

CHARLES UNIVERSITY
FACULTY OF EDUCATION
Department of English Language and Literature

BACHELOR THESIS

The Tales of Olga da Polga: translation and stylistic analysis of five
chapters of Michael Bond's novel

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Study programme: Specialization in Education

Branch of study: English Language and Mathematics Oriented at Education

Prague 2017

Declaration:

I hereby declare that this bachelor thesis, titled “The Tales of Olga da Polga: translation and stylistic analysis of five chapters of Michael Bond’s novel”, is my own work and that all the sources I used are included in the reference list.

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Prague, April 20th 2017

Acknowledgements:

I would hereby like to thank Mgr. Jakub Ženíšek for his time, valuable advice and supervision regarding the compilation of this bachelor thesis.

Abstract

This bachelor thesis is focused on the translation and stylistic analysis of the first five chapters of the children's book *The Tales of Olga da Polga* by Michael Bond. It is structured into three parts. The first part introduces the book and its author, the second part shows the original English version and the Czech translation of a part of the book and the third part gives an analysis of the translation and clarifies the choices of translation methods. With reference to professional publications, it also discusses some general problems connected with translation from English to Czech and specific features of translating children's literature.

Key words

Translation, Olga da Polga, Michael Bond, children's literature, stylistic analysis

Abstrakt

Tato bakalářská práce je zaměřena na překlad a stylistickou analýzu prvních pěti kapitol dětské knihy *Příběhy Olgy da Polgy* od spisovatele Michaela Bonda. Práce je rozdělena na tři části. V první části je představena kniha a její autor, druhá část obsahuje anglický originál a český překlad části knihy a třetí část je věnována analýze překladu a zdůvodnění volby překladatelských metod. Tato část se také s využitím odborné literatury zabývá některými obecnými problémy spojenými s překladem z angličtiny do češtiny a specifiky překladu literatury pro děti.

Klíčová slova

Překlad, Olga da Polga, Michael Bond, literatura pro děti, stylistická analýza

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Introduction

When I was a child I thought that all English children had to go home every afternoon to drink some tea and I always wondered why they could not simply carry a water bottle as Czech children do. This is just one example of the many wrong ideas children can get if they read books translated from a different language and it demonstrates the importance of choosing an appropriate method to communicate the meaning of the book to foreign children.

I consider the translation of children's literature a very interesting field. It not only requires good language skills but also the ability to understand children's minds. Unfortunately, this fact is often neglected and although I have read many perfectly translated children's books, there are also some whose translations are rather substandard. I have wanted to try translating children's literature ever since I had my first translation class. Therefore, when I was choosing my bachelor thesis topic it seemed an obvious choice to translate a part of a children's book.

There are several reasons why *The Tales of Olga da Polga* seems an appropriate book for the purpose of my thesis. To a certain extent, it is topical to translate the book because many of the author's works have recently gained in popularity after his best-known book *A Bear Called Paddington* was made into a successful movie. In addition, the book provides a variety of interesting translating tasks due to its creative lexical and stylistic composition which challenges the translator to show their own creativity.

The aim of the thesis is to translate the first five chapters of *The Tales of Olga da Polga* and create a Czech version which would resemble the original as much as possible and which would at the same time respect the differences between Czech and English children readers. The thesis also seeks to analyse the translation with respect to its target reader and its morphological, syntactic, lexical and stylistic composition.

The thesis is structured into three main parts. The first part provides some basic information about the book and about its author. It is followed by a practical part which shows the side-by-side English-Czech translation of a part of the book and the final part aims to give an analysis of the translation and seeks to clarify the choices made while translating the book.

1. Basic Facts about the Book and its Author

The first part of the thesis gives some general information about the book and its author. It aims to place the book in historical context, which might help to clarify some choices made during the translation process. Moreover, it gives some facts about the whole book, which are important especially because the translation only covers five chapters of the book but it is necessary to translate and analyse the chapters in relation to the whole book.

1.1 About the Author

Thomas Michael Bond is an English author known for his children's books. He was born in Newbury, England, in 1926 as the only child of a post office manager. He was educated at Presentation College in Reading, but he did not like the school and he left at the age of 14 to start working as a mail boy (Pauli).

He began his literary career during the war while he was serving in the Royal Air Force and the British army. His wartime experience gave him inspiration and his barracks provided suitable conditions for writing so he soon finished his first story. After the war, he worked for the BBC and he continued writing short stories for magazines (Cullinan and Person 94).

Michael Bond's first book, *A Bear Called Paddington*, was published in 1958. The book soon became very popular and Bond continued to write a whole series about the bear. By 1965 his books were so successful that he was able to become a full-time writer. The *Paddington Bear* series recounts tales of a bear from Peru who moves to London where he is adopted by a British family. Paddington can talk and he acts like humans in many ways but he often misinterprets common life things and he behaves like a little child, which makes the book hilarious. The books are very popular all around the world. They have been translated into more than 30 languages, they were made into an animated series and in 2014, a movie adaptation *Paddington* was released (Paddington). Although the *Paddington Bear* series are undoubtedly Bond's most famous books, there are not the only ones. His other successful children's books include the *Olga da Polga*

series and the *Thursday* series, both of which tell stories about rather anthropomorphized animals who, like Paddington, become a part of a human family.

In addition to children's books, Bond has written many radio and television plays as well as numerous articles and short stories. His most recent piece is *Monsieur Pamplémousse and the Tangled Web* which is the latest book of a series of culinary mystery stories published in 2015.

1.2 About the Book

The Tales of Olga da Polga is the first book of the *Olga da Polga* series. The book is primarily recommended for children aged between 5 and 12 but even adults can find it amusing because of its witty humour. The book recounts the adventures of a little guinea pig who is bought from a pet shop as a present for a little girl called Karen and who becomes a member of Karen's family. Bond started writing the tales after he had been asked to create a series of short stories for a local magazine (Bond 120). The stories became very popular and in 1971 they were published as *The Tales of Olga da Polga*.

Olga is a rather comical character. She is very boastful and self-important and she likes to make up tales about herself and about guinea pigs in general. Despite her size, she often teases Karen's cat and other family pets and she gets them in trouble on many occasions. Paradoxically, the humans think that she is the only well-behaved animal in the family and so does Olga.

Most of the stories describe Olga's everyday life. One may wonder what experiences a tiny guinea pig can have when she lives in a small cage and spends most of her day eating grass. However, even moving to a new corner of the garden seems to be a great adventure in the eyes of little Olga. Besides, she tends to misinterpret the most ordinary events happening in her neighbourhood, which makes the book humorous and entertaining.

Bond's inspiration was not only the success of the *Paddington Bear* series, which encouraged him to create another children's book about an animal who comes to live with humans, but also a real guinea pig called Olga which he gave as a birthday present to his daughter Karen (Bond 121).

Although *Olga da Polga* series are not nearly as popular as the *Paddington Bear* series, the books received highly positive reviews from the critics and many schools in both the United Kingdom and the USA have included the book on their required or recommended reading list. The author himself considers the books his best work (Bond 121).

2. Practical Part

The Tales of Olga da Polga

1 Olga Sets Out

From the very beginning there was not the slightest doubt that Olga da Polga was the sort of guinea pig who would go places.

There was a kind of charm about her, something in the set of her whiskers, an extra devil-may-care twirl to the rosettes in her brown and white fur, and a gleam in her eyes, which set her apart.

Even her name had an air of romance. How she had come by it was something of a mystery, and Olga herself told so many fanciful tales about moonlit nights, castles in the air, and fields awash with oats and beautiful princesses—each tale wilder than the one before—that none of the other guinea pigs in the pet shop knew what to believe.

However, everyone agreed that it suited her right to the very tips of her fourteen toes, and if some felt that it wouldn't come amiss if Olga was taken down a whisker or two it was noticeable none of them tried to do it, though many of them talked of the dangers of going out into the world alone, and without the

Příběhy Olgy da Polgy

1 Olga se vydává na cestu

Od samého začátku nikdo ani trochu nepochyboval o tom, že je Olga da Polga morče, které to jednou daleko dotáhne.

Měla takové zvláštní kouzlo. Uspořádání jejích fousků, ledabylá elegance růžicových vzorů na její hnědobílé srsti, lesk jejích očí, to vše ji dělalo něčím výjimečnou.

Dokonce i její jméno mělo tak trochu romantický nádech. Jak k němu přišla, bylo záhadou a Olga sama vyprávěla tolik neskutečných příběhů o nocích zalitých měsíčním světlem, o zámcích v oblacích, o polích posetých obilím a o krásných princeznách – každý příběh ještě napínavější než ten před ním – že žádné z morčat ve zverimexu už nevědělo, čemu věřit.

Všichni se však shodli na tom, že jí to jméno pasuje od hlavy až ke konečkům jejích čtrnácti prstů na nohou. A i když si některá morčata možná občas říkala, že by Olze neuškodilo, kdyby jí někdo vytrhnul jeden až dva fousky, nikdo z nich se o to jak známo nikdy nepokusil. Ale mnoho z nich jí vyprávělo o nebezpečích, která na morčata venku číhají, když se vypraví

protection of the humans who normally looked after them.

