

American Gods: Lost in Translation

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Bachelor Thesis
2013



Tomas Bata University in Zlín
Faculty of Humanities

Univerzita Tomáše Bati ve Zlíně
Fakulta humanitních studií
Ústav anglistiky a amerikanistiky
akademický rok: 2012/2013

ZADÁNÍ BAKALÁŘSKÉ PRÁCE

(PROJEKTU, UMĚLECKÉHO DÍLA, UMĚLECKÉHO VÝKONU)

Jméno a příjmení: **Lenka HENDRYCHOVÁ**
Osobní číslo: **H10370**
Studijní program: **B7310 Filologie**
Studijní obor: **Anglický jazyk pro manažerskou praxi**
Forma studia: **prezenční**

Téma práce: **Američtí Bohové: ztraceno v překladu**

Zásady pro vypracování:

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Rozsah bakalářské práce:

Rozsah příloh:

Forma zpracování bakalářské práce: **tištěná/elektronická**

Seznam odborné literatury:

Baker, Mona. 2010. In Other Words: A Coursebook on Translation. New York: Routledge.

Gaiman, Neil. 2001. American Gods. New York: William Morrow, 2001.

Hrdlička, Milan. 2004. K problematice zaměření uměleckého překladu na čtenáře.

Ostrava: Filozofická fakulta Ostravské univerzity.

Knittlová, Dagmar. 2000. K teorii i praxi překladu. Olomouc: Univerzita Palackého.

Newmark, Peter. 1991. About Translation. Clevedon: Multilingual matters.

Vedoucí bakalářské práce:

Mgr. Petr Vinklárek

Ústav anglistiky a amerikanistiky

Datum zadání bakalářské práce:

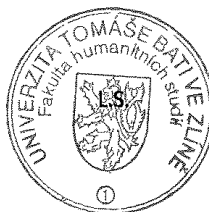
30. listopadu 2012

Termín odevzdání bakalářské práce:

3. května 2013

Ve Zlíně dne 29. ledna 2013


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ABSTRAKT

Tato bakalářská práce se zabývá překladem a analýzou dvou vybraných kapitol knihy *Američtí bohové*, napsanou Neilem Gaimanem. Práce je rozdělena do dvou hlavních částí, části praktické a části teoretické. V praktické části je navržen překlad těchto dvou kapitol, teoretická část se zabývá analýzou vybraných částí, jejich komentářem a srovnáním s překladem paní Vladislavy Vojtkové. Cílem práce je především poukázat na lexikální a gramatickou ekvivalenci a zásadní rozdíly mezi oběma překlady a originálním textem.

Klíčová slova: Neil Gaiman, Američtí bohové, Ladislava Vojtková, ekvivalence, překlad, analýza.

ABSTRACT

This bachelor thesis deals with the translation and the analysis of two chosen chapters of the Neil Gaiman's book *American Gods*. The thesis has been divided into two main parts, the practical part and the theoretical part. The practical part, there is a suggested translation of the two chapters, the theoretical part deals with the analysis of the selected parts, the annotation of them and the comparison to the Mrs. Ladislava Vojtková translation. The aim of this thesis is to point out the lexical and grammatical equivalences and the main differences between the two translations and the original text.

Keywords: Neil Gaiman, American Gods, Ladislava Vojtková, equivalence, translation, analysis.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

I would like to thank to my supervisor Mgr. Petr Vinklárek for his immensely valuable advice, kindness and willingness. He guided me through all my thesis with great patience and provided me support, I needed so much. I am also very grateful for his endless humor and optimism that made all this process easier. I would also like to thank to all my family who have been supporting me during my studies and far behind them.

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INTRODUCTION

In my bachelor thesis, I decided to deal with the translation and analysis of the book *American Gods* which was written by Neil Gaiman and published in 2001. I read this book on my supervisor's recommendation and I was amazed by its originality. *American Gods* was the first novel I read from Gaiman and he is my favorite writer since, no wonder, he has been awarded so many times. As most of Gaiman's books, this book too, was translated by Mrs. Vladislava Vojtková. For this translator has been criticized quite often, I decided to choose two chapters, translate them, analyze them and, some parts of the translation, also compare with the translation of Mr. Vojtková. These two chapters, I am going to translate to the best of my knowledge, although I did not have much experience translating the fiction. That is why I am going to follow the books which have been written about the translation by much more competent people.

After I read the Czech version of *American Gods*, I had mixed feelings about it. Only then, I read the original and I was amazed. I understand there is no such thing as a perfect translation, for a translation remains only the translation, it is not an original. Translating is a complex process and requires both knowledge of the source and target language, devotion, a sense for a language and, not least, a lot of time. I mean no disrespect towards Mrs. Vojtková, translating already translated. In my opinion, there are several ways how to translate any text and therefore I would like to propose my own point of view on the translation of the selected chapters and point out the differences between my translation and Vojtková's translation.

This bachelor thesis is going to be divided into two parts, the practical part and the theory. In the practical part, based on the knowledge I gained reading specialized literature, I am going to propose my own translation of two chapters, which I find interesting, and in the theory, I am going to analyze the selected parts of the chapters, following technical books about translation. When analyzing the selected parts, I am going to compare them to the original translation and point out the main differences between my translation and Vojtková's translation. I am also going to explain why I translate the selected parts differently and why in my opinion, it is more suitable to translate it that way.

I. PRACTICAL PART

1 AMERICAN GODS

American Gods is a book of almost five hundreds pages and was written by an English book writer Neil Gaiman who currently lives in the USA. The book is divided into four parts and each of their names develops according to the plot. This several awarded fantasy novel is mix of mythology, be it modern or ancient. The story is based on the thoughts that the gods are real and almost ordinary people who had been brought to America by the people who immigrated there through the centuries and who brought their own religion and their own gods with them. On the other hand, Gaiman describes the modern gods which have been accepted by the current (American) society and those are media, the newest technologies and even the diseases. That is why the old gods are being forgotten and they are fighting against it. The main character, Shadow, released from the prison, learned that his wife Laura had a car crash and died.

Shadow has nowhere to go and this is when he meets Mr. Wednesday who offers him a job. Not knowing what to do, Shadow accepts the offer and his troubles begin. After some time, he discovers that Mr. Wednesday and his friends are gods and understands that Mr. Wednesday (Odin) chose him to help them win the battle against the modern gods. He helps them to solve their problems and when Mr. Wednesday is killed, Shadow sacrifices himself to save their “mission” - he lets the other gods to fasten him to the tree. This is where I decided to begin my own translation.

In his book, Gaiman intensifies the tension between the old gods and the modern ones. The clash becomes even tenser when Mr. Wednesday is killed and the gods meet in a motel to hand his corpse over to “his friends”. Shadow is being familiarized with the situation and suggests that he will hold Wednesday’s vigil. It means he will be tied to the tree for nine days and nine nights and it is highly probable he will die. For Shadow promised to Wednesday that he will be his vigil if Wednesday dies, he insists. Two gods ties him and Shadow begins his vigil on the tree with Wednesday’s dead body under the tree. In the two translated chapters, we are being brought to Shadow who hangs from the tree and experiences all his emotions and pain, he meets other gods and eventually dies. Then we follow him to the underworld...

2 TRANSLATION

In the practical part, the two chapters from *American Gods* are going to be translated and they are going to be analyzed as a part of the theoretical part, although the analysis should be included in the practical part as well. I decided not to follow the original pattern of the usual bachelor thesis for I am going to do the translation and analysis of it as well. That is why I think that the reader should be familiar with the text even before s/he starts the reading of the theoretical part and the analysis. In my opinion, it is better if the analysis is completed with the theory itself and therefore I am going to divided my practical part – the translation that follows, and the analysis of the text itself that is going to be displayed in the theoretical part to make it easier to follow the theory and the analysis itself. The comparison to the original translation is going to be put into the theoretical part of this thesis as well, together with the analysis. Analyzing the text, I am going to focus on the lexical and grammatical equivalence and for this purpose; I am going to follow mainly Knittlová et al. and her *Překlad and překládání*, for this work suits the Czech conditions the best.

The translation of the two chapters is going to be demonstrated with the original text from the book to make it easier to follow both texts together.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN	KAPITOLA PATNÁCT
<i>Hang me, O hang me, and I'll be dead and gone,</i>	<i>Pověste mě, oh pověste mě, já budu mrtvej a fuč,</i>
<i>Hang me, O hang me, and I'll be dead and gone,</i>	<i>Pověste mě, oh pověste mě, já budu mrtvej a fuč,</i>
<i>I wouldn't mind the hangin', it's bein' gone so long,</i>	<i>nevadí mi viset, mně vadí bejt tak dlouho pryč,</i>
<i>It's lyin' in the grave so long.</i>	<i>a jenom ležet v hrobě</i>
—old song	- stará píseň
The first day that Shadow hung from the tree he experienced only discomfort that edged slowly into pain, and fear, and, occasionally, an emotion that was somewhere between boredom and apathy: a	Když Stín visel na stromě prvním dnem, pociťoval z počátku mírnou bolest, kterou ale pomalu vystřídala muka, strach a tu a tam se dostavil pocit něco mezi nudou a apatií – tíživým smířením se, čekáním.

<p>gray acceptance, a waiting.</p> <p>He hung.</p> <p>The wind was still.</p> <p>After several hours fleeting bursts of color started to explode across his vision in blossoms of crimson and gold, throbbing and pulsing with a life of their own.</p> <p>The pain in his arms and legs became, by degrees, intolerable. If he relaxed them, let his body go slack and dangle, if he flopped forward, then the rope around his neck would take up the slack and the world would shimmer and swim. So he pushed himself back against the trunk of the tree. He could feel his heart laboring in his chest, a pounding arrhythmic tattoo as it pumped the blood through his body . . .</p> <p>Emeralds and sapphires and rubies crystallized and burst in front of his eyes. His breath came in shallow gulps. The bark of the tree was rough against his back. The chill of the afternoon on his naked skin made him shiver, made his flesh prickle and goose.</p> <p><i>It's easy, said someone in the back of his head. There's a trick to it. You do it or you die.</i></p> <p>He was pleased with the thought, and repeated it over and over in the back of his head, part mantra, part nursery rhyme, rattling along to the drumbeat of his heart.</p> <p><i>It's easy, there's a trick to it, you do it or</i></p>	<p>Visel.</p> <p>Bylo bezvětrí.</p> <p>Po několika hodinách mu před očima začaly letmo poblikávat sytě rudé a zlaté kvítky, které pulzovaly vlastním životem.</p> <p>Bolest v ruce i nohou se stupňovala, až byla naprosto neúnosná. Když končetinám ulevil, tělo mu jen tak volně viselo a pohupovalo se, takže se naklonilo dopředu a provaz, který měl uvázaný kolem krku, se napnul a jemu se pak začal točit celý svět. Slyšel, jak mu srdce v hrudi tluče a nepravidelně bubnuje, když se snaží tělem pumpovat krev...</p> <p>Před očima mu vyskakovaly smaragdové, safírové a rubínové krystalky, které záhy opět mizely. Dýchal jen velmi ztěžka. Kůra stromu byla k jeho zádům nelítostná. Chladné odpoledne na jeho nahé kůži způsobilo, že se třásl, svaly mu brněly a měl husí kůži.</p> <p><i>Je to snadné, řekl někdo v jeho podvědomí. Je v tom trik. Přijdi na něj, jinak umřeš.</i></p> <p>Ta myšlenka ho uspokojila a tak si ji pro sebe opakoval v rytmu srdečních úderů pořád dokola, částečně jako mantru, částečně jako říkanku.</p> <p><i>Je v tom trik. Přijdi na něj, jinak umřeš.</i></p>
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you die. It's easy, there's a trick to it, you do it or you die. It's easy, there's a trick to it, you do it or you die. It's easy, there's a trick to it, you do it or you die.

Time passed. The chanting continued. He could hear it. Someone was repeating the words, only stopping when Shadow's mouth began to dry out, when his tongue turned dry and skinlike in his mouth. He pushed himself up and away from the tree with his feet, trying to support his weight in a way that would still allow him to fill his lungs.

He breathed until he could hold himself up no more, and then he fell back into the bonds, and hung from the tree.

When the chattering started—an angry, laughing chattering noise—he closed his mouth, concerned that it was he himself making it; but the noise continued. It's the world laughing at me, then, thought Shadow. His head lolled to one side. Something ran down the tree trunk beside him, stopping beside his head. It chattered loudly in his ear, one word, which sounded a lot like “ratatosk.” Shadow tried to repeat it, but his tongue stuck to the roof of his mouth. He turned, slowly, and stared into the gray-brown face and pointed ears of a squirrel.

In close-up, he learned, a squirrel looks a lot less cute than it does from a distance.

Je v tom trik. Přijdi na něj, jinak umřeš.

Je v tom trik. Přijdi na něj, jinak umřeš.

Je v tom trik. Přijdi na něj, jinak umřeš.

Čas plynul. Říkanka mu stále zněla v hlavě. Slyšel ji. Někdo ta slova opakoval a přestal jen, když Stínovi začala vysychat ústa, když už měl jazyk suchý jako samu kůži. Nohama se odtlačoval dál od stromu a pokoušel se podepřít tak, aby ještě mohl dýchat.

Dýchal tak dlouho, jak jen se mohl udržet a pak se zase spustil do svých pout a visel ze stromu.

Když říkanka opět spustila, tentokrát rozezleně a výsměšně, zavřel ústa v obavě, že to on sám je ten, kdo zvuk vydává. Ale říkanka pokračovala dál. *To už se mi snad vysmívá svět*, pomyslel si Stín. Hlava mu klesla na stranu. Něco seskakovalo za ním po kmenu stromu a zastavilo se mu to u hlavy. Hlasitě mu to zabřebentilo do ucha jedno slůvko, které znělo tak nějak jako „ratatosk.“ Stín se jej pokusil zopakovat, ale jazyk mu zůstal přilepený na patře. Pomalu se otočil a hleděl na veverku s šedohnědým obličejíkem a špičatýma ušima.

Všiml si, že veverka z blízka rozhodně nevypadá tak rozkošně jako z dálky. To

<p>The creature was ratlike and dangerous, not sweet or charming. And its teeth looked sharp. He hoped that it would not perceive him as a threat, or as a food source. He did not think that squirrels were carnivorous . . . but then, so many things he had thought were not had turned out to be so . . .</p> <p>He slept.</p> <p>The pain woke him several times in the next few hours. It pulled him from a dark dream in which dead children rose and came to him, their eyes peeling, swollen pearls, and they reproached him for failing them. A spider edged across his face, and he woke. He shook his head, dislodging or frightening it, and returned to his dreams—and now an elephant-headed man, potbellied, one tusk broken, was riding toward him on the back of a huge mouse. The elephant-headed man curled his trunk toward Shadow and said, “If you had invoked me before you began this journey, perhaps some of your troubles might have been avoided.” Then the elephant took the mouse, which had, by some means that Shadow could not perceive, become tiny while not changing in size at all, and passed it from hand to hand to hand, fingers curling about it as the little creature scampered from palm to palm, and Shadow was not at all surprised when the elephant-</p>	<p>stvoření, podobné kryse, vypadalo nebezpečně, nebylo ani trošku milé a kouzelné. A mělo ostré zuby. Doufal jen, že ho nebude vnímat jako hrozbu nebo potravu. Vlastně by neřekl, že jsou veverky masožravé... ale už bylo tolik věcí, o kterých si myslel, že nejsou a nakonec se přesvědčil o opaku...</p> <p>Spal.</p> <p>V příštích několika hodinách ho občas probudila bolest. Vytrhla jej ze zlého snu, ve kterém povstávaly mrtvé děti, oči měly napuchlé a vypouklé, přicházely k němu, a vyčítaly mu, že je zklamal. Stín se vzbudil, když mu přes tvář přeběhl pavouk. Zatřepal hlavou, aby ho odehnal nebo vystrašil a zase se ponořil do snů – teď o břichatém muži se sloní hlavou a jedním klem zlomeným, který k němu cválal na hřbetě obrovské myši. Muž se sloní hlavou namířil chobotem na Stína a promluvil, „Kdybys mě vzýval ještě před začátkem celého toho dobrodružství, mohl sis hodně problémů ušetřit“ Potom muž se sloní hlavou chytil myš, která byla najednou nějakým způsobem, který Stín nemohl pochopit, malá, i když vlastně vůbec nezměnila velikost, a přebíhala mu z jedné ruky do druhé a do třetí. Jak malé stvoření cupitalo z jedné dlaně do druhé, obtáčel prsty kolem něj a Stína vlastně ani překvapilo, že když mu nakonec bůh se sloní hlavou všechny</p>
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<p>headed god finally opened all four of his hands to reveal them perfectly empty. He shrugged arm after arm after arm in a peculiar fluid motion, and looked at Shadow, his face unreadable.</p> <p>“It’s in the trunk,” Shadow told the elephant man. He had been watching as the flickering tail vanished.</p> <p>The elephant man nodded his huge head, and said, “Yes. In the trunk. You will forget many things. You will give many things away. You will lose many things. But do not lose this,” and then the rain began, and Shadow was tumbled, shivering and wet, from deep sleep into full wakefulness. The shivering intensified until it scared Shadow: he was shivering more violently than he had ever imagined possible, a series of convulsive shudders that built upon each other. He willed himself to stop, but still he shivered, his teeth banging together, his limbs twitching and jerking beyond his control. There was real pain there, too, a deep, knifelike pain that covered his body with tiny, invisible wounds, intimate and unbearable.</p> <p>He opened his mouth to catch the rain as it fell, moistening his cracked lips and his dry tongue, wetting the ropes that bound him to the trunk of the tree. There was a flash of lightning so bright it felt like a blow to his eyes, transforming the world into an intense</p>	<p>své čtyři dlaně ukázal, nic v nich nebylo. Pokrčil pažemi ve zvláště elegantním pohybu a pohlédl na Stína nečitelnou tváří.</p> <p>„Je v chobotu,“ řekl Stín slonímu muži. Všiml si, jak tam hbitý ocásek zmizel.</p> <p>Sloní muž zakýval velkou hlavou a odpověděl, „Ano. Je v chobotu. Zapomeneš mnoho věcí. Mnoha věcí se vzdáš. Mnoho věcí ztratíš. Ale toto neztrat’“, potom začalo pršet a mokrý, třesoucí se Stín se z hlubokého spánku probudil do naprosté bdělosti. Třes sílil, až to Stína vyděsilo – třásl se tak moc, že si nikdy ani nepomyslel, že je to vůbec možné – bylo to nekontrolovatelné a neustávající chvění. Chtěl to zastavit, ale pořád se třásl, zuby mu o sebe drkotaly a cukání a škubání končetin bylo nad jeho kontrolu. Kromě toho trpěl šílenou a horoucí bolestí, jako kdyby do něj drobnými, neviditelnými a nesnesitelnými rankami bodaly tisíce nožů.</p> <p>Otevřel ústa, aby zachytil padající déšť, který promočil provazy, jimiž byl ke kmenu připoután, a navlhčil si tak okoralé rty a suchý jazyk. Oblohu prořal blesk tak jasný, až ho oči zabořily a proměnil okolní svět v zářivé panoráma, po kterém zbyl jen</p>
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<p>panorama of image and afterimage. Then the thunder, a crack and a boom and a rumble, and, as the thunder echoed, the rain redoubled. In the rain and the night the shivering abated; the knife blades were put away. Shadow no longer felt the cold, or rather, he felt only the cold, but the cold had now become part of himself.</p> <p>Shadow hung from the tree while the lightning flickered and forked across the sky, and the thunder subsided into an omnipresent rumbling, with occasional bangs and roars like distant bombs exploding in the night. The wind tugged at Shadow, trying to pull him from the tree, flaying him, cutting to the bone; and Shadow knew in his soul that the real storm had truly begun.</p> <p>A strange joy rose within Shadow then, and he started laughing as the rain washed his naked skin and the lightning flashed and thunder rumbled so loudly that he could barely hear himself laugh. He exulted.</p> <p>If he did die, he thought, if he died right now, here on the tree, it would be worth it to have had this one, perfect, mad moment. "Hey!" he shouted at the storm. "Hey! It's me! I'm here!"</p> <p>He trapped some water between his bare shoulder and the trunk of the tree, and he</p>	<p>přelud. Pak následoval hrom, třeskot, hřmění a zadunění, a jak hrom doznával, déšť sílil. V deštivé noci Stínovo chvění polevilo a ostří nožů byla pryč. Už necítil chlad, nebo spíš cítil jen chlad, a právě ten chlad se teď stal jeho součástí.</p> <p>Oblohou projel rozvětvený blesk a dunění hromu, až na občasné prásknutí a zahřmění, které připomínalo vzdálené výbuchy bomb do noci, všudypřítomně sláblo. Stínem zmítal vítr, který jakoby se ho snad pokoušel ze stromu odváť, stáhnout ho z kůže a zařezával se mu až do kostí. A Stín hluboko uvnitř věděl, že ta skutečná bouře právě začala.</p> <p>Stín pocítil zvláštní radost a v dešti, který omýval jeho nahou kůži, se začal hlasitě smát. Nebe rozsvítil blesk a hrom burácel tak mohutně, že Stín ten smích sotva slyšel. Jásal.</p> <p>Jestli měl zemřít, pomyslel si, jestli měl zemřít právě teď a tady, na tomto stromě, stálo za to užít si tento skvělý, naprosto šílený okamžik.</p> <p>„Hej!“ křičel do bouře. „Hej! To jsem já! Tady jsem!“</p> <p>Mezi holé rameno a kmen zachytil trochu vody, otočil hlavu a napil se, srkal a vysával</p>
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twisted his head over and drank the trapped rainwater, sucking and slurping at it, and he drank more and he laughed, laughed with joy and delight, not madness, until he could laugh no more, until he hung there too exhausted to move.

