

Univerzita Karlova  
Pedagogická fakulta  
Katedra anglického jazyka a literatury

## BAKALÁŘSKÁ PRÁCE

Translation and stylistic analysis of a passage from Stargate Atlantis: The  
Lost, a novel by Jo Graham and Amy Griswold

Překlad a stylistická analýza úryvku z knihy Stargate Atlantis: The Lost od Jo  
Graham a Amy Griswold

Martin Boško

Vedoucí práce: Mgr. Jakub Ženíšek, Ph.D.  
Studijní program: Specializace v pedagogice  
Studijní obor: Anglický jazyk se zaměřením na vzdělávání – Matematika se  
zaměřením na vzdělávání

Odevzdáním této bakalářské práce na téma Translation and stylistic analysis of a passage from Stargate Atlantis: The Lost, a novel by Jo Graham and Amy Griswold potvrzují, že jsem ji vypracoval pod vedením vedoucího práce samostatně za použití v práci uvedených pramenů a literatury. Dále potvrzují, že tato práce nebyla využita k získání jiného nebo stejného titulu.

Praha 14. 4. 2019

Rád bych na tomto místě poděkoval Mgr. Jakubu Ženíškovi, PhD za to, že se uvolil k vedení mé bakalářské práce, za jeho rady při jejím plnění a v neposlední řadě za jeho motivující, zajímavé a zábavné hodiny překladu, které mi ukázaly, jak hodně mě tato disciplína baví. Dále bych rád poděkoval Simoně Hemžalové za to, že je taková, jaká je, za její podporu a přátelství, kterého si velmi vážím a bez kterého by byly dny mého studia mnohem temnější a smutnější. Rovněž bych chtěl poděkovat Veronice Gajdošíkové za to, že mi pomohla s formálními náležitostmi této práce, a také za to, že je neustále tak pozitivní, obětavá a motivující. Na konec bych také rád poděkoval své rodině, zejména pak svým rodičům, bez kterých bych nikdy nic nedokázal. Děkuji jim za jejich trpělivost, starostlivost, péči, za to, že ze mě vychovali člověka, jakým dnes jsem a za to, že mi otevřeli brány vysoké školy, kterými jsem mohl projít jen díky jejich vedení, podpoře a obětavosti.

## **ABSTRAKT**

Tato bakalářská práce se zabývá literárním překladem části knihy *Stargate Atlantis: The Lost* (2011) z anglického jazyka do českého. Skládá se celkem ze tří částí – úvodu, praktické části a teoretické části. V první části se kromě úvodu nachází krátká pasáž, která čtenáře uvede do série *Stargate*, která předcházela této knize. Tato pasáž rovněž přibližuje sérii *Legacy*, která vznikla po skončení původní série díky práci některých fanoušků a je jejím neoficiálním pokračováním, konkrétně pak knihu *Stargate Atlantis: Homecoming* (2011), která je první knihou v této sérii a jejíž děj je přímo předcházející dílu, o němž je tato práce. Praktická část obsahuje zrcadlový překlad prvních třech kapitol knihy vypracovaný autorem této práce. Teoretická část této práce se blíže zaměřuje na některé aspekty překladu a odůvodňuje to, proč je překlad z praktické části vyhotovený daným způsobem. Kromě vysvětlení principu kontinuity vzhledem k existujícím předchozím překladům jiných částí této série, který byl hlavním motivátorem vzniklého překladu, jsou důvody v této části rovněž podloženy odbornou literaturou a v některých případech je rovněž termín vysvětlen z hlediska jeho historie v sérii. Výsledkem této práce je tedy pokus o překlad autentické části literárního díla z anglického jazyka do českého a rozbor vzniklého překladu se zaměřením na vysvětlení některých jevů, které vznikly rozdíly mezi oběma jazyky, a také pojednáním o návaznosti překladu k těm, které předcházeli jiným částem této série.

## **KLÍČOVÁ SLOVA**

Překlad, *Stargate Atlantis: The Lost*, science-fiction, stylistická analýza, Graham, Griswold

## **ABSTRACT**

This Bachelor thesis deals with the literary translation of a part of a book called *Stargate Atlantis: The Lost* (2011) from English to Czech. It consists of three parts – the introduction, the practical part, and the theoretical part. Besides the introduction, there is a short passage in the first part that briefly synthesizes those of the *Stargate* series which preceded the book. This passage also familiarizes the reader with the *Legacy* series which was created after the end of the original series thanks to the work of some of its fans and is its unofficial continuation, mainly the *Stargate Atlantis: Homecoming* (2011) book, which is the immediate prequel of the book analyzed by this BA thesis. The practical part contains a mirror translation of the first three chapters created by the author of this thesis. The theoretical part of this work explores certain aspects of the translation and explains why the translation in the practical part is created the way it is. In addition to the explanation of the continuity principle regarding previous translations of the other parts of this series, which was the main motivation and a major influence on the way the translation was created, this part also lists the books of translation and linguistic theory which significantly contributed towards its scholarly merit. In some cases, some expressions are also explained with regard to its previous appearances in the history of the series. The result of this work is, therefore, an attempt to translate an authentic part of a literary work from English to Czech and the analysis of the translation focused on explanation of certain phenomena which appeared as a result of the difference between both languages, and it also deals with the continuity of a translation in regard to the other works that preceded this series.

## **KEYWORDS**

Translation, *Stargate Atlantis: The Lost*, science-fiction, stylistic analysis, Graham, Griswold

## Table of Contents

1.	Introduction .....	6
2.	About Stargate and the Legacy series.....	8
	PRACTICAL PART.....	10
	THEORETICAL PART .....	52
3.	Introduction to the theoretical part .....	53
4.	Continuity.....	53
5.	Lexical level .....	54
	5.1. Proper names .....	54
	5.2. Sci-fi terminology.....	57
	5.3. Military language.....	59
	5.4. Idioms .....	60
	5.5. Compounds.....	61
6.	Syntactic level .....	62
	6.1. Word order.....	62
	6.2. Sentence length.....	63
	6.3. Subject in a sentence.....	64
	6.4. Negation.....	65
	6.5. Participle.....	66
	6.6. Infinitive .....	66
	6.7. Gerund .....	67
	6.8. Reporting clauses.....	68
	6.9. Indirect and free indirect speech.....	69
	6.10. Passive voice.....	70
7.	Conclusion.....	71
	Works cited.....	73

## 1. Introduction

The first time I thought about my Bachelor Thesis, I immediately decided it will be concerned with a book translation because I had always been drawn towards this topic. I first started in this field a few years back with the translation of some texts from videogames for my friends who were not skilled enough in English and did not understand some parts of the different games we played together. This eventually led me to the creation of a website, where I, until recently, translated descriptions from one game and informed the gaming community about announced changes by the official developers. Furthermore, I also translated several articles both from and into English and wrote some summaries of movies and TV shows. For a long time now, I have wanted to translate an entire book that had not been translated before, and this thesis gave me the opportunity to imagine the process behind book translation.

When I was choosing a book for my thesis, I wanted for it to hold some significance to me. I had several candidates and eventually ended up with two finalists. The first book was a scientific publication by Neil deGrasse Tyson called *Astrophysics for People in a Hurry* (2017). This publication spoke to me because science is a topic very near and dear to my heart. I instantly fell in love with the book, mainly because it attempts to explain scientific facts to the general public, and it does so in a very interesting way. However, since it had immediately become a bestseller in the United States (“Best-Selling Books: ‘16th Seduction,’ ‘Astrophysics for People in a Hurry’”), I was afraid that an official Czech translation was soon to follow, which would make an unnecessary complication for my thesis defence. For that reason, I eventually arrived at the decision to choose a book from the *Stargate* universe.

This work of science-fiction was one of the first TV shows I have ever seen, and I followed the saga in its development since my youth. I saw every episode of every show several times both in Czech and English and I also read most of the books that were created by the fandom after the shows have been cancelled. I particularly fell in love with the so-called *Legacy* series that follows events after the final episode of *Stargate Atlantis* (2004) show. I originally wanted to translate the first book in this series, however, during my research, I discovered that it had already been chosen as a topic for a translation thesis by a different student from

a different university. That is why I chose the second book in the series for my thesis, as it has not been translated by anyone yet. However, I am intending to translate the whole series in the near future so that other fans, who are not as fortunate to speak English well enough to enjoy this series, have the opportunity to read the books by themselves.



## 2. About Stargate and the Legacy series

*Stargate* is a sci-fi franchise that began with an identically named movie by Rolland Emmerich that first aired in 1994 (“Stargate”). TV series that continued with the plot where the original movie left it followed soon after, although the actors in the movie did not continue their parts in the series. This fact was however ignored, and new actors were introduced without any change to the storyline. During the lifetime of this series, it gained such a fandom that two other spin-offs were created in order to enrich the universe of this phenomenon that was translated into several languages, including Czech. The first spin-off was called *Stargate Atlantis* and it followed adventures of an expedition sent from Earth to the neighbouring Pegasus galaxy in humanity’s pursuit of technology and knowledge. What they discovered there was an alien city built by a civilisation that preceded that of humans but was technologically much more advanced. This series began eight years after the first episode of the original TV show and continued with its parallel storyline which occasionally intermingled with that of the original, but mostly remained isolated in its own part of the *Stargate* story. The second spin-off was called *Stargate Universe* (2009) and it was an attempt of the studio to bring the franchise back to life. This series was created after the cancellation of its predecessors and was loosely based on both of them. Thanks to the intelligence acquired in the alien city, new research began which ended up in an accidental sending of an expedition to a ship located in an unknown part of the universe. Unfortunately, while the original series was on screens for ten years and the *Stargate Atlantis* spin-off for five years, this series, with its new take on story-telling, did not fulfil the expectations of its producers and was cancelled after its second series. This consequently meant, at least for now, the official end of the franchise as a whole.

However, fans of this series were reluctant to let it go and some of them created their own fan fictions that eventually became an unofficial expansion of the *Stargate* universe and many fans regard it as a part of the canon of this series. One of those publications eventually sprung into a whole series of books collectively called *Stargate Atlantis: Legacy*. This so far eight-part-series follows the plot of one of the *Stargate* sequels, *Stargate Atlantis*, after its cancellation and creates a whole new plotline that encouraged other writers to create new

sequels that are not part of the series but are set in a similar timeline and take it into consideration.

The first of the books was called *Stargate Atlantis: Homecoming* (2011) and its plot begins a couple of months after the last episode of the *Stargate Atlantis* series. The expedition is found on Earth together with the city of Ancients and the Earth officials are hesitant to allow their return to the Pegasus galaxy and the continuation of their mission. They instead intent to keep the city on Earth for it to serve as a military base that would defend Earth against its alien enemies. The people living there, desire to return to their mission and devise an ingenious plan to persuade the officials to allow them to return to Pegasus galaxy. When they return, they quickly realise the situation there got much worse in their absence and that there is a new leader among their enemies, aliens called Wraiths who are a powerful race that evolved in such a way that their only source of food is human life force. At the end of the book one of the teams gets ambushed on one of their missions by the enemy forces and one member of the team, Rodney McKay, is taken hostage.

The book *Stargate Atlantis: The Lost* (2011), which translation is the topic of this thesis, is the second book of this series and it continues in the plot of the first one.

Authors of this series are Amy Griswold, Jo Graham and Melissa Scott and all of them took part in writing different books of this series and even created other books with the *Stargate* theme outside of the *Legacy* series.

## **PRACTICAL PART**

**My translation of the first three chapters of Stargate  
Atlantis: The Lost by Jo Graham and Amy Griswold**

## Chapter One: Quicksilver

He woke in darkness, in the comforting dark. His throat was raw, and when he tried to speak only a strange croak came out, like some primal bird strangely shaped and grotesque.

“Here,” a voice said, and he felt the metal pipette at his lips, cool and slick. A few droplets of water slid onto his tongue, and he swallowed greedily. “Not too much at first,” the voice said. “Slowly.”

He had dreamed that he opened his eyes to see nothing but blackness behind them, but this time his eyes did open, and for a moment he recoiled. It was just shock — how not? The face that bent over his was concerned, eyes searching his own worriedly. And what a face. Pale gray and seamed with the dark whorls of spiral tattoos, silver hair rising from a widow’s peak above slitted yellow eyes, the other stared down at him, the pipette in his hand.

“There, now,” the other said. “Can you speak?”

## Kapitola první: Quicksilver

Probudil se v temnotě. V uklidňující tmě. V krku ho škrábalo a když se pokusil promluvit, vyšel z něj jen podivný skřehot připomínající nějakého pravěkého ptáka.

„Na,“ řekl mu cizí hlas a u úst se mu objevila hladká, chladná, kovová trubička. Několik kapek vody mu dopadlo na jazyk a on je dychtivě polkl. „Ne tak zhurta,“ řekl hlas. „Pomalů.“

Když spal, zdálo se mu, že otevřel oči a viděl jen černočernou tmu. Avšak tentokrát je dokázal skutečně otevřít, a to ho na okamžik zarazilo. Byl to pro něj šok. Obličej, který se nad ním shýbal, vypadal znepokojeně. A že to byl obličej. Bledě šedý, lemovaný tmavým spirálovitým tetováním. Stříbrné vlasy vyběhající špičkou do středu čela. Přivřené žluté oči, které na něj zíraly, zatímco jejich majitel v ruce držel onu kovovou trubičku.

„Klid,“ řekl. „Můžeš mluvit?“

<p>He might. He might force something from his raw throat. It came out weak and thready. “Who are you?”</p>	<p>Možná. Možná, že se dokáže přinutit vydat něco ze svého škrábajícího hrdla. Zvuk vyšel slabě a tiše. „Kdo jsi?“</p>
<p>The other’s eyes were compassionate. “I am your brother, Dust. You have been sick these many days, and I have worried about you.”</p>	<p>Ten druhý na něj soucitně pohlédl. „Jsem tvůj bratr, Dust. Byl jsi po mnoho dní nemocný. Báł jsem se o tebe.“</p>
<p>Dust. His brother. Pictures should come with that, pictures and stories. Words. And yet where they should be was nothing.</p>	<p>Dust. Jeho bratr. S tím jménem by se mu mělo něco vybavit. Vzpomínky. Příběhy. Slova. Ale tam, kde by měly být, nebylo nic.</p>
<p>“Would you like another sip of water?”</p>	<p>„Chtěl bys další doušek vody?“</p>
<p>Dust put the pipette to his lips. A few more drops of cold water, soothing his aching mouth.</p>	<p>Dust mu znovu přiložil trubičku ke rtům. Několik dalších kapek studené vody konejšící jeho bolavá ústa.</p>
<p>“Thank you,” he whispered.</p>	<p>„Děkuji,“ zašeptal.</p>
<p>Dust shifted, and he saw the lines of arm and sleeve, black cloth embroidered in rich purple, the shades so close that to any eyes other than their own it might have seemed black on black. “Better?”</p>	<p>Dust se posunul a on spatřil linie ruky a rukávu, který byl z černé látky s tmavě fialovým vyšíváním. Ty odstíny si byly tak podobné, že všem očím kromě těch jeho se mohly zdát jako černá na černé. „Lepší?“</p>
<p>“Yes,” he said. He. A frisson of terror ran through him for all the things that ran away when he tried to think them, ran like water from a pipette.</p>	<p>„Ano,“ odpověděl. On. Strach jím projel stejně rychle jako se rozutíkaly jeho myšlenky, když na ně pomyslel. Jako voda protékající kovovou trubičkou.</p>

“Who am I?”

Dust’s voice was patient. “You are my brother, Quicksilver. You have been very sick, and we have all been greatly concerned about you.”

Quicksilver. His own name. And yet it meant nothing. “Quicksilver?”

“Quicksilver,” Dust said with a smile, and he saw the picture in his mind, liquid mercury running in a thousand directions, scattering in a hundred rolling balls on the table, glittering and cool. Quicksilver, like his mind. A thousand projects, a thousand ideas, too many gleaming thoughts to pursue before they escaped.

And now he had no thoughts. He was empty. He could not summon a single idea, a single memory. Fear chorused through him. “I can’t remember,” he said.

“You will,” Dust said soothingly. “You will. You have been very sick. I have tended you twelve days. It is not to be expected that you recover in an hour.”

“Where...” There was something missing, some place. Some other thing. Some other person. Some other hands. “She...”

