! Pitala sam te što ti misliš o tome?

- Nisi, Danijela. Pitala si me šta ja mislim o Mišku. Mislavu - pa sam i ja pogledao nju.

- Znaš - malo je zašutjela - on meni nikada nije bio posebno drag. Te pamučne majice i nikada nije u košulji. I...

Znam, mislio sam. Al meni je odavno posebno drag. A znao sam i da sad treba razgovor oprezno privesti kraju. Martini će brzo kraj nastave. Zato nisam ništa odgovorio.

- Zlatko, je li ti to odobravaš? - malo me blaže pogledala, molećivo skoro.

Lako je ne odgovoriti kad nije pitanje. Ali ovo je pitanje. Još sedam bilježnica i tri knjige.

Moram pisati polako.

- Šta ja iman tu odobrvat il ne odobrvat? To je njegova stvar.

I opet sam se ugrizao za jezik.

- Njegova stvar?! Hm... dobro.

Premjestila se na novi kauč. Uključila liniju daljinskim upravljačem. Zapjevala je Celine Dion. To joj je poklonila prijateljica za rođendan. Slušala je prekrivenih ruku i gledala u displej. Mogao sam malo odmoriti od pisanja.

- A i onaj njegov prijatelj. Onaj motorist. Odakle mu novac za motor?! Ti si nam jedva kupio novi kauč, a on kupio novi motor!

Tom. Ona bi ga, da mu je zapamtila ime, vjerojatno nazvala Tomislav. A čak je nekad i nosio košulje. Kako bih ja znao odakle Tomu lova za motor? Tom je Miškov frend s posla.

Nekad mi se Danijela uvuče pod pazuh i igra se s moje četiri dlake na prsima. Onda svašta izblebetam. Kako Miško ima ljubavnicu, a Tom kupio motor.

- Zlatko! Odakle Mislavovom prijatelju novac za motor?

Brže bolje sam opet počeo pisati Martina Majić, treći be...

- Ne znan, kako ću ja to znat? - rekao sam što sam mirnije mogao. Majke mi.

- Ti ništa ne znaš! - ustala je.

- Ti ni o čemu ne misliš! - trzajem na daljinskom ugasila je Celine.

- Ti imaš prijatelje o kojima ništa ne znaš i o kojima ništa ne misliš! - spustila je daljinski na rub stolića, poklopac se otvorio, a baterije pale na pod i otkotrljale do teglice s kućnom srećicom.

Pogledao sam je. Nisam više mogao izbjegavati pogled. Kad više, a ja ne gledam dvostruko dulje šuti.

- Ti, dragi moj - došla je do stola, naslonila se dlanovima, a ruke držala tako čvrsto da su joj iskočile žile - ti ni ne trebaš imati prijatelje.

Onda je isto tako žustro otišla pokupiti baterije ispod srećice. Dok je tražila gdje ide plus, a gdje minus, promrmljala je:

- I bolje bi ti bilo da ih nemaš.

Kad je vratila baterije u daljinski i provjerila radi li vratila se za stol i sjela nasuprot mene. Ja sam dovršavao radnu bilježnicu iz prirode i društva. Celine je opet pjevala.

- Zlatko, ovako - slagala je bilježnice s upisanim imenom našeg djeteta uz rub stola - sada moramo ozbiljno porazgovarati. Ja sam razmišljala i pričala s prijateljicama. Ali nemoj ti sada misliti da su one mene na išta nagovarale. Sama sam puno razmišljala pa su one primijetile da mene nešto muči. Dobro, nema to sada veze. Poslušaj me.

Morao sam je i pogledati jer sam dvadeset i dva puta napisao Martina Majić, treći be i ostalo, a tu mi je brojku imenovana mlada gospođica ponovila nekoliko puta tijekom jutra.

- Ajde reci - bio sam spreman na završnu riječ.

- Zašto se ti ne bi družio s mojim rođakom? On je krasan.

- S kojim rođakom?

- Pa sa Slavkom, od tetke Milice.

- Zašto bi se ja družio s krasnim Slavkom od tetke Milice!? - i to je bilo prvi put u našem današnjem razgovoru da sam rekao ono što mi je prvo palo na pamet.

- Pa zato što se sad više ne možeš družiti s Mislavom.

E da je bar rekla s Miškom!

Zatim sam drugi put rekao nešto što mi je prvo palo na pamet.

- Zato šta je tvoj krasni rođak Slavko od tetke Milice dosadan ko kurac!

I još mi je palo na pamet da je dosadan kao i njegova majka, a i veći dio familije, samo što mi je to drugo po redu palo na pamet pa sam se već mogao kontrolirati.

- Ja ću otić po Martinu - rekao sam uzimajući ključeve od automobila.

- Zlatko! Ovako više ne možemo dalje!

- Šta je sad?! Kako ja mogu dalje?! Ne razumin šta mi govoriš. Iden po malu.

- Mala može doći s prijateljicama, naučila je prijeći cestu. Jesmo li se dogovorili da se treba osamostaljavati? Zlatko! Stani! Ne možemo dalje ovako!

- Kako!? Kako ovako? Šta san sad napravio?

- Miško ima ljubavnicu. Onaj... Tom je kupio motor. A ti šutiš! To će me uništiti!

I onda je počela plakati, a znao sam da hoće čim je rekla Miško. Samo nisam znao što sada trebam. Zagrliti je valjda. Ali onda bih trebao nešto i reći. A što? Sve je bila istina i da Miško ima ljubavnicu i da Tom ima novi motor.

Otišao sam po Martinu, nakrcao pun automobil djevojčica s ružičastim torbama i prešao semafor zbog kojeg ozbiljno razmišljam da kupim stan u zgradi nasuprot škole ispred koje su na cesti ležeći policajci. Zgradu tik do škole su rušili, pa mi je plan za kupovinu stana u toj zgradi propao.

- Tata, jesi sve napisao? Moj tata najlipše piše i on je meni na sve bilježnice napisao Martina Majić treći be.