At the foot of the tree, on the ground, the rain had made the sheet partly transparent, and had lifted it and pushed it forward so that Shadow could see Wednesday's dead hand, waxy and pale, and the shape of his head, and he thought of the shroud of Turin and he remembered the open girl on Jacquel's table in Cairo, and then, as if to spite the cold, he observed that he was feeling warm and comfortable, and the bark of the tree felt soft, and he slept once more, and if he dreamed any dreams this time he could not remember them.

By the following morning the pain was no longer local, not confined to the places where the ropes cut into his flesh, or where the bark scraped his skin. Now the pain was everywhere.

And he was hungry, with empty pangs down in the pit of him. His head was pounding.

Sometimes he imagined that he had stopped breathing, that his heart had ceased to beat.

Then he would hold his breath until he could hear his heart pounding an ocean in his ears and he was forced to suck air like a

ji, pil ještě více a smál se, smál se z radosti a rozkoše, ne z bláznovství, než ho smích naprosto vyčerpával a tak zase jen visel na stromě, neschopen se pohnout.

Plátno, které leželo na zemi u kmene stromu, bylo díky dešti teď téměř průsvitné a podkryté tak, že Stín viděl Středovu mrtvou, voskově bledou ruku a taky obrys jeho hlavy. Vybavilo se mu Turínské plátno a také si vzpomněl na dívku, kterou Jacquel pitval na stole v Cairu a pak najednou, jako natruc vši té zimě, ucítil teplo a pohodlí, kůra stromu mu připadala měkká a on zase usnul – a pokud se mu vůbec zdály nějaké sny, tentokrát si je nepamatoval.

Příštího rána už nepocíťoval bolest jen na určitých místech, nebyla omezena tam, kde se mu do masa zařezávaly provazy nebo mu kůra sedřela kůži. Teď cítil bolest všude.

Měl hlad, žaludek mu svíjely nepříjemné křeče a v hlavě hučelo. Někdy se mu zdálo, že přestal dýchat, a že mu přestalo bít srdce. A tak zadržoval dech, dokud jeho tlukot neucítil až v uších a nedonutilo ho to nasát vzduch, jako potápěče, který se právě vynořil z hlubokých vod na povrch.