„Kdo jsem?“

Dustův hlas byl trpělivý. „Jsi můj bratr, Quicksilver. Byl jsi velmi nemocný a všichni jsme se o tebe báli.“

Quicksilver. Jeho vlastní jméno. A přesto pro něj nic neznamenal. „Quicksilver?“

„Quicksilver,“ přitakal Dust s úsměvem na tváři. To jméno vyvolalo představu v jeho mysli. Tekutá rtuť, která se rozbíhala tisíce směry a dělila se na stovky malých, studených, třpytivých, kutálejících se kuliček. Jeho mysl byla stejná. Tisíce projektů, tisíce nápadů. Příliš mnoho skvostných myšlenek na to, aby šly všechny následovat, než se rozutekly.

Avšak nyní byl zcela bez myšlenek. Byl prázdný. Nemohl dostat jediný nápad, vyvolat jedinou vzpomínku. Byl strachy bez sebe. „Nemohu si vzpomenout,“ řekl.

„Vzpomeneš si,“ uklidňoval ho Dust. „Brzy. Byl jsi velmi nemocný. Staral jsem se o tebe dvanáct dní. Není divu, že se teď nezlepšíš během jediné hodiny.“

„Kde...“ Něco tu chybělo. Nějaké místo. Nějaká věc. Nějaká jiná osoba. Nějaké jiné ruce. „Ona...“

“She will be very glad to hear that you have awakened,” Dust said quietly. “She has worried too.” Dust lifted a soft cover around him, tucking him in as though he were small. “Rest, my brother. Sleep, and let yourself heal.”

He knew he should protest, but the cushions beneath him were warm and the covers soft. And he was so tired. He meant to speak, but instead he slept.

\* \* \*

The second time Quicksilver awakened he felt stronger. He lay for a long moment, looking up at the curves of the room in the soft shiplight, rose shadows near the ceiling shading soothingly to gray. He lay in an oval nook, soft cushions beneath him to ease every part of his body. Three coverings lay about him, two to warm him against any chill, while a third was folded across his feet where even to an invalid it would be close to hand. A small table beside the bed held a deactivated light pod, and the steel pipette in its stand, the bottom chilled and sweating in the humid air. Water.

„Velmi ráda uslyší, že jsi se probрал,“ řekl Dust tiše. „Také se bála.“ Dust ho přikryl dekou a zachumlal ho tak, jako byl dítě. „Odpočívej, můj bratře. Spi a dovol tělu, aby se léčilo.“

Věděl, že by měl něco namítnout, ale polštáře pod ním byly teplé a deka byla hebká. A on byl tak unavený. Chtěl ještě něco říci, ale místo toho usnul.

\* \* \*

Když se Quicksilver probudil podruhé, cítil se silnější. Notnou chvíli ležel a vzhlížel na křivky pokoje v tlumeném světle lodi. Pozoroval narůžovělé stíny, které cestou ke stropu uspokojivě šednuly. Ležel v oválném koutu a pod sebou měl měkké polštáře, které měly uvolnit každou část jeho těla. Ležely na něm tři pokrývky. Dvě z nich měly zabránit jakémukoliv pocit chladu, zatímco ta třetí ležela složená u jeho nohou tak, že i nemohoucímu by byla po ruce. Vedle postele byl malý stolek, který v sobě skrýval zhaslou lampu. Na stojánku byla ocelová trubička, jejíž spodek se v chladu a vlhkém vzduchu orosil. Voda.

Quicksilver turned, trying to reach it. His eyes focused, and he shook.

His hand was grayish green, dark nails lacquered in midnight blue, carefully tended with no chips, as though someone had carefully groomed him while he lay ill. Such tenderness ought to please him, and yet he shook. His feeding hand extended, raw slit gaping. Where it touched the pipette the cold shocked him to the bone, ice on tender tissues biting with cold. The pipette overturned with a crash, falling to the floor. The door irised open and Dust rushed in.

Quicksilver could do nothing but clutch his hand in horror, rocking, while some sound came out of him that might have been keening.

“It is all right, my brother,” Dust said, kneeling and picking up the pipette. “It is nothing. Just some water spilled. Do not be distressed.” He lifted it up and put it again on the table.

Quicksilver could not speak. He could not speak for the waves of horror flooding through him. And yet...

Quicksilver se otočil a snažil se na trubičku dosáhnout. Třásl se, oči měl soustředěné.

Jeho ruce byly šedivě zelené. Nehty tmavé, zbarvené do odstínu půlnoční modře, pečlivě opečovávané. Bez jediného kazu. Skoro jako by je někdo pečlivě udržoval v dobrém stavu, zatímco byl nemocný. To, že se o něj takhle starali, by ho mělo potěšit, ale on tím byl otřesen. Krmnou ruku měl nataženou a její otvor se rozevíral. Když se touto citlivou tkání dotkl studené trubičky, zima jím projela až do morku kostí. Trubička se převrátila a spadla na zem. Dveře se rozevřely a Dust přispěchal dovnitř.

Quicksilver se nezmohl na nic jiného, než že v hrůze sevřel ruku, kterou třásl, zatímco ze sebe vyloudil jakýsi naříkavý zvuk.

„To je v pořádku bratře,“ řekl Dust a poklekl, aby sebral trubičku ze země a položil ji zpět na stůl. „Nic to není. Jen trochu rozlité vody. Nerozrušuj se.“

Quicksilver nebyl schopen slova. Hrůza, která jím procházela a zaplavovala ho, mu to nedovolila. A přes to...



Dust put his hand in his, back to back, leaning close. “Quicksilver, it is nothing. Just water spilled. Be content, brother.”

“Water,” he whispered.

“I will get you more,” Dust said. “You are clumsy from being ill. Your strength and your coordination will come in time. You will heal.”

“What happened?” he asked. “I remember nothing...”

“You have been very sick,” Dust said, but he thought his eyes evaded him. “In a few weeks you will be yourself again. Come. Lie down. Let me make you comfortable and bring you more water.”

His legs were better to look at, loose black pants that showed nothing. His limbs were shaking as he let Dust settle him back on the cushions again, Dust’s head bent and his long, fair hair falling forward. He lifted a hand to his own head. No fall of silver, no braids. “My hair...” he whispered. It was shorn close to his head.

Dust mu sevřel ruku a nahnul se k němu. „Quicksilvere, nic se nestalo. Jen rozlitá voda. Upokoj se, bratře.“

„Vodu,“ zašeptal.

„Přinesu ti další,“ řekl Dust. „Kvůli nemoci jsi nemotorný. Síla a koordinace se ti časem vrátí. Vyléčíš se.“

„Co se stalo?“ zeptal se. „Na nic si nevzpomínám...“

„Byl jsi velmi nemocný,“ odpověděl Dust, avšak očima se mu vyhýbal. „Během pár týdnů to budeš opět ty. Pojd’. Lehni si. Nech mě, ať tě uložím, a pak ti přinesu další vodu.“

Na jeho nohy byl lepší pohled. Byly zahalené do volných černých kalhot, které nic neprozrazovaly. Nechal Dusta, aby ho uložil zpět na polštáře. Jeho nohy a ruce se třáslly. Dustova hlava byla sehnutá a jeho dlouhé plavé vlasy přepadaly kupředu. Quicksilver zvedl ruku ke své hlavě. Nebyly tam vlasy spletené, ani volné. „Mé vlasy...“ zašeptal. Byl ostříhaný dohola.

<p>Dust did not look up. “It will grow in time,” he said.</p>	<p>Dust nevezhlédli. „Časem dorostou,“ řekl.</p>
<p>“I don’t remember,” Quicksilver whispered. As Dust straightened he caught at him, hand to wrist. “Tell me the truth. What happened?”</p>	<p>„Nic si nepamatuji,“ zašeptal Quicksilver. Když se Dust zvedal, popadl ho za zápěstí. „Řekni mi pravdu. Co se stalo?“</p>
<p>Dust let out a long breath, but his eyes did not evade. “You were captured,” he said. “You were captured by the Lanteans. We do not know what they did to you. You were found wandering disoriented on an uninhabited planet, wounded and near starvation. We think...” His voice trailed off, then began again. “We think you somehow managed to escape and dialed a random gate address. We don’t know, and until your memory returns we may never know.”</p>	<p>Dust dlouze vydechl, ale jeho oči tentokrát neuhnuly. „Byl jsi zajat,“ řekl. „Zajali tě Atlant’ané. Nevíme, co s tebou udělali. Našli jsme tě na neobydlené planetě, dezorientovaného, zraněného a vyhladovělého. Myslíme si...” Jeho hlas se utišil, ale nakonec pokračoval. „Myslíme si, že jsi se nějak osvobodil, a pak jsi zadal náhodnou adresu brány. Nevíme to jistě, a dokud se ti nevrátí paměť, vědět to nebudeme.“</p>
<p>Quicksilver swallowed. “I don’t remember anything.”</p>	<p>Quicksilver polkl. „Nic si nepamatuji.“</p>
<p>“You have been very sick, but it looks as though you are mending. I am glad that it is so.”</p>	<p>„Byl jsi velmi nemocný, ale vypadá to, že se lepšíš. A jsem za to rád.“</p>
<p>He flexed his hands on the covers, taking warmth from the smooth threads, from the slight spirals of stitching beneath his fingers. “Captured. And I escaped.”</p>	<p>Pokrčil ruce položené na dece a vnímal, jak přijímají teplo z jemných utkaných vláken pod jeho prsty. „Byl jsem zajatý. A utekl jsem.“</p>

“We do not know how,” Dust said. “But you did.” There was a spark of amusement in his eyes. “But you are the cleverest of clevermen.”

“Who am I?”

Dust plumped one of the cushions behind him for him to lean on. “You are my brother, Quicksilver of the lineage of Cloud, ship’s officer and lord among the Queen’s Clevermen. The Queen herself has been to see you while you slept, and offered her own blood if it might avail you. We have all worried about you and are relieved to see you becoming yourself again.”

“The Queen’s Clevermen...” He ought to know what that was, but didn’t.

“You are a master of sciences physical,” Dust said. “You have your own laboratory, and many men follow you.”

That sounded right. For a moment he could almost see a lab, streaming data on a screen.

“If you would like, I will bring you a data reader,” Dust said. “Though you should rest as well.”

„Nevíme jak,“ řekl Dust. „Ale utekl jsi.“ V jeho očích bylo vidět pobavení. „Jsi nejchytřejší z Myslitelů.“

„Kdože jsem?“

Dust za ním upravil jeden z polštářů, aby se o něj mohl opřít. „Jsi můj bratr, Quicksilver z rodu Cloudů, lodní důstojník a lord mezi královninými Mysliteli. Královna sama tě byla navštívit, když jsi spal, a pro tvé uzdravení nabídla svou vlastní krev. Všichni jsme se o tebe báli a ulevilo se nám, že se opět stáváš tím, kým jsi byl.“

„Královnin Myslitel...“ Měl by vědět, co to znamená, ale nevěděl.

„Jsi mistr věd fyzikálních,“ pokračoval Dust. „Máš vlastní laboratoř a mnoho následovatelů.“

To znělo správně. Na chvíli byl téměř schopen si vybavit laboratoř s obrazovkou plnou dat.

„Pokud bys chtěl, přinesu ti datovou čtečku,“ řekl Dust. „I když bys měl radši odpočívat.“

“Thank you,” Quicksilver said. A data reader. Yes. That was more right. That was more as it should be.

“Soon you will be better,” Dust said, “And then perhaps you will remember what happened. Perhaps then you can tell us of Atlantis.”

## Chapter Two: The Searchers

“Offworld activation! Colonel Sheppard’s IDC.”

They came through the gate in good order, the ninth passage in three days, Teyla last on six, herding Radek Zelenka ahead of her. Zelenka clutched his laptop case, and Ronon, just ahead of him, looked back over his shoulder.

Above, Richard Woolsey hurried out on the walkway from his office, looking down over the railing with scarcely concealed worry. “Anything, Colonel?”

John shook his head, dropping the muzzle of his P90 down. Woolsey’s face fell. “Come up and tell me, all of you.”

„Děkuji,“ odpověděl Quicksilver. Datová čtečka. Ano. To bylo lepší. Takhle nějak by to mělo vypadat.

„Brzy ti bude dobře,“ řekl Dust, „a pak si možná vzpomeneš, co se vlastně stalo. Třeba nám pak také řekneš něco o Atlantidě.“

## Kapitola druhá: Pátrání

„Příchozí červí díra! Identifikační kód podplukovníka Sheppardarda.“

Bránou prošli v pořádku. Byl to jejich devátý průchod za tři dny. Teyla byla mezi posledními a postrkovala před sebou Radka Zelenku. Ten sevřel v rukách svůj laptop a Ronon, který byl před ním, se ohlédl přes rameno.

Na ohoz nad nimi přispěchal ze své kanceláře Richard Woolsey. Podíval se přes zábradlí a vypadal ustaraně. „Našli jste něco, podplukovníku?“

John zavrtěl hlavou a sklonil svou P90ku. Woolsey svěsil hlavu. „Pojďte nahoru a podejte hlášení. Všichni.“

Wearily, the team climbed the stairs, Teyla reaching up to catch Zelenka's arm when he stumbled.

"I am fine," he said quietly.

"Of course," she said. He did not look fine to her. Unshaven, his hair in need of washing, Radek looked like all of them did at this point, a bunch of scruffy renegades and madmen who had not slept in days. "But I do not think you should go out again right away."

Radek shrugged, preceding her up the stairs and around toward the conference room. "If we need to go, I will go," he said.

John had already fallen into one of the chairs, while Ronon poured himself a big glass of water from the pitcher at the back of the room. Woolsey lowered himself into his usual chair at the end of the table. Radek sat down to his left while Teyla went around the table and sat beside John.

He looked at her sideways, dark circles under his eyes like bruises. "You look like hell."

"Thank you," Teyla said politely.

"What do you have?" Woolsey asked.

Unaveně vycházeli po schodech a Teyla chytla za ruku Zelenku, který klopýtl.

„Jsem v pořádku,“ řekl tiše.

„Jistě,“ odpověděla. V pořádku jí ale nepřipadal. Byl neoholený a jeho vlasy byly mastné. Radek vypadal tak, jako všichni ostatní. Vypadali jako hromada špinavých bláznivých pobudů, kteří už nespali několik dní. „Ale nemyslím si, že byste měl jít hned na další misi.“

Radek pokrčil rameny a pokračoval cestou k zasedací místnosti. „Pokud budeme muset jít, tak půjdu,“ odpověděl.

John se zhroutil do jedné z židlí, zatímco Ronon si v zadní části místnosti nalil ze džbánu velkou sklenici vody. Woolsey se usadil do své obvyklé židle na konci stolu. Radek si sedl na tu po jeho levici, kdežto Teyla obešla stůl a sedla si vedle Johna.

Podíval se na ní a ona si všimla obřích kruhů pod jeho očima, které vypadaly skoro jako modřiny. „Vypadáš strašně.“

„Děkuji,“ odpověděla zdvořilým tónem Teyla.

„Tak, co máte?“ zeptal se Woolsey.

John stirred, his finger tracing patterns on the surface of the table. “M40-P36 was the right planet. Rocky, cold, uninhabited. Some ruins a few miles away, but nothing around the gate worth looking at. No life signs. The gate had only been opened three times in the last six months, and all three times were to dial New Athos.”

“Which means?”

Radek put his laptop on the table in front of him. “The buffer on a Stargate is roughly six months or fifty dialings. The Athosians had dialed thirty seven addresses in the last six months, which I recovered from the gate on New Athos. After talking with the Athosians, Teyla could account for twenty eight of the addresses — allies, trading partners, and us of course. Having checked out the other nine addresses, I am confident this was the gate where the Darts that abducted Rodney originated.”

“Why is that?” Woolsey asked, frowning.

Ronon dropped into the chair beside Radek, his water in his hand. “Dead world. Nobody lives there, but somebody dialed New

John přejížděl prsty po stole a začal mluvit. „M40-P36 byla správná planeta. Kamenná, studená, neobydlená. Pár kilometrů od brány byly nějaké ruiny, ale kolem ní nebylo nic, co by stálo za řeč. Žádné známky života. Brána byla otevřená jen třikrát za posledních šest měsíců a pokaždé to bylo na Nový Athos.“

„Což znamená?“

Radek si před sebe na stůl položil svůj laptop. „Hvězdná brána si pamatuje zhruba posledních šest měsíců nebo padesát posledních zadaných adres. Athosiané během posledních šesti měsíců zadali třicet sedm adres, které jsem získal z brány na Novém Athosu. Poté, co si Teyla promluvila s Athosiany, jsme identifikovali dvacet osm adres – spojenci, obchodní partneři a samozřejmě my. Poté co jsme zkontrolovali zbylých devět adres, mohu jistě říct, že šipky, které unesly Rodneyho, přiletěly z této planety.“

„A proč jste si jistý?“ zeptal se Woosley a zamračil se.