“You can’t do without the Sawdust People,” warned one old-stager known as Sale or Return, who’d lived in the shop for as long as anyone could remember and was always listened to with respect because he’d once been away for two whole days. “It’s a cold, hard world outside.”

But Olga would have none of it. “You can stay here if you like,” she would announce, standing in the middle of the feeding bowl in order to address the others. “But one of these days I’m going. Wheeeee! Just you wait. As soon as I see my chance I shall be away.”

Olga was never quite sure whether she really believed her words or not, but she liked the sound of them, and secretly she also rather enjoyed the effect they had on the others.

Each night, before she settled down in the straw, she would look at her reflection in the water bowl, puffing out her cheeks and preening herself so that she would look her best if any likely looking customers came along.

And then it happened.

do světa samotná bez ochrany lidí, kteří se o ně ve zverimexu starají.

„Bez *piliňáků* se neobejdeš,“ varoval ji jeden zkušený mazák známý jako Neprodejné zboží, který byl v obchodě už od nepaměti, a ostatní ho vždy s respektem poslouchali, protože se jednou dostal ven na celé dva dny. „Svět venku je mrazivý a drsný.“

Ale Olga takové věci nechtěla ani slyšet. „Však si tu klidně zůstaňte, když chcete,“ ozývalo se z prostředka misky na krmivo, do které se Olga vždy postavila, když chtěla ostatním něco sdělit. „Ale já hodlám během pár dnů zmizet. Uíííí! Však uvidíte. Jakmile se naskytne příležitost, budu ta tam.“

Ani sama Olga si nikdy nebyla úplně jistá, jestli opravdu věří tomu, co říká. Ale líbilo se jí, jak to zní a kromě toho si také tajně užívala, jak její slova působí na ostatní.

Každou noc těsně předtím, než si ustala na slámě, pozorovala svůj obraz v misce na vodu. Vždycky u toho trochu nafoukla tváře a uhladila si srst. To aby vypadala co nejlépe, kdyby kolem náhodou prošli nějakí nadějní zákazníci.

A pak se to stalo.

Quite unexpectedly, and not at all in the way Olga had always pictured it.

There were no grand farewells.

There was no battle royal.

No wild dash for freedom.

There were no cheers whatsoever.

In fact it was all over in a flash.

One morning, just as Olga was in the middle of her breakfast, a shadow fell across the cage and she looked up and saw a row of faces outside staring in at her.

There was the Sawdust Person she knew as the owner of the pet shop; a man she had never seen before; and a small girl.

It was the girl who caught Olga's gaze as she looked up from the feeding bowl, and as their eyes met a finger came through the bars.

"That's the one," the girl said. "The one with the cheeky look and the oats sticking to her whiskers."

The door in the roof of the cage clanged open and a rough, hairy hand descended.

"She's yours for twenty-two and a half new pence" said the gruff voice of the pet-shop owner, grabbing hold of Olga. "To tell the truth I shan't be sorry to

Úplně nečekaně a vůbec ne tak, jak si to Olga vždycky představovala.

Nekonalo se žádné velkolepé loučení.

Neudála se žádná obří bitva.

Žádný zběsilý úprk na svobodu.

Vůbec žádné provolávání slávy.

Ve skutečnosti se to všechno odehrálo v mžiku vteřiny.

Jednoho rána, když byla Olga zrovna uprostřed snídane, dopadl na její klec stín. Pohlédla nahoru, a co nevidí. Zvenku na ni zírala skupina obličejů.

Stáli tam tři lidé - piliňák, kterého znala jako majitele zverimexu, nějaký pán, kterého ještě nikdy neviděla, a malá holčička.

A právě ta holčička si všimla Olžina pohledu, když zvedla hlavu od misky na krmivo, a jakmile se jejich pohledy střetly, holčička prostrčila prst mezi mřížemi.

„Tahle se mi líbí,“ volala holčička. „Ta, co vypadá trochu neomaleně a má zrní přichycené na fouscích.“

Dvířka na střeše klece se s řinčením otevřela a dovnitř pronikla drsná chlupatá ruka.

„Za tři stovky je tvoje,“ prohlásil hrubým hlasem majitel zverimexu a popadnul Olgu. „Abych pravdu řekl, docela rád se jí zbavím. Od chvíle, kdy

see the back of her. She's been a bit of a troublemaker ever since she came in."

Olga gave a squeak of outrage and alarm, and as she disappeared from view, kicking and struggling, some of the older guinea pigs nodded their heads wisely with an "I told you so" expression on their faces.

But many of the younger ones looked rather envious, for when your world is only two foot square almost anything else promises to be more exciting. Some of them were put off their food for the rest of the morning.

But if the other inhabitants of the pet shop wondered what was going on when Olga da Polga suddenly disappeared from view, Olga herself was in a dreadful state.

She didn't mind standing on an open and friendly hand once in a while, but it was quite a different matter being grabbed hold of and *plonked*—there was no other word for it—*plonked* into a cardboard box without so much as a by-your-leave.

Straight after a large breakfast too!

Her heart was beating like a tom-tom. Her dignity was shattered, her fur ruffled beyond description.

To cap it all she felt sick.

nám ji sem přivezli, byla tak trochu potížistka.

Olga celá rozohněná a vyděšená zapištěla a zuby drápky se snažila vyprostit, ale marně. Jakmile zmizela z dohledu, některá starší morčata důležitě zakroutila hlavou s výrazem ve tváři, který říkal: „My jsme tě varovali.“

Ale plno mladších morčat na ni pohlíželo s jistou závistí v očích. Když žijete ve světě dlouhém i širokém méně než půl metru, skoro od každého jiného místa si slibujete větší zábavu. Některá morčata dokonce přešla na celé dopoledne chuť k jídlu.

Ale zatímco ostatní obyvatelé zverimexu se zájmem sledovali, jak Olga da Polga náhle zmizela z dohledu, chudák Olga byla v děsivém stavu.

Neměla nic proti tomu být čas od času na otevřené přátelské dlani, ale nechat se popadnout a *mrštit* – jinak se to nazvat nedalo – *mrštit* do kartonové krabice bez jediného „když dovolíte“, to bylo něco úplně jiného.

A zrovna po takové vydatné snídani!

Srdce jí bušilo jako bubínek. Její důstojnost byla ta tam a její srst byla tak rozčuchaná, že se to ani popsat nedá.

A ještě k tomu se jí udělalo špatně.

She had also made an important discovery. Going places when you know where you are going is one thing, but when you don't know it's quite a different matter.

For a moment or two she lay where she had landed, hardly daring to breathe. But after a while, opening first one eye and then the other, she cautiously took in her new surroundings.

It was dark, but there was a friendly smell of fresh sawdust, and through a hole just above her head there came a shaft of light and a cooling draught of fresh air.

Olga had just begun to tell herself that perhaps things weren't so bad after all when, without any warning whatsoever, the box rose into the air and began jiggling up and down in a most alarming manner.

And as it tipped first one way and then another Olga began to wish she hadn't been so boastful in the past in case it was some kind of punishment. Old Sale or Return had often gone on about the way humans behaved and how strict they could be. Olga had always thought it was sour grapes because he'd been "returned" by one, but now she wasn't quite so sure.

Navíc si uvědomila jednu důležitou věc. Vydat se do světa, když víte, kam jdete, je jedna věc, ale když to nevíte, to je něco úplně jiného.

Na nějakou chvíli zůstala ležet tam, kde přistála, a skoro si netroufala ani dýchat. Potom se ale odvážila pootevřít nejdřív jedno oko, pak druhé oko a o chvíli později už opatrně prozkoumávala své nové prostředí.

V krabici byla tma, ale příjemně to tam vonělo čerstvými pilinami a škvírou nad její hlavou dovnitř pronikal proužek světla a chladivý závan čerstvého vzduchu.

Olga už si začínala říkat, že to tam třeba nakonec nebude zas až tak špatné, když v tom bez jakéhokoliv varování se krabice zvedla do vzduchu a začala se nebezpečně houpat nahoru a dolů.

A jak se tak krabice nahnula nejdřív na jednu stranu a pak na druhou, Olga začala litovat, že se v minulosti tolik chvástala. Co když se jednalo o nějaký trest? Stařík Neprodejné zboží je často unavoval vyprávěním o tom, jak se lidé chovají, a jak dokážou být ostří. Olga si vždycky myslela, že to říkal jen proto, že ho urazilo, když ho jeden z nich vrátil. Teď si tím ale přestávala být tak jistá.

There was worse to follow, for just as she was in the middle of trying to work out how many times she had actually boasted or told a story which wasn't exactly "true," the jiggling stopped; there was a roar, and a strange tickling began to run through her body, starting in her toes and ending where her tail would have been had she owned one.