<p>diver surfacing from the depths.</p> <p>It seemed to him that the tree reached from hell to heaven, and that he had been hanging there forever. A brown hawk circled the tree, landed on a broken branch near to him, and then took to the wing, flying west.</p> <p>The storm, which had abated at dawn, began to return as the day passed. Gray, roiling clouds stretched from horizon to horizon; a slow drizzle began to fall. The body at the base of the tree seemed to have become less, in its stained motel winding sheet, crumbling into itself like a sugar cake left in the rain.</p> <p>Sometimes Shadow burned, sometimes he froze.</p> <p>When the thunder started once more he imagined that he heard drums beating, kettledrums in the thunder and the thump of his heart, inside his head or outside, it did not matter.</p> <p>He perceived the pain in colors: the red of a neon bar sign, the green of a traffic light on a wet night, the blue of an empty video screen.</p> <p>The squirrel dropped from the bark of the trunk onto Shadow's shoulder, sharp claws digging into his skin. "Ratatosk!" it chattered. The tip of its nose touched his lips. "Ratatosk." It sprang back onto the tree.</p>	<p>Měl dojem, že strom sahá snad ze samotného pekla až do nebe, a že tam visí už věčnost. Kolem stromu zakroužil hnědý jestřáb, přistál na zlomené větvi poblíž něj, pak se zase vznesl a zamířil na západ.</p> <p>Bouřka, která za rozbřesku ustala, se s nadcházejícím večerem vrátila. Šedá, bouřková mračna se rozpínala od jednoho horizontu ke druhému. Začalo mrholit. Zdálo se, že se tělo zabalené ve špinavém motelovém prostěradle u kořene stromu zmenšilo, drobilo se jako cukrový dort, který někdo zapomněl na dešti.</p> <p>Stín chvílemi hořel, chvílemi mrzl.</p> <p>Když bouře opět spustila, představil si, že slyší tlukot bubnů, tympány v bouři, bušení srdce, uvnitř, nebo mimo svou hlavu, na tom nezáleželo.</p> <p>Bolest vnímal v barvách – červená jako neonový nápis nad barem, zelená jako světlo semaforu za deštivé noci, modrá jako obrazovka po skončení videokazety.</p> <p>Veverka přeskočila z kmene na Stínovo rameno, až se mu její ostré dráčky zaryly do kůže. „Ratatosk!“ brebentila. Špičkou nosu se dotkla jeho rtů. „Ratatosk.“ Hopsla zpátky na strom.</p>
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<p>His skin was on fire with pins and needles, a pricking covering his whole body. The sensation was intolerable.</p> <p>His life was laid out below him, on the motel-sheet shroud: literally laid out, like the items at some Dada picnic, a surrealist tableau: he could see his mother's puzzled stare, the American embassy in Norway, Laura's eyes on their wedding day . . .</p> <p>He chuckled through dry lips.</p> <p>"What's so funny, puppy?" asked Laura.</p> <p>"Our wedding day," he said. "You bribed the organist to change from playing the Wedding March to the theme song from Scooby-Doo as you walked toward me down the aisle. Do you remember?"</p> <p>"Of course I remember, darling. 'I would have made it too, if it wasn't for those meddling kids.' "</p> <p>"I loved you so much," said Shadow.</p> <p>He could feel her lips on his, and they were warm and wet and living, not cold and dead, so he knew that this was another hallucination. "You aren't here, are you?" he asked.</p> <p>"No," she said. "But you are calling me, for the last time. And I am coming."</p> <p>Breathing was harder now. The ropes cutting his flesh were an abstract concept, like free will or eternity.</p>	<p>Kůži měl v jednom ohni, jako kdyby měl celé tělo propíchané špendlíky a jehlami. Ten pocit byl nesnesitelný.</p> <p>Jeho vlastní život byl rozložen pod ním, na rubáši z motelového prostěradla – a doslova se rozkládal, úplně jako nějaký dadaistický piknik nebo surrealistický obraz – viděl matčin zmatený pohled, americké velvyslanectví v Norsku, Lauřiny oči v jejich svatební den...</p> <p>Na vyprahlé rty se mu vkradl úsměv.</p> <p>„Něco je tu k smíchu, šmudlo?“ zeptala se Laura.</p> <p>„Naše svatba,“ odpověděl. „Uplatila jsi varhaníka, aby místo svatebního pochodu zahrál znělku ze Scooby-Dooa, když jsi ke mně kráčela uličkou. Vzpomínáš?“</p> <p>„Jistěže si na to vzpomínám, miláčku. 'A taky by se mi to povedlo, kdybyste se do toho nepletly vy, zatracený spratci.'“</p> <p>„Tolik jsem tě miloval,“ řekl Stín.</p> <p>Ucítil její rty na svých, teplé, vlhké a živé, ne studené a bez života, proto také věděl, že je to jenom další přelud. „Ty tady ale nejsi, že?“ zeptal se.</p> <p>„Ne,“ odpověděla. „Ale ty mě naposled voláš. A já jdu za tebou.“</p> <p>Dýchat bylo najednou obtížnější. To, že se mu provazy zařezávají do masa, byla jenom představa, stejně jako svobodná vůle nebo</p>
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<p>“Sleep, puppy,” she said, although he thought it might have been his own voice he heard, and he slept.</p> <p>The sun was a pewter coin in a leaden sky. Shadow was, he realized slowly, awake, and he was cold. But the part of him that understood that seemed very far away from the rest of him. Somewhere in the distance he was aware that his mouth and throat were burning, painful, and cracked. Sometimes, in the daylight, he would see stars fall; other times he saw huge birds, the size of delivery trucks, flying toward him. Nothing reached him; nothing touched him. “Ratatosk. Ratatosk.” The chattering had become a scolding.</p> <p>The squirrel landed, heavily, with sharp claws, on his shoulder and stared into his face. He wondered if he were hallucinating: the animal was holding a walnut shell, like a doll’s-house cup, in its front paws. The animal pressed the shell to Shadow’s lips. Shadow felt the water, and, involuntarily, he sucked it into his mouth, drinking from the tiny cup. He ran the water around his cracked lips, his dry tongue. He wet his mouth with it, and swallowed what was left, which was not much.</p> <p>The squirrel leapt back to the tree, and ran down it, toward the roots, and then, in seconds, or minutes, or hours, Shadow</p>	<p>věčnost.</p> <p>„Spinkej, šmudlo,“ řekla, a ačkoli si pomyslel, že hlas, který slyšel, patřil nejspíš jemu, přece jen usnul.</p> <p>Slunce na temně šedé obloze se podobalo cínové minci. Stín si velmi pomalu uvědomoval, že je opět vzhůru a je mu zima. Ale zdálo se, ta část, kterou to chápal, se právě nachází velmi daleko od něj. Někde v dálce si byl vědom toho, že má ústa i hrdlo vyprahlé, že jej pálí a bolí. Někdy dokonce viděl padat hvězdy ve dne, jindy zase, jak k němu letí ptáci velikosti dodávky. Nic z toho se jej netýkalo, nic z toho jej nezajímalo</p> <p>„Ratatosk. Ratatosk.“ Veverka už nebrebentila, už ho kárala.</p> <p>Ztěžka mu ostrými drápkami přistála na rameni a zírala do tváře. Říkal si, jestli se mu to nezdá – zvířátko v packách drželo ořechovou skořápku jako hrníček z domku pro panenky.</p> <p>Přítisklo ji Stínovi ke rtům. Stín ucítil vodu a i proti své vůli ji z toho malého hrníčku nasál do úst. Převaloval si ji tam a navlhčil tak popraskané rty a suchý jazyk a to málo, co zbylo, spolkl.</p> <p>Veverka skočila zpátky na strom, seběhla dolů, ke kořenům a potom, za pár vteřin, minut nebo hodin, což Stín nedokázal dost</p>
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<p>could not tell which (all the clocks in his mind were broken, he thought, and their gears and cogs and springs were simply a jumble down there in the writhing grass), the squirrel returned with its walnut-shell cup, climbing carefully, and Shadow drank the water it brought to him.</p> <p>The muddy-iron taste of the water filled his mouth, cooled his parched throat. It eased his fatigue and his madness.</p> <p>By the third walnut shell, he was no longer thirsty.</p> <p>He began to struggle, then, pulling at the ropes, flailing his body, trying to get down, to get free, to get away. He moaned.</p> <p>The knots were good. The ropes were strong, and they held, and soon he exhausted himself once more.</p> <p>In his delirium, Shadow became the tree. Its roots went deep into the loam of the earth, deep down into time, into the hidden springs. He felt the spring of the woman called Urd, which is to say, Past. She was huge, a giantess, an underground mountain of a woman, and the waters she guarded were the waters of time. Other roots went to other places. Some of them were secret. Now, when he was thirsty, he pulled water from his roots, pulled them up into the body of his being.</p>	<p>dobře určit (pomyslel si, že má všechny hodinky v hlavě rozbité, že veškerá jejich ozubená kola, kolečka i pružinky se prostě jen tak povalují dole v trávě), se veverka, která se opatrně šplhala po stromě, vrátila i s ořechovým hrnečkem, aby Stín vypil vodu, kterou mu přinesla.</p> <p>Ústa mu zalila bahnivě železitá pachuč vody, ale přece jen ochladila pálivé hrdlo. Jeho vyčerpání i šílenství se tak staly snesitelnějšími.</p> <p>Po třetí skořápce už žízeň neměl.</p> <p>Začal zápasit s provazy, tahal za ně, zmítal se a snažil se dostat dolů, vysvobodit, utéct. Zasténal.</p> <p>Uzly byly utaženy dobře. Provazy byly silné a nepovolovaly a tak Stín opět padl vyčerpáním.</p> <p>Stín se ve svém deliriu stal stromem. Jeho kořeny sahaly hluboko do země, hluboko do času, do skrytých pramenů. Cítil pramen ženy, jejíž jméno je Urd a znamená Minulost. Byla ohromná, obryně, hora ženy pod povrchem země, a vody, jež střežila, byly vody času. Jiné kořeny vedly na jiná místa. Některá byla tajná. Teď, když měl žízeň, sál vodu z kořenů, nasál ji do svého bytí.</p>
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<p>He had a hundred arms that broke into a hundred thousand fingers, and all of his fingers reached up into the sky. The weight of the sky was heavy on his shoulders.</p> <p>It was not that the discomfort was lessened, but the pain belonged to the figure hanging from the tree, rather than to the tree itself. Shadow in his madness was now so much more than the man on the tree. He was the tree, and he was the wind rattling the bare branches of the world tree; he was the gray sky and the tumbling clouds; he was Ratatosk the squirrel running from the deepest roots to the highest branches; he was the mad-eyed hawk who sat on a broken branch at the top of the tree surveying the world; he was the worm in the heart of the tree.</p> <p>The stars wheeled, and he passed his hundred hands over the glittering stars, palming them, switching them, vanishing them . . .</p> <p>A moment of clarity, in the pain and the madness: Shadow felt himself surfacing. He knew it would not be for long. The morning sun was dazzling him. He closed his eyes, wishing he could shade them.</p> <p>There was not long to go. He knew that, too.</p> <p>When he opened his eyes, Shadow saw that there was a young man in the tree with him. His skin was dark brown. His forehead was</p>	<p>Měl sto rukou, které se větily ve sto tisíce prstů a všechny ty prsty dosahovaly až k nebi. Váha nebes jej tížila na ramenou.</p> <p>Muka sice nepolevila, ale spíše než strom samotný, pociťovala bolest osoba, která visela na něm. Ve svém šílenství byl teď Stín mnohem více, než pouhý muž, visící na stromě. On byl tím stromem a on byl větrem, který třásl holými větvemi stromu světa, on byl šedým nebem a valícími se mračny, on byl veverkou Ratatosk, která běžela od nejhlubšího kořene, k nejvyšším sahající větvičce, on byl bláznivým jestřábem, který seděl na zlomené větvi na vrcholku stromu a shlížel dolů na svět, on byl červotočem v srdci stromu.</p> <p>Nad ním kroužily zářivé hvězdy a on je míjel svými sty rukou, skrýval je do dlaní, přesouval je z jedné do druhé a nechával je zmizet...</p> <p>V bolesti a šílenství přišla chvilka procitnutí. Stín cítil, že přichází k sobě. Věděl ale, že to nebude na dlouho. Šimralo ho ranní sluníčko. Zavřel oči a přál si, aby si je mohl zastřít.</p> <p>Moc času mu nezbývalo. To věděl taky.</p> <p>Když Stín otevřel oči, všiml si, že je s ním na stromě mladý muž. Měl tmavě hnědou pleť, vysoké čelo a ebenové vlasy</p>
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<p>high and his dark hair was tightly curled. He was sitting on a branch high above Shadow's head. And the man was mad. Shadow could see that at a glance.</p> <p>"You're naked," confided the madman, in a cracked voice. "I'm naked too."</p> <p>"I see that," croaked Shadow.</p> <p>The madman looked at him, then he nodded and twisted his head down and around, as if he were trying to remove a crick from his neck.</p> <p>Eventually he said, "Do you know me?"</p> <p>"No," said Shadow.</p> <p>"I know you. I watched you in Cairo. I watched you after. My sister likes you."</p> <p>"You are . . ." the name escaped him. <i>Eats roadkill</i>. Yes. "You are Horus."</p> <p>The madman nodded. "Horus," he said. "I am the falcon of the morning, the hawk of the afternoon. I am the sun, as you are. And I know the true name of Ra. My mother told me."</p> <p>"That's great," said Shadow, politely.</p> <p>The madman stared at the ground below them intently, saying nothing. Then he dropped from the tree.</p> <p>A hawk fell like a stone to the ground, pulled out of its plummet into a swoop, beat its wings heavily and flew back to the tree, a baby rabbit in its talons. It landed on a branch closer to Shadow.</p> <p>"Are you hungry?" asked the madman.</p>	<p>zkroucené do prstýnků. Seděl na větvi vysoko nad Stínovou hlavou. Ten muž byl šílený. Stín to poznal na první pohled.</p> <p>„Ty jsi nahý,“ poznamenal blázen nakřápnutým hlasem. „Já jsem taky nahý.“</p> <p>„To vidím,“ zamrčel Stín.</p> <p>Pomatenec se na něj podíval, potom kývnul a zakroužil hlavou dolů a dokola, jako kdyby se snažil uvolnit napjaté svaly za krkem.</p> <p>Nakonec se zeptal, „Znáš mě?“</p> <p>„Ne,“ odpověděl Stín.</p> <p>„Já tě znám. Pozoroval jsem tě v Cairu. Hlídal jsem tě. Má sestra tě má ráda.“</p> <p>„Ty jsi...“ jméno mu unikalo. <i>Pojídá mrtvoly okolo silnic</i>. Ty jsi Hór.“</p> <p>Blázen přikývnul. „Hór,“ řekl. „Jsem sokol rána, jestřáb odpoledne. Jsem slunce, jako ty. A znám pravé jméno Re. Řekla mi je matka.“</p> <p>„To je skvělé,“ poznamenal zdvořile Stín.</p> <p>Blázen soustředěně zíral do země pod nimi a mlčel. Nato skočil ze stromu.</p> <p>Jestřáb se řítí k zemi jako kámen, ze střemhlavého letu přešel v pozvolnější klesání, ztěžka párkrát máchl křídly a zpátky na strom se vrátil s mladým zajícem v pařátech. Přistál o větev blíže ke Stínovi.</p> <p>„Máš hlad?“ zeptal se blázen.</p>
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<p>“No,” said Shadow. “I guess I should be, but I’m not.”</p> <p>“I’m hungry,” said the madman. He ate the rabbit rapidly, pulling it apart, sucking, tearing, rending. As he finished with them, he dropped the gnawed bones and the fur to the ground. He walked farther down the branch until he was only an arm’s length from Shadow. Then he peered at Shadow unselfconsciously, inspecting him with care and caution, from his feet to his head. There was rabbit blood on his chin and his chest, and he wiped it off with the back of his hand.</p> <p>Shadow felt he had to say something. “Hey,” he said.</p> <p>“Hey,” said the madman. He stood up on the branch, turned away from Shadow and let a stream of dark urine arc out into the meadow below. It went on for a long time. When he had finished he crouched down again on the branch.</p> <p>“What do they call you?” asked Horus.</p> <p>“Shadow,” said Shadow.</p> <p>The madman nodded. “You are the shadow. I am the light,” he said. “Everything that is, casts a shadow.” Then he said, “They will fight soon. I was watching them as they started to arrive.”</p> <p>And then the madman said, “You are dying. Aren’t you?”</p> <p>But Shadow could no longer speak. A hawk</p>	<p>„Ne,“ odpověděl Stín. „Asi bych měl mít, ale nemám.“</p> <p>„Já mám hlad,“ řekl pomatenec. Hltal zajíce, trhal jej na kusy, vysával jej, škubal a rval. Když s ním byl hotov, zahodil ohlodané kosti a srst na zem. Seskočil na nižší větev, až byl od Stína vzdálený jen na délku paže.</p> <p>Potom bez jakýchkoli rozpaků zíral na Stína a zkoumal jej se zaujetím i obezřetností od hlavy až k patě. Na bradě a hrudi mu ulpěla zajecí krev, kterou setřel hřbetem ruky.</p> <p>Stín cítil, že by měl něco říct. „Hej.“</p> <p>„Hej,“ na to šílenec. Postavil se na větvi, odvrátil se od Stína a tmavým obloukem moči zkrápěl louku pod nimi. Močil velmi dlouho. Když skončil, zase si dřepnul na větev.</p> <p>„Jak ti říkají?“ zeptal se Hór.</p> <p>„Stín,“ odpověděl Stín.</p> <p>Blázen přikývl. „Ty jsi stín. Já jsem světlo,“ konstatoval. „Všechno vrhá stín.“ Potom řekl, „Brzy budou bojovat. Pozoroval jsem je, když se začali sjíždět.“</p> <p>A poté blázen řekl, „Ty umíráš, že?“</p> <p>Ale Stín už nemohl mluvit. Jestřáb mávl</p>
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<p>took wing, and circled slowly upward, riding the updrafts into the morning.</p> <p>Moonlight.</p> <p>A cough shook Shadow's frame, a racking painful cough that stabbed his chest and his throat. He gagged for breath.</p> <p>"Hey, puppy," called a voice that he knew.</p> <p>He looked down.</p> <p>The moonlight burned whitely through the branches of the tree, bright as day, and there was a woman standing in the moonlight on the ground below him, her face a pale oval. The wind rattled in the branches of the tree.</p> <p>"Hi, puppy," she said.</p> <p>He tried to speak, but he coughed instead, deep in his chest, for a long time.</p> <p>"You know," she said, helpfully, "that doesn't sound good."</p> <p>He croaked, "Hello, Laura."</p> <p>She looked up at him with dead eyes, and she smiled.</p> <p>"How did you find me?" he asked.</p> <p>She was silent, for a while, in the moonlight. Then she said, "You are the nearest thing I have to life. You are the only thing I have left, the only thing that isn't bleak and flat and gray. I could be blindfolded and dropped into the deepest ocean and I would know where to find you.</p>	<p>křídly a v pomalém krouživém pohybu se nechal proudem vzduchu unášet vzhůru k ránu.</p> <p>Svítil měsíc.</p> <p>Stínovým tělem zatřásl kašel, prudký a bolestivý kašel, který jej bodal v hrudi a krku. Zalapal po dechu.</p> <p>„Ahoj šmudlo,“ zavolal někdo známým hlasem.</p> <p>Podíval se dolů.</p> <p>Měsíční paprsky zářily skrz větve bílým světlem, jasným jako ve dne, a tam, v měsíčním svitu pod ním stála žena s bledou oválnou tváří. Vítr lomozil větvemi stromu.</p> <p>„Nazdar Šmudlo,“ řekla.</p> <p>Pokusil se promluvit, ale místo toho jenom dlouho kašlal hlubokým hrdelním kašlem.</p> <p>„Víš,“ řekla vstřícně, „nezní to moc dobře.“</p> <p>Zasípal, „Ahoj Lauro.“</p> <p>Vzhlédla k němu mrtvými očima a usmála se.</p> <p>„Jak jsi mě našla?“ zeptal se.</p> <p>Laura chvíli jen stála v měsíční záři a mlčela. Potom promluvila, „Ty jsi mým nejsilnějším pojátkem k životu. Ty jsi jediné, co mi zbylo, jediné, co není bezútesné, jednotvárné a skličující. I kdyby mi dali pásku přes oči a hodili do nejhlubšího oceánu, věděla bych, kde tě</p>
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<p>I could be buried a hundred miles underground and I would know where you are.”</p> <p>He looked down at the woman in the moonlight, and his eyes stung with tears.</p> <p>“I’ll cut you down,” she said, after a while.</p> <p>“I spend too much time rescuing you, don’t I?”</p> <p>He coughed again. Then, “No, leave me. I have to do this.”</p> <p>She looked up at him, and shook her head.</p> <p>“You’re crazy,” she said. “You’re dying up there. Or you’ll be crippled, if you aren’t already.”</p> <p>“Maybe,” he said. “But I’m alive.”</p> <p>“Yes,” she said, after a moment. “I guess you are.”</p> <p>“You told me,” he said. “In the graveyard.”</p> <p>“It seems like such a long time ago, puppy,” she said. Then she said, “I feel better, here. It doesn’t hurt as much. You know what I mean? But I’m so dry.”</p> <p>The wind let up, and he could smell her now: a stink of rotten meat and sickness and decay, pervasive and unpleasant.</p> <p>“I lost my job,” she said. “It was a night job, but they said people had complained. I told them I was sick, and they said they didn’t care. I’m so thirsty.”</p> <p>“The women,” he told her. “They have water. The house.”</p>	<p>hledat. Mohli by mě zakopat kilometry pod zem a věděla bych, kde jsi.“</p> <p>Podíval se dolů na ženu zalitou měsíčním svitem a v očích se mu zaleskly slzy.</p> <p>„Odříznu tě odtud,“ řekla po chvíli.</p> <p>„Trávím dost času tvými záchranami, co?“</p> <p>Znovu zakašlal. „Ne, nechej mě tu. Musím to udělat.“</p> <p>Podívala se na něj a zakroutila hlavou. „Jsi šílený,“ prohodila. „Umíráš tam. Nebo budeš mrzák, jestli ovšem nejsi už teď.“</p> <p>„Možná,“ odvětil. „Ale žiju.“</p> <p>„Ano,“ přikývla za okamžik. „Nejspíš ano.“</p> <p>„To jsi mi řekla ty,“ připomněl jí. „Na hřbitově.“</p> <p>„Přijde mi, jako by to bylo hrozně dávno, šmudlo,“ povzdechla si. Potom řekla, „Tady se cítím líp. Aspoň to tolik nebolí. Chápeš, co myslím? Ale mám šílenou žízeň.“</p> <p>Zavál vítr a Stín ji ucítil – byl to nepříjemný zápach rozkládajícího se masa, nemoci a hniloby.</p> <p>„Vyhodili mě z práce,“ řekla. „Dělala jsem noční, ale lidé si prý stěžovali. Řekla jsem jim, že jsem nemocná, ale říkali, že je jim to jedno. Mám takovou žízeň.“</p> <p>„Ty ženy,“ řekl jí. „Mají vodu. V domě.“</p>
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<p>“Puppy . . .” she sounded scared.</p> <p>“Tell them . . . tell them I said to give you water . . .”</p> <p>The white face stared up at him. “I should go,” she told him. Then she hacked, and made a face, and spat a mass of something white onto the grass. It broke up when it hit the ground, and wriggled away.</p> <p>It was almost impossible to breathe. His chest felt heavy, and his head was swaying.</p> <p>“Stay,” he said, in a breath that was almost a whisper, unsure whether or not she could hear him. “Please don’t go.” He started to cough. “Stay the night.”</p> <p>“I’ll stop awhile,” she said. And then, like a mother to a child, she said, “Nothing’s gonna hurt you when I’m here. You know that?”</p> <p>Shadow coughed once more. He closed his eyes—only for a moment, he thought, but when he opened them again the moon had set and he was alone.</p> <p>A crashing and a pounding in his head, beyond the pain of migraine, beyond all pain. Everything dissolved into tiny butterflies which circled him like a multicolored dust storm and then evaporated into the night.</p> <p>The white sheet wrapped about the body at the base of the tree flapped noisily in the</p>	<p>„Šmudlo...“ zněla vyděšeně.</p> <p>„Pověz jim... pověz jim, že jsem řekl, ať ti dají vodu...“</p> <p>Upírala k němu bílý obličej. „Měla bych jít,“ upozornila ho. Potom se zarazila, na obličej se jí objevil bolestivý výraz a do trávy vyplivla kupu něčeho bílého. Když se to dotklo země, rozskočilo se to a odplazilo pryč.</p> <p>Stín skoro nemohl dýchat. Hrud’ mu připadala příliš těžká a hlava se mu jen tak pohupovala.</p> <p>„Zůstaň,“ zaprosil hlasem, který byl spíše jen šepot, takže si nebyl jistý, jestli ho vůbec slyšela. „Prosím, nechod’.“ Rozkašlal se. „Zůstaň přes noc.“</p> <p>„Chvíli tu zůstanu,“ uvolila se. A potom mu řekla, jako matky říkávají svým dětem, „Dokud jsem tady já, nic se ti nemůže stát. To přece víš.“</p> <p>Stín zase začal kašlat. Zavřel oči – jenom na chvíličku, alespoň si to myslel, ale když je znovu otevřel, měsíc už zapadal a on byl sám.</p> <p>Myslel, že se mu hlava rozskočí, jak mu v ní tlouklo, bylo to horší než migréna, než jakákoli bolest. To všechno se rozplynulo v malé motýlky, kteří kolem něj kroužili jako nějaká barevná písečná bouře a potom se vytratili do noci.</p> <p>Bílé prostěradlo, kterým bylo zabalené tělo u kořene stromu, hlasitě pleskalo ve větru.</p>
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<p>morning wind.</p> <p>The pounding eased. Everything slowed. There was nothing left to make him keep breathing.</p> <p>His heart ceased to beat in his chest.</p> <p>The darkness that he entered this time was deep, and lit by a single star, and it was final.</p> <p>CHAPTER SIXTEEN</p> <p><i>I know it's crooked. But it's the only game in town.</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;">—Canada Bill Jones</p> <p>The tree was gone, and the world was gone, and the morning-gray sky above him was gone. The sky was now the color of midnight. There was a single cold star shining high above him, a blazing, twinkling light, and nothing else. He took a single step and almost tripped.</p> <p>Shadow looked down. There were steps cut into the rock, going down, steps so huge that he could only imagine that giants had cut them and descended them a long time ago.</p> <p>He clambered downward, half jumping, half vaulting from step to step. His body ached, but it was the ache of lack of use, not the tortured ache of a body that has hung on a tree until it was dead.</p> <p>He observed, without surprise, that he was now fully dressed, in jeans and a white T-</p>	<p>Tepání v hlavě polevilo. Všechno se zpomalilo. Už nebylo nic, co by jej nutilo dýchat. Srdce mu v hrudi přestávalo bít.</p> <p>Temnota, do které se vnořil tentokrát, byla hluboká, osvětlená jen jedinou hvězdou, a byla definitivní.</p> <p>KAPITOLA ŠESTNÁCT</p> <p><i>Vím, že je to falešné. Ale je to jediná hra ve městě.</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;">—Canada Bill Jones</p> <p>Pryč byl strom, pryč byl svět a pryč bylo i šedé ranní nebe. Obloha teď měla púlnoční barvu. Vysoko nad ním zářila studeným světlem jen jediná hvězda, oslnivá a mihotavá záře, nic víc. Udělal krok a skoro zakopl.</p> <p>Stín shlédl. Ve skále byly vysekány schody, které vedly dolů, schody tak majestátní, že si hned představil, že je tu museli někdy před dávnými časy vysekat a sestupovat po nich snad sami obři.</p> <p>Pustil se po schodech dolů, musel napůl seskakovat a napůl se skutálet z jednoho na druhý. Všechno ho bolelo, ale byla to bolest z nicnedělání, ne to utrpení těla visícího na stromě, dokud nezemře.</p> <p>Ani ho nijak nepřekvapilo, že už je zase oblečený v džínách a bílé košili, ale neměl</p>