Ronon sebou praštil do židle vedle Radka a v ruce držel svou sklenici s vodou. „Mrtvý svět. Nikdo tam nežije, ale přesto někdo

Athos three times.” He took a gulp of his water. “Where’d they come from? If nobody lives there and they dialed New Athos three times, but nowhere else, those are our guys.”

“I don’t see...” Woolsey began.

“They came from a hive ship,” Teyla put in. “It is the logical conclusion. The ship remained in orbit around an uninhabited world while the Darts attacked New Athos. Once they had what they sought they returned through the gate and rejoined the hive ship. They did not dial anywhere else, and they are not still there.”

“Three times?”

Teyla nodded. “Once to scout, once to send the message that lured us to New Athos, and once to seize... their prize.” She could not quite bring herself to say, ‘to seize Rodney.’ That was too raw.

John sat up straight, his eyes meeting Woolsey’s down the table. “If we get a jumper and go back...”

Woolsey frowned. “What will that give you?”

tříkrát vytočil Nový Athos,“ řekl a napil se. „Odkud se asi vzali, když tam nikdo nežije? Někdo tříkrát vytočil Nový Athos a žádnou jinou planetu. Je to to, co hledáme.“

„Nechápu...“ začal Woolsey.

„Přiletěli z mateřského úlu,“ vložila se mu do řeči Teyla. „Je to jediné logické vysvětlení. Loď zůstala na orbitě neobydlené planety, zatímco šipky útočily na Nový Athos. Jakmile měli, pro co přišli, vrátili se zpět a připojili se znovu k úlu. Nežadali adresu nikam jinam a na planetě už také nejsou.“

„Tříkrát?“

Teyla přikývla. „Jednou na průzkum, jednou aby odeslali zprávu, která nás nalákala na Nový Athos a jednou aby obdrželi ... svou výhru.“ Nedokázala se donutit, aby řekla „aby zajali Rodneyho“. Bylo to příliš čerstvé.

John se napřímil a zadíval se Woolseymu do očí. „Kdybychom si vzali jumper a vrátili se tam...“

Woolsey sraštil obočí. „A co by vám to přineslo?“

Radek glanced from one to the other, addressing himself to John rather than Woolsey. "The hive ship has certainly opened a hyperspace window. We did not detect them in orbit and they have had three days to go anywhere they wish. I do not think there is more information we can gain on M40-P36."

John's hands opened and closed in frustration. "We have to," he began tiredly. "We have to find another means of intelligence," Woolsey said.

"Rodney..."

"We will find Dr. McKay," Woolsey said. "But if there's no more information to be had this way, we need to find another way."

John's brows knit, graving deep ridges across his forehead. It was a wonder any of them were making sense, Teyla thought. If they were. "They were after Rodney," she said. "These were not simply Darts culling. Nor were they merely seeking a prisoner from Atlantis to interrogate. They could have picked up half a dozen Athosians, and at one point they abandoned a run on me that could have been successful." She looked around the table, as they were all staring at her. "They were after Rodney

se na oba podíval a spíše k Johnovi, než k Woolseymu řekl: „Úly již jistě zmizely v hyperprostoru. Nezaznamenali jsme, že by byly na orbitě, a měly už tři dny, aby odcestovaly kamkoliv se jim chtělo. Nemyslím si, že bychom na M40-P36 mohli získat nějaké další informace.“

John frustrací sevřel ruce v pěst. „Musíme,“ začal unaveně.

„Musíme hlavně najít jiný způsob, jak získat informace,“ řekl Woolsey.

„Rodney...“

„Najdeme Dr. McKaye,“ přerušil ho Woolsey. „Ale když už touto cestou nezjistíme nic dalšího, musíme to zkusit jinak.“

John se zamračil, což mu na čele vykreslilo několik vrásek. Je s podivem, že jejich slova ještě dávala smysl, pomyslela si Teyla. Tedy pokud skutečně smysl dávala. „Šlo jim o Rodneyho,“ řekla. „Tohle nebyla obyčejná sklizeň. A také jen nehledali kohokoliv z Atlantidy k výslechu. Šipky mohly nabrat půltuctu Athosianů a v jedné chvíli dokonce vzdaly potencionálně úspěšný útok na mě.“ Rozhlédla se kolem stolu, zatímco na ní ostatní zírali. „Šlo jim přímo o Rodneyho a hned, jak ho získali, tak



specifically, and as soon as they had him they disengaged. This is about Rodney. Which means there is a plan, a careful plan that has involved many Wraith. And where there is a plan that involves many, there is talk.”

“Among Wraith,” Ronon said, leaning his elbows on the table and looking at her.

“The one who dialed our gate pretending to be Athosian was not Wraith,” Teyla said. “There is a Wraith Worshipper or an agent among them, someone who might speak with humans.” Her eyes met John’s. “We know Rodney is alive. They would not go to such trouble to capture him only to kill him.”

“That’s what I’m afraid of,” John said grimly.

Woolsey cleared his throat. “We all know Dr. McKay could be a valuable intelligence source for the Wraith. And we all know it’s a priority to find him and recover him. If there’s no further information to be gained from the DHDs of various Stargates, then we need to consider other methods.”

přestali. Bylo to kvůli Rodneymu, což znamená, že měli plán. Opatrný plán, který zahrnoval mnoho Wraithů. A když je plán, který zahrnuje mnohé, jsou okolo něj i řeči.“

„Mezi Wraithy,“ poznamenal Ronon, který se opřel lokty o stůl a nespustil z ní oči.

„Ten, který zavolal bránou a předstíral, že je Athosian, nebyl Wraith,“ pokračovala Teyla. „Byl to uctíváček Wraithů nebo jejich agent. Někdo, kdo mohl mluvit s lidmi.“ Její oči se setkaly s Johnovými. „Víme, že Rodney je stále naživu. Nepodnikli by tolik úsilí, aby ho chytili, jen aby ho pak zabili.“

„Toho se právě bojím,“ řekl John ponuře.

Woolsey si odkašlal. „Všichni víme, že Dr. McKay může být pro Wraithy cenným zdrojem informací. A také víme, že je prioritou, abychom ho našli a získali zpět. Pokud již ale nejde získat více informací z DHD různých bran, pak musíme zvážit jiné metody.“

“Such as?” John asked. He looked like he wanted to go out again. John was not usually this dog-headed, but Teyla knew he had not slept in seventy-two hours. Caffeine and adrenaline were no substitute for sleep, and robbed a man of common sense.

“The Genii have the best intelligence in the Pegasus Galaxy,” Woolsey said. “They may have heard something.”

“We’re not exactly on the best terms with the Genii,” John said. “I don’t think...”

“Radim has assured us of his good intentions,” Woolsey interrupted. “Now is a good time for him to show us. And passing on rumors costs him nothing.”

Ronon snorted. “For whatever they’re worth.”

Teyla took a deep breath. “There is Todd,” she said.

To her surprise, John didn’t dismiss it. “There is,” he said.

Ronon put his hand down on the table, fingers clenched. “You’re talking about trusting Todd.”

„Jako třeba?“ zeptal se John. Vypadal, že by se rád zase vydal ven. John obvykle nebyl tak pošetilý, ale Teyla věděla, že nespal už sedmdesát dva hodin. Kofein a adrenalin nebyly náhražkou spánku a jeho nedostatek zbavoval člověka zdravého rozumu.

„Geniiové mají největší síť špiónů v celé galaxii Pegas,“ řekl Woolsey. „Možná něco zaslechli.“

„S Genii momentálně nejsme zrovna nejlepší spojenci,“ odpověděl John. „Nemyslím si, že...“

„Radim nás ujišťoval, že má jen ty nejlepší úmysly,“ přerušil ho Woolsey. „Nyní je dobrý čas na to, aby svá slova potvrdil. A to, že nám sdělí pár fám, ho nebude nic stát.“

Ronon si odfrkl. „Jestli budou vůbec k něčemu.“

Teyla se zhluboka nadechla. „Ještě je tu Todd,“ řekla.

K jejímu překvapení John nic nenamítal. „Máš pravdu,“ řekl.

Ronon položil sevřenou pěst na stůl. „Mluvíte o tom, že máme věřit Toddovi.“

“Todd’s more likely to know what the Wraith are up to than the Genii are,” John said.

“If he didn’t do it himself,” Ronon said.

“We can only hope we are so fortunate,” Teyla said. “If Todd wanted to kidnap Rodney to help with some plan of his, we know Rodney is unhurt.”

John glanced at her, as though that thought brightened him. “That’s true. And if it’s some other hive, he may be able to get us the lowdown on it.”

She did not mention Queen Death. None of them did, though she was certain that the image from Manaria hung over them all.

Woolsey nodded. “Our next move is to shake the bushes, as it were. And while we do that, I want you and your team to stand down, Colonel Sheppard.” John started to shake his head, but Woolsey did not wait for him to. “Your team is in no condition to go back out again, and yes, that includes you, Dr. Zelenka. If you’re going to be ready when we get word, you need to stand down now.”

„Todd bude vědět, co Wraithi chystají spíš než Geniiové,“ odpověděl John.

„Pokud to neudělal on sám,“ odvětil Ronon.

„Můžeme jen doufat, že bychom měli takové štěstí,“ řekla Teyla. „Kdyby chtěl Todd unést Rodneyho kvůli nějakému jeho plánu, pak by bylo jisté, že je Rodney v pořádku.“

John na ní pohlédl a zdálo se, že tato myšlenka ho potěšila. „To je pravda. A jestli to udělal nějaký jiný úl, tak by nám mohl sehnat nějaké informace.“

Nezmínila Královnu smrti. Nikdo z nich ji nezmínil, i když bylo jasné, že vzpomínky na Manarii je pronásledovaly všechny.

Woolsey přikývl. „Naším dalším krokem bude, jak se říká, poohlédnout se kolem. A zatímco to budeme dělat, tak chci, podplukovníku Shepparde, aby si váš tým odpočinul.“ John se chystal zavrtět hlavou, ale Woolsey na nic takového nečekal. „Váš tým není ve stavu, aby se mohl znovu vydat ven a ano, to platí i pro vás Dr. Zelenko. Jestli máte být připraveni, až se něco dozvíme, tak si musíte odpočinout.“

She expected John to argue. Perhaps once he might have. Perhaps his respect for Woolsey had increased. Or perhaps he was also so tired that it seemed that the briefing room swam gently before his eyes.

“You’ve done your part,” Woolsey said quietly. “Let me do mine. When we hear anything I’ll call you.”

John nodded slowly. “Ok. Ronon, Teyla, get some rest. You too, Radek. That was a good job out there.”

“Thank you,” Radek said. He sounded vaguely surprised.

“We’re standing down,” he said. “This isn’t going to be over in a couple of days. Let’s get some rest.”

Woolsey got to his feet and went to the door. “Banks, get me a radio link and open the gate for me. I need a line out to Ladon Radim.”

\* \* \*

Ronon headed for his quarters, brushing past people without speaking. They would have questions, want to know if they’d found Rodney yet, and he was too tired for

Očekávala, že se s ním John začne hádat. Možná, že kdysi by tomu tak bylo. Možná již získal vůči Woolseymu větší respekt. Nebo byl možná tak unavený, že už ani nevnímal, co se vlastně děje.

„Svou část jste splnili,“ řekl tiše Woolsey. „Teď mi dovolte, abych splnil tu svou. Jakmile něco zjistíme, dám vám vědět.“

John zdráhavě přikývl. „Dobrá. Ronone, Teylo, odpočňte si. Ty taky, Radku. Byla to tam od tebe dobrá práce.“

„Díky,“ řekl Radek a zněl poněkud překvapeně.

„Dáme si pohov,“ řekl. „Tohle se nevyřeší během pár dní. Musíme si odpočinout.“

Woolsey vstal a šel ke dveřím. „Banksová, potřebuji otevřít bránu a navázat rádiové spojení s Ladonem Radimem.“

\* \* \*

Ronon zamířil do svého pokoje a cestou beze slova míjel ostatní lidi. Měli by otázky. Chtěli by vědět, jestli už našli Rodneyho, a on byl příliš unavený, než aby mluvil.

any more words. He'd end up stumbling over them the way Zelenka had stumbled on the gateroom steps, the way when he had first come to Atlantis it had been an effort to remember how to talk to anyone.

The halls were still too crowded with all new people who were still being herded through trainings and were free at weird hours rather than busy with work all day. There were too many people he didn't know, and too many people he did, scientists who didn't seem to know what to do with themselves without Rodney around. It wasn't like they didn't have work to do, but they kept gathering in little knots in the corridors and the mess hall, repeating the obvious as if that would somehow help.

He didn't want to talk. He didn't much want to sleep, but it was probably true that they should sleep while they could. Every instinct was telling him to keep moving, that doing anything would be better than doing nothing, and instead they were sitting around waiting to find out if their allies — such as they were — were going to talk to them. It rankled, and there wasn't anything to do about that either.

Klopýtal přes ostatní stejným způsobem, jako když Zelenka klopýtl v místnosti s bránou, a stejně tak, jako když se poprvé ocitl na Atlantidě a jen těžko se rozpomínal, jaké je to s někým vlastně mluvit.

Chodby byly stále plné nových lidí, kteří ještě procházeli zácvikem a měli volno v divné časy místo toho, aby celý den pracovali. Bylo tu příliš mnoho lidí, které neznal, ale také příliš těch, které znal. Plno vědců, kteří nevěděli, co si mají se sebou počít, když je Rodney pryč. Nebylo to snad tím, že by neměli co dělat. Ale i přesto se neustále shromažďovali v malých skupinkách na chodbách a také v jídelně a opakovaně mluvili o tom samém, jako by to snad bylo něco, co by mohlo pomoci.

On mluvit nechtěl. Nechtělo se mu ani moc spát, ale pravdou bylo, že by se měli vyspat, dokud mohli. Každý atom v jeho těle mu říkal, aby se nezastavoval, že děláni čehokoliv je lepší než nicnedělání. Bohužel teď ale museli sedět a čekat, až zjistí, jestli s nimi jejich spojenci, pokud se jim tak vůbec dalo říkat, budou chtít mluvit. Byl to příšerný pocit, ale nedalo se s tím nic dělat.

It would help if he could stop running over the fight on New Athos in his head, with every wrong move clear to him now. His last shot had been off, clipped the Dart's stabilizers instead of crippling its wing, and even the one that had told best hadn't brought the Dart down. Even if the Dart carrying Rodney had gotten away, if they'd had a prisoner to interrogate, they could have found out a lot that would help them now.

If they'd seen the trap sooner, they could have all taken cover, tried to take out the Darts from the shelter of the trees. If he'd seen the pattern in the dives sooner, seen that the Darts had a single target, he would have gotten Rodney to shelter, left him there and come back to fight. Or at least have stuck close, close enough to dive into the culling beam when it took Rodney.

They'd escaped a hive ship before. And, all right, neither of them could fly a Dart, but they'd have figured something out. The Wraith wouldn't have killed them right off, not if they were after information. Ronon would have gotten Rodney free, and then Rodney would have figured out a way off the hive ship, and then they wouldn't be

Nejlepší by bylo, kdyby si mohl v hlavě přestat neustále promítat každý špatný krok, který na Novém Athosu udělal. Jeho poslední výstřel minul. Místo toho, aby poškodil šipce křídlo se pouze otřel o stabilizátory. Dokonce i ta rána, o které si myslel, že je přesná, šipku nevyřadila. I kdyby šipka, která unesla Rodneyho, odletěla, měli by alespoň vězně k výslechu, což by jim nyní alespoň trochu pomohlo.

Kdyby si všimli té pasti dřív, mohli se všichni schovat a zkusit zničit šipky z úkrytu stromů. Kdyby si všiml vzorce, ve kterém šipky útočily. Toho, že jim šlo o jediný cíl, tak by Rodneyho schoval a pak se vrátil zpátky do boje. Nebo by alespoň zůstal tak na blízku, aby mohl skočit do sběrného paprsku ihned, jak Rodneyho nabral.