Rasprava o tome čiji tata najljepše piše naprasno je završila jer smo već stigli pred zgradu. Od mnogih sam stvari strepio kad uđem s Martinom u stan, ali na ovo nisam bio spreman.

- Tataaa! Napisa si Martina Martina na bilježnici iz lektire!

I onda je počela plakati. Ja sam joj rekao da nema veze, da to može bit nova Svaštarnica, ali ona je rekla da ona nije Martina Martina nego Martina Majić.

Danijela je uzela bilježnicu, bacila je u smeće i rekla:

- Sada će se mama presvući pa ćemo nas dvije ići kupiti istu ovakvu. Novu.

- I onda ćeš mi ti mama na njoj napisat Martina Majić, jel tako?

- Je srce, tako je.

Martina je prestala plakati.

4.1. TRANSLATION OF SOURCE TEXT II

We need to talk

From time to time, my wife doesn't say anything for a long while. Then, like today, she sends me from work a message *We need to talk*. And it's not like we don't talk. We talk about who will pick up Martina from school, who will finish lunch, how we need a new couch and so on. As far as I'm concerned, we do talk. And then, at least twice a month, she sends me a message *We need to talk*.

We also talked this morning. She told me to write Martina's name and surname, *3rd grade* and the name of the subject on her books and notebooks. Martina added that I should do it because I have a neater handwriting than her mom. Then her mom justified herself by saying that she also used to have a neat handwriting, but since the computers came to use... After loving her mom more for years, Martina now loves her dad more. And every time I tell her that she should love us both the same, but I'm still glad and I rejoice at it. I'm on my annual leave. So I can drive Martina to school. The school year started in the afternoon shift, so my darling and I sleep until ten and then we laugh until eleven. However, today at half past ten, right at the beginning of Danijela's lunch break, the "talk" message arrived. Martina still laughed a little more, but when she saw that I had stopped, she took her scrapbook and started to draw pink hearts and ladies with shoulder-length hair and flip curls. I reheated stuffed peppers, made mashed potatoes, persuade her to eat and drove her to school. Before that, I had to write *Martina Majić* on the books and notebooks for subjects from today's timetable, *3rd grade* and the name of the subject, and I would do the rest of them in the afternoon. All had to be written with a pink pen the trace of which leaves sparkles.

I went home and waited for THE talk. I had no idea what was it about.

Danijela came home a little after three o'clock. She said *Hi* and went to change her clothes. The stuffed peppers were warm, but I still reheated them a bit.

She sat down at the table, put some mashed potatoes and one pepper on her plate. On the other side of the table, I was writing on the art kit in pink pen *Martina Majić, 3rd grade, Art...*

- Is it now called Art education or Art class? - I asked without lifting my head from the art kit.

- We need to talk - she said.

- Well, we are. Tell may how this class is called.

- It says on the kit. Art kit for the art class.

- Oh, yeah, ah didn't see it.

And I continued to write ...*class*.

- We need to talk - she repeated.

She left a fork and a knife and half a pepper on the plate. There was no clinking of cutlery.

I kept writing.

- What do you think of Mislav?

I was a little surprised. I thought she was going to talk about feelings.

- Of Miško? Whatcha mean what ah think of Miško, Miško is my pal.

She took the fork and knife again and cut the pepper. She continued without looking at me.

- Miško. Pal. Will you call yourselves that until you die?!

I set aside the art kit.

- Well, ah guess we will if we don't fall out.

- When will this happen? - she looked at me now.

- It's never gonna happen. If we haven't fallen out 'till now, we ain't gonna ever. Why are we talkin' 'bout Miško now?

Then again she was silent and ate for a bit. I took a graph paper notebook and wrote *Martina Majić, 3rd grade, Math*.

- Do you remember the last time we talked about Mislav? - she said as she picked up leftovers with a piece of bread.

When we need to talk she speaks in Standard language.

- Well, ah don't. Ah dunno.

- You told me he had a mistress.

And I knew, as soon as I told her that, I shouldn't have said it. I felt like I cheated on Miško with my wife.

- Yeah, he has.

- And? How is that going? - she leaned on her elbows on the table and looked me in the eyes.

I quickly took the next notebook from the pile. This one didn't have Barbie dolls on it. Martina warned me this morning that this one was for Religious Education.

- Well what do ah know? We ain't even seen each other in a long time. Why are you askin' this now?

- Because. I'm asking you, what do you think of Mislav now?

- Whatcha mean *now*?

- Well, now, in the newly-created situation.

In addition to speaking in Standard language, she also talks as if she were a spokesperson.

I was writing in pink pen *Religious Education*. What do I think of Miško now? Like I can tell her.

- Nuttin', what would ah think...same ol'.

I managed to see how she raised her eyebrows.

- Nothing?! What would you think?! Same ol'?! Hm... isn't it a little different now?

- It's not, goddammit.

- It's not?!

- Well it's not - I shrugged.

- Alright. Alright then if it's not.

She got up. She took her plate, fork and knife from the table, picked up crumbs in her palm with a cloth and went to the kitchen. I did the dishes after Martina and I had eaten. Danijela did hers, and I took a notebook with lined pages. This morning I wrote *Croatian language*,

first notebook and while Danijela washed her dishes I was writing *Croatian language, second notebook*. Then, engrossed in the washing, she spoke again.

- And that's no reason for you to change your mind about him?

I had to inhale and exhale. If I don't continue the conversation, there will be silence again. If I say that I have now changed my mind about Miško, I will fucking contradict myself. If I misspell a single letter on Martina's books and notebooks, she could again love me more. If I stop writing, I'll have to raise my head.

She returned to the table with a glass of juice.

- So?

- So what? What should I say now? Nuttin', it ain't mah problem.

I spoke too much because I'd never think about saying something like *it ain't mah problem* about Miško. I was worried about him. I thought it wasn't easy for him either. Miško is not an asshole.

- Well what is he planning now?

- How do I know what he's plannin'?

- Well, you're friends - she said, looking at me wide-eyed - pals even!

- Well, we are, but we never talked 'bout it.

It seemed to me that the pink pen was not writing smoothly anymore, so I put it into my mouth and blew air in it.