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" she wailed. "Whatever's happening now?"

And then in a flash it came to her.

The noise, the tickling, the feeling that she was going somewhere even though she herself wasn't moving ... it could only mean one thing.

"A motor car!" she exclaimed, jumping up and down with excitement. "I'm in a motor car!"

Olga knew all about motor cars because she'd seen them through the pet shop window, but never in her wildest dreams had she ever pictured herself riding in one.

Gathering her courage in both paws she clambered up the side of the box and by standing on tiptoe managed to peer through the hole above her head.

A to ji to nejhorší teprve čekalo. Zrovna když byla Olga zabraná do počítání toho, kolikrát se v minulosti chvástala nebo vyprávěla příběh, který nebyl tak úplně pravdivý, houpání přestalo. Ozvalo se řinčení a Olga ucítila po celém těle takové zvláštní šimrání, které začínalo někde na palcích na jejích packách a končilo tam, kde by byl její ocásek, kdyby nějaký měla.

„U všech fousků morčecích!“ zapištěla. „Co se to zase děje?“

A pak jí to došlo.

Ten zvuk, to šimrání, ten pocit jako by se posunovala, i když se sama vůbec nehýbala... to mohlo znamenat jen jedinou věc.

„Automobil!“ zajásala a začala nadšeně skákat nahoru a dolů. „Já jsem v automobilu!“

Olga věděla o autech všechno, protože je vídala z okna zverimexu. Ale ani ve snu by ji nenapadlo, že se jednou některým svezí.

Olga sebrala odvalu do obou předních pacek a začala šplhat po stěně krabice. Pak se postavila se na špičky, aby se mohla škvírou nad hlavou podívat ven.

Of the houses and shops she'd grown up with there was no sign. Instead, all she could see was green countryside, miles and miles of it.

Fields, hedges, trees, banks covered with luscious-looking dandelions and thick, mouth-watering grass, all flashed past with the speed of the wind.

"If this is the outside world I've heard so much about," decided Olga, "I think I shall like it. It's much, much better than a stuffy, crowded old pet shop."

Then she pricked up her ears, for above the noise of the engine she caught the sound of voices. First a deep one, then another, much younger, which she recognized as belonging to the little girl who'd picked her out from among all the others.

"You'll have to look after her, Karen," said the deep voice. "Come rain or shine. No excuses."

"I promise." The second voice paused for a moment and then went on. "I do hope she likes her new home."

Po domech a obchodech z místa, kde vyrůstala, nebylo nikde ani památky. Místo toho se kolem ní rozprostírala zelená venkovská krajina. Kam se jen podívala, viděla kilometry a kilometry zeleně.

Pole, živé ploty, stromy, stráně porostlé sladce vonícími pampeliškami a hustou trávou, na kterou se jen sliny sbíhaly, to všechno se míhalo kolem rychlostí větru.

„Jestli tohle je ten svět venku, o kterém jsem toho už tolik slyšela“ říkala si Olga, „tak myslím, že se mi v něm docela líbí. Je to tu rozhodně o moc lepší než v tom starém zatuchlém přeplněném zverimexu.“

Potom nastražila uši, protože přes hluk motoru zaslechla hlasy. Nejdříve hluboký a potom druhý mnohem mladší, který určitě patřil té holčičce, která si ze všech morčat vybrala právě ji.

„Budeš se o ni muset dobře starat, Karenko,“ řekl hluboký hlas. „Ať už bude pršet nebo svítit sluníčko. Žádné výmluvy.“

„Slibuji, že budu.“ Holčiččin hlas se na chvíli odmlčel a pak pokračoval.

“She’d better,” came the reply. “It cost me enough to build. What with the wood and the roofing felt, glass for the bedroom window, wire netting for the door, legs to keep her away from Noel ...”

As the man’s voice droned on Olga sank back onto the floor, hardly daring to believe her ears. “I’m going to stay with some Sawdust People,” she breathed. “All by myself!

“And in a waterproof house with a bedroom,” she added dreamily, “*on legs*.”

“Why, I must be going to live in a palace. I really must!”

„Hlavně doufám, že se jí bude líbit její nový domeček.“

„No to bych prosil,“ odpověděl hluboký hlas. „Co mě to stálo ho postavit. Kolik dřeva na to padlo a tašek na střechu a skla na okno jejího pokoje a drátěného pletiva na dveře... A taky nohy jsem mu musel udělat, aby se k ní nedostal Noel...“

Jak tak ten mužský hlas mluvil a mluvil, Olga se svalila zpátky na podlahu a nemohla uvěřit svým uším. „Budu bydlet u piliňáků.“ Zašeptala. „Úplně sama!“

„A dokonce v nepromokavém domečku s vlastním pokojem,“ dodala zasněně, „*na nohách*.“

„To budu určitě bydlet v nějakém paláci. Určitě!“

2 The Naming of Olga da Polga

If Olga da Polga's new home wasn't exactly a palace it certainly seemed like it, and it was definitely the nearest she was ever likely to get to one.

After the cramped and crowded conditions in the pet shop it was like entering a different world.

The hutch was large and airy and it was divided into two halves. Both floors were neatly covered with sawdust and the rooms were separated by a wall which had a hole cut in the middle so that she could easily pass between the two.

The first half was a kind of all-purpose room; part dining room, part playroom; with a wire mesh door, a small ash branch in one corner so that she could keep her teeth nice and sharp, and two heavy bowls—one marked OATS and the other marked WATER.

Olga tried out both before turning her attention to the second room. This turned out to be even more exciting than the first, for it not only had a *glass window* to keep out the weather but there was a large, inviting mound of fresh-smelling hay as well.

2 Pojmenování Olgy da Polgy

Možná, že Olžin nový domeček nebyl úplně palác, ale jí tak rozhodně připadal a určitě nebyla Olga da Polga ještě nikdy v životě bydlení v paláci tak blízko jako nyní.

Po stísněném přeplněném prostoru ve zverimexu si připadala, jako by se dostala do jiného světa.

Kotec byl prostorný, plný svěžího vzduchu a byl rozdělený na dvě poloviny. Obě místnosti měly na podlaze úhledně rozložené piliny a od sebe je oddělovala zeď, která měla uprostřed vyřezanou díru, aby se Olga mohla snadno dostat z jedné místnosti do druhé.

První polovina sloužila jako víceúčelová místnost, z části jídelna, z části herna. Vedly do ní dveře z drátěného pletiva, v rohu ležel jasanový klacík, se kterým si mohla Olga čistit a brousit zuby, a také tam stály dvě těžké misky – jedna označená jako ZRNÍ a druhá jako VODA.

Olga je hned obě vyzkoušela, načež její pozornost upoutala druhá místnost. Ta se ukázala snad ještě zajímavější než první. Nejen že v ní bylo *skleněné okno*, aby do místnosti nešel průvan, ale také tam pro Olgu někdo nachystal velikou

Olga spent some time pressing the hay flat so that she would have somewhere comfortable to sleep without being too hot, and then she settled down to think things over.

Really, all things considered, life had taken a very pleasant turn.

The sun was shining. The birds were chirping. Even the noises seemed friendly; the clinkings, singing, and occasional humming sounds from somewhere inside the big house as Mr. and Mrs. Sawdust—which was what Olga had decided to call them—went about their work.

Every so often there was a reassuring murmur of voices outside as one or other of the family peered through the glass to make certain she was all right.

First came Mr. Sawdust, then Mrs. Sawdust, then some other people called “neighbors” and they all had a friendly word or two to say to her.

Finally Karen Sawdust herself arrived with an enormous pile of grass, a bunch of dandelions, and a large juicy carrot neatly sliced down the center, which

lákavou hromadu čerstvého voňavého sena.

Olga seno chvíli pečlivě udusávala, aby si vytvořila pelíšek, kde se bude moct pohodlně vyspat, aniž by jí bylo příliš velké horko. Potom se usadila a přemýšlela nad tím, co se právě odehrálo.

„Je to tak,“ pomyslela si. „Když se to shrne, vypadá to, že si odteď budu žít jako královna.“

Sluníčko svítilo. Ptáčci cvrlikali. Dokonce i ostatní zvuky byly příjemné. To cinkání, prozpěvování a občasné broukání, které se ozývalo odněkud zevnitř velkého domu, kde se pan a paní Pilinovi – jak jim Olga začala říkat – věnovali své práci.

Každou chvíli Olga zaslechla uklidňující mumláni hlasů. To když některý ze členů rodiny nahlédl přes sklo, aby se ujistil, že je Olga v pořádku.

Nejdřív přišel pan Pilina, potom paní Pilinová a pak nějací další lidé jménem „sousedí“, a každý z nich pro ni vždy našel pár přátelských slov.

Konečně přišla také Karenka Pilinová a přinesla obrovskou hromadu trávy, kyticí pampelišek a velikou šťavnatou mrkev nakrájenou na úhledné proužky

she placed temptingly alongside the feeding bowl.