Už dříve se jim podařilo z úlu utéct. A i když je pravda, že ani jeden z nich neuměl se šipkou létat, tak by na něco přišli. Wraithi by je hned nezabili. Ne pokud jim šlo o informace. Ronon by Rodneyho osvobodil a Rodney by pak přišel na to, jak se z úlu dostat a oni by teď nemuseli prohledávat prázdné planety, na kterých nic nenašli.

searching empty planets and coming up with nothing.

He could still remember how much he'd wanted to kill Rodney himself if Rodney didn't shut up, that first time they'd been captured together. It wasn't like he liked being trapped in Wraith webbing so that he couldn't move, struggling for every finger's-width that he could move his hand toward his knife, for every deep breath. He didn't see how it could possibly help to give voice to every terrified thought in your head while you waited.

It had still been better than being alone. Better than waking up in a cell, or cocooned in the long rows of people who were going to be somebody's next meal, and knowing that there was no one to help you. He was trying not to think about that now, but it wasn't working very well.

If he'd stuck close, the way he would have back in the days when Rodney couldn't yet be trusted to hold his own in a fight — but John had said spread out, and there were too few of them to lay down a crossfire otherwise. And Rodney had done everything right, shot straight and true,

Ještě si pořád živě pamatoval, jak měl chuť Rodneyho zabít sám, kdyby tenkrát, když byli poprvé spolu zajati, nezmlknul. Jemu se přeci také nelíbilo být chycený ve wraithském zámotku tak, že se nemohl hýbat. Musel usilovat o překlenutí každého milimetru vzdálenosti, která dělila jeho ruku od jeho nože, a o každý svůj hluboký nádech. Nechápal, jaký smysl má říkat nahlas každou děsivou myšlenku, která člověku prochází hlavou během toho, co čeká.

Bylo to ale pořád lepší než být sám. Lepší než se probudit v cele nebo v zámotku vedle nekonečné řady dalších lidí, kteří byli něčí další oběd, s vědomím, že vám nikdo nepomůže. Snažil se nad tím nyní moc nepřemýšlet, ale moc se mu to nedařilo.

Kdyby mu mohl být tak nablízku, jako v dobách, kdy se Rodneymu nedalo věřit, že by se v boji ubránil... Ale John řekl, aby se rozdělili a bylo jich příliš málo na to, aby jinak mohli zahájit křížovou palbu. A Rodney udělal všechno správně. Střílel dobře a přesně. Uhnul, když měl. Ani

dodged when he should have. He'd never had a chance to see the second Dart coming in.

No one had seen it in time. They should have done better. For that matter, they should have left men at the gate, or waited at the gate ready for the trap, but John had been convinced it was a trick, children playing games.

He'd heard the distress call played back, and seen Teyla's face when she heard it. It hadn't sounded like a boy playing the kind of game he ought to be beaten for. It had sounded like raw panic. A man in fear for his life, or a good actor, a good liar. An agent of the Genii, or a Wraith worshipper.

Ronon had thought it at the time, but he hadn't said it. It was New Athos, the fields heavy with grain and sleepy in the hot sun, children playing the same games they'd all watched a hundred times. They'd all wanted to believe it was a safe place, the kind of place where a strange call for help was probably just another children's game.

They'd all spent too long on Earth. He'd still run every morning, sparred with whoever was around when John and Teyla

náhodou si neměl šanci všimnout druhé blížící se šipky.

Nikdo ji neviděl včas. Měli to udělat lépe. Vlastně měli u brány nechat pár mužů, nebo tam měli zůstat a být připraveni na past, ale John si byl jistý, že si z nich jen někdo vystřelil, že to byly jen děti, co hrály nějakou hru.

V hlavě znovu slyšel to volání o pomoc a viděl před sebou Teylin obličej, když ho poprvé slyšela. Neznělo to jako hra chlapce, za kterou by měl dostat pár na zadek. Znělo to jako opravdová panika. Muž, který se bál o svůj život, nebo dobrý herec a lhář. Geniiský agent nebo uctíváč Wraithů.

Ronon měl tehdy pocit, že by to tak mohlo být, ale nic neřekl. Byl to Nový Athos. Pole tam byla plná obilí a krajina byla zalitá sluncem. Děti tam hrály stejné hry, které již viděli stokrát. Všichni by si přáli věřit tomu, že jde o bezpečné místo. Takové místo, kde podivné volání o pomoc musela být jen dětská hra.

Strávili příliš času na Zemi. On během té doby neustále každé ráno běhal a trénoval s každým, kdo se namanul, ale John a Teyla



had both been too absorbed in worrying about the future to spend much time in the gym, but it wasn't enough to keep from getting into the habits of safety. Five months idle was too long to go straight back to the field without time to retrain, to get their edge back.

That apparently wasn't how John's military did things. He wasn't going to argue, but either it was getting to them, or they'd just screwed up with no excuse. They couldn't afford any more mistakes like that. And now they didn't even have their scientist to help them figure out what to do next. If Rodney were here, he'd figure out some solution, some way to find whoever they'd lost.

He'd keep working until he found some solution, complaining the whole time, which was all that they could do now. Without the complaining part, which he still didn't think helped. They'd get information from somebody, and then they'd go get Rodney back and kill the Wraith who took him. They'd make this right.

His mind was on New Athos, not on where he was going, and he nearly ran into someone as she stepped into his path. He

byly oba až příliš zaměstnaní obavami o budoucnost, než aby trávili nějaký čas v tělocvičně. Strachování se ale nezabránilo tomu, aby si nezvykli na pocit bezpečí. Pět měsíců je příliš dlouhá doba na návrat zpět do služby bez toho, aniž by si znovu zvykli na to, že musí být ostražiti.

To očividně nebyl způsob, jakým Johnova armáda fungovala. Nechtěl se hádat, ale buď je to oslabilo, anebo věci pokazili bez jakékoliv výmluvy. Nemohli si již dovolit žádnou takovou chybu. A teď neměli svého vědce, aby jim pomohl přijít na to, co mají dělat dál. Kdyby tu Rodney byl, určitě by přišel na nějaký způsob, jak najít toho, koho ztratili.

Pracoval by tak dlouho, dokud by nenašel nějaké řešení. Je pravdou, že by si celou dobu stěžoval, ale takhle mohli dělat jen to, i když Ronon byl stále přesvědčený, že naříkání je k ničemu. Od někoho dostanou nějaké informace a pak půjdou a získají Rodneyho zpět a zabijí Wraithy, kteří ho vzali. Napraví to.

Místo toho, aby přemýšlel o tom, kam jde, byla jeho hlava plná Nového Athosu, a tak málem narazil do někoho, kdo se mu připletl

was ready to shoulder her aside and keep moving until he saw it was Jennifer.

She didn't ask him anything, just looked up at him with eyes that made her question clear enough.

He shook his head, and then realized she might take that to mean they'd had bad news. Worse news than none. "We don't know," he said.

She nodded, her chin up. "Just let me know if you hear anything."

"Woolsey thinks he can talk to people," Ronon began, but he really didn't have the words. "We're going to find him."

"I know," Jennifer said. She nodded and walked on, back straight.

Now he didn't feel like sleeping at all, but he knew it was time to sleep while they could. He knew the difference between a sprint and long days of running. He could see well enough that was what they were in for. That didn't mean he had to like it.

\* \* \*

do cesty. Byl připraven na to ho odsunout a pokračovat dál, ale byla to Jennifer.

Na nic se ho neptala, jen se na něj podívala pohledem, který položil otázku za ní.

Zavrtěl hlavou a pak si uvědomil, že by si mohla myslet, že mají špatnou zprávu, což bylo horší než žádné zprávy. „Nic nevíme,“ řekl.

Přikývla se zvednutou bradou. „Jen mi dej vědět, kdybys něco slyšel.“

„Woolsey si myslí, že si může promluvit s pár lidmi,“ začal Ronon, ale nevěděl, jak pokračovat. „Najdeme ho.“

„Já vím,“ řekla Jennifer, znovu pokývala hlavou a vzpřímená odešla.

Teď se mu už vůbec nechtělo spát, ale věděl, že spánek je to jediné, co může dělat. Věděl, jaký je rozdíl mezi sprintem a maratonem. Bylo jasné, v jakém závodě jsou. To však neznamená, že se mu to musí líbit.

\* \* \*

Radek had barely set foot in the infirmary before he was brought up short by Jennifer's weary "And what happened to you? Slipped on the stairs? Frostbite?" She was cleaning up what he thought looked like the preparations for putting on a cast. He wondered who had broken what.

"Neither," he said. "I don't think it is actually cold enough for frostbite."

"You'd be surprised," Jennifer said. "You'd think no one had ever seen it snow before." It was true that the outdoor stairs and walkways were slippery that morning, and metal railings cold, but Radek had sensibly enough changed his usual shoes for the military-issue boots he rarely wore, and also put on gloves when he went outside. Apparently some had not, and were regretting it.

"I have seen my share of snow," Radek said. "I am from the mountains, you know."

She nodded absently. "I'm from Wisconsin. Where it snows. But I think everybody got used to living on a nice warm island."

Sotva se Radek objevil na ošetrovně, už ho vítal Jenniferin unavený hlas. „A co se stalo vám? Uklouzl jste na schodech? Omrzliny?“ Ze stolku odnášela něco, co vypadalo jako příprava na sádrování. Zajímalo ho, kdo si co zlomil.

„Nic z toho,“ řekl. „A myslím, že na omrzliny není dostatečná zima.“

„To byste se divil,“ odpověděla Jennifer. „Skoro to vypadá, jako že někteří ještě nikdy neviděli sníh.“ Byla pravda, že venkovní schody a ochozy byly po ránu kluzké a zábradlí studená, ale Radek si prozřetelně vyměnil své normální boty za vojenské, které tak často nenosil, a také si před tím, než šel ven, nasadil rukavice. Zdá se, že někteří to neudělali a nyní litovali.

„Už jsem nějaký sníh zažil,“ řekl Radek. „Pocházím z hor, víte.“

Jennifer bezmyšlenkovitě přikývla. „Já jsem z Wisconsinu. Tam také sněží. Mám ale pocit, že si všichni zvykli na to žít na hezky teplém ostrově.“

“And we are all simply going to have to learn to cope with living on a colder one. The energy consumption that would be required to keep the shield up every time it is snowing...” He was getting a little tired of this explanation. Perhaps it would help if he sent a memo. “It is prohibitive.”

Jennifer shook her head. “I’m not asking you to put up the shield so that it won’t snow.”

There was a momentary pause. “Then...”

“Why are you in here? That was actually my question.”

It took a moment. There had not been much sleep for anyone in the last few days, which might have something to do with a tendency to fall down icy stairs. “I came to see if you were all right,” he said simply.

There was still hope, of course. They had lost people to the Wraith before and recovered them again after it had seemed that all hope was lost. But it did not look good, and he thought it might be the first time that it was personal for her. She and Rodney had been seeing each other for months, had been sharing living quarters

„A nyní si budeme zkrátka muset všichni zvyknout, jaké to je bydlet na studeném. Množství energie, které by bylo potřeba na to, abychom zvedli štít, kdykoliv by sněžilo...” Už ho unavovalo, jak to pořád musel vysvětlovat. Možná by měl poslat oběžník. „Je obrovské.“

Jennifer zavrtěla hlavou. „Ale já po vás nechci, abyste zvedli štít kdykoliv sněží.“

Na okamžik zavládlo ticho. „Takže...”

„Proč jste sem přišel? To bylo to, co jsem vlastně chtěla vědět.“

Chvilku to trvalo. Za poslední dny nikdo moc nenaspal, což mohlo mít něco společného s padáním z namrzlých schodů. „Přišel jsem, abych se ujistil, že jste v pořádku,“ řekl jednoduše.

Stále tu samozřejmě byla naděje. Už se několikrát stalo, že jim Wraithi vzali člověka, a ten se pak vrátil po tom, co si všichni už mysleli, že je všechna naděje ztracena. Tentokrát to ale nevypadalo moc dobře a zdálo se mu, že to pro ni bude poprvé osobní. Ona a Rodney spolu chodili již několik měsíců. Sdíleli spolu pokoj od té

since they returned to Atlantis, and now he was gone, and it might end just like that, quick and sudden like a candle being blown out.

Jennifer's expression was more awkward than anything else, as if trying to remember how one responded to such remarks. For a moment she reminded him oddly of Colonel Sheppard. "I'm good," she said. "I mean, as much as possible, considering that we're kind of in a holding pattern right now."

"We must be patient," Radek said. "But it is frustrating."

"It's probably best to just get on with everything else," Jennifer said, looking up as one of the Marines entered the infirmary with a sheepish expression and a pronounced limp. "It's not going to do any good to fall apart until, you know, we're there."

"I hope we will not be there," Radek said, but he could recognize a request to be left alone when he heard one. They were hardly close, and he was sure he was not her first choice for a sympathetic ear. It was only that he suspected she might not have one,

doby, co se vrátili na Atlantidu. A teď byl pryč. A takhle by to mohlo i skončit. Rychle a náhle jako sfouknutí svíčky.

Jenniferin výraz vypadal neskutečně podivně. Bylo to skoro jako kdyby se snažila rozpomenout, jak má na takovou věc vůbec reagovat. Zvláštním způsobem mu na okamžik připomněla podplukovníka Shepparda. „Jsem v pořádku,“ řekla. „Tedy jsem tak v pořádku, jak jen můžu být, když uvážím, že teď můžeme jenom čekat.“

„Musíme být trpěliví,“ odpověděl Radek. „Ale je to frustrující.“

„Nejlepší asi bude, když se budeme věnovat jiným věcem,“ poznamenala Jennifer a vzhlédla ke dveřím, neboť do nich právě vstoupil jeden z mariňáků, který silně kulhal a na obličeji měl rozpačitý výraz. „Ničemu by nepomohlo, kdybychom se rozsypali, dokud, však víte, nebude nejhůř.“

„Doufám, že nikdy nejhůř nebude,“ odvětil Radek. Dokázal rozpoznat žádost o trochu samoty, když nějakou slyšel. Nebyli si zrovna blízcí a on si byl jistý, že nebyl její první volbou, kdyby hledala rameno, na kterém by se mohla vybrečet. Jen měl pocit,

and at a time like this, sometimes anyone would do to tell about one's troubles.

No, not only that. What he wanted to say was: *The first year, when Peter Grodin was killed, it was hard for me to take, and I said nothing about it because everyone was unhappy, what else was new? And Rodney, who had been his friend, tried awkwardly to say something comforting, although it came out more 'when you think about it, we're probably all going to die,' and I told him to please be quiet so we could get on with work. And now I am sorry I did, because Rodney is terrible at such things, but he tried instead of saying nothing, and to say nothing would have been so easy.*

Jennifer was already crossing the infirmary to greet her new patient, though, and maybe there really was nothing more to say. Radek left her to her examination and ducked out of the infirmary. He nearly ran into Major Lorne, who looked distinctly troubled. That in itself was probably not a surprise.

“Hey, doc, have you got a minute?”

že možná nikoho takového nemá, a v takovýchto situacích se občas hodí kdokoliv ochotný naslouchat nářkům druhého.

Ne, nešlo jen o to. To, co chtěl říct bylo: *Ten první rok, když zabili Petera Grodina, byl pro mě dost těžký a já jsem o tom nikomu nic neřekl, protože to zarmoutilo všechny. A Rodney, který byl mým přítelem, se snažil nemotorně říct něco, co by mohlo být utěšující, i když z něj vyšlo pouze něco jako „když se nad tím zamyslíš, tak nespíš umřeme všichni“ a já mu na to řekl, ať je radši zticha, abychom se mohli soustředit na práci. A teď je mi líto, že jsem to udělal, protože Rodney je v této oblasti příšerný, ale i přesto se snažil něco říct, místo toho, aby jen zarytě mlčel, i když by to bylo jednodušší.*

Jennifer ale již přecházela na druhou stranu ošetřovny, aby uvítala nového pacienta a možná, že už vlastně ani nebylo co dál říci. Radek ji ponechal její práci a vypařil se z ošetřovny. Cestou málem vrazil do majora Lornea, který vypadal zřetelně ztrápeně, což samo o sobě nebylo žádné překvapení.