- Zlatko?! I asked you what you think about that.

- No, Danijela, you didn't. You asked me what I thought of Miško. Mislav - and I looked back at her.

- You know - she said - I've never been particularly fond of him. Those cotton t-shirts and he never wears a proper shirt. And...

I know, I thought. But he has been especially dear to me for a long time. And I also knew that now is the time to carefully bring the conversation to an end. Martina will finish class soon. So I didn't say anything.

- Zlatko, do you approve of it? - she looked at me more softly, almost pleadingly.

It's easy not to answer when there's no question. But this was a question. Seven more notebooks and three books to go.

I have to write slowly.

- Who am I to approve or disapprove of it? It's his business.

And I bit my tongue again.

- His business?! Hm... fine.

She moved to our new couch. She turned on the stereo with the remote control. Celine Dion started singing. That CD was given to her by a friend for her birthday. She was listening to the music with her arms crossed on her chest while she stared at the display. I could take a break from writing.

- And that friend of his. That motorcyclist. Where did he get the money for a motorbike?! You barely bought us a new couch, and he bought himself a new motorbike!

Tom. If she had remembered his name, she would probably have called him Tomislav. And he even used to wear shirts. How would I know where Tom got his money for a motorbike? Tom is Miško's friend from work.

Sometimes Danijela snuggles up under my arm and plays with her hair on my chest. Then I blurt everything out. How Miško has a mistress and Tom bought a motorbike.

- Zlatko! Where did Mislav's friend get the money for his motorbike?

I quickly started writing again *Martina Majić, 3rd grade...*

- Ah dunno, how should I know? - I said as calmly as I could. I swear.

- You don't know anything! - she stood up.

- You don't think about anything! - Celine stopped singing with a push of a button on the remote.

- You have friends you know nothing about and think nothing of! - she dropped the remote on the edge of the table, the lid opened and the batteries fell to the floor and rolled next to a jar of baby's tears¹⁶.

I looked at her. I could no longer avoid her gaze. When she shouts and I don't look at her, then she becomes silent for twice as long.

- You, my dear, - she came to the table, leaned over with her palms, her hands holding the table so tightly that her veins jumped out - you don't even need to have friends.

Then she went just as briskly to pick up the batteries under the plant of baby's tears. As she searched for where the positive and the negative terminals of batteries go, she muttered:

- And you would be better off without them.

When she put the batteries back into the remote and checked to see if it was working she went back to the table and sat across from me. I was finishing writing on a Science workbook. Celine started to sing again.

- Zlatko, listen, - she was stacking notebooks with our child's name written on them on the edge of the table - we need to talk seriously now. I was thinking and I talked to my friends. But don't think that they talked me into anything. I thought a lot myself, so they noticed that something was bothering me. Okay, that doesn't matter now. Listen to me.

I also had to look at her because I wrote twenty-two times *Martina Majić, 3rd grade* and all, and this number was repeated to me by a mentioned young lady several times during this morning.

- I'm listenin' - I was ready for the conclusion.

- Why don't you hang out with my cousin? He is divine.

- Which one?

- Well, with Slavko from aunt Milica.

¹⁶ Perennial shrubby plant from the nettle family with a reddish stem, small green leaves and white flowers (lat. *Soleriolia soleirolii*)

- Why would ah hang out with the divine Slavko from aunt Milica!? - and it was the first time in our conversation today that I said what first came to my mind.

- Well, because you can't hang out with Mislav anymore.

If only she had said Miško!

Then once again I said something that first came to my mind.

- 'Cause your divine cousin Slavko from aunt Milica is borin' as fuck!

And I also thought that he was as boring as his mother and most of the family, only this came to my mind a bit later, so I could already control myself.

- I'll go pick up Martina - I said taking the car keys.

- Zlatko! We can't go on like this anymore!

- What now?! How can I move on?! I don't understand what you're tellin' may. I'm gonna go pick up the kid.

- The kid can come home with her friends; she has learned to cross the road. Haven't we agreed that she should become independent? Zlatko! Stop! We can't go on like this!

- How!? Like how? What did ah do now?

- Miško has a mistress. That...Tom guy bought a motorbike. And you keep quiet! It will destroy me!

And then she started crying, and I knew she would as soon as she said Miško. I just didn't know what I needed to do. Hug her, I guess. But then I should also say something. But what? It was all true. Miško has a mistress and Tom has a new motorbike.

I went to pick up Martina, loaded the car with girls with pink bags, and passed by the traffic light that made me seriously consider buying an apartment in the building opposite the school in front of which are speed bumps on the road. The building next to the school was being demolished, so my plan to buy that apartment failed.

- Daddy, did ya write ev'thang? Mah daddy has the best handwriting and he wrote *Martina Majić, 3rd grade* on all mah notebooks.

The discussion about whose dad has the best handwriting ended abruptly because we have already arrived in front of our building. I was afraid of many things when I would enter the apartment with Martina, but I was not ready for this.

- Daaad! You wrote *Martina Martina* on my book report notebook!

And then she started crying. I told her that it didn't matter, that it could be her new scrapbook, but she said that she was not *Martina Martina* but *Martina Majić*.

Danijela took the notebook, threw it in the trash and said:

- Now mommy will go change, so the two of us can go buy the exact same notebook. A new one.

- And then, mommy, you will write *Martina Majić* on it, right?

- Yes, sweetheart, that's right.

Martina stopped crying.

4.2. COMMENTARY AND ANALYSIS

Source text II has an almost equal amount of dialect and Standard language, although dialect is more subdued in this story than the previous one. The husband and daughter use mainly dialect, while the wife uses Standard Croatian. However, it is noted in the story that she specifically uses Standard language when having a serious conversation with her husband. Also, as in the first story, the narrator is also a protagonist (husband Zlatko) and he uses Standard language when addressing the reader and narrating the story. As in the previous translation, eye dialect was used (*may* – “me”, *ah* – “I”, *whatcha* – “what do you”, *dunno* – “don't know”, *nuttin'* – “nothing”, *ev'thang* – “everything” etc.).