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<p>shirt. He was barefoot. He experienced a profound moment of <i>déjà vu</i>: this was what he had been wearing when he stood in Czernobog's apartment the night when Zorya Polunochnaya had come to him and told him about the constellation called Odin's Wain. She had taken the moon down from the sky for him.</p> <p>He knew, suddenly, what would happen next. Zorya Polunochnaya would be there.</p> <p>She was waiting for him at the bottom of the steps. There was no moon in the sky, but she was bathed in moonlight nonetheless: her white hair was moon-pale, and she wore the same lace-and-cotton nightdress she had worn that night in Chicago.</p> <p>She smiled when she saw him, and looked down, as if momentarily embarrassed. "Hello," she said.</p> <p>"Hi," said Shadow.</p> <p>"How are you?"</p> <p>"I don't know," he said. "I think this is maybe another strange dream on the tree. I've been having crazy dreams since I got out of prison."</p> <p>Her face was silvered by the moonlight (but no moon hung in that plum-black sky, and now, at the foot of the steps, even the single star was lost to view) and she looked both solemn and vulnerable. She said, "All your questions can be answered, if that is what</p>	<p>boty. Dostavil se velmi silný pocit <i>déjà vu</i>. Je oblečený stejně jako tenkrát v noci u Černoboga, když za ním přišla Zorja Polunočnaja a pověděla mu o souhvězdí zvavém Ódinův vůz. Sundala z oblohy měsíc a dala mu jej.</p> <p>Najednou věděl, co se bude dít dál. Bude tady Zorja Polunočnaja.</p> <p>Čekala na něj u posledního schodu. Byla zahalena v měsíčním svitu, přestože na nebi měsíc nesvítil. Její vlasy byly jako měsíc, bílé a bledé, a měla na sobě tu stejnou bavlněnou noční košili s krajkou jako tenkrát v noci v Chicagu.</p> <p>Usmála se na něj, když jej uviděla a sklopila oči, jako by byla na okamžik v rozpacích. „Zdravím tě,“ řekla.</p> <p>„Ahoj,“ odpověděl Stín.</p> <p>„Jak se ti vede?“</p> <p>„Nemám tušení. Mám dojem, jakoby to byl jenom další sen na stromě. Od té doby, co jsem vylezl z vězení, mívám šílené sny.“</p> <p>Obličej měla stříbřitý, jako osvícený měsíčním svitem (ale na černočerné obloze nebyl žádný měsíc a dokonce i ta jediná hvězda se mu teď ztratila z dohledu) a vypadala vážně a zranitelně zároveň. Promluvila, „Na všechny tvé otázky se ti</p>
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<p>you want.</p> <p>But once you learn your answers, you can never unlearn them.”</p> <p>Beyond her, the path forked. He would have to decide which path to take, he knew that.</p> <p>But there was one thing he had to do first. He reached into the pocket of his jeans and was relieved when he felt the familiar weight of the coin at the bottom of the pocket. He eased it out, held it between finger and thumb: a 1922 Liberty dollar. “This is yours,” he said.</p> <p>He remembered then that his clothes were really at the foot of the tree. The women had placed his clothes in the canvas sack from which they had taken the ropes, and tied the end of the sack, and the biggest of the women had placed a heavy rock on it to stop it from blowing away. And so he knew that, in reality, the Liberty dollar was in a pocket in that sack, beneath the rock. But still, it was heavy in his hand, at the entrance to the underworld.</p> <p>She took it from his palm with her slim fingers.</p> <p>“Thank you. It bought you your liberty twice,” she said. “And now it will light your way into dark places.”</p> <p>She closed her hand around the dollar, then she reached up and placed it in the air, as high as she could reach. Then she let go of it. Instead of falling, the coin floated</p>	<p>může dostat odpovědi, pokud si to tak budeš přát. Když už se je ale jednou dozvíš, tak to bude navždy.“</p> <p>Za Zorjou se cesta rozdvjovala. Stín věděl, že se bude muset rozhodnout, kterou cestou se vydat. Nejdřív tu ale bylo něco, co musel udělat. Sáhl do kapsy džinsů a ulevilo se mu, když na jejím dně ucítil tíhu dobře známé mince. Vytáhl ji ven a držel ji mezi palcem a ukazováčkem – byl to dolar z roku 1922 s hlavou Sochy svobody. „Tohle je tvoje,“ řekl.</p> <p>Vzpomněl si, že jeho oblečení ve skutečnosti leží u kořene stromu. Daly ho tam ženy, které je vložily do plátěného pytle, z něhož předtím vytáhly provazy, konec pytle zavázaly a ta největší z nich na něj dovalila těžký kámen, aby neuletěl. A tak věděl, že dolar je vlastně v džínech, které leží v pytli pod kamenem. Tak jako tak, cítil jeho váhu v ruce před vstupem do říše mrtvých.</p> <p>Tenkými prstíky mu ji vzala z dlaně.</p> <p>„Děkuji. Dvakrát ti přinesl svobodu,“ řekla. „A teď ti posvítí na cestu do temných míst.“</p> <p>Sevřela dolar rukou, sáhla tak vysoko, jak jenom mohla a zavěsila jej do vzduchu. Poté jej pustila. Místo aby spadl, začal plout vzhůru, až byl skoro půl metru nad</p>
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<p>upward until it was a foot or so above Shadow's head. It was no longer a silver coin, though. Lady Liberty and her crown of spikes were gone. The face he saw on the coin was the indeterminate face of the moon in the summer sky.</p> <p>Shadow could not decide whether he was looking at a moon the size of a dollar, a foot above his head, or whether he was looking at a moon the size of the Pacific Ocean, many thousands of miles away. Nor whether there was any difference between the two ideas. Perhaps it was all a matter of the way you looked at it.</p> <p>He looked at the forking path ahead of him. "Which path should I take?" he asked. "Which one is safe?"</p> <p>"Take one, and you cannot take the other," she said. "But neither path is safe. Which way would you walk—the way of hard truths or the way of fine lies?"</p> <p>"Truths," he said. "I've come too far for more lies."</p> <p>She looked sad. "There will be a price, then," she said.</p> <p>"I'll pay it. What's the price?"</p> <p>"Your name," she said. "Your real name. You will have to give it to me."</p> <p>"How?"</p> <p>"Like this," she said. She reached a perfect hand toward his head. He felt her fingers brush his skin, then he felt them penetrate</p>	<p>Stínovou hlavou. Už to ale nebyla stříbrná mince. Hlava Svobody i její koruna z paprsků byly ty tam. Obličej, který rozeznával na minci, byl teď jen neurčitým výrazem měsíce na letním nebi.</p> <p>Stín se nemohl rozhodnout, jestli se dívá na měsíc o velikosti dolaru, kousek nad svojí hlavou, nebo jestli pozoruje měsíc velký jako Tichý oceán, vzdálený tisíce kilometrů. Ani jestli mezi těmato dvěma myšlenkami byl vůbec nějaký rozdíl. Možná to záleželo jenom na úhlu pohledu.</p> <p>Pohlédl na rozcestí před sebou. „Kterou cestou mám jít?“ zeptal se. „Která je bezpečná?“</p> <p>„Vybereš-li si jednu, nebudeš moct jít tou druhou. Ale ani jedna z nich není bezpečná. Kterou cestou se vydáš – cestou trpké pravdy, nebo cestou přívětivých lží?“</p> <p>„Pravdy,“ odpověděl. „Netrmácel jsem se takovou dálku jen pro další lži.“</p> <p>Vypadala smutně. „Nebude to ale zadarmo,“ upozornila ho.</p> <p>„Jaká je cena? Zaplatím ji.“</p> <p>„Tvé jméno,“ řekla. „Tvé pravé jméno. Musíš mi je dát.“</p> <p>„Jak?“</p> <p>„Takhle.“ Natáhla svou dokonalou ruku k jeho hlavě. Cítil, jak ho její prsty šimrají na kůži, jak jí pronikají, cítil, jak hluboko</p>
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<p>his skin, his skull, felt them push deep into his head. Something tickled, in his skull and all down his spine. She pulled her hand out of his head. A flame, like a candle flame but burning with a clear magnesium-white luminance, was flickering on the tip of her forefinger.</p> <p>“Is that my name?” he asked.</p> <p>She closed her hand, and the light was gone. “It was,” she said. She extended her hand, and pointed to the right-hand path. “That way,” she said. “For now.”</p> <p>Nameless, Shadow walked down the right-hand path in the moonlight. When he turned around to thank her, he saw nothing but darkness. It seemed to him that he was deep under the ground, but when he looked up into the darkness above him he still saw the tiny moon.</p> <p>He turned a corner.</p> <p>If this was the afterlife, he thought, it was a lot like the House on the Rock: part diorama, part nightmare.</p> <p>He was looking at himself in prison blues, in the warden’s office, as the warden told him that Laura had died in a car crash. He saw the expression on his own face—he looked like a man who had been abandoned by the world. It hurt him to see it, the nakedness and the fear.</p> <p>He hurried on, pushed through the warden’s</p>	<p>do hlavy mu prsty tlačí, až do lebky. Tam jej něco zalechtalo a přešlo mu to dolů celou páteří. Vytáhla ruku z jeho hlavy. Na špičce ukazováčku se jí třepotal nějaký plamínek, úplně jako plamínek svíčky, jen hořel jasně bílým světlem.</p> <p>„To je moje jméno?“ zeptal se.</p> <p>Sevřela dlaň a světélko zmizelo. „Bylo.“ Natáhla ruku a ukázala mu na cestičku po pravé straně. „Běž tudy,“ určila mu. „Prozatím.“</p> <p>Ted’ už bezejmenný, krácel Stín za měsíčního svitu stezkou po pravé ruce. Když se otočil, aby jí poděkoval, neviděl tam nic, než tmu. Připadalo mu, že je hluboko pod zemí, ale když pohlédl vzhůru do temnoty, pořád viděl maličký měsíc.</p> <p>Zatočil za roh.</p> <p>Jestli byl tohle posmrtný život, pomyslel si, byl hodně podobný Domu na Skále – z části dioráma, částečně noční můra.</p> <p>Díval se sám na sebe, oblečený do vězeňské modré, jak mu dozorce ve své kanceláři sdělil, že Laura zemřela při autonehodě. Viděl ten výraz ve svém obličejí – vypadal, jako někdo, koho právě opustil celý svět. Ranilo ho, když uviděl tu nahotu a strach.</p> <p>Spěchal dál, protlačil se správcovou šedou</p>
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<p>gray office, and found himself looking at the VCR repair store on the outskirts of Eagle Point. Three years ago. Yes.</p> <p>Inside the store, he knew, he was beating the living crap out of Larry Powers and B. J. West, bruising his knuckles in the process: pretty soon he would walk out of there, carrying a brown supermarket bag filled with twenty-dollar bills. The money they could never prove he had taken: his share of the proceeds, and a little more, for they shouldn't have tried to rip him and Laura off like that. He was only the driver, but he had done his part, done everything that she had asked of him . . .</p> <p>At the trial, nobody mentioned the bank robbery, although everybody wanted to. They couldn't prove a thing, as long as nobody was talking. And nobody was. The prosecutor was forced instead to stick to the bodily damage that Shadow had inflicted on Powers and West.</p> <p>He showed photographs of the two men on their arrival in the local hospital. Shadow barely defended himself in court; it was easier that way. Neither Powers nor West seemed able to remember what the fight had been about, but they each admitted that Shadow had been their assailant.</p> <p>Nobody talked about the money.</p> <p>Nobody even mentioned Laura, and that was all that Shadow had wanted.</p>	<p>kanceláři a zjistil, že se dívá na opravnu videí na předměstí Eagle Pointu. Před třemi lety. Ano.</p> <p>Věděl, že právě uvnitř v obchodě Larryho Powerse a B. J. Westa mlátí až do krve, až má klouby celé modré a napuchlé. Za chvíli odtud vyjde ven a ponese si hnědou nákupní tašku, naplněnou dvacetidolarovými bankovkami. Nikdy mu nemohli dokázat, že ty peníze vzal – svůj podíl a ještě i něco navíc. Neměli chtít jeho a Lauru tak oškubat. Byl jenom řidič, ale svou roli splnil, udělal všechno, co po něm žádala...</p> <p>Nikdo u soudu nezmínil bankovní loupež, přestože si to všichni přáli. Pokud nikdo nepromluví, nemůžou mu nic dokázat. A všichni mlčeli. Žalobce tak byl donucen zůstat jen u tělesné újmy, kterou Stín způsobil Powersovi a Westovi.</p> <p>Přinesl ukázat fotografie těch dvou, když přijížděli do místní nemocnice. Stín se u soudu téměř neobhajoval, bylo to tak lepší. Zdálo se, že ani Powers, ani West si nebyli schopni vybavit, kvůli čemu se vlastně bitka strhla, ale shodli se, že útočníkem byl Stín.</p> <p>O penězích nikdo nepromluvil.</p> <p>Dokonce ani nikdo nezmínil Lauru a tak to</p>
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<p>Shadow wondered whether the path of comforting lies would have been a better one to walk. He walked away from that place, and followed the rock path down into what looked like a hospital room, a public hospital in Chicago, and he felt the bile rise in his throat. He stopped. He did not want to look. He did not want to keep walking.</p> <p>In the hospital bed his mother was dying again, as she'd died when he was sixteen, and, yes, here he was, a large, clumsy sixteen-year-old with acne pocking his cream-and-coffee skin, sitting at her bedside, unable to look at her, reading a thick paperback book. Shadow wondered what the book was, and he walked around the hospital bed to inspect it more closely. He stood between the bed and the chair looking from the one to the other, the big boy hunched into his chair, his nose buried in <i>Gravity's Rainbow</i>, trying to escape from his mother's death into London during the blitz, the fictional madness of the book no escape and no excuse.</p> <p>His mother's eyes were closed in a morphine peace: what she had thought was just another sickle-cell crisis, another bout of pain to be endured, had turned out, they had discovered, too late, to be lymphoma. There was a lemonish-gray tinge to her skin. She was in her early thirties, but she looked much older.</p>	<p>taky Stínovi přesně vyhovovalo.</p> <p>Stín uvažoval, jestli by nebylo lepší, kdyby se vydal po cestičce milosrdných lží. Opustil to místo a kamenná stezka ho vedla někam, co připomínalo pokoj v Chicagské místní nemocnici a Stín ucítil žaludek až v krku. Zastavil se. Nechtěl to vidět. Nechtěl jít dál.</p> <p>V nemocnici jeho matka opět ležela na smrtelné posteli, jako když mu bylo šestnáct, a ano, támhle je, šestnáctiletý hromotluk s pletí barvy bílé kávy, na které mu vyskakovaly pupínky akné. Sedí u její postele, neschopen se na ni podívat, a čte si knížku v měkké vazbě. Stín uvažoval, jaká knížka to asi byla, a obešel lůžko, aby se mohl podívat víc zblízka. Stál mezi postelí a židlí, přejížděl očima z jednoho na druhého, na velkého kluka nahrbeného na židli, s nosem zabořeným v <i>Duze gravitace</i>, který se bez úspěchu a bez omluvy snaží utéct od své umírající matky do románového šílenství bombardovaného Londýna.</p> <p>Matčiny morfiem zavřené oči byly klidné. Nakonec se ukázalo, že to, o čem si myslela, že je jen další oběhová příhoda, další záchvat bolesti, který musí překonat, je lymfom, který objevili až příliš pozdě. Její plet' měla žlutošedý nádech. Bylo jí něco málo přes třicet, ale vypadala mnohem starší.</p>
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<p>Shadow wanted to shake himself, the awkward boy that he once was, get him to hold her hand, talk to her, do <i>something</i> before she slipped away, as he knew that she would. But he could not touch himself, and he continued to read; and so his mother died while he sat in the chair next to her, reading a fat book.</p> <p>After that he had more or less stopped reading. You could not trust fiction. What good were books, if they couldn't protect you from something like that?</p> <p>Shadow walked away from the hospital room, down the winding corridor, deep into the bowels of the earth.</p> <p>He sees his mother first and he cannot believe how young she is, not yet twenty-five he guesses, before her medical discharge. They're in their apartment, another embassy rental somewhere in Northern Europe. He looks around for something to give him a clue, and he sees himself: a shrimp of a kid, big pale gray eyes and dark hair. They are arguing. Shadow knows without hearing the words what they're arguing about: it was the only thing they quarreled about, after all.</p> <p>—<i>Tell me about my father.</i></p> <p>—<i>He's dead. Don't ask about him.</i></p> <p>—<i>But who was he?</i></p> <p>—<i>Forget him. Dead and gone and you ain't missed nothing.</i></p>	<p>Stín chtěl zatřást svým mladším já, tím neohrabaným klukem, kterým kdysi býval, aby ho přiměl chytit ji za ruku, mluvit s ní, udělat <i>cokoli</i>, než ho, jak už věděl, opustí. Ale nemohl se sám sebe dotknout, a tak četl dál. Jeho matka zemřela, zatímco on seděl vedle ní na židli a četl tlustou knihu.</p> <p>Od té doby víceméně nečetl. Beletrii totiž nemůžete věřit. K čemu jsou dobré knížky, když vás nedokážou ochránit před něčím takovým?</p> <p>Stín odešel z nemocničního pokoje a pokračoval dál po klikaté cestě, hluboko do nitra země.</p> <p>Nejprve vidí matku a nemůže uvěřit, jak je mladá, hádá jí sotva pětadvacet, ještě před tím, než byla kvůli nemoci propuštěna. Jsou někde v severní Evropě, v bytě, který jim pronajímala ambasáda. Dívá se po pokoji, hledá něco, čeho by se mohl zachytit a uvidí sám sebe. Malého prcka s velkýma šedýma očima a tmavými vlasy. Hárají se. Stín věděl, o co v roztržce jde, aniž by zaslechl jediné slovo. Koneckonců, byla to ta jediná věc, kvůli které se kdy dohadovali.</p> <p>- <i>Povídej mi o mém otci.</i></p> <p>- <i>Je mrtvej. Neptej se na něj.</i></p> <p>- <i>Ale kdo to byl?</i></p> <p>- <i>Zapomeň na něj. Je mrtvej a už není a tys' o nic nepřišel.</i></p>
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<p>—<i>I want to see a picture of him.</i></p> <p>—<i>I ain't got a picture</i>, she'd say, and her voice would get quiet and fierce, and he knew that if he kept asking her questions she would shout, or even hit him, and he knew that he would not stop asking questions, so he turned away and walked on down the tunnel.</p> <p>The path he followed twisted and wound and curled back on itself, and it put him in mind of snakeskins and intestines and of deep, deep tree roots. There was a pool to his left; he heard the <i>drip, drip</i> of water into it somewhere at the back of the tunnel, the falling water barely ruffling the mirrored surface of the pool. He dropped to his knees and drank, using his hand to bring the water to his lips. Then he walked on until he was standing in the floating disco-glitter patterns of a mirror ball. It was like being in the exact center of the universe with all the stars and planets circling him, and he could not hear anything, not the music, nor the shouted conversations over the music, and now Shadow was staring at a woman who looked just like his mother never looked in all the years he knew her, she's little more than a child, after all . . .</p> <p>And she is dancing.</p> <p>Shadow found that he was completely unsurprised when he recognized the man who dances with her. He had not changed</p>	<p>- <i>Chci vidět jeho fotku.</i></p> <p>- <i>Žádnou fotku nemám</i>, řekne tichým, nelitostným hlasem a on věděl, že když se bude vyptávat dál, bude na něj křičet nebo jej dokonce i uhodí, ale on věděl, že se ptát nepřestane, a tak se otočil k odchodu a pokračoval dál podzemní chodbou.</p> <p>Cesta, kterou šel, se klikatila, vlnila a stáčela zpět a to mu vnučko myšlenku hadí kůže, střev a hlubokých, přehlubokých kořenů stromu. Po jeho levé ruce se rozprostíralo jezero. Slyšel <i>kap, kap</i>, jak do něj někde hluboko v podzemí odkapávala voda, která jen zlehounce čeřila jeho zrcadlově klidnou hladinu. Klekl si na kolena, nabral si do ruky vodu a napil se.</p> <p>Poté šel dál, až se ocitl uvnitř vznášející se blyštivé disko koule. Jako by byl v samotném středu vesmíru a všechny hvězdy a planety obíhaly kolem něj. Neslyšel nic, ani hudbu, ani rozhovory, které ji překřikovaly,</p> <p>jen najednou zíral na ženu, která vypadala přesně tak, jak jeho matka nevypadala za celou tu dobu, co ji znal. Koneckonců, byla sotva odrostlé dítě...</p> <p>A tančila.</p> <p>Stína vůbec nepřekvapovalo, že jejího tanečníka poznal. Za těch třicet tři let se zase o tolik nezměnil.</p>
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<p>that much in thirty-three years.</p> <p>She is drunk: Shadow could see that at a glance. She is not very drunk, but she is unused to drink, and in a week or so she will take a ship to Norway. They have been drinking margaritas, and she has salt on her lips and salt clinging to the back of her hand.</p> <p>Wednesday is not wearing a suit and tie, but the pin in the shape of a silver tree he wears over the pocket of his shirt glitters and glints when the mirror-ball light catches it. They make a fine-looking couple, considering the difference in their ages. There is a lupine grace to Wednesday's movements.</p> <p>A slow dance. He pulls her close to him, and his pawlike hand curves around the seat of her skirt possessively, moving her closer to him. His other hand takes her chin, pushes it upward into his face, and the two of them kiss, there on the floor, as the glitter-ball lights circle them into the center of the universe.</p> <p>Soon after, they leave. She sways against him, and he leads her from the dance hall.</p> <p>Shadow buries his head in his hands, and does not follow them, unable or unwilling to witness his own conception.</p> <p>The mirror lights were gone, and now the only illumination came from the tiny moon that burned high above his head.</p>	<p>Na první pohled bylo vidět, že je opilá. Nebyla opilá moc, ale nebyla zvyklá pít. Asi tak za týden odpluje do Norska. Pili margaritu a sůl jí ulpěla na rtech a na hřbetu ruky.</p> <p>Středa na sobě neměl oblek a kravatu, ale stříbrná spona ve tvaru stromu, kterou měl připnutou na kapse košile, se třpytila a mihotala pokaždé, když zachytila světlo zrcadlové koule. I s ohledem na věkový rozdíl tvořili krásný pár. Ve Středových pohybech byla jakási vlčí elegance.</p> <p>Byl to ploužák. Tiskl ji k sobě a jeho ruka velikosti tlapy, se majetnický vinula po jejím pozadí a přitahovala si ji ještě blíž. Druhou rukou jí zvedl bradu ke svému obličejí a tam, na parketě, se za kroužení světel lesklé koule, unášející je do středu vesmíru, políbili.</p> <p>Brzy nato odešli. Odváděl ji z tanečního sálu a ona se kolem něj mírně motala.</p> <p>Stín zabořil hlavu do dlaní a neschopný nebo neochotný sledovat početí jeho samého je nenásledoval.</p> <p>Třpytivá světélka byla ta tam a najednou jediná záře vycházela jen z maličkého měsíce, který mu zářil nad hlavou.</p>
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<p>He walked on. At a bend in the path he stopped for a moment to catch his breath.</p> <p>He felt a hand run gently up his back, and gentle fingers ruffle the hair on the back of his head.</p> <p>“Hello,” whispered a smoky feline voice, over his shoulder.</p> <p>“Hello,” he said, turning to face her.</p> <p>She had brown hair and brown skin and her eyes were the deep golden-amber of good honey. Her pupils were vertical slits. “Do I know you?” he asked, puzzled.</p> <p>“Intimately,” she said, and she smiled. “I used to sleep on your bed. And my people have been keeping their eyes on you, for me.” She turned to the path ahead of him, pointed to the three ways he could go.</p> <p>“Okay,” she said. “One way will make you wise. One way will make you whole. And one way will kill you.”</p> <p>“I’m already dead, I think,” said Shadow. “I died on the tree.”</p> <p>She made a moue. “There’s dead,” she said, “and there’s dead, and there’s dead. It’s a relative thing.” Then she smiled again. “I could make a joke about that, you know. Something about dead relatives.”</p> <p>“No,” said Shadow. “It’s okay.”</p> <p>“So,” she said. “Which way do you want to go?”</p>	<p>Šel dál. V zatáčce se na chvílku zastavil, aby popadl dech.</p> <p>Cítil, jak mu po zádech něžně přejela čísi ruka a jemně mu prsty počechrala vlasy v zátylku.</p> <p>„Nazdárrek,“ zašeptal mu zastřený ženský hlas přes rameno.</p> <p>„Ahoj,“ odpověděl a otočil se k ní.</p> <p>Měla hnědé vlasy, tmavou pleť a její oči byly zlatě jantarové jako lahodný med. Její zorničky byly jenom svislé škvírky. „Známe se?“ zeptal se zmateně Stín.</p> <p>„Důvěrně,“ odvětila s úsměvem. „Spávala jsem na tvé posteli a moji lidé mi na tebe dávají pozor.“ Otočila se k pěšině vinoucí se před ním a ukázala na tři cesty, kterými se mohl vydat. „Tak tedy,“ řekla. „Jedna cesta tě dovede k moudrosti. Jedna cesta vede ke zdraví, spokojenosti a naplnění. A jedna cesta vede ke smrti.“</p> <p>„Řekl bych, že už jsem mrtvý,“ odušil Stín.</p> <p>„Umřel jsem na tom stromě.“</p> <p>Mňoukla. „Není mrtvý jako mrtvý. Je to relativní pojem.“ Potom se znovu usmála.</p> <p>„Mohla bych o tom vymyslet vtip. Něco o mrtvých příbuzných¹.“</p> <p>„Ne, to nemusí být,“ opáčil Stín.</p> <p>„Takže,“ zeptala se. „Kterou cestou se dáš?“</p>
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<p>“I don’t know,” he admitted.</p> <p>She tipped her head on one side, a perfectly feline gesture. Suddenly, Shadow remembered the claw marks on his shoulder. He felt himself beginning to blush. “If you trust me,” said Bast, “I can choose for you.”</p> <p>“I trust you,” he said, without hesitation.</p> <p>“Do you want to know what it’s going to cost you?”</p> <p>“I’ve already lost my name,” he told her.</p> <p>“Names come and names go. Was it worth it?”</p> <p>“Yes. Maybe. It wasn’t easy. As revelations go, it was kind of personal.”</p> <p>“All revelations are personal,” she said.</p> <p>“That’s why all revelations are suspect.”</p> <p>“I don’t understand.”</p> <p>“No,” she said, “you don’t. I’ll take your heart. We’ll need it later,” and she reached her hand deep inside his chest, and she pulled it out with something ruby and pulsing held between her sharp fingernails. It was the color of pigeon’s blood, and it was made of pure light. Rhythmically it expanded and contracted.</p> <p>She closed her hand, and it was gone.</p> <p>“Take the middle way,” she said.</p> <p>Shadow nodded, and walked on.</p> <p>The path was becoming slippery now. There was ice on the rock. The moon above him glittered through the ice crystals in the</p>	<p>„To nevím,“ přiznal.</p> <p>V brilantním kočičím pohybu naklonila hlavu na stranu. Stín si najednou vybavil škrábance na svém rameni. Cítil, jak se začíná červenat. „Jestli mi věříš,“ řekla Bastet, „můžu vybrat za tebe.“</p> <p>„Věřím,“ vydal ze sebe bez váhání.</p> <p>„Nechceš vědět, co tě to bude stát?“</p> <p>„Už jsem ztratil jméno,“ svěřil se jí.</p> <p>„Jméno sem, jméno tam. Stálo to za to?“</p> <p>„Ano. Asi. Nebylo to jednoduché. Bylo to osobní, jak už to tak u odhalení bývá.“</p> <p>„Všechna odhalení bývají osobní,“ odušila.</p> <p>„Proto jsou všechna odhalení podezřelá.“</p> <p>„Tomu nerozumím.“</p> <p>„Ne, to ne.“ řekla. „Vezmu si tvé srdce. Později je budeme potřebovat,“ vnořila ruku hluboko do jeho hrudi, a když ji vytáhla, pulzovalo jí cosi rudého mezi ostrými nehty. Mělo to barvu holubí krve a bylo to z čírého světla. Rytmicky se to rozpínalo a zase smršťovalo.</p> <p>Sevřela pěst a bylo to pryč.</p> <p>„Běž prostřední cestou,“ řekla.</p> <p>Stín přikývl a šel.</p> <p>Cesta teď byla kluzká a kameny pokryté ledem. Měsíc nad ním svítil skrz ledové krystaly ve vzduchu – kolem měsíce byla</p>