„Hej doktore, máte chvíli?“

“Not really, but tell me your problems,” Radek said. “I will add them to the list.”

“The short-range scanners keep cutting in and out,” Lorne said. “And when they’re in, we’re getting some weird readings off them. I don’t think it’s really likely that we’ve got company here, but back on Lantea there was that business with the whales — ”

“There could be whales here,” Radek said. “Dangerous space whales intent on battering themselves against the city suicidally, or possibly on eating military personnel. I would not at all be surprised.”

“I’m just saying it would be nice to check it out,” Lorne said. “I don’t really want to be on a new planet with scanners that don’t work.”

“I see that,” Radek said. “It is possible that the weather is causing some problems. The city was surely once equipped to handle cold and snow in Antarctica, but that was literally thousands of years ago, and it may be that given Lantea’s milder climate, keeping those systems working was not a priority.”

„Úplně ne, ale klidně mi povězte o svých problémech,“ odpověděl Radek. „Přidám je na seznam.“

„Senzory krátkého dosahu se neustále vypínají a zapínají,“ řekl Lorne. „A když zrovna fungují, tak z nich dostáváme nějaké podivné údaje. Nemyslím si, že by tu ještě někdo byl, ale když už byl kdysi na Lantea problém s těmi velrybami...“

„Velryby by tu být mohly,“ odvětil Radek. „Nebezpečné vesmírné velryby, které touží po tom se sebevražděně vrhat proti městu anebo možná sníst celý vojenský personál. Vůbec by mě to nepřekvapovalo.“

„Jen chci říct, že by možná stálo za to se na to podívat,“ řekl Lorne. „Nejsem zrovna nadšený z toho, že jsme na nove planetě se senzory, které nefungují.“

„Tomu rozumím,“ odpověděl Radek. „Je možné, že nám počasí působí nějaké problémy. Město bylo kdysi určitě schopné vydržet zimu a sníh na Antarktidě, ale to bylo doslova před tisíci lety a možná, že vzhledem k mírnému klimatu na Lantea, nebylo udržování takových systémů zrovna prioritou.“

“But now maybe we might want to rethink that. I’ve also been noticing that it’s a little cold in here.”

“People keep opening and closing the exterior doors,” Radek said. “You see, without the shield, we have no control over exterior temperatures, and while the city’s heating system is very good, we cannot heat the entire outdoors.”

“My mom used to say that,” Lorne said. “Maybe you could send a memo.”

“Yes, that will be sure to help.” Radek spread his hands in surrender to the uselessness of attempting to teach all Atlantis personnel to keep doors closed. “I will add it to the list, but at the moment we have worse problems to deal with.”

“I know,” Lorne said, all humor gone. “Believe me.”

\* \* \*

Teyla came into the gateroom twelve hours later, cradling a cup of coffee in her hands. Sleep and food had made her feel human again, capable of taking up the search for Rodney with competence.

Radek was there ahead of her, frowning into one of the monitors, his glasses askew.

„To bychom možná ale měli přehodnotit. A také jsem si všiml, že je tu celkem zima.“

„Lidé pořád otevírají a zavírají venkovní dveře,“ poznamenal Radek. „Víte, bez štítu nemáme žádný vliv na venkovní teplotu, a i když je vytápěcí systém města velmi dobrý, nedokážeme vyhřát celou planetu.“

„Něco takového říkávala moje matka,“ řekl Lorne. „Možná byste měl rozeslat oběžník.“

„Ano, to určitě pomůže.“ Radek zavrtěl hlavou nad představou, jak užitečné asi bude poučování celého personálu Atlantidy o tom, že mají zavírat dveře. „Přidám to na seznam, ale momentálně máme větší problémy.“

„To vím,“ odpověděl Lorne naprosto seriózně. „Věřte mi.“

\* \* \*

Teyla vstoupila do místnosti s bránou o dvanáct hodin později a v ruce držela šálek kávy. Po spánku a jídle si znovu připadala jako člověk, připravená na to se znovu vrhnout do pátrání po Rodneyem.

Radek ji sem předběhl a již se s brýlemi nakřivo mračil na jeden z monitorů. Vedle



His hair was still wet, so he had not been there long. His usual travel mug of coffee was beside him.

Teyla came and stood beside him, looking over his shoulder at the screen filled with incomprehensible code. “What are you doing?”

“Locking Rodney out,” he said. “Which is pretty much an impossible task.”

“I don’t understand.”

Radek spread his hands, flexing fingers above the keyboard and reached for his coffee. “Rodney is in the hands of the Wraith. Rodney has access codes to every one of Atlantis’ systems, from power to the shield to the gate codes to the requisition order forms for Earth! He has the codes for the auto-destruct system. He has the codes to drop the shield on the gate. So I am changing everything.”

“Rodney would not tell...” Teyla began, and stopped. Of course he would tell. He would have to. She had touched the mind of the Wraith far too often not to understand what it was like, what a Queen’s telepathy was capable of. The first time, she had folded like bent paper. When faced with a

sebe měl položený hrnek s kávou. Vlasy měl pořád mokré, takže tu nemohl být dlouho.

Teyla k němu přišla, stoupla si vedle něj a přes rameno hleděla do monitoru, který byl zcela zaplněný nesrozumitelným textem. „Co děláte?“

„Odstrhávám Rodneyho,“ odpověděl. „Což je vcelku nemožný úkol.“

„Tomu nerozumím.“

Radek nad klávesnicí rozevřel ruce, protáhl si prsty, a poté sáhl po kávě. „Rodney je v rukou Wraithů. Rodney má přístupové kódy do všech systémů Atlantidy od energie ke štítům přes kódy k bráně až po přístup k objednávacím formulářům ze Země! Má kódy pro autodestrukci. Má kódy i k tomu, aby shodil štít na bráně. Takže všechno měním.“

„Rodney by nikdy neprozradil...“ začala Teyla, ale pak se zastavila. Jistě, že by to udělal. Neměl by na výběr. Spojila se s myslí již tolika Wraithů, že chápala, jaká je moc královniny telepatie. Poprvé, když jí byla vystavena, byla lehce přemožena. Tím, že ji překvapila, ji zlomila. Dokonce i John

great queen, the one they had discovered aboard the lost power station beneath the sea, John had crumpled in seconds. Taken by surprise, she had crumpled as well.

But later, knowing and expecting the strength of the mind that wrestled with her own, she had won.

Coldamber, Todd had named her, the queen Teyla defeated. Coldamber, he had said, with a kind of wonder in his voice, and through the corners of his mind she had seen what he remembered, Coldamber in her beauty and pride, while Todd fell to his knees before her in homage, as helpless as John. She had seen his wonder that she, Teyla Emmagan, had defeated Coldamber.

This was the Gift, the remnant of a long-ago medical experiment when a renegade Wraith scientist had combined his own DNA with that of captive humans. Some few of them had survived. Some few of them were her ancestors. Among her foremothers stood a Wraith Queen, the mother of the scientist who had done this, and from that tainted blood sprung her Gift. She was strong enough now, strong enough with Todd's tutelage, that she thought she

se tehdy, když potkali tu starou královnu na vrtné plošině pod vodou, zhroutil během několika sekund.

Když ale později věděla, co má čekat a jaká je síla mysli, která proti ní stála, tak zvítězila.

Coldamber. Takovým jménem označil Todd královnu, kterou Teyla porazila. Coldamber, řekl s údivem v hlase a v zákoutích jeho mysli spatřila několik vzpomínek. Byla pyšná a překrásná a Todd jí padl k nohám stejně tak bezmocně jako John. Viděla jeho údiv nad tím, že ona, Teyla Emmagan, ji dokázala porazit.

To byl její dar. Pozůstatek z dávného lékařského experimentu jednoho osamělého wraithského vědce, který zkombinoval svou vlastní DNA s unesenými lidmi. Někteří z nich přežili. Někteří z nich byly jejími předky. Mezi jejími pramatkami byla wraithská královna. Matka vědce, který toto provedl, a z této nečisté krve pramenil její dar. Nyní již byla dostatečně silná, zejména díky Toddově učení. Díky tomu si myslela, že by dokázala stát proti jakékoliv wraithské královně a nic neprozradit.

could face a Wraith Queen and give away nothing.

But Rodney had none of her defenses. He had none of the protection offered by her tainted blood, by the strand of Wraith DNA among her own. His mind would be open to a queen, as surely as the mind of a captive Wraith could be opened to her. She had not tried that. She hoped she would not need to, and yet she held it in reserve, a hidden dagger that no one had as yet realized she carried.

None but Todd. He had opened his mind to her willingly during her charade aboard his hiveship to teach and counsel. But he had been aware, before the end, that if he did not give she could take. It was a curious kind of power, and one that sickened her as much as it pleased her.

Radek mistook her hesitation for disapproval. "I must do it," he said. "I will let Rodney back in when we get him back, but I cannot leave the codes as they are."

"No, of course you cannot," Teyla said. "It would be much too dangerous."

Radek ran his hand through his damp hair. "As it is I make no guarantees. Rodney has

Ale Rodney žádnou takovou obranu neměl. Neměl žádnou ochranu, kterou jí nabízela její pošpiněná krev, která vedle jejích vlastních obsahovala i vlákna wraithské DNA. Jeho mysl by byla otevřená královně stejně tak, jako by mysl zajatého Wraitha mohla být otevřená pro ni. Ještě to nezkusila. Doufala, že nebude muset, ale i tak si to schovávala v zásobě, jako ukrytou dýku, o které nikdo nevěděl, že ji nosí.

Nikdo kromě Todda. Svou mysl jí otevřel dobrovolně během šarády, kterou sehráli na palubě jeho úlu, aby ji učil a radil jí. Ale nakonec mu bylo jasné, že kdyby jí to nenabídl, byla by sama schopná si to vzít. Byla to zajímavá moc, která ji znechucovala stejně tak, jako ji těšila.

Radek si spletl její přemýšlení s nesouhlasem. „Musím to udělat,“ řekl. „Vrátím Rodneymu přístup, jakmile se vrátí, ale nemůžu nechat kódy tak, jak jsou.“

„Ne, jistě že ne,“ odpověděla Teyla. „To by bylo moc nebezpečné.“

Radek si rukou projel mokré vlasy. „I tak nemohu nic zaručit. Rodney má zadní

backdoors for everything. I have found a few of them, but I know there are many more.” He shook his head. “After the time the Replicators took over the city, Rodney swore he’d never be locked out. He would always have a way to get back in. I do not know what they are. And as many as I find, we will never be certain that we have them all.” He looked at her and shrugged self-depreciatingly. “Not to mention that he is a genius. I say that without him standing here. He knows my code, knows my style. I do not think I can build something he cannot hack.”

“We will get him back,” Teyla said, her voice filled with a certainty she did not feel.

“If Rodney gives over to the Wraith what he knows, we cannot stand against them,” Radek said.

### **Chapter Three: Quicksilver**

The third time Quicksilver woke he felt stronger. The data reader lay on the bed beside him, just as he had put it by before he slept. It had been hard to read. He’d had to make an effort, like a child who has not learned properly, and sleep had overtaken

vrátka úplně ve všem. Pár jsem jich našel, ale vím, že jich je mnohem víc.“ Zavrtěl hlavou. „Potom co se Replikátoři zmocnili města, Rodney přísahal, že už ho nikdy nikdo neodstříhne. Vždy by měl způsob, jak se dostat zpátky dovnitř. Nevím, co všechno udělal. A i když nějaké přístupy najdu, nikdy si nebudeme jistí, že je máme všechny.“ Podíval se na ní a nejistě pokrčil rameny. „Navíc je to génius. I když to říkám jen proto, že tu není. Zná můj kód, zná můj styl. Nemyslím si, že bych dokázal napsat něco, do čeho by se nehacknul.“

„Dostaneme ho zpátky,“ řekla Teyla hlasem plným jistoty, kterou však sama necítila.

„Pokud Rodney předá Wraithům, co ví, tak se jim nemůžeme postavit,“ řekl Radek.

### **Kapitola třetí: Quicksilver**

Když se Quicksilver probudil po třetí, cítil se silnější. Datová čtečka ležela na posteli vedle něj přesně jak ji nechal, než usnul. Čtení pro něj nebylo jednoduché. Musel se při něm usilovně snažit, stejně jako dítě, které to ještě pořádně neumělo, a to ho

him before long. Now he felt better, as though clarity was returning.

Yet he remembered nothing of what had happened to him. A prisoner of the Lanteans, Dust had said. When he closed his eyes he could find a vague impression of towers that stretched against the sky, of a control room with windows of colored glass. Before that nothing. Why could he could not remember Dust, nor this, his home?

He was Quicksilver, one of the foremost of the Queen's Clevermen. These were his rooms aboard the shipworld Bright Venture, large and private rooms as befitted a cleverman of his stature. He had a laboratory as well and eager assistants. Trouble had come to him, but surely he had risen above much in his life. This illness and the mistreatment that had preceded it were only one more thing. In time it would all be behind him.

Quicksilver sat up slowly. Though his limbs were weak they did not tremble. His arms on the side of the bed seemed his own, though marred with the tiny pinpricks of needles. He must have been very ill indeed to have been given medicine straight into the blood, and for the pricks not to have

velmi rychle vyčerpal. Nyní se však cítil lépe. Jako by se mu opět otevřeli oči.

I tak si ale nevzpomínal na nic, co se mu stalo. Dust říkal, že byl vězněm Atlant'anů. Když zavřel oči, byl schopen si vybavit nejasný obraz věží, které se upínaly k nebi, a kontrolní místnosti, která měla v oknech barevné sklo. Ale nic z doby předtím. Proč si nemohl vybavit vzpomínky na Dusta nebo na domov, který byl teď kolem něho?

Byl Quicksilver, jeden z předních královniných Myslitelů. Toto byl jeho pokoj na palubě lodi Jasná cesta. Byla to rozlehlá a soukromá místnost, která odpovídala Mysliteli jeho postavení. Měl laboratoř a horlivé asistenty. Dostal se sice do problémů, ale jistě již v životě ledacos překonal. Tato nemoc a špatné zacházení, které jí předcházelo, byly jen dalšími na seznamu. Nebude trvat dlouho a bude to jako by se to nikdy nestalo.

Quicksilver se pomalu posadil. Přestože jeho ruce a nohy byly ještě slabé, již se netřáslly. Paže se mu také už nezdály cizí, ačkoliv byly plné malých píchanců od jehel. Musel být opravdu velmi nemocný, když dostával léky přímo do krve, a bodnutí se

healed almost instantaneously. But then, he had been. Dust had said so.

Carefully he got up and crossed the few steps to the press where his clothes hung. Clean clothes were worth much. Soft black pants to replace the ones he had slept in, those would do. A shirt of dark blue silk, midnight to match the lacquer on his nails, deep bands of embroidery at neck and sleeves, black on blue in an intersecting pattern that looked oddly familiar. It took a moment, but Quicksilver's mind found it. The pattern was that of a circuit board. This was his dress shirt, its embroidery proclaiming his position as a master of sciences physical. With effort, Quicksilver lifted it over his head, letting the soft folds cascade around him.

The door irised open to admit Dust, who started. "Quicksilver? You are standing!"

"I feel better," he replied. "Much better."

Dust nodded gravely. "I am glad. The master of sciences organical has been to see you, and he said that you would wake much

okamžitě nezahojila. A taky byl. Dust to říkal.

Opatrně vstal a po pár krocích dorazil ke skříni, ve které visely jeho šaty. Čisté oblečení bylo jako požehnání. Nějaké pohodlné černé kalhoty, které nahradí ty, ve kterých spal. To by bylo ideální. Modré hedvábné triko, půlnočně modré, aby ladilo s barvou jeho nehtů, bohatě vyšíváné u krku a na rukávech. Černá na modré vytvářela zajímavý vzor, který vypadal podivně povědomě. Chvíli to trvalo, ale nakonec si Quicksilver vzpomněl, kde ten obrazec viděl. Tento vzor odpovídal obvodovým deskám. Bylo to jeho oblečení, vyšíváné tak, aby dávalo najevo jeho postavení jako mistra věd fyzikálních. S trochou námahy ho Quicksilver přehodil přes hlavu a zbytek pak na sebe nechal spadnout.