Regarding the terminology, there were a few instances where I needed to do a thorough research. Firstly, elementary school system in the USA differs from the Croatian one, so when translating *treći be* I wanted to find out if there are classes A, B, C, etc. in the USA as there is in Croatia. As far as my research goes, there seems to be no such thing, so I decided to just translate the grade level as “3rd grade”. Moreover, special attention was paid during translation of school subjects. Secondly, the author mentions how Martina drew *tete s [...] uvojcima prema vani*. I researched about different types of hairstyles and their names, specifically hairstyles from the 1950's and 1960's since this type of curls was very modern at that time. I found the term “flip curls” which I used in my translation. Lastly, the story mentions *kućna srećica* which is a Croatian term for a specific plant that I found in English under many different names. However, “baby's tears” is most commonly used, so I used it in my translation, though I provided an explanation and description of a plant in the footnotes.

The first few paragraphs of the story mention the conversation, the talk, which Danijela wants to have with her husband Zlatko. Stylistically speaking, I wanted to intervene in some cases to add ‘drama’ and humor. To illustrate this point, *poruka o razgovoru* was translated as “the 'talk' message” where quotation marks were used to indicate the aforementioned text message. Furthermore, when Zlatko says he returned home and *čekao razgovor*, I translated this part as “waited for THE talk”. I purposely capitalized “the” to emphasize the mentioned text message about the talk for easier understanding and added humor.

There were also instances where further explanation was needed due to the implicit meaning which could not be completely understood when translated in English. For example, the source text sentence goes *Tko će po Martinu u školu, tko će dovršiti...* If we literally translate this, the sentence would sound strange and unfinished. I translated it as “We talk about who

will pick up Martina from school, who will finish...” This explanation at the beginning of the sentence is necessary for easier and more fluent reading. Moreover, one sequence of sentences in the source text goes *Zapjevala je Celine Dion. To joj je poklonila prijateljica za rođendan.* Personally, this already sounds somewhat strange in the source text, therefore I wanted to explicitly show that, although probably obvious, Danijela wasn't listening to the actual singer live, but to a Celine Dion music CD – “Celine Dion started singing. That CD was given to her by a friend for her birthday.”

5. SOURCE TEXT III

Dark chocolate

Baš je sretna. Sjedi za stolom i gleda muža na kauču. Dugo nije imala tako dobar dan. Jutros je krenula na posao kao i svakog dana. Ništa nije nagovijestilo to stanje. Padala je hladna kiša, šipka kišobrana uporno se krivila iako ju je ona stalno ispravljala. Niz iskrivljenu stranu malog, sklopivog kišobrana curio je tanki mlaz vode i naizmjenice joj kvasio torbu pa gležanj.

Na stražnjem ulazu supermarketa čekala je šefica. Iva ju je kratko pozdravila pa joj kolebljivo okrenula leđa i pažljivo nekoliko puta protresla kišobran. Futrolu je davno zagubila. Kišobran je spremila najprije u jednu pa u drugu vrećicu sa znakom trgovačkog lanca u kojem je radila. Šefica je ušla za njom i zatvorila vrata prostorije u kojoj su se radnice oblačile.

- Vrlo je važno, opet naglašavam, pitati karticu za bodove. Jučer sam malo šetala oko blagajni i primijetila sam da su se neke od vas opustile.

Iva je gledala na zidni sat i nadala se da će joj ostati vremena da promijeni čarape. Izvadila je kecelju iz ormarića.

- Svakog kupca... svakog - pogledala je prema Ivi - treba pitati karticu!

Navlačila je kecelju preko glave i malo duže je zadržala na očima.

- I ako karticu nemaju, pitati žele li je.

Veživala je kecelju na struku s lijeva i s desna. I to je bila zgodna prilika za skrenuti pogled.

- I onda objasniti što će dobiti ako uzmu karticu.

Izuvala je cipele, dugo je odvezivala vezice. Šefica se nagnula prema njoj.

- Svakog kupca.

Nije uspjela promijeniti čarape, vremena je bilo samo za preobuvanje u klompe.

Sjela je na blagajnu broj tri. Danas je pazila.

Dobar dan, imate li karticu za bodove? Dobar dan imate li karticu za bodove? Dobar dan,

imate li karticu za bodove? Dobar dan, imate li karticu za bodove?

- Dobar dan. Nemam.

- Želite li?

- Ne, ne, ja ni ne kupujem.

- A zašto ne želite? Zna li da ćete nakon tisuću sakupljenih bodova moć odabrat pet stvari čak dvadeset posto jeftinije? A ulazite i u nagradnu igru. Nikad ne znate di vas srića čeka.

I već je Iva izvadila pristupne formulare kad joj je mladić s druge strane pružio zamotani paketić. Papir nije bio sjajan, pa ni gladak. Na prvi joj se pogled učinio prljav, a onda je prepoznala nešto što je stajalo na polici s ukrasnim papirima i sjetila se kako se smijala kad je pročitala da je to rižin papir.

- To je za vas. Oprostite.

Iva je pogledala mladića. Nije on baš bio ni mlad. Vjerojatno ne puno mlađi od nje. Ali jasno joj je bilo da je bio sam. Ona prepoznaje oženjene. Ovaj nije imao to što je prepoznavala kod oženjenih.

- A nije, nije, falio si. Sigurno je to za Ankicu, ona je popodne – nasmiјjala mu se uvjerena da je to nešto, u rižinom papiru, samo malo skuplje od onoga što Ankici ti, ne baš mladi, neoženjeni momci svakodnevno ostavljaju.

- To je za vas. Oprostite mi još jednom.

- Nije, nije. Ne dobivam odavno ni zamotano, ni nezamotano - promrmljala je Iva nastojeći završiti razgovor i već je pogled usmjerila ka drugoj mušteriji.

- Je, za vas je.

Rižin papir dodirnuo joj je nadlakticu. Trgnula se.

- I oprostite.

- Ne znan o čemu govorite.

- Ma jučer sam vas hm... uvrijedio. I evo, uzmite, bit će mi lakše.