“We're going to choose a name for you now,” she announced, as Olga stirred herself and came out of the bedroom to sample these new delicacies. “And we have to make sure it's right because tomorrow Daddy's going to paint it over your front door. There'll be no changing it once that's done.”

Olga nibbled away, half listening, half in a world of her own.

“Daddy fancies Greta and Mummy's rather keen on Gerda, but I'm not sure. They don't sound *special* enough to me.” Karen Sawdust put her face against the door as she turned to go. “I do wish you could tell us what you would like for a name.”

“Greta? ... Gerda? ... *Painted on my front door?*” Olga's world suddenly turned upside down.

She paused, a carefully folded piece of grass half in, half out of her mouth, hardly able to believe her ears. “But I'm Olga da Polga,” she wailed, addressing the empty air. “I've always been Olga da Polga. I can't change now—I really can't.”

a všechno to pro Olgu naskládala vedle misky na krmivo.

„Chystáme se ti vybrat jméno,“ oznámila Olze, která se zrovna zvedla a zamířila z pokoje ochutnat ty nové pochoutky. „Ale musíme si být jistí, že vybereme to pravé, protože ti ho chce tatínek zítra napsat na dveře. Jakmile to udělá, už to nepůjde změnit.“

Olga uždibovala své pochoutky. Poslouchala jen napůl ucha, protože byla tak trochu ve svém vlastním světě.

„Tatínkovi se líbí Gréta a maminka by zas chtěla Gerdu, ale já se pořád nemůžu rozhodnout. Ani jedno mi nepřijde dostatečně výjimečné.“ Než se vydala na odchod, Karenka Pilinová se zadívala do dveří. „Kdybys nám tak mohla říct, jaké jméno by se ti líbilo.“

„Gréta? ... Gerda? ... *Napsané na mých dveřích?*“ Olze se najednou zhroutil celý svět.

Zarazila se a pečlivě poskládané stéblo trávy jí zůstalo napůl trčet z tlamičky. Nemohla uvěřit svým uším. „Vždyť já jsem Olga da Polga,“ naříkala, aniž by ji mohl někdo slyšet. „Vždycky jsem byla Olga da Polga. Přece mě teď nemůžete přejmenovat. To přece nemůžete.“

That night, long after darkness fell and everyone else had gone to bed, Olga was still wide awake and deep in thought.

“I suppose,” she said to herself, for what seemed like the hundredth time, “I suppose I ought to be counting my blessings instead of grumbling. I mean ... I have a nice new home ... food ... I'm among friends ... but I *would* like to keep my own name, especially as I'm having it painted on.”

The more Olga thought about it the sadder she became, for she couldn't help remembering a remark one of the older inhabitants of the pet shop had once made. “Always hang on to your name,” he had said. “It may not be much, but when you're a guinea pig it's sometimes all you have in the world.”

Olga's own name was firmly imprinted on her mind. OLGA DA POLGA.

It had taken her fancy straight away and now she had become so used to it she couldn't begin to picture having anything else. When she closed her eyes she could still see it written in large black letters on the side of an old cardboard box.

Suddenly she jumped up in excitement, her mind in a whirl. Could

Padla noc. Dávno už se setmělo a všichni ostatní zalezli do postele, jen Olga neměla na spánek ani pomyšlení. Seděla a úporně přemýšlela.

„Asi,“ říkala si snad už postě, „Asi bych si měla vážit toho, co mám, místo toho reptání. Koneckonců... mám pěkný nový domeček ... jídlo ... jsem mezi přáteli ... ale opravdu moc ráda bych si nechala svoje jméno, tím spíš, že mi ho chtějí napsat na dveře.“

Čím víc o tom Olga přemýšlela, tím byla nešťastnější. V hlavě se jí vybavila vzpomínka na moudro jednoho ze starších obyvatelů zverimexu. „Nikdy si nenechte vzít svoje jméno,“ pronesl tehdy. „Může se vám zdát prosté, ale když jste morče, je to mnohdy to jediné na celém světě, co máte.“

Olga nemohla dostat z mysli své vlastní jméno. OLGA DA POLGA.

To jméno si na první poslech zamilovala a už na něj byla natolik zvyklá, že si prostě nedokázala představit, že by se jmenovala jinak. Když zavřela oči, pořád ho viděla napsané velkými černými písmeny na stěně její staré krabice.

Najednou celá bez sebe rozčilením vyskočila, až se jí zatočila hlava. A co

she? Was it possible? She felt herself trembling at the sheer audacity of the idea.

It would mean a lot of hard work. A lot of difficult, almost impossible work. And yet...

Getting out of her warm bed, shivering partly with the chill of the night air and partly with she knew not what, Olga made her way through into the next room.

Clutching the ash branch firmly in her mouth she set to work. Scratching and scraping, starting and stopping, she worked and she worked and she worked. Sometimes pausing to smooth the sawdust over before beginning all over again, she tried not once, but time after time and still it wouldn't come right.

Dawn was breaking before she crawled back into her bedroom at long last and sank down in the hay. Her paws were aching, her fur was covered in sawdust, and her eyes were so tired she could hardly bear to keep them open.

"It looks plain enough to me," she thought, gazing back at the result of her night's work, "but then, I *know* what it's

kdyby...? Šlo by to? Úplně se rozklepala při pomýšlení na tu nestydatou troufalost toho, co ji zrovna napadlo.

Znamenalo by to hodně tvrdé práce. Hodně obtížné, téměř nemožné práce. Ale přesto...

Olga se vyškrábala ze svého teplého pelíšku a přelezla do druhé místnosti. Trochu se chvěla - částečně vlivem chladného nočního vzduchu, částečně vlivem něčeho, co nedokázala pojmenovat.

Pevně sevřela jasanový klacík mezi zuby a pustila se do práce. Drápala a čmárala, škrábala a škrťala, dřela a dřela a dřela. Občas se najednou zarazila, uhladila piliny, načež začala znovu úplně od začátku. Nenechala se odradit prvním nezdařeným pokusem, ale zkoušela to znovu a znovu a pořád s tím nebyla spokojená.

Už se dávno rozednívalo, když konečně zalezla zpátky do pokoje a svalila se do sena. Packy ji bolely, srst měla plnou pilin a oči se jí zavíraly únavou.

„Podle mě je to naprosto srozumitelné,“ zhodnotila Olga výsledek své noční práce. „Jenže já taky vím, co to

meant to be. I only hope the others understand as well.”

Gradually, as she enjoyed her well-earned rest, the air began to fill with sounds of morning. Strange, unaccustomed sounds. In place of the usual grunts and rustles of the pet shop there were dogs barking, clocks striking, the sound of bottles clinking, and somewhere in the distance the noise of a train rattling on its way. In fact, there were so many different noises Olga soon lost count of them.

And then, at long last, came the one she had been waiting for. There was a click, the clatter of a bolt being withdrawn, and a moment later a now familiar face appeared on the other side of the wire netting.

In the pause which followed Olga could almost hear the beating of her own heart.

“Mummy! Mummy!” With a shriek of surprise the face vanished from view. “Come quickly! Come and see!”

Olga jumped to her feet. “Wheeeee! It's worked! It's worked! Wheeeeeee!” Squeaking with joy and pleasure at her own cleverness she ran round and round her dining room, scattering sawdust and

má znamenat. Tak hlavně doufám, že to ostatní taky pochopí.“

Zatímco si Olga užívala svůj zasloužený spánek, vzduch kolem se pomalu začal plnit ranními zvuky. Zvláštními neznámými zvuky. Místo pištění a mručení, které se obvykle ozývalo ve zverimexu, tu znělo štěkání psů, bití zvonů, cinkání lahví a někde v dáli bylo slyšet burácení kol jedoucího vlaku. Popravdě, ozývalo se tam tolik zvuků, že je Olga ani spočítat nedokázala.

A pak konečně uslyšela Olga to, na co tak netrpělivě čekala. Ozvalo se cvaknutí, zavržení závory a o chvíli později se za drátěnými dveřmi objevila známá tvář.

Chvíli bylo ticho. Olga čekala. Srdce jí bušilo tak hlasitě, že to muselo být slyšet.

„Mamííí! Mamííí!“ vykřikla Karenka překvapením a její tvář zmizela z dohledu. „Pojď sem rychle! Pojď se na něco podívat!“

Olga vyskočila na nohy. „Uííííí! Vyšlo to! Vyšlo to! Uíííííí!“ Olga pískala nadšením a spokojeností se svojí šikovností a vesele běhala po jídelně tam a zpátky. Úplně při té divoké vichřici

the result of her labors in one wild whirlwind of delight.

“Olga da Polga?” exclaimed the voice of Mrs. Sawdust. “Written on the floor? Don't be silly ... how could it have been?”

A face appeared at Olga's door. “I can't see anything at all. You must have been dreaming.”

“All the same”—there was a pause—”it is rather a nice name. If I were you I'd keep it.”