Dveře se rozevřely a do místnosti vešel Dust, který jen zůstal nevěřícně zírat. „Quicksilver? Ty stojíš!“

„Je mi mnohem lépe,“ odpověděl. „Mnohem lépe.“

Dust přikývl. „To jsem rád. Mistr věd organických tu za tebou byl a říkal, že se probudíš velmi odpočatý. Rád mu sdělím,

restored. I shall be glad to tell him he was correct." Dust came beside him, looking at Quicksilver half dressed, his shirt ballooning around him. "Let me cinch that for you." A few quick ties of threads Quicksilver hadn't even seen, and the shirt fit tightly, only the sleeves billowing while the rest clung to his form.

"I wondered if I could go to my laboratory," Quicksilver said.

"The Queen has asked you to attend on her when you're fit. If you are feeling well enough to be up and about, you must see her first," Dust replied. "She has been concerned. She will not tire you," he said, seeing Quicksilver hesitate. "It is a courtesy only. You need not attend her more than a few minutes."

He could think of no reason to refuse, though the idea filled him with a sort of anxiousness. Perhaps he feared she had been displeased with his work? Or that she would blame him for his capture? It had surely been a great expense and bother.

While he considered, Dust brought his coat and set it to his shoulders, a knee length coat of black silk, not leather as a blade

že měl pravdu." Dust se přesunul vedle něj. Podíval se na Quicksilvera, jak tam stál, napůl oblečený a s neupravenou košilí. „Připoutám ti to.“ Několik rychlých pohybů, které Quicksilver ani nezaznamenal, a košile mu najednou, až na volné rukávy, přiléhavě seděla.

„Přemýšlel jsem, jestli bych mohl do své laboratoře,“ řekl Quicksilver.

„Královna si vyžádala tvou přítomnost, hned, jak budeš připraven. Pokud se cítíš dobře, musíš jít nejdříve za ní,“ odpověděl Dust. „Měla velikou starost. Nebude tě trápit,“ dodal, když uviděl Quicksilverovo zaváhání. „Je to jen slušnost. Nebudeš s ní muset strávit více než pár minut.“

Nedokázal přijít na žádný důvod, proč by měl odmítnout, i když ho myšlenka na setkání s ní naplňovala úzkostí. Možná, že se obával, že byla nespokojená s jeho prací? Nebo že by ho vinila z jeho zajetí? Taková ztráta jistě způsobila řadu obtíží.

Zatímco uvažoval, tak mu Dust přinesl kabát a dal mu jej na ramena. Byl to kabát dlouhý po kolena a byl z černého hedvábí,

would wear, quilted and trimmed with embroidered facings, black on black.

“There. You are ready,” Dust said. He touched Quicksilver’s hand encouragingly. “It will be short, I promise you.”

They made their way through the corridors of the shipworld, cool mist blowing caressingly against their faces from the vents, doors opening before them. At the Queen’s doors two blades waited, their faces stilled to perfection.

“It is Dust of the Queen’s Own Clevermen to see Her Grace,” he said. “With my brother Quicksilver, who has been Chief among the Queen’s Own.”

There was a pause, and the elder of the blades, a tall man with hair worn in long braids, stepped back. “Queen Death will see you.”

A frisson ran through Quicksilver, but Dust propelled him forwards, his hand at his back comfortingly.

The lights were lower, amber instead of blue, and Quicksilver caught his breath.

nikoliv kožený, jako by nosil voják. Prošívaný a zdobený bohatým lemováním, černá na černé.

„Tak, jsi připraven,“ řekl Dust. Povzbudivě se dotkl Quicksilverovy ruky a dodal „Nebude to dlouho trvat, slibuji.“

Procházeli lodními chodbami, ze kterých jim na obličej příjemně vanula studená mlha z průduchů, a dveře se před nimi samy otevíraly. Před těmi královninými stáli dva hlídající vojáci, kteří na obličejích měli perfektně strnulé výrazy.

„Jsem Dust, královnin Myslitel. Chci navštívit její Výsost,“ řekl. „Přicházím s mým bratrem, Quicksilverem, který byl jedním z hlavních Myslitelů.“

Následovala pauza, po které starší z vojáků, vysoký muž s vlasy spletenými do dlouhých copů, ustoupil. „Královna smrti vás přijme.“

Quicksilverovi přejel mráz po zádech, ale Dust ho postrčil kupředu a ruku nechal povzbudivě na jeho zádech.

Světla zde visela níž a svítla žlutě, nikoliv modře. Quicksilver zatajil dech.



“Come closer, my paladins,” she said. On a throne carved of a single piece of glowing coral was a beautiful young woman. Her hair was a river of black silk down her back, bound at her brow with a fillet of silver set with fine stones. Her features were even and proud, and her skin had the glow of youth, high cheekbones arching beneath amber eyes that laughed and danced with pleasure.

When she saw him she rose with one graceful movement, her skirts sweeping around her, and came forward. “Quicksilver!” she said, and her voice was melody and delight. “I am very relieved that you are much better. When you were missing we were all terribly worried, and when you returned so injured...” She broke off, smiling at him. “My dear, we feared the worst! And now you are nearly well again.”

“My Queen,” Quicksilver murmured, stricken to the core. He could barely speak, and it came to him that he should bow. He bent his head.

“I commend you for your good care,” she said to Dust.

„Pojďte blíž, mí bojovníci,“ zaznělo. Na trůnu vyřezávaném z jediného kusu zářivého korálu seděla překrásná žena. Její vlasy byly jako řeka černého hedvábí, která se jí rozlévala po zádech. Začínala na čele a byla ohraničená stříbrnou čelenkou s drahými kameny. Její rysy byly souměrné a její kůže pyšně zářila mládím. Vysoké lícní kosti se klenuly pod jejíma jantarově žlutýma očima, které se zářily radostí.

Když ho spatřila, tak se zvedla pomocí jediného elegantního pohybu. Její sukně se rozvlála okolo ní a ona se pak vydala směrem vpřed. „Quicksilver!“ zvolala a její hlas zněl jako překrásná melodie. „Je ti lépe! To mi spadl kámen ze srdce. Když jsi byl nezvěstný, všichni jsme se o tebe přišerně báli. A když jsi se pak vrátil... Tak zraněný...“ Přestala mluvit a usmála se na něj. „Můj drahý, báli jsme se nejhoršího! Avšak nyní jsi již téměř v pořádku.“

„Má královno,“ zamumlal ochromený Quicksilver. Skoro nedokázal mluvit. Napadlo ho, že se měl uklonit, a tak alespoň sklonil hlavu.

„Chválím tě za to, jak ses o něj staral,“ řekla Dustovi.

“Thank you, My Queen.”

“And you, Quicksilver.” He raised his eyes and saw that she spoke with mock severity, as though they were very old friends indeed. “I know that you will want to exhaust yourself returning to your laboratory as soon as you may. But I do insist that you rest yourself and do not exert yourself too much. It is not necessary, as we are in no peril, and it is of great importance to me that you be restored.”

“You are too gracious,” Quicksilver muttered. It was an effort to speak at all, so overwhelming was her beauty and her presence. That she should speak to him thus, dulcetly, and full of appreciation for his work was...

“We were much relieved when we found you,” she said. “Do you have any idea how you came to be alone on Fyvera?”

“None, My Queen,” Quicksilver said truthfully. “I do not even know where Fyvera is.”

She shook her head sadly. “Perhaps you will remember in time how you came to escape. I do not know. But trust that I will

„Děkuji, má královno.“

„A ty, Quicksilvere.“ Zvedl oči ze země a pochopil, že k němu mluví s falešnou vážností, jako by byli staří přátelé. „Je mi jasné, že se budeš co nejdříve chtít začít ničit tím, že se vrátíš zpět do své laboratoře. Ale trvám na tom, aby sis odpočinul a příliš se nepřetěžoval. Není nutné, abys hned pracoval. Nejsme v nebezpečí a pro mě je výsostně důležité, aby ses uzdravil.“

„Jste až příliš laskavá,“ zamumlal Quicksilver. Nebylo lehké něco říci. Tak ohromující byla její krása a přítomnost. To, že s ním mluvila takto laskavě a že plně oceňovala jeho práci bylo...

„Velmi se nám ulevilo, když jsme tě našli,“ řekla. „Máš nějaké tušení, jak ses sám ocitl na Fyvere?“

„Nemám, má královno,“ odpověděl pravdivě Quicksilver. „Nevím ani, kde Fyvera je.“

Královna smutně zavrtěla hlavou. „Možná, že si časem vzpomeneš, jak jsi unikl.

avenge you upon the Lanteans, that did this to you!”

“That is kind, My Queen,” he said.

“Do you remember aught of your captivity, of Atlantis?”

“No,” Quicksilver began, but it seemed to him that he did, a brief impression of a chamber with soaring walls, an Eye set in the middle of a floor of unbearably bright stone. And then it was gone. “Not really,” he said.

Her eyes sharpened, and he knew her power as well as her grace, a fluid shift of feature beneath tranquility that reminded him of some other he knew, though her face escaped him. “Do you recall something?”

“Nothing of consequence, My Queen,” Quicksilver said. “A brief impression of a room. Nothing of note.”

She nodded once. “You should write down that which you remember, or tell Dust if writing tires you. Anything you can remember may be of use to us in the future, either to recover another if they are also

Uvidíme. Ale věř, že se Atlant’anům pomstím za to, co ti provedli!“

„To je od vás milé, má královno,“ řekl.

„Vzpomínáš si na cokoliv ze svého zajetí? Na něco o Atlantidě?“

„Ne,“ začal Quicksilver, ale najednou měl pocit, že se mu něco vybavilo. Krátká vzpomínka na místnost se zdmi tyčícími se do výše a s okem uprostřed podlahy na nesnesitelně zářivém kameni. A pak to zmizelo. „Ani ne,“ dopověděl.

Její oči zaostřily a on si uvědomoval její sílu stejně tak jako její ladnost. Plynulý přesun rysů pod rouškou klidu, který mu připomínal někoho jiného, koho znal, i když její obličej mu unikal. „Na něco sis vzpomněl?“

„Na nic důležitého, má královno,“ řekl Quicksilver. „Krátká vzpomínka na nějakou místnost. Nic podstatného.“

Přikývla. „Měl bys sepsat to, na co si vzpomeneš. Nebo to řekni Dustovi, pokud tě psaní unavuje. Cokoliv, na co si vzpomeneš, se nám může v budoucnu hodit, ať už k osvobození dalších, nebo k finální

unfortunate, or to defeat Atlantis in the end.” She looked away, her gaze ranging over the blades assembled in their beauty and honor. “My far-mother tried and failed to take the City of the Lanteans, and she died when her ship crashed in the sea. But her blood is stronger for the centuries that separate us, and I am her true heir! I will not fail! We stand in the age of silver, and our best days are before us!”

Quicksilver felt rather than heard the ripple run around the room, the assent and desire that flowed to her. Who could not desire to serve such, beauty and glory and strength in one?

“I shall give you all you can hope for, My Queen,” Quicksilver said, and bent his knees to her in homage.

(Graham and Griswold 10-28)

porážce Atlantidy.“ Odvrátila od něj zrak a zaměřila ho na vojáky, kteří se před ní, v plné kráse a plní cti, šikovali. „Má pramatka se pokusila zničit Město Antiků, ale selhala. Zemřela, když její loď spadla do moře. Ale její krev je po staletích silnější a já jsem její pravý dědic! Neselžu! Stojíme před stříbrným věkem a naše nejlepší dny jsou teprve před námi!“

Quicksilver zaznamenal vlnu pocitů, která se rozprostřela po místnosti. Vlnu souhlasu a touhy jí následovat. Kdo by netoužil po tom sloužit takové kráse, slávě a síle, která se snoubila v jedné osobě?

„Dám vám vše, čeho si budete žádat, má královno,“ řekl Quicksilver a na znamení úcty poklekl.

# **THEORETICAL PART**

**Stylistic analysis of my translation**

### **3. Introduction to the theoretical part**

In this part of my thesis, I will try to analyse and explain my reasoning behind my translation. I will mainly try to clarify some of the translated terms in regard to the translations of the series that preceded this book. I will focus on the lexical and syntactic level of my work and explain my decisions for some of the choices I made. Although my main focus will be on the continuity of my translation, which will be explained later and will appear throughout the theoretical part, I will also try to support my claims with literature that is concerned with the translation and linguistic theory.

### **4. Continuity**

First thing I would like to address in this part before I delve into the analysis of my translation is the matter of continuity of a translation, which was my main aim in this thesis. Although this principle is not explicitly noted in the theoretical books, it is undoubtedly important for a translation to be respecting the translations of other works in the given series that predated it. As was noted in the introduction, all TV shows and movies that preceded this book aired with Czech dubbing, and therefore, there is already a set way how certain characters speak, what sort of register they use and there is an established translation for certain English terminology. I tried to follow this precedent in a way so that if any fan of this TV series picks up this translation right after they watched the Czech version of the show, they will not notice any inconsistencies in between the characters in this book and those they have just watched. However, in this book, there are certain new situations which had never been seen before in the preceding material. I tried to translate those in a way that would fit into the series as best as I could consulting dictionaries, internet encyclopaedia dedicated to this series and books concerning the theory of translation by Levý and linguistics by Dušková. I will, however, look at these instances more closely in the following sections.

The reason why continuity is important is that the reader is not confused by inconsistencies that would occur if the translator ignored the previous material. Although there are many ways how certain terms can be translated or how characters can talk, it is quite logical to

follow the established precedent. This makes a translation of books that continue in some series both harder and easier in certain aspects. The part that makes it significantly harder for the newcomers to the series is that it requires the knowledge and study of previous translations, which can in some cases take a considerable amount of time. For example, for this *Stargate* book, you would need to carefully watch around seventeen series consisting of approximately twenty-two episodes that are forty minutes long. This would take around 248 hours to complete, not counting three movies. People who were not familiar with the series before that would probably need to re-watch it at least once to be sure they know every reference that was made in this universe. The easier part is that once you are really familiar with the series, the translation goes much quicker and more natural. I suspect, however, that only translators who are already fans of such a series end up translating such books, because the required preparation to ensure its perfection and by that avoiding hatred from the community is very time-consuming.

## **5. Lexical level**

### **5.1. Proper names**

There are basically two tendencies regarding the use of names in English books. One is that of using rather standard names such as those that occur as regular given names and surnames in English or even other languages depending on the intention of the author for their characters. Such names usually do not possess any meaning and are therefore completely arbitrary and as such they are not translated, as stated by Levý in the following quote “Vlastní jméno možno přeložit, pokud má hodnotu jen významovou; takový výjimečný případ jsou pojmová jména ve středověkých alegoriích, ve fabliau nebo v komedii dell’arte: Misericordia – Milosrdenství, Frater – Mnich, Dottore – Doktor” (106). The other group of names, and definitely the more intriguing one, contains those names which show a great affinity towards some deeper meaning. Both of these tendencies occur in this book.

The names of human characters such as members of the expedition or the human inhabitants of the Pegasus galaxy, for example, John Sheppard or Teyla Emmagan, function just as

names of the characters and have no hidden meaning at all. However, names for aliens or terms concerning them were not chosen arbitrarily. I shall now choose a few of the proper names used in the extract and elaborate on the way I dealt with them in the practical part.

Let us start with the name of the alien civilisation, and the enemy of the humans in the Pegasus galaxy, Wraiths. Although there is not much said about how the name came into existence, since it is used by both aliens and humans throughout the series, the name designating them is undeniably fitting. Aliens belonging to this race can use their mental powers to force their human prey to see ghost-like shapes when they are being hunted so that the victims believe to be surrounded. Another ghostly feature they possess is the green paleness of their skin, terrifying appearance and their usual sudden arrival to their feeding grounds onto unsuspecting inhabitants of different planets. They possess all qualities that one can imagine under the name “Wraith”. This according to the quotation by Levý above means that this term can be translated into Czech by the established convention, however, in this work I chose not to do so, because of the rule of continuity already mentioned. Although in one of the cross-over episodes the word “Wraith” was translated as “Přízrak” it was not done so in the *Atlantis* series this book is a sequel to and for that reason the name needed to remain untranslated, only slightly altered in cases where the Czech flexion required it.