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<p>air: there was a ring about the moon, a moonbow, diffusing the light. It was beautiful, but it made walking harder. The path was unreliable.</p> <p>He reached the place where the path divided.</p> <p>He looked at the first path with a feeling of recognition. It opened into a vast chamber, or a set of chambers, like a dark museum. He knew it already. He could hear the long echoes of tiny noises. He could hear the noise that the dust makes as it settles.</p> <p>It was the place that he had dreamed of, that first night that Laura had come to him, in the motel so long ago; the endless memorial hall to the gods that were forgotten, and the ones whose very existence had been lost.</p> <p>He took a step backward.</p> <p>He walked to the path on the far side, and looked ahead. There was a Disneyland quality to the corridor: black Plexiglas walls with lights set in them. The colored lights blinked and flashed in the illusion of order, for no particular reason, like the console lights on a television starship.</p> <p>He could hear something there as well: a deep vibrating bass drone, which Shadow could feel in the pit of his stomach.</p> <p>He stopped and looked around. Neither way seemed right. Not any longer. He was done with paths. The middle way, the way the</p>	<p>záře, měsíční duha, která rozptylovala světlo. Bylo to krásné, ale znesnadňovalo to chůzi. Na cestu se nemohl spoléhat.</p> <p>Přišel až k místu, kde se pěšina rozcházela.</p> <p>Pohlédl na první cestu s pocitem, že ji zná. Ústila v obrovskou komnatu nebo více komnat, jako temné museum. Ano, znal ji. Slyšel dlouhé ozvěny tichých zvuků. Slyšel zvuk usazujícího se prachu.</p> <p>Bylo to místo, o kterém se mu zdálo tak dávno v motelu tu noc, kdy za ním poprvé přišla Laura. Nekonečná pamětní síň zapomenutých bohů a těch, jejichž existence už byla ztracená.</p> <p>Ustoupil o krok vzad.</p> <p>Přešel k cestičce u vzdálenějšího konce a nahlédl před sebe. Bylo to jako chodba v Disneylandu – černá plexiskla místo zdí, ve kterých byla zasazena světla. Barevná světélka se se zdánlivým řádem rozsvěcovala a poblíkávala, ale bez jakéhokoli důvodu, jako světla na vesmírné lodi v televizi.</p> <p>Tady také něco zaslechl – hluboké, chvějivé bzučení, při kterém se mu svíral žaludek.</p> <p>Zastavil a rozhlédl se. Ani jedna z těch cest se mu nezdála být ta pravá. Teď už ne. S cestičkami nadobro skončil. Ta prostřední</p>
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<p>cat-woman had told him to walk, that was his way. He moved toward it.</p> <p>The moon above him was beginning to fade: the edge of it was pinking and going into eclipse.</p> <p>The path was framed by a huge doorway. Shadow walked through the arch, in darkness. The air was warm, and it smelled of wet dust, like a city street after the summer's first rain.</p> <p>He was not afraid.</p> <p>Not anymore. Fear had died on the tree, as Shadow had died. There was no fear left, no hatred, no pain. Nothing left but essence.</p> <p>Something big splashed, quietly, in the distance, and the splash echoed into the vastness. He squinted, but could see nothing. It was too dark. And then, from the direction of the splashes, a ghost-light glimmered and the world took form: he was in a cavern, and in front of him, mirror-smooth, was water.</p> <p>The splashing noises came closer and the light became brighter, and Shadow waited on the shore. Soon enough a low, flat boat came into sight, a flickering white lantern burning at its raised prow, another reflected in the glassy black water several feet below it. The boat was being poled by a tall figure, and the splashing noise Shadow had heard was the sound of the pole being lifted and moved as it pushed the craft across the</p>	<p>cesta, ta, kterou mu ukázala kočka, to byla ta jeho. Přešel k ní.</p> <p>Měsíc nad ním začínal blednout, jeho okraj byl narůžovělý a začínal se zatemňovat.</p> <p>Průchod k pěšině byl ozdoben obloukem. Stín prošel klenbou do tmy. Vzduch tu byl horký a šel cítit po zvlhlém prachu, stejně jako městské ulice po prvním letním dešti.</p> <p>Nebál se.</p> <p>Už ne. Strach zemřel na stromě se Stínem. Nezbyl žádný strach, žádná zášť, ani bolest. Nezbylo už nic, než podstata.</p> <p>V dálce byl slyšet mohutný, tichý šplíchanec a jeho zvuk se rozléhal v ozvěně. Stín zamžoural tím směrem, ale nic neviděl. Byla příliš velká tma. A potom, ze směru, kde slyšel šplouchání, se něco zamihotalo slabým světlem a svět kolem nabylo obrysů. Byl v jeskyni a před ním se rozprostírala zrcadlově klidná hladina vody.</p> <p>Cákání se přibližovalo, světlo sílilo a Stín čekal u břehu. Brzy na to se ze tmy vynořila nízká loďka s třepotavým světlem bílé lucerny, která byla zavěšená na vyvýšené přídi, a druhá lucerna se odrážela na lesklé černé hladině o kus níž. Loďku řídila vysoká postava a šplouchavé zvuky, které Stín předtím slyšel, vydávalo bidlo, jak ho postava vynořovala, znovu potápěla a posouvala jím tak loďku vodami</p>
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<p>waters of the underground lake.</p> <p>“Hello there!” called Shadow. Echoes of his words suddenly surrounded him: he could imagine that a whole chorus of people were welcoming him and calling to him and each of them had his voice.</p> <p>The person poling the boat made no reply. The boat’s pilot was tall, and very thin. He—if it was a he—wore an unadorned white robe, and the pale head that topped it was so utterly inhuman that Shadow was certain that it had to be a mask of some sort: it was a bird’s head, small on a long neck, its beak long and high. Shadow was certain he had seen it before, this ghostly, birdlike figure. He grasped at the memory and then, disappointed, realized that he was picturing the clockwork penny-in-the slot machine in the House on the Rock and the pale, birdlike, half-glimpsed figure that glided out from behind the crypt for the drunkard’s soul.</p> <p>Water dripped and echoed from the pole and the prow, and the ship’s wake rippled the glassy waters. The boat was made of reeds, bound and tied.</p> <p>The boat came close to the shore. The pilot leaned on its pole. Its head turned slowly, until it was facing Shadow. “Hello,” it said, without moving its long beak. The voice was male, and, like everything else in Shadow’s afterlife so far, familiar. “Come</p>	<p>podzemního jezera vpřed.</p> <p>„Haló!“ volal Stín. Najednou jej obklopila ozvěna vlastních slov. Představil si chór, který ho vítal, volal na něj a každý člověk z chóru měl jeho hlas.</p> <p>Ten, kdo v loďce plul, však neodpovídal. Byl vysoký, velmi hubený, tedy – pokud to byl muž – měl na sobě prosté bílé roucho a hlava, která mu vyčnívala, byla tak hrozně nelidská, až si Stín pomyslel, že to musí být nějaká maska. Byla to ptačí hlava s úzkým, dlouhým krkem a velkým, vysokým zobákem. Stín si byl jistý, že tuhle přízračnou ptačí postavu už někde viděl. Zapátral v paměti a pak zklamaně zjistil, že si vybavuje jen automat na mince z Domu na skále a bledou, ptačí postavu, kterou tam letmo zahlédl, když vyklouzla zpoza hrobky, aby si vzala opilcovu duši.</p> <p>Bidlo i příď rozčeřily zrcadlovou hladinu, a kapky, které z bidla odkapávaly, po sobě zanechávaly ozvěnu. Loďka byla svázána z rákosu.</p> <p>Připlula blíž ke břehu. Lodivod se opíral o bidlo a pomalu otočil hlavu, až se se Stínem setkal pohledem. „Zdravím tě,“ řekl, aniž by pohnul zobákem. Postava měla mužský hlas, který byl Stínovi povědomý, ostatně jako všechno, s čím se ve svém posmrtném</p>
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<p>on board. You'll get your feet wet, I'm afraid, but there's not a thing can be done about that. These are old boats, and if I come in closer I could rip out the bottom."</p> <p>Shadow took off his shoes and stepped out into the water. It came halfway up his calves, and was, after the initial shock of wetness, surprisingly warm. He reached the boat, and the pilot put down a hand and pulled him aboard. The reed boat rocked a little, and water splashed over the low sides of it, and then it steadied.</p> <p>The pilot poled off away from the shore. Shadow stood there and watched, his pants legs dripping.</p> <p>"I know you," he said to the creature at the prow.</p> <p>"You do indeed," said the boatman. The oil lamp that hung at the front of the boat burned more fitfully, and the smoke from the lamp made Shadow cough. "You worked for me. I'm afraid we had to inter Lila Goodchild without you." The voice was fussy and precise.</p> <p>The smoke stung Shadow's eyes. He wiped the tears away with his hand, and, through the smoke, he thought he saw a tall man in a suit, with gold-rimmed spectacles. The smoke cleared and the boatman was once more a half-human creature with the head of a river bird.</p> <p>"Mister Ibis?"</p>	<p>životě doposud setkal. „Nastup si. Budeš si muset namočit nohy, ale nedá se nic dělat. Čluny jsou už staré, a kdybych připlul blíž, mohl bych utrhnout dno.“</p> <p>Stín se vyzul a odvážil se do vody. Sahala mu do půli lýtek, a když překonal prvotní šok z mokra, byla překvapivě teplá. Když došel až k lodi, natáhl lodivod ruku a vytáhl ho na ni. Jak se loďka mírně zakolébala, cákla do ní přes nízké okraje voda, a potom se zase vyrovnala.</p> <p>Postava odrazila loďku od břehu. Stín tam stál s mokkými nohavicemi, ze kterých kapala voda, a pozoroval.</p> <p>„Já vás znám,“ oslovil bytost, která stála u příďě.</p> <p>„Jistě, že znáš,“ odpověděl převozník. Petrolejová lampa, která visela vpředu na lodi, začala poblikávat a kouř z plamínku donutil Stína ke kašli. „Pracoval jsi u mě. Lilu Goodchildovou jsme museli, bohužel, pohřbít bez tebe.“ Mluvil přísně a pečlivě.</p> <p>Kouř štípal Stína v očích. Jak si otíral rukou slzy, zdálo se mu, že skrz dým uviděl vysokého muže v obleku s brýlemi se zlatými obroučkami. Kouř se vytratil a na loďce opět stála napůl lidská bytost s hlavou říčního ptáka.</p> <p>„Pane Ibisí?“</p>
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<p>“Good to see you,” said the creature, with Mr. Ibis’s voice. “Do you know what a psychopomp is?”</p> <p>Shadow thought he knew the word, but it had been a long time. He shook his head.</p> <p>“It’s a fancy term for an escort,” said Mr. Ibis. “We all have so many functions, so many ways of existing. In my own vision of myself, I am scholar who lives quietly, and pens his little tales, and dreams about a past that may or may not ever have existed. And that is true, as far as it goes. But I am also, in one of my capacities, like so many of the people you have chosen to associate with, a psychopomp. I escort the living to the world of the dead.”</p> <p>“I thought this was the world of the dead,” said Shadow.</p> <p>“No. Not per se. It’s more of a preliminary.”</p> <p>The boat slipped and slid across the mirror-surface of the underground pool. And then Mr. Ibis said, without moving its beak, “You people talk about the living and the dead as if they were two mutually exclusive categories. As if you cannot have a river that is also a road, or a song that is also a color.”</p> <p>“You can’t,” said Shadow. “Can you?” The echoes whispered his words back at him from across the pool.</p>	<p>„Rád tě vidím,“ řekla bytost hlasem, pana Ibise. „Víš, co to znamená psychopompos?“</p> <p>Stín měl pocit, že to slovo už někdy slyšel, ale bylo to už hodně dávno. Zakroutil hlavou.</p> <p>„Je to honosnější výraz pro průvodce,“ odpověděl pan Ibis. „Všichni tu zastáváme mnoho úloh a máme mnoho způsobů žití. Já vidím sám sebe jako učence, který si žije v tichosti, sepisuje krátké příběhy a sní o minulosti, jež možná někdy byla a možná se nikdy ani nestala. A také to tak je. Ale k mým způsobům se, mimo jiné, řadí i úloha psychopompa, stejně jako to dělá mnoho lidí, se kterými ses rozhodl trávit čas. Doprovázím živé do světa mrtvých.“</p> <p>„Myslel jsem, že tohle je svět mrtvých,“ podivil se stín.</p> <p>„Ne. Ne sám o sobě. Tohle je spíš jen taková uvítací hala.“</p> <p>Loďka zvolna klouzala po klidné hladině podzemního jezírka. A potom pan Ibis bez pohnutí zobáku poznamenal, „Vy, lidé, hovoříte o živých a mrtvých, jako by to byly dvě vzájemně se vylučující kategorie. Jako kdybyste nemohli mít řeku, která by byla zároveň cestou nebo píseň, která by byla barvou.“</p> <p>„To nejde,“ protestoval Stín. „Nebo ano?“</p> <p>Přes jezero mu ozvěny šeptem opakovaly jeho vlastní slova.</p>
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<p>“What you have to remember,” said Mr. Ibis, testily, “is that life and death are different sides of the same coin. Like the heads and tails of a quarter.”</p> <p>“And if I had a double-headed quarter?”</p> <p>“You don’t.”</p> <p>Shadow had a frisson, then, as they crossed the dark water. He imagined he could see the faces of children staring up at him reproachfully from beneath the water’s glassy surface: their faces were waterlogged and softened, their blind eyes clouded. There was no wind in that underground cavern to disturb the black surface of the lake.</p> <p>“So I’m dead,” said Shadow. He was getting used to the idea. “Or I’m going to be dead.”</p> <p>“We are on our way to the Hall of the Dead. I requested that I be the one to come for you.”</p> <p>“Why?”</p> <p>“You were a hard worker. Why not?”</p> <p>“Because ...” Shadow marshaled his thoughts. “Because I never believed in you. Because I don’t know much about Egyptian mythology. Because I didn’t expect this. What happened to Saint Peter and the Pearly Gates?”</p> <p>The long-beaked white head shook from side to side, gravely. “It doesn’t matter that you didn’t believe in us,” said Mr. Ibis.</p>	<p>„Měl by sis zapamatovat,“ odvětil podrážděně pan Ibis, „že život a smrt jsou dvě strany jedné mince, panna a orel.“</p> <p>„A kdybych měl minci, kde jsou panny na obou stranách?“</p> <p>„Nemáš.“</p> <p>Stína zamrazilo, když proplouvali temnou vodou. Zdálo se mu, že vidí dětské tváře, jak na něj z pod lesklé hladiny vyčítavě hledí. Tváře byly změkklé a napuchlé a jejich nevidomé oči se mračily. V té podzemní jeskyni nefoukal žádný vítr, který by rozvířil černé vody jezera.</p> <p>„Takže jsem mrtvý,“ řekl Stín. Už si na tu představu začal pomalu zvykat. „Nebo za chvíli mrtvý budu.“</p> <p>„Plujeme do Síně mrtvých. Vyžádal jsem si, abych to byl právě já, kdo pro tebe přípluje.“</p> <p>„Proč?“</p> <p>„Tvrdě jsi pracoval. Proč ne?“</p> <p>„Protože...“ Stín si srovnával myšlenky. „Protože jsem ve vás nikdy nevěřil. Protože o egyptské mytologii skoro nic nevím. Protože jsem to nečekal. Co se stalo se svatým Petrem a Nebeskou branou?“</p> <p>Bílá hlava s dlouhým zobákem vážně zakroutila hlavou ze strany na stranu. „Na tom, že jsi v nás nevěřil, nezáleží,“ opáčil</p>
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<p>“We believed in you.”</p> <p>The boat touched bottom. Mr. Ibis stepped off the side, into the pool, and told Shadow to do the same. Mr. Ibis took a line from the prow of the boat, and passed Shadow the lantern to carry. It was in the shape of a crescent moon. They walked ashore, and Mr. Ibis tied the boat to a metal ring set in the rock floor. Then he took the lamp from Shadow and walked swiftly forward, holding the lamp high as he walked, throwing vast shadows across the rock floor and the high rock walls.</p> <p>“Are you scared?” asked Mr. Ibis.</p> <p>“Not really.”</p> <p>“Well, try to cultivate the emotions of true awe and spiritual terror, as we walk. They are the appropriate feelings for the situation at hand.”</p> <p>Shadow was not scared. He was interested, and apprehensive, but no more. He was not scared of the shifting darkness, nor of being dead, nor even of the dog-headed creature the size of a grain silo who stared at them as they approached. It growled, deep in its throat, and Shadow felt his neck hairs prickle.</p> <p>“Shadow,” it said. “Now is the time of judgment.”</p> <p>Shadow looked up the creature. “Mr. Jacquel?” he said.</p> <p>The hands of Anubis came down, huge dark</p>	<p>pan Ibis. „My jsme věřili v tebe.“</p> <p>Lodřka zavadila o dno. Pan Ibis z ní vystoupil, šlápl do jezírka a pokynul Stínovi, aby ho následoval. Pan Ibis se chopil provazu, který byl u přídi, a Stínovi podal lucernu ve tvaru srpku měsíce. Kráčeli při břehu a pan Ibis uvázal lodřku k železnému kruhu, který byl přibitý ke kamenné zemi. Pak si vzal od Stína lucernu a svižně vykročil vpřed. Při chůzi držel lampu vysoko, takže na kamennou zemi i zdi vrhala ohromné stíny.</p> <p>„Máš strach?“ zeptal se pan Ibis.</p> <p>„Ani ne.“</p> <p>„Tak si v sobě během chůze zkus navodit pocity opravdové posvátné bázně a duchovní hrůzy. Protože to jsou pro tuhle chvíli ty správné pocity.“</p> <p>Stín se nebál. Znepokojovalo ho to a zajímalo zároveň, ale nic víc. Neměl strach z měnicí se temnoty ani z toho, že byl mrtvý, ani z příšery velikosti stodoly, se psí hlavou, která na ně zírala, když procházeli. Vyдалa ze sebe hluboké hrdelní zavrčení, až Stín cítil, jak se mu postavily chlupy v zátylku.</p> <p>„Stíne,“ řekla. „nadešel čas zúčtování.“</p> <p>Stín vzhlédl vzhůru ke stvoření. „Pane Jacquele?“ vydechl.</p> <p>Anubis svýma obrovskýmá tmavýma</p>
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<p>hands, and they picked Shadow up and brought him close.</p> <p>The jackal head examined him with bright and glittering eyes; examined him as dispassionately as Mr. Jacquel had examined the dead girl on the slab. Shadow knew that all his faults, all his failings, all his weaknesses were being taken out and weighed and measured; that he was, in some way, being dissected, and sliced, and tasted.</p> <p>We do not always remember the things that do no credit to us. We justify them, cover them in bright lies or with the thick dust of forgetfulness. All of the things that Shadow had done in his life of which he was not proud, all the things he wished he had done otherwise or left undone, came at him then in a swirling storm of guilt and regret and shame, and he had nowhere to hide from them. He was as naked and as open as a corpse on a table, and dark Anubis the jackal god was his prosecutor and his prosecutor and his persecutor.</p> <p>“Please,” said Shadow. “Please stop.”</p> <p>But the examination did not stop. Every lie he had ever told, every object he had stolen, every hurt he had inflicted on another person, all the little crimes and the tiny murders that make up the day, each of these things and more were extracted and held up to the light by the jackal-headed judge of</p>	<p>rukama sáhl dolů a vyzvedl si Stína blíž k sobě.</p> <p>Šakalí hlava si ho měřila světlýma zářivýma očima. Zkoumala ho se stejným klidem, jako zkoumal pan Jacquel mrtvou dívku na pitevním stole. Stín věděl, že právě vycházejí na povrch všechny jeho viny, všechny nedostatky, všechny slabiny, a že se všechny váží a měří, že ho Anubis tak nějak pitvá, krájí a ochutnává.</p> <p>Ne vždycky si pamatujeme všechny své prohřešky. Ospravedlňujeme je, halíme do příjemnějších lží nebo pohřbíváme pod tlustou vrstvou prachu zapomnění. Všechny ty činy, které Stín kdy vykonal, a na které nebyl zrovna pyšný, všechny ty skutky, o kterých si přál, aby je udělal jinak, nebo je raději neudělal vůbec, se mu vracely ve vířivé bouři viny, lítosti a hanby a on se před nimi nemohl schovat. Byl nahý a otevřený, stejně jako mrtvola na stole, a tmavý Anubis, šakalí bůh, mu byl žalobcem, zástupcem i vyšetřovatelem.</p> <p>„Prosím,“ naříkal Stín. „Prosím, nechte toho.“</p> <p>Ale prohlídka neskončila. Každá lež, kterou kdy řekl, všechny předměty, které kdy ukradl, každičká bolest, kterou kdy komu způsobil, všechny ty drobné zločiny a malé vraždy, které dělají den, všechny tyto prohřešky a ještě mnohem víc, vyjmul soudce s šakalí hlavou ven a ony vyšly na</p>
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<p>the dead.</p> <p>Shadow began to weep, painfully, in the palm of the dark god's hand. He was a tiny child again, as helpless and as powerless as he had ever been.</p> <p>And then, without warning, it was over. Shadow panted, and sobbed, and snot streamed from his nose; he still felt helpless, but the hands placed him, carefully, almost tenderly, down on the rock floor.</p> <p>"Who has his heart?" growled Anubis.</p> <p>"I do," purred a woman's voice. Shadow looked up. Bast was standing there beside the thing that was no longer Mr. Ibis, and she held Shadow's heart in her right hand. It lit her face with a ruby light.</p> <p>"Give it to me," said Thoth, the Ibis-headed god, and he took the heart in his hands, which were not human hands, and he glided forward.</p> <p>Anubis placed a pair of golden scales in front of him.</p> <p>"So is this where we find out what I get?" whispered Shadow to Bast. "Heaven? Hell? Purgatory?"</p> <p>"If the feather balances," she said, "you get to choose your own destination."</p> <p>"And if not?"</p> <p>She shrugged, as if the subject made her uncomfortable. Then she said, "Then we feed your heart and your soul to Ammet, the</p>	<p>světlo.</p> <p>Stín začal v dlani tmavého boha bolestivě naříkat. Zase byl jen malé dítě, víc bezradné a bezmocné, než kdykoli předtím.</p> <p>A pak, z ničeho nic, bylo po všem. Stín těžce oddechoval, vzlykal a teklo mu z nosu. Pořád se ještě cítil bezmocný, ale ruce ho opatrně, skoro až láskyplně, postavily dolů, na kamennou zem.</p> <p>„Kdo má jeho srdce?“ zavrčel Anubis.</p> <p>„Já,“ zapředl ženský hlas. Stín vzhlédl. Bastet stála hned vedle toho, co bývalo pan Ibis a v pravé ruce držela Stínovo srdce. Jeho rubínová červeň jí ozařovala obličej.</p> <p>„Dej mi je,“ řekl Thovt, bůh s hlavou Ibise, vzal srdce do svých nelidských dlaní a proplul vpřed.</p> <p>Anubis před něj postavil zlaté váhy.</p> <p>„Takže tady se dozvím svůj rozsudek?“ zašeptal Stín Bastet. „Jestli půjdu do nebe, do pekla nebo očistce?“</p> <p>„Když bude pero v rovnováze se srdcem,“ odpověděla, „můžeš si zvolit svůj osud.“</p> <p>„A když nebude?“</p> <p>Nahrbila se, jako kdyby se jí o tom ani nechtělo mluvit. Pak řekla, „Pak dostane tvé srdce i duši Amemait, požiračka</p>
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<p>Eater of Souls . . .”</p> <p>“Maybe,” he said. “Maybe I can get some kind of a happy ending.”</p> <p>“Not only are there no happy endings,” she told him. “There aren’t even any endings.”</p> <p>On one of the pans of the scales, carefully, reverently, Anubis placed a feather.</p> <p>Anubis put Shadow’s heart on the other pan of the scales. Something moved in the shadows under the scale, something it made Shadow uncomfortable to examine too closely.</p> <p>It was a heavy feather, but Shadow had a heavy heart, and the scales tipped and swung worryingly.</p> <p>But they balanced, in the end, and the creature in the shadows skulked away, unsatisfied.</p> <p>“So that’s that,” said Bast, wistfully. “Just another skull for the pile. It’s a pity. I had hoped that you would do some good, in the current troubles. It’s like watching a slow-motion car crash and being powerless to prevent it.”</p> <p>“You won’t be there?”</p> <p>She shook her head. “I don’t like other people picking my battles for me,” she said.</p> <p>There was silence then, in the vasty hall of death, where it echoed of water and the dark. Shadow said, “So now I get to choose where I go next?”</p>	<p>srdcí...“</p> <p>„Možná,“ zamyslel se. „Možná, že přece jen můžu dojít určitým způsobem ke šťastnému konci.“</p> <p>„Nejen, že nejsou žádné šťastné konce,“ odvětila. „Nejsou totiž žádné konce.“</p> <p>Anubis se zbožnou úctou položil na jednu misku vah pero pravdy a na druhou misku umístil Stínovo srdce.</p> <p>Ve stínech pod vahami se něco pohnulo, něco, co se Stínovi moc nechtělo poznat blíž.</p> <p>Pero bylo těžké, ale Stínovo srdce také a váhy se až znepokojivě naklonily a zhouply.</p> <p>Nakonec se ale přece jen vyvážily a tvor ve stínech zase nespokojeně zalezl.</p> <p>„Tak a je to,“ řekla posmutněle Bastet.</p> <p>„Zase jen další přírůstek na hromadě kostí. Škoda. Doufala jsem, že nám v této patálii k něčemu budeš. Je to jako pozorovat autonehodu ve zpomaleném záběru a nemoci jí předejít.“</p> <p>„Ty tam nebudeš?“</p> <p>Zakroutila hlavou. „Nemám ráda, když mi někdo říká kdy a za co bojovat.“</p> <p>Potom nastalo v majestátní síni smrti ticho a rozléhala se jen ozvěna odkapávající vody a tma. Stín promluvil, „Takže teď se můžu rozhodnout, kam chci jít dál?“</p>
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<p>“Choose,” said Thoth. “Or we can choose for you.”</p> <p>“No,” said Shadow. “It’s okay. It’s my choice.”</p> <p>“Well?” roared Anubis.</p> <p>“I want to rest now,” said Shadow. “That’s what I want. I want nothing. No heaven, no hell, no anything. Just let it end.”</p> <p>“You’re certain?” asked Thoth.</p> <p>“Yes,” said Shadow.</p> <p>Mr. Jacquel opened the last door for Shadow, and behind that door there was nothing. Not darkness. Not even oblivion. Only nothing. Shadow accepted it, completely and without reservation, and he walked through the door into nothing with a strange fierce joy.</p>	<p>„Vyber si, anebo my můžeme vybrat za tebe,“ odpověděl Thovt.</p> <p>„Ne,“ opáčil Stín. „Není třeba. Tohle je moje rozhodnutí.“</p> <p>„Takže?“ zahřměl Anubis.</p> <p>„Chci už odpočívat,“ řekl Stín. „To je to, co chci. Nechci nic. Žádný ráj, žádné peklo, nic. Chci prostě konec.“</p> <p>„Jsi si jistý?“ zeptal se Thovt.</p> <p>„Jsem,“ přitakal Stín.</p> <p>Pan Jacquel otevřel Stínovi poslední dveře a za těmi dveřmi nebylo nic. Ne tma. Ne zapomnění. Prostě nic.</p> <p>Stín to absolutně a bezvýhradně přijal a prošel dveřmi do toho nic se zvláštní bouřlivou radostí.</p>
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II. THEORETICAL PART - ANALYSES