When they were alone again Olga looked out of her window at Karen Sawdust and Karen Sawdust looked back at her.

“Grownups!” said Karen with a sigh. “They *never* understand these things. Still, we know it happened, don't we?”

Olga da Polga lifted up her head proudly.

“Wheeee!” she cried, in the loudest voice she could possibly manage. “Wheeee! Wheeeee! Wheeeeeeeee!”

And really, there was nothing more to be said.

radosti rozvířila piliny a rozmetla výsledek své noční dřiny.

„Olga da Polga?“ podivila se paní Pilinová. „Napsané na podlaze? Nevymýšlej si prosím tě hlouposti ... Jak by se to tam asi dostalo?“

V Olžiných dveřích se objevila tvář. „Já tam teda nic nevidím. To se ti muselo něco zdát.

At' už jsi na to ale přišla jakkoliv“ – odmlčela se – „je to docela pěkné jméno. Na tvém místě bych ji tak pojmenovala.“

Když byly znovu o samotě, Olga se z okna podívala na Karenku Pilinovou a Karenka Pilinová se podívala na ni.

„Ti dospělí!“ posteskla si Karenka. „Ti tyhle věci *nikdy* nepochopí. Hlavně že my dvě víme, že se to stalo, vid'?”

Olga pyšně zvedla hlavu.

„Uííí!“ zapištěla, jak nejhlasitěji dovedla. „Uíííí! Uííííí! Uííííííííí!“

A k tomu opravdu nebylo co dodat.

3 Olga Takes a Bite

Olga was so worn out after her night's work that straight after breakfast she went back to bed, and she slept and she slept and she slept.

She vaguely remembered waking once to a rather strange smell, but it turned out to be Mr. Sawdust doing something to the outside of her house so she promptly went back to sleep again. He'd been using what looked like a tiny tail on the end of a stick, which he kept dipping in a tin full of black stuff.

Whatever it was everyone seemed very pleased with the result, for they kept repeating her name, which was all very comforting.

Olga had no idea how long she stayed asleep after that, but it must have been quite some time, for when she finally woke, the sun, which had been on the bedroom side of her house at breakfast time, was now shining through her front door.

She stirred gently, stretched, scratched a few remaining grains of sawdust from her fur, shook herself, and then sat very still as a strange feeling came over her that she was BEING WATCHED.

3 Olga se zakousne

Olga byla po noční práci tak zmožená, že si hned po snídani zalezla zpátky do pelíšku a spala a spala a spala.

Matně si vybavovala, že ji jednou probudil zvláštní zápach. Ale ukázalo se, že to jen pan Pilina na něčem pracoval u jejího domečku, a tak se hned zase uložila ke spánku. Pan Pilina používal něco, co vypadalo jako malý ocásek připevněný na konci klacíku a namáčel to do plechovky plné černé hmoty.

Ať už ale dělal cokoliv, všichni museli být moc spokojení s výsledkem, protože pořád dokola opakovali Olžino jméno, což bylo velmi příjemné.

Olga neměla ani ponětí, jak dlouho pak ještě spala, ale muselo to být docela dlouho, protože když se konečně vzbudila, slunce už nesvítilo do domečku ze strany obývacího, ale pražilo dovnitř předními dveřmi.

Pomalou se zvedla, protáhla se, očistila se od pár kousků pilin, které se jí zachytily v srsti, oklepala se, když v tom se na místě zarazila, protože jí přepadl zvláštní pocit, že ji NĚKDO SLEDUJE.

She peered out of her window and then hurried to the front door, but there wasn't a soul in sight.

Taking a few nibbles from a lettuce leaf, she helped herself to an oat or two for good measure and was about to settle down again when it happened.

Glancing up for no better reason than the fact that it made a change from looking down she caught sight of a strange, upside-down face watching her from the top of the hutch. Worse still, a moment later a long, black object, like a piece of furry rope, slid into view and began swinging lazily to and fro.

Left ... right, left ... right, it went ... just like the pendulum of a clock, brushing against the wire mesh door, not more than an inch from her nose. If it hadn't been for the fact that every so often it paused, as if to show it was capable of other things, and gave a flick in the opposite direction, the motion might well have sent Olga off to sleep again.

She watched it for a moment or two longer and then came to a decision.

There was only one way of telling if both head and object belonged to the same creature and she took it.

Biding her time, she waited until it made one of its sudden changes in

Vykoukla z okna, vběhla do dveří, ale nikde ani živáčka.

Uždíbla si z listu salátu, zajedla to troškou zrní a už se chystala, že si zase lehne, a pak se to stalo.

Olga vzhlédla, přestože jediný důvod, proč to udělala, bylo, že už se jí nechtělo dívat dolů. A co nevidí. Ze střechy kotce na ni zírala zvláštní tvář obrácená vzhůru nohama. Ale tím to nekončilo. Chvilku na to se objevila dlouhá černá věc, která připomínala chlupatý provaz, a začala se líně kývat sem a tam.

Doleva ... doprava, doleva ... doprava, úplně jako kyvadlo hodin. Věc jako by leštila drátěné dveře přímo Olze u nosu. Nebýt toho, že se věc občas zastavila nebo mávla opačným směrem, jakoby chtěla ukázat, že umí i jiné pohyby, to kývání by Olgu asi znovu uspalo.

Ještě to chvíli pozorovala a pak se rozhodla, co udělá.

Byl jen jediný způsob, jak zjistit, jestli hlava i věc patří té samé osobě.

Chvíli čekala na vhodný okamžik. A pak, zrovna když věc udělala jednu ze

direction, curling for a brief moment through one of the holes in the wire, then she made a dive.

As Olga sank her twenty teeth into the offending object it was wrenched from her grasp and a loud high sound of mingled pain and alarm echoed round the garden.

The yowling and howling that followed as both face and object disappeared from view was enough to wake the dead.

It certainly brought the Sawdust family running.

Doors banged. Voices called out. Feet clattered...

Olga watched with growing interest as first one member of the family and then another ran past her house.

"I don't know who or what it was," she thought, "but start as you mean to go on—that's what I always say." And she went back to her oats.

"Kutchy, kutchy, kutchy ... come on down. Kutchy, kutchy, kutchy."

"Goodness knows what frightened him so."

"Come on down ... kutchy, kutchy."

"WRETCHED ANIMAL!"

svých náhlých změn směru, Olga prostrčila hlavu do jedné z mezer mezi dráty a zahryzla se.

Jakmile se Olžiných dvacet zubů zakouslo do toho nezbedného chlupatého provazu, provaz se jí okamžitě vykroutil a celou zahradou se rozezněl zvuk plný bolesti a děsu.

Tvář i provaz zmizely z dohledu. Pak se ozvalo mňoukání a mňaučení, které by vzbudilo i mrtvého.

Rodinou Pilinovou to rozhodně dalo pořádně do pohybu.

Ozvalo se bouchnutí dveří, hlasité volání, dupot chodidel...

Olga s rostoucím zájmem sledovala, jak všichni členové rodiny jeden po druhém proběhli kolem jejího domečku.

„Nevím kdo, nebo co to bylo,“ pomyslela si Olga, „ale jak já vždycky říkám – když už s něčím začnete, měli byste v tom pokračovat.“ A vrátila se ke svému zrní.

„Či-čí, či-čí, či-čí ... Pojd' ke mně dolů. Či-čí, či-čí, či-čí.“

„Kdo ví, co ho tak vydělilo.“

„Pojd' ke mně dolů ... Či-čí, či-čí.“

„ZATRACENÉ ZVÍŘE!“

The voices began to grow more and more impatient.

Mr. Sawdust hurried back past Olga's house, only to return a few minutes later, red in the face and breathing heavily, as he struggled beneath the weight of an enormous wooden object about twice as long as he was tall.

"I've had to borrow an extending ladder from next door," he called. "We'll never reach him otherwise."

"An *extending ladder!*" Olga grew more and more interested. She had no idea what it meant but it sounded most exciting.

"I must do this more often," she thought. "It's a fine way to pass the time on a summer's evening." And she hurried round her house taking bites out of anything that happened to get in her way.

But the others didn't seem to share Olga's enthusiasm.

Cries of "Be careful!" and "Mind you don't slip!" floated up from the garden.

It seemed that the object Olga had bitten was now sitting at the top of a very tall pine tree and there was even talk of fetching something called a Fire Brigade.

But to Olga's disappointment, for she had never seen a Fire Brigade, let alone

Hlasy zněly čím dál více podrážděně.

Pan Pilina odběhnul pryč kolem Olžina domečku, ale hned byl zase zpátky celý rudý a udýchaný, jak zápolil s váhou obrovského dřevěného předmětu, který byl asi dvakrát delší než on.

„Musel jsem si půjčit výsuvný žebřík od vedle,“ zlobil se pan Pilina. „Jinak se k němu nikdy nedostaneme.“

„*Výsuvný žebřík!*“ divila se Olga. Bylo to čím dál tím napínavější. Neměla tušení, co to znamená, ale znělo to hrozně zajímavě.