The second word to look at is the name “Quicksilver”. The name of this character and even the concept of Wraith names is completely original to the book and as such it has no precedent. As it is explained in the fourth book of the *Legacy* series *Stargate Atlantis: The Furies*, the Wraith names are closely connected with the mind of its bearer and their personality (Graham 166-168). The name “Quicksilver” should, therefore, evoke the qualities of the metal Mercury for which this word is a synonym – it works quickly, is adaptable, and the ideas are pouring out of the mind at a fast rate. All these qualities are those of the Wraith named “Quicksilver” who acted as an inventor and a scientist. Later in the book, it is also revealed that this particular Wraith is the abducted Dr Rodney McKay from the expedition stationed at Atlantis who is considered to be one of the most intelligent people on Earth, let alone on Atlantis. The Czech language, unfortunately, does not have any synonym for the word “rtut’” which is the name for this metal and as such it does not possess any other translation that would be usable as a name. Since the word “rtut’” is also of the



wrong gender and creating a new masculine form would sound unnatural and as I did not find a suitable substitution, I decided to leave the name untranslated. The other reason I believe the translation was not necessary is that in the first chapter of the book there is a paragraph explaining the name right after its first introduction to the story. I also believe that since this book is mainly targeted towards the younger population and sci-fi fans, the readers will be familiar with English words to a certain degree and would be capable of making the connection between the name, the description, and its connotation.

Similarly, the names of the two Wraith queens “Queen Death” and “Coldamber” should be mentioned. Most of the arguments mentioned in the paragraph above are valid for the names of the queens. Although these names should be perhaps treated equally since they represent a similar entity, there are several key differences between those two. The first name is always connected together with the title “Queen” which makes it a part of the name although it is there to mainly express the title of this particular Wraith. Additionally, the word “Death” is not a compound but a word on its own that has its direct translation. It is also true that there is a certain unmeasurable quality to the name which makes it sound different in Czech. It is undoubtedly true that the phrase “královna Death” does not sound correct, but “královna Coldamber” sounds pleasant and it could even be considered quite melodic. Furthermore, the name “Queen Death” was not derived by the same process as other Wraith names. It does not convey the nature of the individual’s mind, but, as we learn further in the story, it is rather a legendary name assumed by this particular queen. Another reason why the word “Death” needs to be translated is that it is quite central to the whole book, maybe even the whole series. The name needs to sound firm and scary, which the translation needs to convey as well. After many versions of the translation of the name, I arrived at two possibilities, “královna Smrt” and “Královna smrti”, which had the title of a Queen embedded inside it as a part of the name. Eventually, I decided to use the latter version of the translation, exploiting the fact that the book uses the word Queen in “Queen Death” with capital letters and that it is always written together.

Last proper name worth mentioning is the word “Lanteans”. This word is in this book used by the Wraiths as a word for the human expedition on board of the Ancient city Atlantis. The origin of this name can be found in the TV series. “Lantea” was a name designating the

original planet on which the city of Atlantis dwelled until the expedition was forced to escape with the city to a different planet. “Lanteans” was also the other name for Ancients, who were the constructors of the city and ancestors to the human civilisation. The name itself was translated in the series as “Lantaňané”, however, it was used solely as a synonym for the word Ancients and not in any other meaning. Since Wraiths are given much less screen time in the TV series than in this book, I suspect that the authors used this term as a way to find more denominations for the expedition and as such to have more variety of names at their disposal. However, I believe that since this word was never used in this context in the Czech translation of the series, it would be illogical for it to occur in this book. Therefore, I decided to translate the word “Lanteans” as “Atlant’ané”, which was a name that was used in the series and has similarly unique feel to it, as it is not used by others and it also sounds as though it is said with disdain in Czech, which fits perfectly with the personality of Wraiths.

## **5.2. Sci-fi terminology**

The genre of sci-fi brings several challenges for translators all around the world and those translating into Czech are no exception. Since the sci-fi genre usually deals with the future or introduces ideas and inventions that are completely new to the world, it brings the necessity to find new terms in order to communicate the message. Thanks to its ability to create new compounds and the fact that its lexicon is the largest of any language, English is well-suited for this task and does not necessarily require an enormous amount of creativity on the author’s part. Czech, however, although it has a certain ability to create new compounds, does not have this luxury. More often than not, the original phrase simply does not allow for a direct translation and the translator therefore needs to resort to creative solutions grounded in functional equivalence. However, it should be said that today the translators are much better off than in the past, because ideas in sci-fi are often repeated and there are already established ways of translation for certain terms like “hyperdrive” or “Stargate”, especially when previous works of a series were already translated, as it was in this case. Nevertheless, it is advisable to mention few words and justify their translation for those who are not familiar with the series preceding this book, since most of them were translated in a way to maintain continuity between this book and the TV series.

The best way to start is definitely with the word that is a part of the title for this book and that is the word “Stargate”. It is, needless to say, an important word for the whole series, although, since this thesis covers only the first three chapters of the book, it is mentioned only twice in the practical part. This word is used to denominate large circular objects that are present throughout several galaxies in this series and have the ability to connect amongst themselves and create a gateway through the universe that can almost instantly take a person from one part of the galaxy to another. Although I chose not to translate the name of the book in the Czech title of this thesis, because of the convention established by previous students in titling their theses, the term is translated as “Hvězdná brána” or “brána” as a simplification and would be translated that way throughout the whole book. If I were to translate the name of the book itself, it would be “Hvězdná brána: Atlantida – Ztracený”. The reason why the word “Ztracený” is in singular, which is not clear from the English version, is that after reading the book you discover that only one person is lost. Although it can probably be argued that the whole expedition is to an extent metaphorically “lost”, not knowing what to do after McKay was abducted, which would allow “Ztracení” as a valid translation, I believe the name was intended to be in singular.

Closely connected to the term Stargate is an abbreviation “DHD” which stands for “Dial Home Device” and serves for operating most of the Stargates. This abbreviation is not altered, however, the expanded term itself is translated as “zadávací zařízení” and is sometimes used instead of the abbreviation. It was not necessary to use this translation for this excerpt, although I would use it if I was translating the whole book to break the monotony of the translation.

Another important word for the series is “hive ship” or “hive” in short. This is the name of a type of spacecraft used by the Wraiths. It is an enormous vessel that can carry tens of thousands of Wraiths and can be considered a mother ship for this race. There are several reasons for its name. Firstly, and mainly, it is because the Wraith race is a cross-race between a certain type of insect domestic for the Pegasus galaxy and humans. Secondly, it alludes to the term “hive mind” thanks to the telepathic abilities of this race. And lastly, it is because of its inner structure. This term is translated as “mateřský úl” to denominate it being the mother ship or it is shortened as “úl” to create some diversity. The hive ships are

accompanied by one-manned vessels called “Darts”, translated as “šipky” because of its shape. Humans also possess different ships, but there is only one type mentioned in the excerpt. It is “jumper” which is a shortening of the full name “puddle jumper”. This was a name suggested by John Sheppard for the reason that the ship can travel through the Stargate which looks like a puddle of water when active. This term was, however, not translated throughout the series. For a long time, I debated whether to capitalize the Czech translation of the names, however, I decided against it because Czech tends to capitalize only unique names and not terms that are just a basic name for a large number of objects (“Internetová jazyková příručka: Psaní velkých písmen – Obecné ponaučení”).

Next phrase I would like to cover is “Offworld activation!”, which I translated as “Příchozí červí díra”. In the original series, this phrase was commonly translated as “mimozemská aktivace”. This statement denotes a situation where the Stargate was dialled from another world. The term “mimozemská” made sense only when the situation was reported on planet Earth. *Stargate Atlantis* series, however, does not take place on Earth but an alien planet in a different galaxy and because of that it would be confusing to call this situation “mimozemská”, because of the similarity between “mimozemská” and “mimo Zemi” in Czech. Because this situation is also sometimes denoted by the word “Incoming wormhole!” the translators of this series probably decided to always treat the report as if it was announced by the second call which is a convention I followed, because new translations like “mimoplanetární spojení” or “aktivace z jiného světa” would not fit in the *Stargate* universe.

### **5.3. Military language**

*Stargate* is a series that mainly deals with the military and because of that, there is a lot of military language present throughout the series. Although, since only one chapter of my chosen extract is concerned with humans and, therefore, the military language is not really present, there is still a word that is worth mentioning under this chapter.

The word that needs to be given due attention is the military rank of one of the main protagonists in the novel and that is of John Sheppard. He is commonly addressed throughout the series as “Colonel” although his official rank after the first series of *Stargate Atlantis* is

“Lieutenant Colonel” (or “LTC” for short) and he was not promoted since. This is because in the military it is common for Lieutenant Colonels to be addressed this way and the usage of the whole title is reserved only for formal situations (“Army Lieutenant Colonel – Military Ranks”). This is the reason why I translated this rank as “podplukovník” which is the corresponding military rank in Czech. Czech uses the full title for addressing the military officers of this rank and translating it differently would be, therefore, factually incorrect.

## 5.4. Idioms

One of the most typical stumbling blocks for translators from the lexical point of view are the idioms. As the languages developed separately, the idioms in every language were created differently and more often than not they have nothing in common. Their translation requires a more profound knowledge of both languages because, as is noted in the following quote, one cannot translate word for word. “Kde slovo nemá význam samo o sobě, nýbrž jen jako součást celku, překládá se celek bez ohledu na významy jednotlivých slov. Jako lexikální jednotka se překládají ustálené fráze, idiomy a většina lidových rčení a přísloví” (Levý 118). There are several examples of idioms in the practical part and some of them are listed in the table below.

Where it touched the pipette the cold shocked him <b>to the bone</b> , ice on tender tissues biting with cold.	Když se touto citlivou tkání dotkl studené trubičky, zima jím projela <b>až do morku kostí</b> .
Pale gray and seamed with the dark whorls of spiral tattoos, silver hair rising from a <b>widow’s peak</b> above slitted yellow eyes, the other stared down at him, the pipette in his hand.	Bledě šedý, lemovaný tmavým spirálovitým tetováním. Stříbrné <b>vlasý vybíhající špičkou do středu čela</b> . Přivřené žluté oči, které na něj zíraly, zatímco jejich majitel v ruce držel onu kovovou trubičku.
Woolsey’s <b>face fell</b> . “Come up and tell me, all of you.”	Woolsey <b>svěsil hlavu</b> . „Pojďte nahoru a podejte hlášení. Všichni.“

Woolsey nodded. “Our next move is to <b>shake the bushes</b> , as it were. (...)”	Woolsey přikývl. „Naším dalším krokem bude, jak se říká, <b>poohlédnout se kolem</b> . (...)“
---	---

## 5.5. Compounds

As I have noted in the chapter about sci-fi terminology, the English language has much greater ability to create compounds and because of that, it might be sometimes difficult to find a proper way how to translate certain expressions. As noted by Dušková in the following quote, compounds in both languages are often translated in different ways. “Jak ukazují uvedené příklady a jejich ekvivalenty, jednotlivá kompozita si v angličtině a češtině často neodpovídají. Srovnej *lazy-bones* (kompozitum) *lenoch* (odvozené slovo), *corn* (jednoduché slovo) *kuří oko* (sousloví), *warship* (kompozitum) *válečná loď* (sousloví)” (20). Because of this, there is no universal way how to translate compounds and the translation is different for every word. Examples of some of the compounds from the practical part can be found in the following table.

(...) but John had said spread out, and there were too few of them to lay down a <b>crossfire</b> otherwise.	(...) Ale John řekl, aby se rozdělili a bylo jich příliš málo na to, aby jinak mohli zahájit <b>křížovou palbu</b> .
It was true that the <b>outdoor</b> stairs and <b>walkways</b> were slippery that morning, and metal railings cold, but Radek had sensibly enough changed his usual shoes for the <b>military-issue</b> boots he rarely wore, and also put on gloves when he went outside.	Byla pravda, že <b>venkovní</b> schody a <b>ochozy</b> byly po ránu kluzké a zábradlí studená, ale Radek si prozřetelně vyměnil své normální boty za <b>vojenské</b> , které tak často nenosil, a také si před tím, než šel ven, nasadil rukavice.
“As it is I make no guarantees. Rodney has <b>backdoors</b> for everything. I have found a few of them, but I know there are many more.”	„I tak nemohu nic zaručit. Rodney má <b>zadní vrátka</b> úplně ve všem. Pár jsem jich našel, ale vím, že jich je mnohem víc.“

## 6. Syntactic level

After the lexical level of my translation, I will now shift my attention to the syntactic one, which is no less important. There are certain differences between the languages which require some consideration before the translation itself and we will examine some of them in the following text.

### 6.1. Word order

One of the main differences between the languages at the syntactic level is certainly the word order. The English language has much more defined and rigid word order than Czech, as substantiated by Dušková in the following quote.

Jelikož anglický nominální systém má chudou flexi, syntaktické funkce substantiv, adjektiv a veliké většiny zájmen nejsou indikovány distinktivním morfologickým tvarem. Tak např. v oznamovací větě je substantivum před slovesem podmět, za slovesem předmět (...). Výměna pozic podmětu a předmětu není v důsledku jejich tvarové nerozlišitelnosti možná. (...)

Naproti tomu v češtině je gramatická funkce slovosledu druhotná. Uplatňuje se většinou jako průvodní rys syntaktické závislosti vyznačené primárně jinými prostředky. Případy, kdy je slovosled jediným rozlišovacím prostředkem, jsou řídké, např. přinesla podnos prázdný (doplňk předmětu) – přinesla prázdný podnos (přívlastek předmětu). (Dušková 518)

The word order, however, is not only important for defining grammatical categories of words, but it also coincides with the functional sentence perspective. According to Dušková this term is concerned with semantics and modifies the informational value of words by increasing it from the start of the sentence towards its end. Although it is not the sole contributor to the word order in English, Czech is a language where this principle is the main

factor influencing the word order (Dušková 519, 527). Some examples of the differences in word order between the languages from the practical part can be seen in the following table.

<b>Pictures</b> should come with that, pictures and stories.	S tím jménem by se mu mělo <b>něco</b> vybavit. Vzpomínky. Příběhy.
If Rodney <b>were here</b> , he'd figure out some solution, some way to find whoever they'd lost.	Kdyby <b>tu</b> Rodney <b>byl</b> , určitě by přišel na nějaký způsob, jak najít toho, koho ztratili.
“My Queen,” <b>Quicksilver</b> murmured, stricken to the core.	„Má královno,“ zamumlal ochromený <b>Quicksilver</b> .

## 6.2. Sentence length

Another difference between the languages is the actual sentence length. In this book, the English sentences are sometimes immensely long and complex. Although Czech is capable of similar complexity and if needed it can create long yet comprehensible sentences, which can be for example seen in Czech books written by Bohumil Hrabal, usually the flow of the ideas is much better expressed with short simple sentences. To demonstrate, I chose an example from the beginning of the practical part “He woke in darkness, in the comforting dark.” This example shows the specific style of the authors since even in English this sentence could be considered rather unorthodox in syntactic terms. However, in Czech, it is almost necessary to divide this sentence into two or to simplify it into a shorter sentence. I decided to split the sentence like this “Probudil se v temnotě. V uklidňující tmě.” This division into short sentences has the bonus of creating a tense atmosphere full of action, which almost forces the reader to delve into the book, which I consider appropriate for this situation. Another two examples of many in this translation can be observed in the table below.

You have been sick these many days, and I have worried about you.	Byl jsi po mnoho dní nemocný. Báł jsem se o tebe.
---	---



While he considered, Dust brought his coat and set it to his shoulders, a knee length coat of black silk, not leather as a blade would wear, quilted and trimmed with embroidered facings, black on black.	Zatímco uvažoval, tak mu Dust přinesl kabát a dal mu jej na ramena. Byl to kabát dlouhý po kolena a byl z černého hedvábí, nikoliv kožený, jako by nosil voják. Prošívaný a zdobený bohatým lemováním, černá na černé.
--	--

### 6.3. Subject in a sentence

The next problem that needs to be mentioned is the difference between subjects in languages. English requires subjects to be present even in the simplest of sentences while Czech allows for the subject to not be expressed. “Podmět je základní větný člen, který na rozdíl od ostatních jmenných větných členů je pro stavbu anglické věty nezbytný. Bezpodmětové (jednočlenné slovesné) věty v angličtině neexistují” (Dušková 390). There are, however, many sentences in Czech where the subject can be present but is not, mainly in sentences that further develop some situation, or an idea and subject is considered to be expressed in one of the previous sentences. This is mainly noticeable in paragraphs where the English sentences require personal pronouns such as in the first chapter on the second page of my practical part “And now he had no thoughts. He was empty. He could not summon a single idea, a single memory.” We can see a frequent reoccurrence of the pronoun “he” which is necessary in English. However, in Czech the repetition of the translation “on” would not be welcome and would look very strange and robotic. That is the reason why the translation should be as follows “Avšak nyní byl zcela bez myšlenek. Byl prázdný. Nemohl dostat jediný nápad, vyvolat jedinou vzpomínku.” These sentences do not have their subject present and rather take advantage of the inflectional language that allows the sentence to assume a subject that was mentioned previously to these sentences to which they allude. They actually do not even need to refer to a previously explicitly mentioned subject as can be seen in the first sentence of the translation “Probudil se v temnotě.” The English version has to mention the word “he” for it to establish that the unknown character is male, however, the Czech does this only by its flexion. Other examples can be once again observed in the following table.