3 CONCEPT OF TRANSLATION

It could be said that translating is as old as a mankind itself because before a written translation, there was an oral one which was passed from one person to another. The main purpose of the translation is “to replace an original text with another text” (House, 2009, p. 3). It means that a person who translates the text has to bear in mind not only the source language but also the target language, its culture and other things to make the translation readable.

As in the past, the source language was translated to be literally aesthetic, the second half of the 20st century comes with the linguistic approach. Neither of these ways is the perfect one. In the past, e.g. in the Middle Ages, the translators did not address the question of the equivalence that much and therefore the translations differed from the original texts very often, on the other hand, they were aesthetic and easier to read. Unlike the distant past, in the second half of 20st century, the texts were translated very precisely and therefore the source language might be more difficult to read and understand because the text contained too much from the source language, concerning culture, language, sentence structure, etc. In these days, the ways of translating are far more pragmatic (Knittlová, 2003, p. 5).

3.1 Types of Translation

The translated text has to meet a lot of requirements to be adequate to the original text. It needs to be beard in mind the fact that the translation should not be perceived as a translation but as an original text. The recipient does not perceive the amount of decisions and dilemmas which the translator has to make. The good translation can be recognized according to that that the recipient does not recognize that he/she reads the translation. According to Grygová, a quality translation has to meet at least three fundamental criteria:

- a) the target language looks absolutely natural,
- b) the final target text carries the exact same meaning (or it is very close to the original meaning) as the source language and it has the same effect on the reader as the source language had,
- c) the target language preserves the dynamic of the source language – the translation should elicit the same response as the source text (Knittlová et al., 2010, p. 14).

According to Jakobson (1971) there are three types of translation:

- a) Intralingual translation which uses e.g. the inner notes or the repetition of something that was already mentioned in other words. It can be said that it is a process of synonymy – be it lexical or syntactic.
- b) Inter-semiotic translation – it is quite common process we do not even realize when communicating and as an example it can be mentioned the reading and interpreting of various displays, watches, etc.
- c) Interlingual translation means that an message expressed in source language is being transformed into target language.

In this thesis, however, only the interlingual translation should be considered.

3.2 Interpretation of the text and the translation itself

Apparently, the first thing what the translator has to do is to read the text. According to Newmark (1988, p.11), the translator has to read the source language text for two purposes “first, to understand what it is about; second, to analyze it from a translator’s point of view...” The text needs to be read both in general way as well as in very close way. The general reading provides a core of the text, on the other hand, the close reading should be done for better understanding, eliminating the more difficult passages, recognizing idioms, neologisms, etc. and dealing with them. Even two different actions might be described using the same words and it is up to the translator to recognize what the author meant by it, when e.g. using the passive voice, sometimes the mentioned intention could be influenced by the subjective perception, though. Translator should be always aware of the fact that there might be some kind of joke or irony and his job is to find it but of course, sometimes, the joke sneaks without being noticed. In source text, there might be a sentence which intention is to be ironic but the translator does not notice and at the end, the meaning might be changed.

In this bachelor thesis, we focus on the literal translation where the interpretation is extremely important, though we should not equate it with the translation itself. As mentioned before, there are usually several ways of understanding and interpreting the text and cause of this might be the ambiguity of the meaning. The translator’s approach to the text should be active, he or she should be keen it (Hrdlička 2003, p. 27). The translator puts his/her subject into the text and the process of interpretation is up to him/her. Nevertheless, when translating, the interpretation has to be well considered and the translator ought to

avoid the unwarranted interferences to the text. The text has not the same effect on the different readers. Different interpretations can be stand and are legitimate if they are in certain boundary of the interpretation rate (p. 29).

3.2.1 Inadequate interpretation

When talking about interpretation, it is important to say that there also exists an inadequate interpretation. Hrdlička (2003) states that for inadequate interpretation, there might be causes like e.g. the wrong interpretation of the original piece of work which can be caused by the lack of distance from it; incomprehension of the work as a whole, meaning the over-translation or under-translation or by the separation of the contents from the style.

Gaiman´s original text	Vojtková´s translation	My translation (p. 15,16)
(1a) He turned, slowly, and stared into the gray-brown face and pointed ears of a squirrel.	(1b) Pomalu se otočil a hleděl do šedohnědého obličejje a korálkových očí veverky.	(1c) Pomalu se otočil a hleděl na veverku s šedohnědým obličejíkem a špičatýma ušima . (p. 15)
(1d) “If you had invoked me before you began this journey, perhaps some of your troubles might have been avoided.”	(1e) „Kdybys mě byl býval vzýval předtím, než ses vydal na tuto cestu, možná by ses byl vyhnul některým ze svých strážní.“	(1f) „Kdyby sis mě zavolal ještě před začátkem celého toho dobrodružství, mohl sis hodně problémů ušetřit.“ (p. 16)
(1g) The stars wheeled, and he passed his hundred hands over the glittering stars, palming them, switching them , vanishing them . . .	(1h) Hvězdy se roztočily a on svou rukou přejížděl přes ty nebeské jiskry, palmoval je, vypínal je , nechával je mizet...	(1i) Nad ním kroužily zářivé hvězdy a on je míjel svými sty rukou, skrýval je do dlaní, přesouval je z jedné do druhé a nechával je zmizet... (p. 23)

In the example, we can see the different interpretation of the original text. In the example (1a), we deal with *pointed ears*, where Vojtková used her translation (1b) as *korálkové oči*, whereas I decided to keep the exact same meaning as the original (1c) – *špičaté uši*. In Vojtková´s case, it might be either just a mistranslation or it could be an

intention to change the meaning of the word. The second sentence (1d), as I understood it, should be a mockery and that is why I tried to use a little ironic tone (1f), on the other hand, Vojtková perceives it as a statement from a god and therefore she uses more noble translation (1e). Another example where my interpretation does not correspond with the original translation is (1g). Vojtková in (1h) used the verb *vypínat*, whereas my translation, as I demonstrate in (1i), is *přesouvat*. The meaning of these the verb is the same, and, as almost always, it is the context that gives us the clue how to translate the certain terms. For in the book, Shadow does tricks with coins and moved them from one palm to the other without a viewer noticing it, I assumed that this was what the author meant with the stars – Shadow did not turn the stars off, he took them into the palms, moved them from one to another, and, at the end, he let them disappear. Note also the word *palming* – as demonstrated, I decided not to use *palmovat* for I do not think people are familiar with this term, at least not those who do not make the tricks. In my opinion, the reader would be confused and it is better to transform the word into Czech language.