„To budu muset dělat častěji,“ říkala si. „Je to prima způsob, jak se zabavit za dlouhých letních večerů.“ Olga pobíhala po svém domečku a ukusovala si ze všeho, co se jí připletlo do cesty.

Ale zdálo se, že ostatní Olžino nadšení nesdílí.

Zahradou se rozléhaly výkřiky jako: „Bud' opatrný!“ a „Dávej pozor, ať nepadneš.“

Vypadalo to, že věc, kterou Olga kousla, teď sedí na vrchu vysokánské borovice a Olga dokonce zaslechla něco o zavolání někoho jménem Hasiči.

Ale k velkému zklamání Olgy, která hasiče ještě nikdy neviděla a už se

been the cause of having one fetched, just as the excitement and Mr. Sawdust had both reached their highest point, the object took it into its head to come down again by itself.

“Cats!” said Mr. Sawdust bitterly.

There was a banging and clattering and a moment or so later he came past Olga's house again, still carrying the ladder, and looking even more red in the face than before.

“Noel, you naughty thing!” Karen Sawdust came into view carrying a very cowed and frightened-looking bundle of black fur in her arms. “I don't know what Olga will think of you. Why can't you be good like her?”

There was no knowing what Olga thought of Noel, for she appeared to be much too busy munching her oats to bother with looking up, but it was only too clear what Noel thought of Olga. As he was placed on the ground he arched his back and his fur bristled and he glared at the hutch with a 'just you wait' expression on his face.

Olga looked down at him haughtily. “Wheeeee!” she squeaked, from the safety of her dining room. “You can't frighten me. My house has legs to keep me

nemohla dočkat, až na ně budou volat, ta věc musela jako naschvál slézt dolů úplně sama. A zrovna když rozčilení i pan Pilina dosáhli vrcholu.

„Kočky!“ zabručel pan Pilina mrzutě.

Ozvalo se bouchání a řinčení a o chvíli později prošel zpátky kolem Olžina domečku. Pořád ještě táhnul žebřík a jeho tvář vypadala snad ještě červeněji než předtím.

„Noele, ty zlobidlo!“ Karenka Pilinová se znovu objevila se skrčeným a vyděšeným uzlíčkem černé srsti v náruči. „Co si o tobě Olga pomyslí? Proč nemůžeš být tak hodný jako ona?“

Nedalo se uhodnout, co si Olga myslí o Noelovi, protože vypadala, že je příliš zaměstnaná žvýkáním zrní na to, aby vzhlédla, ale bylo naprosto zřejmé, co si Noel myslí o Olze. Jakmile ho Karenka postavila na zem, naježil hřbet a zadíval se na kotec s výrazem ve tváři, který říkal: „Jen počkej, morče!“

Olga na něj povýšeně pohlédla.

„Uííííí!“ zapištěla z bezpečí své jídelny. „Tady na mě nemůžeš. Můj domeček má nohy, které mě před tebou

safe from you. Mr. Sawdust told me. He went to great expense.”

Noel gave a kind of hissing snort. “Legs are meant for climbing,” he said menacingly. “So just you wait. One of these days I'll bite your tail so hard it'll ...” He broke off and stared as Olga turned her back on him.

“You ... you haven't got a tail!” he exclaimed.

“No” said Olga primly. “I haven't.”

“But all furry animals have tails,” said Noel.

Olga turned round again to face him. “Guinea pigs haven't,” she replied. “That's what makes us different.”

She paused, a thoughtful gleam in her eye as she felt another sort of tale coming on. “We lost them a long, long time ago,” she said with a sigh. “If you like, I'll tell you just how it happened. It's really rather romantic.”

chrání. Říkal mi to pan Pilina. Dal za to celé jmění.“

Noel si odfrknul a výhružně zasyčel: „Nohy jsou od toho, aby se po nich šplhalo. Takže se těš. Co nevidět se ti zahryznu do ocasu tak pevně, že...“ Odmlčel se a s úžasem hleděl na Olgu, která se k němu otočila zády.

„Ty ... ty nemáš žádný ocas!“ vykřiknul.

„Ne“ odpověděla hrdě Olga. „To teda nemám.“

„Ale vždyť všechna chlupatá zvířata mají ocas,“ nechápal Noel.

Olga se otočila zpátky čelem k němu. „Morčata ne,“ odpověděla. „Tím se odlišujeme.“

Odmlčela se se zamyšleným zábleskem v očích, protože cítila, že ji napadá nový příběh. „Přišli jsme o ně kdysi velmi velmi dávno,“ povzdechla si. „Jestli chceš, můžu ti povyprávět, jak k tomu došlo. Je to takový romantický příběh.“

4 Olga's Story

“Once upon a time,” said Olga, who, if she wasn't yet sure of what her story would be about, at least knew how it should start. “Once upon a time, guinea pigs had the most marvellous tails imaginable. Long and thick, with fur like silky cream. If you can picture a great long yarn of the finest silk ...”

“A great long yarn is right,” interrupted Noel with a yawn. “*Do* get on with it. I don't want to hang around here all night. I have work to do.”

“I'm only telling you all this,” said Olga coldly, “because I don't want you to get the wrong idea. I wouldn't like you to confuse guinea pigs' tails, as they were then, with any ordinary sort of tail—like a *cat's*, for instance.”

She paused, partly for effect, but mostly to think up what to say next.

“Have you ever heard of Peru?” she inquired hopefully. “That's where we guinea pigs first came from.”

“I've heard of it,” said Noel, not wishing to sound too ignorant. “I've never been there.”

“Oh!” Olga looked slightly taken aback. “Er ... well I don't suppose for

4 Kterak morčata přišla o ocásek

„Bylo nebylo,“ začala Olga. I když si ještě ani nebyla jistá, o čem její příběh vlastně bude, aspoň věděla, jak by měl správně začít. „Před mnoha a mnoha lety mívala morčata ten nejúžasnější ocas, jaký si jen dokážeš představit. Dlouhý a huňatý, pokrytý srstí jemnou jako smetana. Představ si mohutnou dlouhou nit z nejjemnějšího hedvábí...“

„Dóóóobře. Už si to představuju,“ přerušil ji se zívnutím Noel. „No tak už pokračuj, ať tady netvrđnu celou noc. Mám i jiné věci na práci.“

„No já jen aby sis neudělal špatnou představu,“ odsekla chladně Olga. „Opravdu by mě mrzelo, kdyby sis představoval ocásky, které jsme my morčata tehdy měla, jako nějaké obyčejné ocasy jaké mají třeba... kočky.“

Odmlčela se, částečně pro lepší efekt, ale hlavně, aby vymyslela, jak pokračovat.

„Už jsi někdy slyšel o Peru?“ zeptala se s nadějí. „My morčata odtamtud pocházíme.“

„Už jsem o tom někde slyšel,“ odpověděl Noel, aby si o něm Olga nepomyslela, že je negramotný. „Ale nikdy jsem tam nebyl.“

„Aha.“ Olga působila trochu vykolejeně. „Ehm... No dobře. Ale určitě

a moment you've ever heard of Barsance,” she said, using the first word that came into her head. “It's so small no one has ever heard of it.” And she glared at Noel as if to dare him to say he had.

“Barsance used to be joined on to Peru,” she continued, “until one night when there was a terrible storm and it broke off.

“It was so small that at the time I'm talking about, which was long, long ago, there was only room for one of everything.

“There was one king who ruled over a kingdom which had only one house with one inhabitant.

“This king lived with his stepdaughter in a one-roomed castle perched on an enormous rock overlooking the village, and he was known far and wide as the most crotchety and bad-tempered old king there had ever been.

“But it was said by the few who'd seen his step-daughter that she was the most beautiful princess in the whole world; as beautiful as he was ugly, and sweet as he was unkind and selfish.”

Olga stared dreamily into space as she began to be carried away by her own story. “Her eyes...”

jsi ještě nikdy neslyšel o Barsance,“ použila Olga první slovo, které jí přišlo na jazyk. „To je totiž tak malá země, že o ní ještě nikdy nikdo neslyšel.“ Výhrůžně se zadívala na Noela, jako by říkala: „Jen se opovaž tvrdit, že už jsi o ní slyšel!“

„Barsanka bývala součástí Peru,“ pokračovala, „než jednou přišla příšerná bouře a oddělila ji.“

„Byla to tak maličká země, že v době, kdy se odehrál můj příběh, což bylo kdysi velmi velmi dávno, se tam nic nevešlo víckrát než jedenkrát.“

„Byl tam jeden král, který vládnul jednomu království, které mělo pouze jeden dům s jedním obyvatelem.