Paketić je još jednom dodirnuo Ivinu ruku. Ugurao joj se između palca i kažiprsta. Nije ih stisnula nego je opet pogledala mladića.

- Jesi ti onaj šta mi je reka da neće jebenu karticu? - tiho je, pogledavši oko sebe, izgovorila zadnje dvije riječi.

Gospođa iza mladića premjestila se s jedne noge na drugu i uzdahnula.

- Ma neeee, ne bi ja nikad tako nešto. Joj, ne...

- A, znan onda! Ti si onaj šta mi je reka da se usredo... ono, nešto ka fino, kad san zaboravila dat kesu. E, je ti si fin. To ufino san zapantila.

Osjetio je lagan dodir tuđih kolica na stražnjici. Paketić se opet udaljio od Ivine ruke. Pustio je gospođu iza njega na blagajnu i ostao stiješnjen njenim kolicima.

- Dobar dan, imate li karticu?

Provukla je karticu kroz utor na računalu. Na ekranu je pisalo ime i prezime gospođe s kolicima. Začuo se zvuk prepoznavanja bar-koda.

Mladić se malo pomaknuo i nije znao što bi s paketićem. Na prostor iza Ivinih leđa stizale su stvari s trake, kotrljale se čašice jogurta, šuš kale vrećice s tjesteninom, tromo klizile dobro umotane juneće koljenice. Gospođa je dobila tri boda. Dok je spremala stvari u vrećicu on se opet približio blagajni.

- Ja sam bio malo nervozan i kasnio sam. Žena ispred mene imala je punu košaru, pa je nešto zapelo s karticom. Kad ste to sredili ova je upitala još i tri kutije cigareta, a vi ste imali dvije. Onda ste otišli do jedne blagajne, pa do druge, pa ste viknuli kolegici na trećoj ima li dugi valter. I kako nigdje nije bilo, otišli ste do skladišta. A okolo su stajale bar tri vaše kolegice i nešto slagale, premještale. Ja sam pjenio i bjesnio na vas, na organizaciju... i kad ste se vratili, pitao sam jel' imao netko drugi da ode po te cigarete. Ljut sam bio. Molim vas oprostite mi i evo, primite ovo. Vama kao znak mog kajanja i meni kao znak vašeg oprosta.

Iva je šutjela. Uzela je hrapavi zamotuljak i izgledalo je kao da će se grohotom nasmijati. Onda joj se zatresla brada, zagrizla je usne i osjetila peckanje u vrhu nosa.

Činilo se da je plač nezaustavljiv.

- Khm, khm... - nakašljala se šefica, koja se odjednom stvorila iza blagajne - Može li to poslije posla?

To je zaustavilo plač. Iva se posramila. Mladić joj je šutke stisnuo ruku, klimnuo šefici kao da se ispričava i izišao iz supermarketa.

Dobar dan. Imate li karticu za bodove?

Do pauze se čarapa na gležnju osušila. Danas nije uzela pet dekagrama parizera i malo kruha. Zatvorila se u zahod i pažljivo, kao kad bi usnulom suprugu skidala pepeljaru s trbuha, odmotala paketić i lagano spustila rižin papir na koljena. Do tog trenutka on je skrivao crnu tanku kutiju na kojoj je u tamno sivom pravokutniku bijelim pisanim slovima pisalo *Luxury*, a ispod toga tiskanim zlatnim BELGIAN DARK CHOCOLATE. Na crnom dijelu pakiranja još je stajalo i 70% COCOA te sitnim bijelim slovima *belgian chocolate made by perfectionist from the finest ingredients, since 1923*. Ništa, osim „chocolate“ nije Ivi dalo naslutiti da se unutra krije čokolada. Nije na kutiji bila slika table čokolade pa čak ni crtež kakaa. Pomirisala je paketić sa svih strana, približila ga uhu i pritisnula par puta da čuje kako šuška folija ispod koje se, bila je sigurna, nalazi čokolada.

U njenom dućanu bilo je nekoliko švicarskih čokolada koje su umjesto običnog papirnatog omota imale tvrđu kutiju i na kojima se kočoperio veliki postotak kakaa. Neki su to kupovali, obično gospođe s glatkim rukama. Gotovo nikad nisu sakupljale bodove. Ali te su kutije na sebi bar imale nacrtanu kockicu čokolade pa je znala da je unutra čokolada.

Ankica je probala jednu takvu i kaže da je gorka. Tanka i gorka. To joj je bilo drago. Takvu njena djeca ne bi jela sve da im i donese. „Tko zna“, pomislila je, „koliko ova košta“. Tu belgijsku čokoladu nikad nije vidjela, u njenom se dućanu nije prodavala. A onaj mladić nije valjda jučer išao u Belgiju po čokoladu. Kupio ju je negdje gdje su mu je umotali u rižin papir. I sigurno nije bio ljut.

Spremila ju je u torbu i vratila se na blagajnu.

Kad je došla kući suprug je spavao na kauču pored stola. Bio je toliko blizu da su se stolice s te strane jedva mogle izvući i uvijek se na njih sjedalo bočno pa se tek onda noge premještale ispod stola. U drugoj sobi spavala je njegova majka. Naizmjenice su hrkali i zviždali. Njeno hrkanje, prigušeno zidovima, počinjalo je kad je sin u izdah zviždukao. Valjda su se uštimali u četrdeset i dvije godine zajedničkog života. Hrkanje je pratilo treštanje televizora, repriza jutarnjih dječjih emisija. Hrkanje, zvižduci i *znate li kako se prave flasteri*. Iva se vješto ugurala između stolica i kauča i pažljivo uklonila pepeljaru s muževog trbuha. Pričekala je da do kraja udahne i onda ju je lagano obujmila prstima. Kad bi izdisao, trbuh mu se spuštao

nadolje i pepeljara bi nečujno ostala u njenoj ruci. Stišala je ton na tipkama ispod ekrana jer je daljinski od televizora stajao u njegovoj poluotvorenoj ruci. Uvježbanim tihim pokretima stavila je drvo u već gotovo ugaslu vatru, iz lonca pojela malo juhe da ne klapa s tanjurima i uzela komad mesa što je njegovoj majci ostao na tanjuru. Ritam zviždukanja i hrkanja se nastavio. Iva je sjela na stolicu, nečujno uvukla noge i osjetila laganu nelagodu u pokislom gležnju. Malo je čupkala rubove stolnjaka, vrtjela stopalo da nelagoda prođe, klimnula glavom kao da je sigurna i premjestila torbu s naslona stolice na stol. „Bolje da dica ne provaju“, mislila je, „to će njima bit gorko, a i on će me pitat odakle mi to. A kad pita odakle mi to onda će mi izbit iz ruke. Najbolje da ja to sad na brzinu pojiden, najbolje da nestane i amen. A vidi li stara... Najbolje da je pojiden. I to je to. Nema više. Gotovo. Kraj. Riješena stvar.“