4 THE QUESTION OF EQUIVALENCE

When it is said that some things are equivalent, it does not have to mean that they are identical but they, at least, have to have something in common. (House, 2010, p. 29).

Peter Newmark (1988, p. 48) in his *Textbook of Translation* states: “As I see it, ‘equivalence effect’ is the desirable *result*, rather than the *aim* of any translation, bearing in mind that it is an unlikely result in two cases: (a) if the purpose of the SL text is to affect and the TL translation is to inform (or vice versa); (b) if there is a pronounced cultural gap between the SL and the TL text.”

The equivalence is not only desirable, it is essential and it is applicable on any kind of text, be it communicative or informative. When translating a communicative text, it is easier to create equivalence effect rather than the semantic translation, based on the reader’s level of language and knowledge (ibid.).

“I have dealt at length with the 'equivalent effect' principle because it is an important translation concept which has a degree of application to any type of text, but not the same degree of importance,” declares Newmark (p.49).

There are many types of equivalence, to name just some of them, we could mention for example the concept of Nida’s (1964) formal and dynamic equivalence point of view, on the other hand, Baker works with the equivalence grammatical, textual, pragmatic, and some others (Baker, 1992). Since in this bachelor thesis, we focused on the translation of the literal text, we should pay a special attention to the lexical equivalence.

4.1 Lexical equivalence

According to Knittlová (2003, p. 33), there are three types of equivalence and I will try and deal with these in this chapter with the references to the practical part of this bachelor theses.

4.1.1 Absolute equivalence

The absolute equivalences are usually used with persons, parts of the body, objects from the nearest surroundings and from the more distant surroundings, animals, time period, and also the abstracts which have the straight relation to a person. Words with absolute equivalences are mainly those which have definite denotative meaning, thus express the same or similar object. On the other hand, to some extent, even the words with more or many possible equivalences might be named as the absolute equivalence. Those

are words which have been monosemous through context, be it grammatical or lexical, situational or pragmatic (Knittlová, 2003, p. 33-34).

Gaiman's original text	My translation
(2a) Time passed.	(2b) Čas plynul.
(2c) He opened his mouth to catch the rain as it fell, moistening his cracked lips and his dry tongue , wetting the ropes that bound him to the trunk of the tree.	(2d) Otevřel ústa , aby zachytil padající déšť, který promočil provazy, jimiž byl ke kmenu připoután, a navlhčil si tak okoralé rty a suchý jazyk .
(2e) "Thank you. It bought you your liberty twice,"	(2f) „Děkuji. Dvakrát ti přinesl svobodu ,“
(2g) He slept .	(2h) Spal .
(2i) A strange joy rose within Shadow then, and he started laughing as the rain washed his naked skin	(2j) Stín pocítil zvláštní radost a v dešti, který omýval jeho nahou kůži, se začal hlasitě smát .

In the table above, there are just some examples of the absolute equivalences. As mentioned, the perfect example of the absolute equivalences can be parts of body, as we can see in (2b,c) (*mouth : ústa, lips : rty, and tongue : jazyk*) but also some verbs. Knittlová (2010, p. 40-41) claims that because Czech belongs to Slavic languages, we should be aware the fact that those verbs carries more information than an English verb. Translators who work with Czech language should always remember that and should use the variety of Czech language. For there might be so many words which could be use in Czech, sometimes, it gets difficult for us to find a word and say if it has an absolute equivalence or not. As for verbs, it could be said that the absolute equivalence have active verbs and those which denote the human activities. As an example, we can see in (2g,h) the verb *sleep : spát* and *laugh : smát se*.

Here, we do not display Vojtková's translation since we do not differ in these examples.

4.1.2 Partial equivalence

According to Knittlová, English and Czech are dissimilar not only typologically but also cultural, historical, socially and geographically, and therefore they have to be different

concerning collocations, phraseology, etc. As mentioned above, there are not many absolute equivalences, on the other hand, the partial equivalences are more common.

Knittlová states that we should be aware of these differences:

- a) formal,
- b) denotative,
- c) connotative,
- d) pragmatic.

Usually, the differences occur in combinations, they are unlikely to be found as the only type. (Knittlová, 2010, p. 41).

4.1.2.1 Formal difference

In this paragraph, we are going to deal with formal differences. Unlike the Czech language, English is from those which use more words to express something and also is more explicit. The perfect example of this might be the English phrasal verbs which are expressed e.g. with verb and preposition but in Czech, we translate them as a single word. In the example below we can see that not only English phrasal verbs contain two and more words, but also some classifying substantives do.

Gaiman's original text	Vojtková's translation	My translation
(4a) His life was laid out below him, on the motel-sheet shroud:	(4b) Jeho život byl rozložen dole pod ním, na rubáši z motelového prostěradla:	(4c) Jeho vlastní život byl rozložen pod ním, na rubáši z motelového prostěradla. (p.20)
(4d) "You bribed the organist to change from playing the Wedding March to the theme song from Scooby-Doo as you walked toward me down the aisle . Do you remember?"	(4e) "Naše svatba. Podplatila jsi varhaníka, aby ti na cestu k oltáři místo Svatebního pochodu zahrál hlavní melodii ze Scooby-Doo. Pamatuješ?"	(4f) „Naše svatba,“ odpověděl. „Uplatila jsi varhaníka, aby místo svatebního pochodu zahrál znělku ze Scooby-Dooa, když jsi ke mně kráčela uličkou . Vzpomínáš?“ (p.20)
(4g)... carrying a brown supermarket bag filled with	(4h)... ponese hnědou tašku ze supermarketu nacpanou	(4i)... ponese si hnědou nákupní tašku, naplněnou

twenty-dollar bills.	dvacetidolarovými bankovkami.	dvacetidolarovými bankovkami. (p.35)
(4j) “I’m hungry,” said the madman .	(4k) “Já mám,” řekl blázen .	(4l) „Já mám hlad,“ řekl pomatenec . (p.25)

As another example of formal difference, we could mention the explicitness. English, as the more explicit language shows more expressed information. In Czech, we do not have the possibility to express something in the same way, meaning semantics structures, as English language, in Czech, we usually have to add something extra – *Moonlight : Svítíl měsíc* (p. 26).

4.1.2.2 Denotative meaning

“The semantic difference, concerning the denotative components, is about diverse approach to the designation in the given languages, the levels of abstraction, perceiving the reality and emphasizing of different features. Nevertheless, the meaning is the same, so the denotative information remains unchanged,”² (Knittlová, 2010, p. 47, the Czech original is to be found in the footnote). Knittlová distinguishes between two types of denotative meanings – specification and generalization.

“The most frequent semantic difference between the English original and the Czech equivalence consists in the fact that this Czech equivalence includes an added semantic information, so we speak about specification, about the substitution with the hyponymy. The opposite procedure is less frequent and this method use the generalization, in other words the substitution with hyperonymy,”³ (ibid., the Czech original is to be found in the footnote)

In the examples below, there are few highlighted verbs we use the specification in Czech language. As the suggested translation does not differ from Vojtková’s translation too much, we are going to focus only on the original text and the new translation, for demonstration the denotative meaning.

Gaiman’s original text	My translation
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(5a) There was not long to go . He knew that, too.	(5b) Moc času mu nezbývalo . To věděl taky. (p. 23)
(5c) He walked away from that place ...	(5d) Opustil to místo, ... (p. 34)
(5e) He felt a hand run gently up his back...	(5f) Cítil, jak mu po zádech něžně přejela čísi ruka... (p. 38)
(5g) He began to struggle, then, pulling at the ropes, flailing his body, trying to get down, to get free, to get away .	(5h) Začal zápasit s provazy, tahal za ně, zmítal se a snažil se dostat dolů, vysvobodit, utéct . (p. 21).

As I was dealing with the novel, where people addressed each other, I often came across the verb *say*, as it is demonstrated in (6a,c,f). This word relates to the communicative verbs and these are used very often. In Czech language, *say* has several equivalents, such as *říkat*, *řici*, *povídat*, and some others which are taken from the communication itself. Similar to this verb is *tell*, as we can see in (6h,j), it is not used so frequently, though (Knittlová, 2010, p. 56).

Gaiman's original text	My translation
(6a) He felt the spring of the woman called Urd, which is to say , Past.	(6b) Cítil pramen ženy, jejíž jméno je Urd a znamená Minulost. (p. 22)
(6c) The madman stared at the ground below them intently, saying nothing .	(6d) Blázen soustředěně zíral do země pod nimi a mlčel . (p. 24)
(6f) Shadow felt he had to say something.	(6g) Stín cítil, že by měl něco říct . (p. 24)
(6h) ...and then, in seconds, or minutes, or hours, Shadow could not tell which...	(6i) ...a potom, za pár vteřin, minut nebo hodin, což Stín nedokázal dost dobře určit ... (p. 21)
(6j) “ Tell them . . . tell them I said to give you water . . .”	(6k) „ Pověz jim... pověz jim, že jsem řekl, ať ti dají vodu...“ (p. 28)

The perceptual verbs, as *see* which is mainly translated as absolute equivalence *vidět*, can be also specified. In the example (7a), it is shown that even a verb which seems to be an absolute equivalence, has a different denotative meaning, as (7b) proves.

Gaiman's original text	My translation
(7a) Shadow could see that at a glance.	(7b) Stín to poznal na první pohled. (p. 24)
(7c) Shadow could not decide whether he was looking at a moon the size of a dollar, a foot above his head, or whether he was looking at a moon the size of the Pacific Ocean, many thousands of miles away.	(7d) Stín se nemohl rozhodnout, jestli se dívá na měsíc o velikosti dolaru, kousek nad svojí hlavou, nebo jestli pozoruje měsíc velký jako Tichý oceán, vzdálený tisíce kilometrů. (p. 31)
(7e) Shadow knows without hearing the words what they're arguing about:	(7f) Stín věděl, o co v roztržce jde, aniž by zaslechl jediné slovo. (p. 36)

The same can be said about mental conditions – the verb *know* means not only *vědět*, *znát*, but also it express *dozvědět se*, *přijít na něco*, *poznat*, *uvědomit si*. Also the verb *learn* can be translated as *učit se*, as well as *pochopit*, *dozvědět se*. This can be seen in the example (8a,b,c,d).

Gaiman's original text	My translation
(8a) In close-up, he learned , a squirrel looks a lot less cute than it does from a distance.	(8b) Všiml si, že veverka z blízka rozhodně nevypadá tak rozkošně jako z dálky. (p. 14)
(8c) But once you learn your answers, you can never unlearn them.	(8d) Když už se je ale jednou dozvíš , tak to bude navždy. (p. 30)

The predicative verbs are another common case. Widely used but quite general verb *make* have many equivalents in the Czech language which are more specific. In the example (9a) we can see how the predicative *make* is used with different situations in English, while in (9b), there is a translation using different predicative verbs.

Gaiman's original text	My translation
(9a) "One way will make you wise . One way will make you whole . And one way will kill you."	(9b), „Jedna cesta tě dovede k moudrosti . Jedna cesta vede ke zdraví, spokojenosti a naplnění . A jedna cesta vede ke smrti.“ (p. 38)

We already dealt with the specification and now we will focus on the opposite procedure which is the generalization, that is the reduction of the semantic constituents or increase of the abstraction, or substitution with the hyperonymy. Referring to Czech, this method is less common than the specification. Generalization is mostly used with nouns and sometimes solves the question of zero equivalence. The unknown Czech word is replaced by the more general one. It might happen that the translator skips the specification for no reason. As for verbs, the semantic constituent may be sometimes left out in the Czech equivalence but, on the whole, these cases are rare (ibid.)

Gaiman's original text	My translation
(10a) He clambered downward, half jumping, half vaulting from step to step.	(10b) Pustil se dolů, musel napůl seskakovat a napůl se skutálet z jednoho schodu na druhý. (p. 29)

4.1.2.3 Connotative meaning

In this section, we are going to deal with connotative meaning, for it is very important part of translating and every single translator has to bear in mind its presence. Knittlová (2003, p. 55) distinguishes between two types of connotative meanings, those are stylistic and expressive. In this thesis, we will concentrate on the expressive connotations. This area might be quite subjective and it is up to the translator's emotions, the situation and his/her character.

In the novel *American Gods*, there are not too many words which have been meant to feel emotionally straight away. In the text, we are more likely to find those that keep the communicative function and only then there is the emotional aspect. In following paragraphs, we are going to concentrate on the expressive connotation and stylistic

connotation in more detailed way and the ideas will also be supported by the chosen examples from the practical part.

Expressive Connotation

Concerning the expressive connotation, Czech translator quite often uses diminutives – it is the subjective matter but sometimes it is required by the text. The translator has to intuit where the diminutive should be used to express the information it should have expressed. Moreover, the diminutives not always refer to something emotive, they are used to represent something smaller as well, sometimes, the translator shows the irony or the negative relation by using them. Nevertheless, we usually need the context to recognize the right meaning.

Gaiman´s original text	Vojtková´s translation	My translation
(11a) all the clocks in his mind were broken, he thought, and their gears and cogs and springs were simply a jumble down there in the writhing grass	(11b) všechny hodiny v jeho mysli byly pokažené, všechna ozubená kolečka , hřidelky a pera byly v jedné velké hromadě tam dole v trávě	(11c) pomyslel si, že má všechny hodinky v hlavě rozbité, že veškerá jejich ozubená kola , kolečka i pružinky se prostě jen tak povalují dole v trávě (p. 21)
(11d) Emeralds and sapphires and rubies crystallized and burst in front of his eyes.	(11e) Před očima se mu tvořily krystaly smaragdů, safírů a rubínů a hned zase explodovaly v barevném prachu.	(11f) Před očima mu vyskakovaly smaragdové, safírové a rubínové krystalky , které záhy opět mizely. (p. 13)
(11g) After several hours fleeting bursts of color started to explode across his vision in blossoms of crimson and gold...	(11h) Po několika hodinách mu začaly před očima vystřelovat barevné záblesky krvavě rudých a zlatých květů ...	(11i) Po několika hodinách mu před očima začaly letmo poblikávat sytě rudé a zlaté kvítky ... (p. 12)

In the examples (11) we can see the difference when using the diminutives. Even if in (11a), there is no sign of it, I decided in my translation to use the diminutives (11c), on the

other hand, in (11b) we can see that e.g. the word *hodiny* remains without expressive connotation. I also used *kola, kolečka*, for as states in the English original *gears, cogs* are synonyms and therefore there is no place for *hřídel*, as Vojtková translates. In (11f) we can notice the diminutive as well, even though there is no mention of it in (11d). Nevertheless, in my opinion, we do not have *big crystals (krystaly)* in front of our eyes, that is why I think the diminutive *krystalky* suits this situation better. As the expressive connotation is very often about the translator's subjective feeling, I use more diminutives than Vojtková, as also (11i) proves. I tried to appeal on the reader's stronger feelings this way. From my point of view, the reader is more likely to be attracted by the diminutives as long as they are not used too often and therefore I think, the translator should use them.

In the spoken language, mainly, there are widely used intensifiers but they are also used in novels, for the reader is more involved in the story then. The sense of the intensifiers is to increase the level of any sort of feeling, approach or evaluation. It might be connected either to positive or negative meaning (Knittlová, 2003, p. 65).

In the examples below there are shown some of them – in (12a) we can see the intensifier *pretty* and in (12b, c) we notice that my translation does not differ from the original translation too much. On the other hand, in (12e, f) is the difference more significant – Vojtková uses the word-for-word translation, while I try and rewrite the information according to what I think the Czech considers to sound more natural.

Gaiman's original text	Vojtková's translation	My translation
(12a) pretty soon he would walk out of there	(12b) za okamžik odtud vyjde	(12c) Za chvíli odtud vyjde ven. (p. 33)
(12d) In close-up, he learned, a squirrel looks a lot less cute than it does from a distance.	(12e) Tak zblízka vypadala veverka mnohem méně roztomilá , než se zdá z dálky.	(12f) Všiml si, že veverka z blízka rozhodně nevypadá tak rozkošně jako z dálky. (p. 13)
(12g) it would be worth it to have had this one, perfect, mad moment.	(12h) stálo by to za ten jediný nádherný, dokonalý, šílený okamžik.	(12i) stálo za to užít si tento skvělý, naprosto šílený okamžik. (p. 17)

4.1.2.4 Pragmatic differences

“Pragmatic equivalence or communicative equivalence is oriented towards the receiver of the text or message. This is Nida’s *dynamic equivalence*” (Munday, 2005, p. 47).

Knittlová states that when taking pragmatic difference into account, we might encounter these procedures: adding more information, omitting the information, the most frequent method is analogy and the very last procedure is the explanatory periphrasis if necessary (Knittlová, 2003, p. 81). In the following paragraphs, I am going to explain these methods in more detailed way and I am going to use some examples from my practical part as well. I will concentrate on the analogy the most.

Adding information

First of all, we will focus on the method by adding more information. We use this method especially in the cases if there is some term which our reader could possibly consider unknown. In the following example, the Czech reader could have had problems if the sentence would remain unchanged and would be translated as follows: *Vyndal ji a držel ji mezi palcem a ukazováčkem – byl to 1922 dolar Svobody*. It does not fulfil the Czech syntactic requirements and also, it is not coherent to the Czech reader. Therefore the added information is needed. For I looked up the American dollar from the year 1922, I know that there is only the head of the Statue of Liberty, that is why I think it is more appropriate to add this information as well. On the other hand, in (12b) Vojtková’s adds only the information *socha Svobody*, which, in this situation, would be enough; nevertheless, I chose to be even more precise.

Gaiman’s original text	Vojtková’s translation	My translation
(13a) He eased it out, held it between finger and thumb: a 1922 Liberty dollar .	(13b) Vyndal ji a držel ji mezi palcem a ukazováčkem: dolar se sochou Svobody ražený roku 1922.	(13c) Vytáhl ji ven a držel ji mezi palcem a ukazováčkem – byl to dolar z roku 1922 s hlavou Sochy svobody . (p. 30)

Omitting the information

The opposite procedure to adding information is omitting the information. As well as in adding information, even here we must take in consideration the different cultures. The result of the translating changes is the generalization or substitution with the more general expression. The specifying semantic constituent is being omitted (ibid.)

As an example of omitting the information, we could mention *sickle-cell crisis* in (14a) which Vojtková translates (14b) as *srpkovitá anémie* and that might be taken as kind of omitting the information, since it is the generalization. *Srpkovitá anémie* is considered to be an illness, while *oběhová příhoda* is the more specific term and it is the symptom of the illness. Later, in (16h), we see the omitting of the word *prosecutor* which I decided to translate as *zástupce* since I think that in this case, we should not leave the information out but we should draw the information closer to the recipient, even though it is difficult to deal with this problem, as we do not have an absolute equivalences for the words that have been used in (16g).

Gaiman's original text	Vojtková's translation	My translation
(14a) ... what she had thought was just another sickle-cell crisis , ...	(14b)... to, co považovala za pouhý další záchvat srpkovité anémie , ...	(14c)...to, o čem si myslela, že je jen další oběhová příhoda , ... (p. 35)

Substitution by analogy

The most frequent method is the substitution by analogy. This procedure requires the thorough knowledge of the target language. Mostly, it is used when translating the units of measurement but the translation must not disrupt the nature of the original text, yet it has to inform our recipient adequately (Knittlová, 2003, p. 82).