A ten král žil se svojí nevlastní dcerou na svém jednopokojovém hradě postaveném na obrovitánské skále, která se tyčila nad vesnicí, a byl široko daleko známý jako ten nejnevrlejší a nejmrzutější starý král, jaký kdy žil.“

„Ale těch pár lidí, kteří spatřili jeho nevlastní dceru, tvrdilo, že je to ta nejkrásnější princezna na celém světě. Byla tak krásná jako král šeredný a tak laskavá jako on nevlídný a sobecký.“

Olga se zasněně zadívala do prázdna. Byla čím dál více unešená svým vlastním příběhem. „Její oči...“

Did she have more than one eye?" asked Noel eagerly.

"Her eyes," said Olga firmly, "were so beautiful that when you gazed into them it was like looking into *one* very still lake of the deepest blue you could possibly imagine.

"But they were sad eyes, for her stepfather was very jealous of her beauty and never allowed anyone near the castle in case they took her away.

"Each morning when she woke she looked at herself in the mirror and gave a sigh as she thought of all the wonderful things that might have happened had she been a normal princess living in a land where there was more than one of everything.

"And then she would retire to the one tower the castle possessed and sit gazing dreamily out of the one window in the hope that one day she would be rescued. It wasn't a very tall tower, for it needed only one step to reach it, but the rock on which the castle stood was sheer as a cliff and tall as a mountain, and the castle itself could only be reached across a single draw-bridge and by climbing a tunnel hollowed out inside the rock. It was so tall that even the one eagle which inhabited the land of

„Ona neměla jenom jedno oko?“ ptal se dychtivě Noel.

„Její *jedny* oči,“ nedala se přerušit Olga, „byly tak krásné, že každý, kdo se do nich zahleděl, měl pocit, jako by se díval do *jednoho* klidného jezera barvy té nejhlubší modři, jakou si dokážeš představit.

Ale byly to smutné oči, protože její nevlastní otec chtěl mít její krásu jen pro sebe, a nikdy nikomu nedovolil se k hradu ani přiblížit, aby mu ji náhodou neodvezl.

Každé ráno, když se probudila, podívala se na sebe princezna do zrcadla a povzdechla si při pomyšlení na všechny ty báječné věci, které by se mohly stát, kdyby byla normální princezna a bydlela v zemi, kde by nebylo všechno jen jednou.

A pak se vždycky odebrala do jediné věže, která na hradě byla, posadila se, toužebně se zahleděla z okna a zasnila se o tom, že ji jednou někdo zachrání. Nebyla to moc vysoká věž. Aby se člověk dostal nahoru, stačilo vyjít jediný schod. Ale hrad byl postaven na skále kolmé jako stěna a vysoké jako hora a jediná možnost, jak se dostat do hradu, bylo přelézt padací most a prolézt tunelem vytesaným do skály. Skála byla tak vysoká, že ani ten jediný orel, který v Barsance hnízdil, si

Barsance seldom rose above it, but spent most of its time swooping and soaring in the valley below.

“As time went by it seemed to the princess that she would never be rescued.

“And then one day a tall stranger rode into the village on horseback and inquired of the only inhabitant about the beautiful princess he'd heard tell of in distant lands.

“The man directed the stranger to the castle, but when the king saw him approach he flew into a terrible rage, and raised the drawbridge as he sent him packing. And in his temper he locked the heavy oak doors and hurled the key far out into space so that it was lost for ever.

“The prince was beside himself with grief, for in the short time he'd been at the castle he'd caught sight of the princess sitting alone in the tower and he realized that all the things he'd heard tell of her were true. And hadn't she waved? And hadn't he caught the sound of her voice calling out to him for help?

“Oh, if only I could rescue her,” he cried. “If only I had wings so that I could fly up and take her away with me.”

netroufal vyletět tak vysoko a většinou kroužil nebo provozoval své stěmhlavé lety v údolí pod skálou.

Jak tak plynul čas, princezna pomalu ztrácela naději, že ji jednou někdo zachrání.

Ale co se nestalo. Jednoho dne přijel do vesnice vysoký cizinec na koni a začal se jediného obyvatele vesnice vyptávat na princeznu, o jejíž kráse se proslýchalo až v dalekých krajích.

Muž ukázal cizinci cestu do hradu. Jenže když ho král uviděl, jak se blíží k hradu, příšerně se rozohnil. Vyhnal ho, zvednul za ním padací most a ihned uzamknul dubová vrata do hradu. A jak tak zuřil, zahodil ve svém hněvu klíč někam do dále, aby ho už nikdy nikdo nenašel.

Princ byl zdrcen. Než ho král vyhnal, podařilo se mu na chvíli nahlédnout do hradu a zahlédnout princeznu, jak sedí sama ve věži. Tu si uvědomil, že všechno, co se o ní vypráví, je pravdivé. A zdálo se mu to, nebo mu zamávala? A co ten hlas, který zaslechl? Nevolala to princezna o pomoc?

„Kdybych ji tak mohl zachránit,“ bědoval princ. „Kdybych tak měl křídla, abych mohl vzlétnout k věži a uletět s princeznou.“

“He gazed up at the rock, but it was polished smooth as glass and by its side the one small rope he was able to find in the village was like a matchstick compared to the tallest pine.

Time after time, feet slipping, fingers torn and bleeding, he tried to scale the rock, but it was no use. With a sinking heart he realized that not only would he never reach his loved one but that even if he went for help by the time he returned she might be dead, for without the key there was no getting in or out of the castle.

“Suddenly he felt he was being watched, and when he turned he found to his surprise what seemed like a million pair of eyes staring at him across the border from Peru.

“Peru.” said Olga, for Noel's benefit, “was full of guinea pigs at the time for it was before we'd been discovered.

“One of these guinea pigs stepped forward. ‘Tell us,’ he said to the prince, ‘what are you doing?’

“The prince sat down wearily and told his story. The guinea pigs listened with sorrow, for they knew the princess well and thought highly of her. Unlike her stepfather, who was forever driving them

Mrzutě se zahleděl na skálu. Byla uhlazená jako sklo a jediné lano, které ve vesnici bylo, vedle ní působilo jako párátko vedle vysokánské borovice.

Znovu a znovu se princ snažil vydrápat na skálu. Každou chvíli se mu svezla noha a prsty už měl dokrvava rozedrané, ale jeho úsilí bylo marné. Byl naprosto bezradný. Neměl sebemenší šanci vyškrábat se ke své milované. A i kdyby se vypravil hledat pomoc, než by se vrátil, princezna už mohla být dávno mrtvá. Vždyť bez klíče se nikdo nemohl dostat z hradu ani do hradu.

V tom ho přepadl zvláštní pocit, jako by ho někdo sledoval. Otočil se, a co nevidí. Přes hranici ze sousedního Peru na něj zíral snad milion párů očí.

Peru se tehdy morčaty jen hemžilo,“ vytahovala se Olga před Noelem. „To bylo ještě předtím, než nás objevili lidé.

Jedno z morčat předstoupilo před prince. ‘Pověz nám, o co se to snažíš?’

Princ se unaveně posadil a začal vyprávět svůj příběh. Morčata smutně poslouchala. Bylo jim do pláče, protože princeznu dobře znala a měla o ní to nejlepší mínění. Zatímco její nevlastní

away and shouting at them, she always had a kind word to spare or a tasty tidbit to drop down from her tower.

“When the prince had finished his story the guinea pigs disappeared for a while and there was a strange rushing sound, like a gathering wind, as they whispered together. And then there were squeaks and grunts the like of which had never been heard before in the whole of Peru, let alone the kingdom of Barsance.

“At last they returned, dragging behind them a long, silky rope.

“At a signal from their leader the eagle came swooping down out of the sky, took hold of one end of the rope, and flew up to the princess waiting high above.

“With the rope securely tied round the bars, it took the prince only a matter of moments to climb up to the tower and even less time than it takes to tell before he was back down again with the princess at his side.

“He lifted her onto his horse and then, as he turned to thank all those present for their trouble, he suddenly realized the great and noble sacrifice they had made in his honor. For each and every guinea pig had given up its tail so that it might be

otec je neustále vyháněl a křičel na ně, princezna je vždycky uměla potěšit laskavým slovem nebo kouskem chleba, které jim házela ze své věže.

Když princ dovyprávěl svůj příběh, morčata na chvíli zmizela a bylo slyšet jen zvláštní šumění, jako by se zvedal vítr. To se morčata šeptem domlouvala. A pak uslyšel pištění a kvičení, jaké ještě nikdy nikdo neslyšel v celém Peru, natož pak v království Barsanka.

Konečně se morčata vrátila. A co to neunesou, dlouhatánský hedvábný provaz.

Nato velitel morčat zavelel a z nebe se z čista jasna snesl orel, uchopil provaz a zamířil si to s ním vzhůru k princezně.

Princezna lano přivázala pevně k mřížím, princ po něm vyšplhal jako opice nahoru do věže a než bys řekl švec, byl zpátky dole i s princeznou.