Izvadila je crnu kutiju iz torbe. Malo se nakvasila od vrećica koje su omatale kišobran. Ali bolje, lakše ju je otvorila. Sad je trebalo skinuti i šuštavu foliju. Polako, ravnomjernih pokretima, iz zgloba, ne prstima. Belgijska čokolada imala je velike kocke. Po dvije u redu. Kad nekome ponudiš kockicu te čokolade, nikako se ne možeš osramotiti. Kockicu te čokolade treba pregristi da fino stane u usta. Ta kocka je pravi zalogaj. Iva ju je prinijela ustima, odlomila zubima gornji lijevi kut i onda je ono drvo kojeg je stavila u vatru izgorjelo taman da padne na žeravicu uz nepoželjan zvuk. Tijelom joj se širio strah i *Luxury* okus čokolade čiji se komadić topio na jeziku. Ukočila se. Nastojala je zaustaviti rastapanje čokolade. Stisnula je zube i raširila oči. Opruga u kauču je zaškripala. Muž se promeškoltio. Daljinski upravljač pao je na pod. Stresao je glavom, stavio mali prst u uho, energično protresao i rekao: Ufufuf. U polusnu je otvorio oči, uzeo joj čokoladu iz ruke i pojeo je, ni ne znajući, spavajući, u tri zalogaja. I nastavio hrkati i zvižducati, i nastavio pratiti majku u naizmjeničnom ritmu. Iva se dignula sa stolice, otvorila vrata peći, ubacila u nju crnu kutiju i zlatnu foliju i sretna se vratila za stol.

5.1. TRANSLATION OF SOURCE TEXT III

Dark chocolate

She is so happy. She is sitting at the table and watching her husband on the couch. She hasn't had such a good day in a long time. She went to work this morning as she did every day. Nothing indicated this turn of events. Cold rain was falling and her umbrella rib kept persistently bending even though she was constantly straightening it. A thin stream of water was trickling down the crooked side of a small, telescopic umbrella taking turns in wetting her bag and her ankle.

Her boss was waiting at the back entrance of the supermarket. Iva greeted her briefly then turned her back hesitantly and carefully shook her umbrella several times. She lost her umbrella sleeve a long time ago. She first put the umbrella in one plastic bag and then in another one with the sign of the retail chain she worked in. The boss came in after her and closed the door of the room where the workers were changing into their work clothes.

- Yet again I should emphasize it is very important to ask for a loyalty card. Yesterday I was walking around the cash registers and I noticed that some of you have been slacking.

Iva stared at the wall clock and hoped she would have time to change her socks. She took her apron out of the locker.

- Every customer...every single one - she looked at Iva - should be asked for the card!

She was pulling her apron over her head and kept it on her eyes a little longer.

- And if they don't have the card, ask if they want one.

She tied the apron on her waist on both sides. And this was a suitable opportunity to look away.

- And then explain what they'll get if they take the card.

She took off her shoes and was untying the laces for quite some time. The boss leaned toward her.

- Every customer.

She didn't change her socks; she only had enough time to put her clogs on.

She sat at the cash register number three. She was careful today.

Good afternoon, do you have a loyalty card? Good afternoon, do you have a loyalty card?

Good afternoon, do you have a loyalty card? Good afternoon, do you have a loyalty card?

- Good afternoon. I don't have it.

- Do you want one?

- No, no, I don't even shop here that much.

- Why don't you want it? Do you know that after a thousand collected points, you will be able to choose five items for even twenty percent cheaper? And you can enter into the prize competition. You never know where a lucky break awaits ya.

Iva had already taken out the entry forms when the young man on the other side handed her a little wrapped package. The paper was not shiny, not even smooth. It seemed dirty at first glance, but then she recognized something that was also standing on a shelf of decorative papers and remembered how she laughed when she read that it was called rice paper.

- This is for you. I'm sorry.

Iva looked at the young man. He wasn't even that young; probably not much younger than her. But it was clear to her that he was single. She can recognize the married ones. This one didn't have what she recognized in married people.

- No, no, you mixed it up. This must be for Ankica, her shift is in the afternoon – she laughed at him, convinced that something in this rice paper was just a little more expensive than what these, not very young, unmarried guys leave for Ankica every day.

- It's for you. Once again forgive me.

- No, it's not. Ah haven't gotten wrapped up or unwrapped things in a long time - Iva muttered trying to finish the conversation and already turned her gaze to another customer.

- Yes, it's for you.

Rice paper touched her upper arm. She winced.

- And I'm sorry.

- Ah dunno what you're talkin' 'bout.

I..well...insulted you yesterday. So here, take it, it'll make me feel better.

The package touched Iva's hand once more. It slipped itself between her thumb and forefinger. She didn't hold it but looked at the young man again.

- Are you the one who told me he didn't want a fucking card? - she said the last two words quietly while looking around.

The lady behind the young man shifted from foot to foot and sighed.

- Nooooo, I would never do that. No, no...

- Oh, I know then! You're the one who asked may to concentr..., like, t'was something polite, when ah forgot to give ya a plastic bag. Yeah, you're nice. Ah remembered that word 'politely'.

He felt a light touch of someone else's cart on his buttocks. The package moved away from Iva's hand again. He let the lady behind him skip ahead of him at the cash register and remained squeezed with her shopping cart.