In (15a), there are used two units of measurement – *feet* and *mile*. My translation equals Vojtková's translation when taking into consideration *feet*, we both use the analogy, on contrary, in (15 b, c), we can see that our translation differs. Vojtková stayed with *mile*, whereas I decided to use the analogy and translate the *miles* as *kilometry*, as it is shown in (15c) because it is closer to the Czech reader and for his/her better imagination and therefore I think better for understanding, even though the story takes place in America.

Gaiman's original text	Vojtková's translation	My translation
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(15a) Shadow could not decide whether he was looking at a moon the size of a dollar, a foot above his head, or whether he was looking at a moon the size of the Pacific Ocean, many thousands of miles away.	(15b) Stín nedokázal rozhodnout, jestli se dívá na měsíc o velikosti dolaru kousek nad svou hlavou, nebo na měsíc velikosti Tichého oceánu mnoho tisíc mil daleko.	(15c) Stín se nemohl rozhodnout, jestli se dívá na měsíc o velikosti dolaru, kousek nad svojí hlavou, nebo jestli pozoruje měsíc velký jako Tichý oceán, vzdálený tisíce kilometrů . (p. 31)
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Another example of using analogy can be seen in (16c) where I decided to expound the expression *per se*. This expression is used in English more often than it is in Czech language. In Czech, it is linked to law, whereas in English, it is used more often. Vojtková, on the other hand did not translate it – (16b), in this situation, it is not a problem but some readers might be confused about this term. In (16d), Gaiman uses the most popular sentence from the series *Scooby Doo* and as we can see in (16e), Vojtková does not translate this sentence. In my opinion, the Czech reader cannot know this rhyme and therefore it is highly incoherent for them. I search for this famous sentence in Czech versions of this serial and decided to draw it closer to Czechs by translating it, as we can see in (16f) - this sentence is used in Czech version of the serial. The example (16g) can be taken into consideration as analogy as well, for I decided to use the analogy in (16i) – *zástupce, žalobce, vyšetřovatel*. In (16h), on the other hand, we can see that Vojtková used borrowing, moreover, she did not translate the word *prosecutor*. In my opinion, it is desirable to translate these terms for they are not used in Czech spoken language, nor are they for example in the news. These terms, I adjusted to suit the Czech lawsuit for as Czech, we use different terms.

Gaiman's original text	Vojtková's translation	My translation
(16a) "No. Not per se . It's more of a preliminary."	(16b) "Ne. Ne per se . Je to něco jako předsálí."	(16c) „Ne. Ne sám o sobě . Tohle je spíš jen taková uvítací hala.“ (p. 44)
(16d) 'I would have made it too, if it wasn't for those	(16e) 'I would have made it too, if it wasn't for those	(16f) 'A taky by se mi to povedlo, kdybyste se do

meddling kids.’	meddling kids.’	toho nepletly vy, zatracený spratci. ’ (p. 19)
(16g) dark Anubis the jackal god was his prosector and his prosecutor and his persecutor .	(16h) černý Anubis, šakalí bůh, byl jeho prosektor a jeho perzekutor .	(16i) tmavý Anubis, šakalí bůh, mu byl žalobcem , zástupcem i vyšetřovatelem . (p. 48)

4.1.3 Zero equivalence

The translator may also come across the situation where there is no equivalence for the word, these are called zero equivalence. If there is no equivalence to the word in the target language, the foreign word is sometimes borrowed or it is adjusted to the target language. We might use the generalization or functional analogy as well – the translator has to deal with this problem anyway and sometimes we even cannot avoid dropping the word completely (Knittlová, 2010, p. 113).

We already addressed the generalization and analogy and here we can see the example of borrowing in (17b). A zero equivalence example, we might also use the sentence (16g), since for the word *prosector* there is no equivalence in Czech language, Vojtková used borrowing but in Czech context, we do not know this word. I tried to draw closer the whole meaning of it as we can notice in (16i). As I understood from the context, Shadow was being put in front of the judgement and therefore I used terms as *žalobce*, *zástupce*, *vyšetřovatel* as we use them at court in the Czech Republic.

Gaiman’s original text	My translation
(17a) They have been drinking margaritas	(17b) Pili margaritu ... (p. 37)

4.2 Grammatical equivalence

“Grammar is the skeleton of a text; vocabulary, or, in a restricted sense, lexis, is its flesh; and collocations, the tendons that connect the one to the other. Grammar gives you the general and main facts about a text: statements, questions, requests, purpose, reason, condition, time, place, doubt, feeling, certainty. Grammar indicates who does what to whom, why, where, when, how. Lexis is narrower and sharper; it describes objects

(animate, inanimate, abstract), actions (processes and states) and qualities; or, roughly, nouns, verbs, adjectives and adverbs. Grammar indicates the relations between them, for instance through prepositions of time and place or through the shorthand of pronouns” (Newmark, 1988, p. 125).

In previous subchapter, we covered the lexical area and went through different types of lexical equivalence, now, I would like to touch the matter of the grammatical equivalence. In this subchapter, we will deal with two categories of grammatical equivalence, and those would be morphology and syntax.

4.2.1 Morphology

In morphology, we deal with the structure of words and their various forms and it is expected that translator will overcome it. However, we may also come across some problematical parts, concerning number, gender, person, tense, aspect and voice (Knittlová, 2010, p. 121).

Number

“Not all languages have a grammatical category of number, and those that do do not necessarily view countability in the same terms” (Baker, 1992, p. 87). To create plural, we add a suffix or change a form of a noun. Both Czech and English distinguish between one object and more objects, yet it differs in some aspects.

Gaiman´s original text	Vojtková´s translation	My translation
(18a) Shadow felt his neck hairs prickle.	(18b) Stín cítil, jak mu na zátylku vstávají vlasy .	(18c) Stín cítil, jak se mu postavily chlupy v zátylku. (p. 38)
(18d) all the clocks in his mind were broken, he thought	(18e) všechny hodiny v jeho mysli byly pokažené.	(18f) pomyslel si, že má všechny hodinky v hlavě rozbité (p. 21)
(18g) Mr. Jacquel opened the last door for Shadow, and behind that door there was nothing.	(18h) Pan Jacquel před ním otevřel poslední dveře a za těmi dveřmi bylo nic.	(18i) Pan Jacquel otevřel Stínovi poslední dveře a za těmi dveřmi nebylo nic. (p. 50)

As we see in the examples above, we fight the issue of number quite often, without attaching too much weight to it. English distinguish between *hair* and hairs – *hair*, meaning *vlasý*, does not have plural, whereas *hear*, meaning *chlup*, does – *hairs*. That is why I translated the sentence differently from Vojtková. In (18b) and (18c) we see the difference in the translation. On the other hand, in (18d), *clocks* present plural but in English, we do have *clock* as well. In Czech, we translate both forms as presented in (18e) and (18f). Another example of difference between number is (18g) – in Czech, we translate *door* as *dveře*, even when the plural would sound *doors* in English.

Gender

“Gender is a grammatical distinction according to which a noun or pronoun is classified as either masculine or feminine in some languages. The distinction applies to nouns which refer to animate beings as well as those which refer to inanimate objects,” (Baker, 1992, p. 90). In Czech, we distinguish if the object is animate or inanimate in places where English does not (*stůl: table, kočka: cat, etc.*). E.g. it is difficult for Czechs to decide which gender to use because Czech language requires expressing it.

Gaiman's original text	Vojtková's translation	My translation
(19a) “Then we feed your heart and your soul to Ammet, the Eater of Souls”	(19b) „Pak tvé srdce dáme Ammetovi, Pojídači duší...”	(19c) „Pak dostane tvé srdce i duši Amemait, požíračka srdcí...” (p. 49)

In (19a), we cannot say with certainty if the *Eater* is male or female and that is also where my translation diverges from the original translation. In (19b), Vojtková uses male gender, whereas I (19c) use female gender *požíračka*, which I think fits better this situation, since in Czech Republic, we are familiar with an ancient Egyptian god *Požíračka duší* and for us, it is a set term.

Person

“The category of person relates to the notion of participant roles. In most languages, participant roles are systematically defined through a closed system of pronouns which may be organized along a variety of dimensions,” (Baker, 1992, 95). The most significant problem between Czech and English, concerning person, is “tykání” (being on first-name

terms) and “vykání” (being on formal terms), as English does not distinguish it. It is not always easy to decide which one to use and therefore we have to be familiar with the context, situation but also the convention (Knittlová, 2010, p. 122).

Gaiman’s original text	Vojtková’s translation	My translation
(20a) “Mister Ibis?”	(20b) “Pan Ibis?”	(20c) „Pane Ibisi?“ (p. 44)
(20d) “Good to see you ,” said the creature, with Mr. Ibis’s voice. “Do you know what a psychopomp is?”	(20e) „Rád vás zase vidím,” řeklo to stvoření Ibisovým hlasem. „ Víte , co je to psychopomp?”	(20f) „Rád tě vidím,” řekla bytost hlasem, pana Ibise. „ Víš , co to znamená psychopompos?“ (p. 44)
(20g) “Because I never believed in you .”	(20h) „Protože jsem ve vás nikdy nevěřil.“	(20i) „Protože jsem ve vás nikdy nevěřil.“ (p. 46)

(20a), (20b) and (20c) show us that the addressing is rather polite and therefore we should use “vykání”. In (20d), Mr. Ibis address Shadow and as Mr. Ibis is extremely old god who takes Shadow to the Underworld, I assumed that he would have used the form of “tykání”, furthermore, Mr. Ibis was Shadow’s superior, so I see a certain dominance of Mr. Ibis and that is why I think, it is more appropriate to use “tykání” (20f). This is where my translation differs from the original one again, as pointed out in (20e). On the other hand there is the problem of number; we can see that in (20g). If we look at the sentence itself, we do not know whether to means *vás* (singular) or *vás* (plural). Again, we read that from the context and only then decide both about number and person.

Tense and aspect

“Tense and aspect are grammatical categories in a large number of languages. The form of the verb in languages which have these categories usually indicates two main types of information: time relations and aspectual differences. Time relations have to do with locating an event in time. The usual distinction is between past, present, and future. Aspectual differences have to do with the temporal distribution of an event, for instance its completion or non-completion, continuation, or momentariness” (Baker, 1992, p. 98).

As for aspect, Czechs regard every verb to be perfective or imperfective, whereas English distinguish between progressiveness and this is somehow up to the translator to consider. We should be aware of the semantic of the word as well as the context. When

dealing with tenses, we should be careful about the interpretation of tenses, especially of those, we do not have in our language (Knittlová, 2010, p. 122).

Gaiman's original text	Vojtková's translation	My translation
(21a) Sometimes, in the daylight, he would see stars fall.	(21b) Občas viděl za denního světla spadnout hvězdu.	(21c) Někdy dokonce viděl padat hvězdy ve dne. (p. 20)
(21d) ... sitting at her bedside, unable to look at her, reading a thick paperback book. Shadow wondered what the book was , and he walked around the hospital bed to inspect it more closely.	(21e) Sedí u postele, nedokáže se na ni dívat , čte tlustý paperback. Nemohl si vzpomenout, co to bylo za knihu, obešel proto kolem postele, aby to zjistil .	(21f) Sedí u její postele, neschopen se na ni podívat , a čte si knížku v měkké vazbě. Stín uvažoval , jaká knížka to asi byla , a obešel lůžko, aby se mohl podívat víc zblízka. (p. 34)
(21g) this was what he had been wearing when he stood in Czernobog's apartment ...	(21h) tohle měl na sobě tenkrát v noci, v Černobogově bytě, ...	(21i) Je oblečený stejně jako tenkrát v noci u Černoboga... (p. 29)

In (21a), there is the form of the verb *will* and therefore we could confuse it with conditional. Both in (21b) and (21c), there is displayed that we do not speak of conditional but we speak of expressing the future in the past. In the example (21d), there are two tenses being used, the present one and the past one. The present progressive is used to take us back, into the hospital room and to explain us what the current Shadow see he was doing when his mother was dying. Then, to let us know that we are speaking of the present again, we use past simple again, as demonstrated in (21e) and (21f). In (21g), there is used the past perfect but as we see in (21h) and (21i), we do not use this aspect in Czech. The only thing we can do to stress that something happened long time ago is to use adverbial of time.

Voice

“Voice is a grammatical category which defines the relationship between a verb and its subject. In active clauses, the subject is the agent responsible for performing the action. In passive clauses, the subject is the affected entity, and the agent may or may not be specified, depending on the structures available in each language,” (Baker, 1992, p. 102).

Czech does not use passive voice as often as English does, especially in fiction. That is why we have to keep in mind that we should not to maintain the English sentence structure and follow the Czech one. Sometimes, we might use the passive voice on purpose but we should consider using the active voice first, no matter how tempted we are (Knittlová, 2010, p. 123).

Gaiman’s original text	Vojtková’s translation	My translation
(22a)... and then the rain began, and Shadow was tumbled , shivering and wet, from deep sleep into full wakefulness.	(22b) A pak se spustil déšť a Stín byl katapultován z hlubokého spánku do roztřesené a mokré bdělosti.	(22c) potom začalo pršet a mokrý, třesoucí se Stín se z hlubokého spánku probudil do naprosté bdělosti. (p. 15)

If we look at the example (22a), we notice the passive voice *was tumbled*, moreover, Vojtková in her translation in (22b) uses the passive as well. Taking into account Czech sentence structure, I decided to use active voice, as we can see in (22c). In my opinion, we would not use passive voice in this situation, moreover, we use passive rarely and it is not as natural for Czech as it is for English.

4.2.2 Syntax

“Syntax covers the grammatical structure of groups, clauses, and sentences: the linear sequences of classes of words such as noun, verb, adverb, and adjective, and functional elements such as subject, predicator, and object, which are allowed in a given language” (Baker, 1992, p. 83).

The dissimilarity of usage Czech and English syntactic means might have a great impact on the meaning of the source and the target language text. English tends to be rather condensed, expressing the given situation, Czech, on the other hand, is more explicit. That is where the translators is being put in front of the difficult task – s/he has to recognize what the author’s intention was and to try and put it to the recipient the same way as the

original text. For Czech is more explicit, the translator usually uses more linking words and conjunctions to make the text cohesive but s/he has to beware of the meaning of the source text and not to go too far using them (Knittlová, 2010, p. 124).

Another issue of translating, taking the syntactic site into account, is the word order. “The word order signals the relationship between elements in a clause,” (Baker, 1992, p. 110). The English word order is relatively fixed, while the Czech one order is not so strict. In English, we understand the meaning of the sentence according to the word order, in Czech we use the case to understand and that is why our word order is not fixed too much (ibid.).

Gaiman´s original text	Vojtková´s translation	My translation
(23a) In his delirium, Shadow became the tree.	(23b) V deliriu se Stín stal tím stromem.	(23c) Stín se ve svém deliriu stal stromem. (p. 21)
(23d) The white face stared up at him.	(23e) Bílý obličej hleděl nahoru.	(23f) Upírala k němu bílý obličej (p. 27)
(23g) Then he peered at Shadow unselfconsciously, inspecting him with care and caution, from his feet to his head.	(23h) Prohlížel si ho soustředěně a pozorně, putoval očima od špiček prstů k hlavě.	(23i) Potom bez jakýchkoli rozpaků zíral na Stína a zkoumal jej se zaujetím i obezřetností od hlavy až k patě. (p. 24)

In the examples below, we can see the differences between Czech and English word order. In (23a), there is the source text and it is translated in (23b) by Vojtková who keep the similar structure as Gaiman does, whereas I adjusted the sentence from my point of view in (23c). Both translates are perfectly understandable and the meaning remains unchanged, the same pattern is applicable on the other examples and that demonstrates that the Czech word order is flexible and therefore we can play with the language and it is up to the translator how s/he approach the text and in what way s/he presents it to the recipients.

CONCLUSION

In my bachelor thesis, I was dealing with the translation of two chapters from the book *American Gods*. Having the opportunity, I would like to say that translating of a fiction is very demanding and time consuming. To make such a text perfect, one needs to know the source text perfectly, discover all its hidden meanings and nuances, somehow connected to the writer's mind and write it in a way that will attract the future reader, keep the author's track, though. From my point of view, Mrs. Vojtková was demanded to finish the translation in quite short period of time and that is a reason why we could find some shortcomings.

Our translation is correspondent to some extend, yet I did several changes. In a theoretical part, I tried to comment on these changes and explain the reason I think my point of view is more suitable for the given situation. For the process of translating, analyzing and evaluating of a translation is extremely time consuming, I decided to focus on some parts of it only. I paid attention especially to lexical and grammatical equivalence because the extent of this thesis is limited and the question of equivalence is extremely extensive. Although I tried very hard, still, I can judge the original translation only as a reader and as a reader, I did not like it as much in comparison to the original English version.

I really enjoyed translating of the two chapters, specially the second one, and I am sure that there are many things that another translator would have made differently than I did or Mrs. Vojtková did. Certainly, I myself would made some changes after reading it few weeks from now again, although I already read it so many times. My main task was to point out the differences and explain my suggestions in my translation and the original translation and I found out that the differences are not only in the lexical part but also in grammatical point of view and sometimes in the interpretation as well. Having going further, I would have found many other differences but may be, this will be my task for the next thesis.

While working on the practical part I used parts I had already done in the translating competition for which I was awarded with the recognition and the certificate. In my theoretical part, where I also did the analysis which is to some extend related to the practical part, I explained what differences I made in my translation against the original translation.

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APPENDICES

About Neil Gaiman

Neil Richard MacKinnon Gaiman is English book writer who currently lives in the United States. He is an author of short stories, novels, comic books, he also writes scripts to the films and series. Among the genres he writes belongs fantasy, science fiction and horror. He was born in 1960 in Hampshire and he left England with his family in 1992. Since he was a little boy, he knew that he wants to tell stories - he was able to read at the age of four and it was the reading that inspired and made him start his own writing career. (Neil Gaiman, 2013).

He started his writings in 1980s when he worked as a journalist and wrote for many magazines but he decided to end this career and begun to cooperate with Terry Pratchett.

Gaiman also started to write comic books, the most famous is the series about *Sandman*. When Gaiman gave an interview and was asked what it is he likes about the comic books, he answered:

“... one of the joys of comics has always been the knowledge that it was, in many ways, untouched ground. It was virgin territory. When I was working on *Sandman*, I felt a lot of the time that I was actually picking up a machete and heading out into the jungle. I got to write in places and do things that nobody had ever done before...” (Wild River Review, 2008).

The first novel Neil Gaiman published was *Good Omens* which he collaborated with Terry Pratchett. He also wrote the screen to the TV series *Neverwhere* which provoked him to write a novel of the same name. Another fantasy book was *Stardust* and then came the bestseller *American Gods* thanks to which Gaiman was awarded several times. Among his other books belongs e.g. *Anansi Boys*, *Coraline* or *Graveyard Book*.

Neil Gaiman won numbers of awards, e.g. Bram Stoker Award for Best Illustrated Narrative for *The Sandman: The Dream Hunters* or Bram Stoker Award for Best Novel for *American God*, Hugo Award, Ray Bradbury Award and many others (The Locus Index to SF Awards, 2011).