John's hands opened and closed in frustration. " <b>We</b> have to," <b>he</b> began tiredly.	John frustrací sevřel ruce v pěst. „Musíme,“ začal unaveně.
<b>He</b> could barely speak, and <b>it</b> came to him that <b>he</b> should bow. <b>He</b> bent his head.	Skoro nedokázal mluvit. Napadlo ho, že se měl uklonit, a tak alespoň sklonil hlavu.

## 6.4. Negation

Another one of the many differences between Czech and English is the one in negation as can be noted from the following quote. "Zatímco funkce záporu je v angličtině a češtině v podstatě stejná (...) ve vyjadřování záporu jsou mezi oběma jazyky značné rozdíly. Liší se nejen repertoár záporných prostředků obou jazyků, nýbrž (a to hlavně) struktura záporné věty" (Dušková 336). This, of course, means there is a certain difference when a person is translating from one language to the other that needs to be taken into consideration. Dušková later notes that the English language generally only expresses the negation once, while in Czech there can be multiple negations present (337). Several examples from the practical part can be observed in the table below.

She <b>didn't</b> ask him anything, just looked up at him with eyes that made her question clear enough.	Na <b>nic</b> se ho <b>neptala</b> , jen se na něj podívala pohledem, který položil otázku za ní.
To her surprise, John <b>didn't</b> dismiss it.	K jejímu překvapení John <b>nic nenamítal</b> .
(...) it was hard for me to take, and I said <b>nothing</b> about it because everyone was unhappy (...)	(...) byl pro mě dost těžký a já jsem o tom <b>nikomu nic neřekl</b> , protože to zarmoutilo všechny (...)

## 6.5. Participle

Another challenge for the translator can be the participles. There are several possibilities how to translate a participle as Dušková shows in the following quote. “Anglickému participiu v češtině odpovídá jednak přídavné jméno slovesné, jednak přechodník” (580). Furthermore, Dušková later elaborates on other ways how to express participle in Czech, especially because the transgressive verb form is disappearing under the influence of language modernisation (583-587). In my translation, I have avoided the use of this form, because I do not believe it correlates with the sci-fi genre of the book. In my opinion, transgressive has its place when translating older books or those that have a plot set in the past, but they do not belong to a book that attempts to appear modern or futuristic. Some of the examples of participle translations from the practical part can be found in the table below.

(...) silver hair <b>rising</b> from a widow’s peak (...)	Stříbrné vlasy <b>vybíhající</b> špičkou do středu čela.
“It’s probably best to just get on with everything else,” Jennifer said, <b>looking up</b> as one of the Marines entered the infirmary (...)	„Nejlepší asi bude, když se budeme věnovat jiným věcem,“ poznamenala Jennifer <b>a vzhlédla</b> ke dveřím, neboť do nich právě vstoupil jeden z mariňáků (...)
Teyla came into the gateroom twelve hours later, <b>cradling</b> a cup of coffee in her hands.	Teyla vstoupila do místnosti s bránou o dvanáct hodin později <b>a</b> v ruce <b>držela</b> šálek kávy.

## 6.6. Infinitive

The second verb form from the category of non-finite verbs is the form of an infinitive. This word form could be considered fairly ubiquitous in the English language and has several functions as noted by Dušková. “Infinitiv se uplatňuje jak ve funkci nominálních větných členů (podmětu a předmětu), tak ve funkci adverbialní a atributivní” (542). Because of this fact, there are several ways how to handle its translation and hands of the translator are not

as tied as in other cases. Some of the examples of translation from the practical part are listed in the following table.

He didn't see how it could possibly help <b>to give voice</b> to every terrified thought in your head while you waited.	Nechápal, jaký smysl má <b>říkat nahlas</b> každou děsivou myšlenku, která člověku prochází hlavou během toho, co čeká.
Five months idle was too long <b>to go</b> straight back to the field without time <b>to retrain, to get</b> their edge back.	Pět měsíců je příliš dlouhá doba na <b>návrat</b> zpět do služby bez toho, aniž by si <b>znovu zvykli na to, že musí být ostražití</b> .
Jennifer was already crossing the infirmary <b>to greet</b> her new patient, though, and maybe there really was nothing more <b>to say</b> .	Jennifer ale již přecházela na druhou stranu ošetrovny, <b>aby uvítala</b> nového pacienta a možná, že už vlastně ani nebylo co dál <b>říci</b> .

## 6.7. Gerund

The last of the non-finite word forms after the participle and infinitive is the gerund verb form. Dušková comments on the verb form in the following quote. “Gerundium, stejně jako infinitiv, je od původu substantivum, což se projevuje v jeho syntaktickém využití. Užívá se ho obdobným způsobem jako infinitivu ve funkci podmětu, předmětu, jmenné části přísudku, přívlastku a příslovečného určení” (Dušková 569). In the chosen excerpt the gerund appears mainly in the position of a subject or an object, as can be seen in the following table.

“(...) The city was surely once equipped to handle cold and snow in Antarctica, but that was literally thousands of years ago, and it may be that given Lantea's milder climate, <b>keeping</b> those systems working was not a priority.”	„(...) Město bylo kdysi schopné vydržet zimu a sníh na Antarktidě, ale to bylo doslova před tisíci lety a možná, že vzhledem k mírnému klimatu na Lantee, nebylo <b>udržování</b> takových systémů zrovna prioritou.“
--	---

He knew the difference between a sprint and long days of <b>running</b> .	Věděl, jaký je rozdíl mezi sprintem a <b>maratonem</b> .
It wasn't like he liked being trapped in Wraith <b>webbing</b> so that he couldn't move,	Jemu se přeci také nelíbilo být chycený ve wraithském <b>zámotku</b> tak, že se nemohl hýbat.

## 6.8. Reporting clauses

Direct speech is in the English language accompanied by the reporting clause. This fact brings another challenge for the translators because the English language seldom uses a different word in the reporting clause than the word “said”. Although the word itself has a multitude of synonyms, the literary convention is such that it does not often allow other reporting verbs as is noted in the following quote. “Většině profesionálních překladatelů je dnes již jasné, že v angličtině je stereotypní opakování slovesa *said* v uvozovacích větách dáno tím, že anglická literatura tu prostě má jinou konvenci, a zpravidla v tomto případě sloveso uvozovací věty různě obměňují” (Levý 131). The overuse of the direct translation “řekl/a” would lead to the staleness of the translation especially if used in close succession. This, of course, does not mean the word is prohibited to use but the translator should consider one of the many alternatives that the Czech language offers. Some of the examples from the practical part are listed in the following table.

“Yes,” he <b>said</b> .	„Ano,“ <b>odpověděl</b> .
“Quicksilver,” Dust <b>said</b> with a smile, and he saw the picture in his mind, liquid mercury running in a thousand directions, scattering in a hundred rolling balls on the table, glittering and cool.	„Quicksilver,“ <b>přítakal</b> Dust s úsměvem na tváři. To jméno vyvolalo představu v jeho mysli. Tekutá rtuť, která se rozbíhala tisíce směry a dělila se na stovky malých studených třpytivých kutálejících se kuliček.
“You will,” Dust <b>said</b> soothingly.	„Vzpomeneš si,“ <b>uklidňoval</b> ho Dust.

“I hope we will not be there,” Radek <b>said</b> , but he could recognize a request to be left alone when he heard one.	„Doufám, že nikdy nejhůř nebude,“ <b>odvětil</b> Radek. Dokázal rozpoznat žádost o trochu samoty, když nějakou slyšel.
---	--

## 6.9. Indirect and free indirect speech

A different style of narration to complement direct speech is the form of an indirect speech. This form of speech does not use quotes to report exactly what is being said but narrates what was told in the form of the third-person. Besides the change of the person, the verbs also require back-shift in time (Dušková 608-609). Depending on the presence of the reporting clause we distinguish between the indirect and free indirect speech. Some examples of both forms of indirect speech from the practical part can be observed in the table below.

He wondered who had broken what.	Zajímalo ho, kdo si co zlomil.
But it did not look good, and he thought it might be the first time that it was personal for her.	Tentokrát to ale nevypadalo moc dobře a zdálo se mu, že to pro ni bude poprvé osobní.
Before that nothing. Why could he could not remember Dust, nor this, his home?	Ale nic z doby předtím. Proč si nemohl vybavit vzpomínky na Dusta nebo na domov, který byl teď kolem něho?
Perhaps he feared she had been displeased with his work? Or that she would blame him for his capture?	Možná, že se obával, že byla nespokojená s jeho prací? Nebo že by ho vinila z jeho zajetí?

## 6.10. Passive voice

Another difference between the languages is in the use of passive voice. As pointed out by Knittlová, “Trpný rod čeština v beletrii v podstatě nepoužívá, pokud nejde o případy, kdy se autor záměrně vyhýbá explicitnímu vyjádření činitele (*our team was beaten : naše družstvo bylo poraženo*)” (94). This means that the translator should mostly avoid the passive voice in Czech which requires certain modifications to the original sentence such as the introduction of an agent to the sentence or the change of the sentence structure. Some of the examples from the practical part are listed in the following table.

It wasn't like he liked <b>being trapped</b> in Wraith webbing so that he couldn't move (...)	Jemu se přeci také nelíbilo <b>být chycený</b> ve wraithském zámotku tak, že se nemohl hýbat.
<i>The first year, when Peter Grodin <b>was killed</b>, it was hard for me to take, and I said nothing about it because everyone was unhappy, what else was new?</i>	<i>Ten první rok, když <b>zabili</b> Petera Grodina, byl pro mě dost těžký a já jsem o tom nikomu nic neřekl, protože to zarmoutilo všechny.</i>
The halls were still too crowded with all new people who were still <b>being herded</b> through trainings and were free at weird hours rather than busy with work all day.	Chodby byly stále plné nových lidí, kteří ještě <b>procházeli</b> zácvikem a měli volno v divné časy místo toho, aby celý den pracovali.
“You <b>were captured</b> by the Lanteans. We do not know what they did to you. You <b>were found</b> wandering disoriented on an uninhabited planet, wounded and near starvation. (...)”	„ <b>Zajali</b> tě Atlant'ané. Nevíme, co s tebou udělali. <b>Našli</b> jsme tě na neobydlené planetě, dezorientovaného, zraněného a vyhladovělého. (...)“

## 7. Conclusion

The main aim of this thesis was a translation of the first three chapters of a book called *Stargate Atlantis: The Lost*, written by Jo Graham and Amy Griswold, and the subsequent analysis of the translation. The practical part where the side-by-side translation occurs is preceded by the introduction to *Stargate* and the *Legacy* series in order to give the readers of this thesis not familiar with this matter the necessary information for following the translated text.

The theoretical part is divided into three main segments. The first one is concerned with the continuity of the translation in regard to other works that preceded this book and briefly explains the necessity of following this concept. The second and probably most substantial section is concerned with the lexical level of the translation. This part observes certain expressions from categories such as sci-fi terminology or idioms and discusses in detail the reasoning behind their translation. The final segment deals with the syntactic level of the translation and focuses on the differences between the two languages in several categories and demonstrates them on examples.

When translating it is important to uphold certain rules that are stipulated or suggested in theoretical books about translation. For my purposes, I mainly consulted books by Levý and Dušková and I tried to comply with the established consensual standards. However, when a person is translating a work that has its predecessors that were already translated, it is necessary to allow for continuity among these translations. Therefore, the main aim of my translation was for it to fit in the realm of the pre-existing universe even if it meant a certain deviation from the translational theory set in the books.

As a religious fan of the *Stargate* series I believe I was able to create a piece that any other fan can pick up and not feel any disruption caused by certain inconsistencies between the show and this book. Over the years I have seen several TV shows and books that were riddled in inconsistencies in the language and I honestly think that it is one of the worst things a translator can do to a series.



In general, I really enjoyed working on this thesis and I believe that I got even closer to both languages and can now understand what it is like to translate a book. I loved the experience so much I will seriously consider doing some more translation work in my spare time.

## Works cited

- Akademie věd ČR. *Slovník Spisovné češtiny pro školu a veřejnost*. Academia, 2009.
- “Army Lieutenant Colonel – Military Ranks”. *Military-Ranks.org*, 2019, [www.military-ranks.org/army/lieutenant-colonel](http://www.military-ranks.org/army/lieutenant-colonel). Accessed 2 March 2019.
- “Best-Selling Books: ‘16th Seduction,’ ‘Astrophysics for People in a Hurry’”. *Detroit Free Press*, 13 May 2017, [eu.freep.com/story/entertainment/2017/05/13/book-best-sellers-mid-may/101603194/](http://eu.freep.com/story/entertainment/2017/05/13/book-best-sellers-mid-may/101603194/). Accessed 2 March 2019.
- “Cambridge Dictionary”. *Dictionary.Cambridge.Org*, 2019, [dictionary.cambridge.org/](http://dictionary.cambridge.org/). Accessed 2 March 2019.
- Cooper, Robert C. and Brad Wright, creators. *Stargate Atlantis*. Acme Shark and MGM Television, 2004-2009.
- Cooper, Robert C. and Brad Wright, creators. *Stargate Universe*. MGM Television and Syfy, 2009-2011.
- Dušková, Libuše et al. *Mluvnice Současné Angličtiny na Pozadí Češtiny*. Academia, 2012.
- “English Dictionary, Thesaurus, & Grammar Help | Oxford Dictionaries”. *Oxford Dictionaries | English*, 2019, [en.oxforddictionaries.com/](http://en.oxforddictionaries.com/). Accessed 2 March 2019.
- Fronek, Jiří. *Velký Anglicko-český Slovník*. Leda, 2006.
- Glassner, Jonathan and Brad Wright, creators. *Stargate SG-1*. Double Secret Productions and MGM Worldwide Television, 1997-2007.
- Graham, Jo. *Stargate Atlantis: The Furies*. E-book, Fandemonium Books, 2012.
- Graham, Jo, and Amy Griswold. *Stargate Atlantis: The Lost*. E-book, Fandemonium Books, 2011.
- Graham, Jo, and Melissa Scott. *Stargate Atlantis: Homecoming*. E-book, Fandemonium Books, 2011.

“Internetová jazyková příručka: Psaní velkých písmen – Obecné ponaučení”. *Internetová jazyková příručka*, 2019, [prirucka.ujc.cas.cz/?id=180](http://prirucka.ujc.cas.cz/?id=180). Accessed 31 March 2019.

Knittlová, Dagmar. *K Teorii i Praxi Překladu*. Univerzita Palackého v Olomouci, 2000.

Levý, Jiří. *Umění Překladu*. Apostrof, 2012.

*Stargate*. Directed by Roland Emmerich, Canal+, 1994.

“Stargate.” *IMDb*, IMDb.com, 28 Oct. 1994, [www.imdb.com/title/tt0111282/](http://www.imdb.com/title/tt0111282/). Accessed 2 March 2019.

*Stargate: The Ark of Truth*. Directed by Robert C. Cooper, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer (MGM), 2008.

“Stargate Atlantis: Legacy”. *SGCommand*, 2019, [stargate.fandom.com/wiki/Stargate\\_Atlantis:\\_Legacy](http://stargate.fandom.com/wiki/Stargate_Atlantis:_Legacy). Accessed 2 March 2019.

*Stargate: Continuum*. Directed by Martin Wood, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer (MGM), 2008.

“Thesaurus.com | Synonyms and Antonyms of Words at Thesaurus.com”. *Thesaurus.com*, 2019, [www.thesaurus.com/](http://www.thesaurus.com/). Accessed 2 March 2019.

“Urban Dictionary”. *Urban Dictionary*, 2019, [www.urbandictionary.com/](http://www.urbandictionary.com/). Accessed 2 March 2019.