- Good afternoon, do you have the card?

She swiped the card through the slot on the computer. The name of the lady with the cart was written on the screen. There was a bar code recognition sound.

The young man moved away a little and didn't know what to do with the package. Things from the conveyor belt were sliding down to the space behind Iva's back: cups of yoghurt were rolling down, bags of pasta were rustling, and well-wrapped beef shanks were sliding down slowly. The lady got three points. While she packed her bags, he approached the cash register again.

- I was a little nervous and I was late. The woman in front of me had a full shopping basket, and then there was a problem with the card. When you sorted that out, she asked for three more packs of cigarettes, but you only had two. Then you went from one cash register to another, and you called out to a colleague on the third one if she had a *Walter Wolf 100s*¹⁷. And since there were none, you went to the storage. And at least three of your colleagues

¹⁷ *Walter Wolf* was a Croatian brand of cigarettes.

were standing around, stocking shelves, and moving something. I was fuming and raged at you, at the organization... and when you came back, I asked if anyone else could go and get those cigarettes. I was angry. Please forgive me and here, accept this — for you as a sign of my remorse and for me as a sign of your forgiveness.

Iva was silent. She took the coarse packet and it looked like she was going to roar with laughter. Then her chin trembled, she bit her lip and felt a tingling sensation in the tip of her nose.

The crying seemed unavoidable.

- Khm, khm... - the boss, who suddenly appeared behind the cash register, cleared her throat - Can you deal with this after work?

That stopped the crying. Iva was embarrassed. The young man silently shook her hand, nodded to the boss as if apologizing and walked out of the supermarket.

Good afternoon. Do you have a loyalty card?

By the time it was lunch break, the sock on her ankle had dried. Today she didn't buy two ounces of sliced bologna and some bread. She locked herself in the toilet and carefully, just as she would remove an ashtray from her sleeping husband's stomach, unwrapped the package and gently put the rice paper on her knees. Until that moment, the package was hiding a thin black box with *Luxury* written on it in white cursive letters in a dark gray rectangle, and BELGIAN DARK CHOCOLATE printed in gold below. On the black part of the package 70% COCOA was also written, and in small white letters *Belgian chocolate made by a perfectionist from the finest ingredients, since 1923*. Nothing but 'chocolate' hinted to Iva that there was indeed chocolate inside. There was no picture of a chocolate bar on the box or even a drawing of a cocoa bean. She smelled the package from all sides, brought it close to her ear, and pressed it a couple of times to hear the rustling of a foil beneath which, she was sure, was chocolate.

There were a few Swiss chocolates in her shop that had a solid box instead of a plain paper wrapper and a large percentage of cocoa showing off on it. Some people bought these and they were usually ladies with soft hands. They have almost never collected points. But at least those boxes had a chocolate bar drawn on them, so she knew there was chocolate inside.

Ankica has tried one of those and said it was bitter. Thin and bitter. Iva was glad. Her children would not eat such chocolate even if she bought it for them. Who knows, she thought, how much this one costs. She had never seen such Belgian chocolate. It was not sold in her shop. That young man surely didn't go to Belgium yesterday to buy this chocolate. He bought it somewhere where it was wrapped in rice paper for him. And he sure wasn't angry.

She put it in her bag and returned to the cash register.

When she got home, her husband was sleeping on the couch by the table. He was so close to the table that the chairs on that side could be barely moved and she always sat on them from the side, and only then did she move her legs under the table. His mother slept in the other room. They took turns snoring and wheezing. Her snoring, muffled by the walls, would begin when her son would wheeze during his exhale. It seemed they have synchronized during forty-two years of living together. The snoring was followed by the blaring of the TV which showed a rerun of the morning children's shows. Snoring, wheezing and *do you know how band-aids are made*. Iva skillfully squeezed between the chairs and the couch, and carefully removed the ashtray from her husband's belly. She waited for him to inhale deeply and then grasped it lightly with her fingers. When he exhaled, his belly was coming back in and the ashtray remained silently in her hand. She turned the volume down on the buttons below the TV screen as the TV remote was in his half-open hand. With practiced gentle movements, she put some wood into the almost extinguished fire in the wood-burning stove, ate some soup from the pot to avoid clanging of plates, and took a piece of meat that his mother had left on the plate. The rhythm of wheezing and snoring continued. Iva sat down on a chair, silently shifted her legs under the table and felt a slight discomfort in her soaked ankle. She was tugging at the edges of the tablecloth for awhile, twisted her foot to make the discomfort go, nodded her head as if she were assured, and moved the bag from the back of the chair to the table. "It's better that kiddos don't try it", she thought, "it's gonna be too bitter to them, and then he'll ask may where ah got it from. And when he asks where ah got it from then he'll knock it out of my hand. It's best that ah quickly eat it now, it's best that it disappears and amen to that. And if old ma sees it...it's best if ah eat it. And that's it. There'll be no more. Done. The end. Done deal."

She took the black box out of her bag. It has gotten a little wet from the plastic bags that the umbrella was wrapped in. Even better, for she opened it more easily. Now the rustling foil had to be removed — slowly, evenly and moving from the wrist, not the fingers. Belgian

chocolate had big squares. Two in a row. When you offer someone a square of that chocolate, you simply can't embarrass yourself. The square of that chocolate should be bitten in half to fit nicely in your mouth. This square is a real mouthful. Iva brought it to her mouth, broke off the upper left corner with her teeth, and then the wood she had put into the stove burned just enough to fall on the embers with an unwanted sound. Fear spread through her body as well as the *Luxury* taste of the chocolate, a piece of which was melting on her tongue. She froze. She tried to stop the chocolate from melting. She gritted her teeth and widened her eyes. A spring in the couch creaked. The husband stirred. The TV remote fell to the floor. He shook his head, put his little finger in his ear, shook vigorously, and said: "Ooof". He opened his eyes half asleep, took the chocolate from her hand and ate it unknowingly, while sleeping, in three bites. And he continued to snore and wheeze, and continued to follow his mother in an alternating rhythm. Iva got up from her chair, opened the stove door, put a black box and gold foil in it and happily returned to the table.

5.2. COMMENTARY AND ANALYSIS

Unlike the previous two, the last story is almost entirely written in Standard Croatian language with a few words/sentences in dialect. Dialect is only used when the protagonist talks to herself or to the customer who gave her the chocolate. She is changing registers to fit the mood or when in a work environment. Again, as in prior translations, eye dialect was used (old *ma* – “mother”, *gonna* – “going to”, *ya* – “you”, *may* – “me” etc.).

I would like to point out a few instances where further research had to be done. Firstly, I had to research how different parts of an umbrella are called in English due to a term *šipka kišobrana* in Croatian. This specific part of an umbrella, which tends to bend when being exposed to a strong wind, is called “umbrella rib” (not to be confused with “stretchers” which are connected to the ribs). Secondly, *kartica za bodove* has many equivalents in English, but I opted for the term “loyalty card” since it best denotes the meaning of the Croatian term.¹⁸ Lastly, the source text mentions *dugi valter*. I used a footnote to explain the latter word, which are Walter Wolf cigarettes. Then I had to research about different types of cigarettes regarding their size (in Croatian cigarettes are divided into *dugi* and *kratki*, literally translated as “long” and “short”). The most common sizes are Regular, King and 100s. By further inspection of pictures of Walter Wolf cigarettes online, I found out that the bigger size of those cigarettes have *100s* written on the pack. Therefore, *dugi valter* was translated as “Walter Wolf 100s”.

There were also a few words that were provided with further clarification in the translation. For instance, when we say *vrećica* in Croatian, we usually mean a thin plastic bag that we are given in a store when we buy something, so I translated this word as “plastic bag”. Moreover, the author writes how there was not even *crtež kakaa* on the chocolate box. I translated this phrase as “a drawing of a cocoa bean”, i.e. I added the word “bean” as to not confuse the readers with “cocoa” – a beverage.

I also want to mention a few examples with semantics issues. Firstly, in the first direct speech of the story uttered by the boss, the verb *opustiti se* is mentioned. However, the meaning does not correlate with the English word “relax”, but it actually means, in this sense, to not be careful or thorough while working. Thus, I translated it as “have been slacking”. Secondly,

¹⁸ Other terms like “points card” and “reward card” mean that a percentage of the amount spent is paid back to the card holder. However, my guess is that the author situated the plot in a store similar to the *DM* store in Croatia which has loyalty cards, meaning a customer gets points for the amount spent, which he/she can then trade for the discount on the next purchase.

when Iva (the protagonist) asks one customer if they want a loyalty card, the customer says *Ne, ne, ja ni ne kupujem*. If we understood this sentence literally, it would not make much sense since the customer is obviously buying something. However, this sentence has an implicit meaning (not shopping in this store that often, so they don't have/need a loyalty card). I opted for a translation: "No, no, I don't even shop here that much." Thirdly, a few paragraphs below the latter sentence, we can see a sentence *Ali jasno joj je bilo da je bio sam*. The last word in this sentence is semantically wrong in Standard Croatian. If we are to translate this sentence as it is, the last word would be "alone", but if we read the next sentence in the source text (*Ona prepoznaje oženjene.*), we can understand from the context that what was meant is that he was not married. In other words, *samac* should have been written in the original (and not *sam*) and the translation should be "single" (and not "alone") – "But it was clear to her that he was single." Lastly, as in the first story, units of weight measurement were adapted to American English. Hence, *pet dekagrama* was translated as "two ounces".

6. SOUTHERN VOCABULARY

ah – I

ah'ite – alright

ain't – contraction for “am not”, “is not”, “has not”, and “have not”

all get-out – to a great degree, exceedingly

bless one's heart – “poor them”; a trademark of Southern slang; saying that comes across as either sincere or patronizing, depending on its context

brung – dialect past and past participle of “bring”

ev'thang – everything

fetch – to go for and bring back someone or something

folks – people in general

fuss – to show unnecessary or excessive concern about something

gimme – give me

gonna – going to

gosh darn it – euphemistic phrase for “god damn it”

hanker – to feel a strong desire for or to do something

hold your horses – slow down

hoot – an amusing person or thing

kin – one's family and relations

ma'am – madam

mah/mahself – my/myself

may – me

nuttin' – nothing

'ol- old

perty – pretty

piddlee'o – small or a small amount

sumpin' – something

swate – sweet

yer/yerself – your/yourself

yonder – an indication of any direction or any location other than the location of the speaker

you can't beat that with a stick – there's something so good that you can't pass it up

7. CONCLUSION

Any translation task of a literary text is challenging. Aside from having a vast knowledge of source and target languages (SL and TL), we need to have a good imagination and show creativity when transferring certain notions from SL into TL. However, translations of Standard language texts are easier in a sense that we have fewer problems to focus on. On the other hand, when translating dialect texts, we are faced with not only conveying the meaning into another language, but mostly with the cultural and social aspects of the text. If we translate these into Standard language, we will lose the specific nature of the text, while if we translate entirely one dialect into a dialect of another language, we are faced with the problem of finding the right equivalent (and there is no perfect TL dialect equivalent of the ST dialect).

Numerous solutions are possible in the translation of dialects, which shows that this type of translation is a complex challenge that depends on many factors and requires specific skill, knowledge of a wide corpus of foreign words and much research to make the final result the most accurate equivalent of the original language. It is important to point out that no solution is generally accepted and it all depends on the type of text, its genre, register and style. The dialect is too tied to a particular region to be an appropriate substitute, so it is most often translated into a neutral language made up of a Standard language with a few linguistic means that do not belong to a particular region but are common to many regional dialects. The reader, thus, recognizes in translation that the original is written in dialect, i.e. that it is not entirely written in Standard language, and at the same time is provided with a text that is easy to understand and does not impair the function of the text itself.

The choice of using Southern US dialect for the translation of Ikavian dialect of Dalmatian Hinterland was supported by many cultural similarities between the two areas, as well as many stereotypes they share viewed in the media and among the population of other parts of the USA and Croatia respectively.

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