Princ vysadil princeznu na svého koně a otočil se, aby poděkoval všem přítomným za jejich pomoc. Teprve teď si plně uvědomil, jak obětavé a šlechetné bylo to, co pro něj udělali. Všechna morčata bez výjimky se vzdala svého

woven into the rope which had saved the princess.

“The prince could think of no way to repay the guinea pigs for their act of kindness, so instead he bestowed on them the highest award he could think of.

“Not simply a medal—which would be very difficult to pin on and might fall off and be lost—but a rosette to be worn on their fur and on the fur of those who came after them until the end of time.”

Olga turned round and looked at her own rosettes.

“Which is why.” she said, “if you are a guinea pig with a rosette it's very likely you are a direct descendant of those very same guinea pigs who gave their tails away all those years ago.”

Olga felt so moved by her story that a lump came into her throat and for a moment or two she found it quite difficult to swallow her oats.

Noel thought for a moment. “I don't think I'd give up *my* tail for a princess,” he said bluntly, “however beautiful she was.”

ocásku, aby z něj mohla uplést provaz a zachránit tak princeznu.

Princ nevěděl, jak by se morčatům odvděčil za jejich laskavost, a tak se rozhodl udělit jim to nevyšší ocenění, jaké mohl.

Nejednalo se o pouhou medaili. Ta by se princovi asi velmi těžko přišpendlovala na jejich kožíšek a navíc by ji mohla morčata snadno ztratit. Udělil jim ocenění ve tvaru růžice. Od té doby mohla nosit na kožíšku růžici nejen všechna zúčastněná morčata, ale také všechny jejich děti a děti jejich dětí a děti dětí jejich dětí, no zkrátka všichni potomci těchto morčat.“

Olga se významně podívala na svůj růžicový tvar na kožíšku.

„Což znamená,“ chlubila se, „že každé morče, které má na kožíšku růžicový tvar, je skoro určitě příbuzným některého z morčat, které se tehdy před mnoha lety vzdalo svého ocásku pro princeznu.“

Olga byla tak dojatá svým vlastním příběhem, že se jí vytvořil knedlík v krku a zrní, které celou dobu přežvykovala, jí najednou úplně přestalo klouzat do krku.

Noel chvíli přemýšlel nad tím, co zrovna slyšel. „To já bych se teda kvůli nějaké princezně svého ocasu nevzdal,“

“Guinea pigs happen to have generous natures,” said Olga. “Not like cats.”

“If you're so generous,” said Noel, “how about letting me have a piece of your grass before I go out for the night?”

But Olga was fast asleep. Telling tales could be very tiring. Especially tales about tails. Besides, she'd had quite enough of cats for one day.

řekl neomaleně. „A mohla by si být krásná, jak by chtěla.“

„To bude asi tím, že morčata jsou od přírody štedrá,“ usadila ho Olga. „Na rozdíl od koček.“

„Aha. A když jsi teda tak štedrá,“ chytil ji Noel za slovo, „tak co kdyby ses se mnou rozdělila o trochu své trávy, než se vydám na noční lov?“

Ale Olga zničehonic tvrdě usnula. Při tom vyprávění příběhů se člověk někdy unaví víc než při běhu. Obzvlášť u příběhů o ocáscích. A kromě toho už měla toho kocoura za celý den pěkně plné zuby.

5 Olga Makes a Friend

Olga soon settled down as one of the family. She loved her new home and it was nice to hear her name being called each morning at breakfast time.

She also made quite a number of new friends. Other guinea pigs were brought along by their owners to say hello, not to mention several rabbits, a hamster, two budgerigars, and a collection of mice.

Really, life was very pleasant.

If she had a complaint at all, and she wouldn't have dreamed of mentioning it even if she had been able to, it was that during the middle of the day her house often grew a little too warm for comfort. Often she secretly wished she could romp and dance on the lawn she was able to see through her bedroom window, for it was shaded by a large tree and looked very cool and inviting.

Then one morning she was wakened by a strange new sound. Saw ... saw ... saw. Bang ... bang ... bang. It was most disturbing and it showed no sign of stopping.

5 Olga si najde nové kamarády

Olga se u Pilinových rychle zabydlela a stala se členem jejich rodiny. Její nový domov se jí moc líbil a bylo krásné každé ráno slyšet, jak na ni někdo z Pilinových volá.

Také si rychle našla plno nových kamarádů, protože za ní neustále chodily nějaké návštěvy. Kromě morčat ji navštívilo několik králíků, křeček, dvě andulky a skupina myšek - ty všechny jejich majitelé přinesli, aby se s ní mohli seznámit.

Měla se opravdu náramně.

Pokud bylo něco, co by na svém novém bydlení změnila, tak to, že se v jejím domečku kolem poledne udělalo vždycky možná až zbytečně velké vedro. Ale ani ve snu by ji nenapadlo si na to stěžovat, a to ani kdyby to uměla. Tajně si však představovala, jak by to bylo krásné, kdyby mohla dovádět a tancovat na trávníku, který viděla z okna svého pokoje. Byl pěkně ve stínu velkého stromu a určitě tam byl příjemný chládek.

Jednoho rána Olgu probudil podivný neznámý zvuk. Říz... říz ... říz. Buch... buch... buch. Velmi ji to obtěžovalo a zdálo se, že to snad nikdy neskončí.

Suddenly, just when she thought the worst was over, the door of her cage opened and she found herself being picked up and placed inside a strange, tall, upside-down affair, half hutch, half wooden frame covered on three sides by wire netting.

No sooner had she settled down to inspect her new surroundings than someone took hold of the contraption and turned it over.

Olga had to scramble like mad in order to keep her footing and when she finally recovered she found herself staring out at a kind of long, bottomless cage.

“Really!” she thought. “Whatever next? If this is progress I don't think much...” She paused and looked out from the platform on which she was standing.

She looked first at the sea of faces pressed against the side of the wire netting and then at the place where the floor ought to have been.

“How nice,” said Karen Sawdust, “to have a daytime run where you really can eat off the floor.”

“Safe from other animals,” added Mrs. Sawdust.

Když už si myslela, že má nejhorší za sebou, někdo najednou otevřel dveře její klece, popadnul ji a strčil do takové zvláštní vysoké věci. Byla obrácená vzhůru nohama a vypadala jako něco mezi králíkárnou a rámem ze tří stran zakrytým pletivem.

Sotva se Olga rozhodla vydat na průzkum svého nového prostředí, někdo ten podivný výmysl chytil a převrátil.

Olga se zuby drápky snažila udržet na místě, ale nešlo to. Když se trochu vzpamatovala, uvědomila si, že se ocitla v něčem, co připomínalo dlouhou klec bez dna.

„To už trochu přehání!“ pomyslela si. „Co si vymyslí příště? Jestli tohle má být nějaké zlepšení, tak to teda pěkně...“ Zarazila se a rozhlédla se kolem sebe.

Nejdřív se podívala na to moře diváků, kteří ji sledovali skrz drátěné pletivo, pak stočila zrak tam, kde by správně měla být podlaha.

„Není to skvělé?“ radovala se Karenka Pilinová. „Budeš mít ohrádku, ve které se opravdu dá jíst z podlahy.“

„A přitom tu budeš v bezpečí před ostatními zvířaty,“ dodal pan Pilina.

“It'll help keep the grass short as well,” said Mr. Sawdust. “If she works hard I shan't need to cut it any more!”

Olga looked up. She was a polite guinea pig and she felt it would be nice to say “thank you,” but words failed her.

Besides, she was a firm believer in the old guinea pig saying that “a piece of clover in the mouth is worth two on the lawn,” and having just found a particularly juicy clump her mouth was very, very full.

From that day on Olga spent most of her waking hours on the lawn. If she didn't exactly manage to keep the whole of it short it wasn't for want of trying, and Mr. Sawdust made sure that when he did use the mower he always left a corner uncut especially for her. It seemed as if every day was made up of sunshine and grass, and life could hardly have been sweeter.

It was on just such a day that Olga met Fangio.

It was late one afternoon. Karen Sawdust was at a place called school. Mr. Sawdust was at another place called work, and Mrs. Sawdust was busy indoors with her house.

„Taky nám pomůžeš pečovat o náš trávník,“ pokračoval. „Když se budeš snažit, ani ho už nebudu muset sekat.“

Olga zvedla hlavu. Patřila mezi zdvořilá morčata a měla pocit, že by bylo správné jim poděkovat, ale nějak nemohla najít ta správná slova.

Navíc byla silným zastáncem starého morčecího přísloví „lepší jetel v tlamičce nežli salát za plotem,“ a vzhledem k tomu, že zrovna objevila velmi šťavnatý trs jetele, její tlamička byla velmi, opravdu velmi plná.

Od toho dne trávila Olga většinu dne ve svém výběhu na trávníku. Možná se jí nedařilo ho vlastnozubně posekat úplně celý, ale rozhodně se nedalo říct, že by se o to nesnažila. A když pan Pilina musel někdy vytáhnout sekačku, vždycky pro ni schválně nechal některý roh neposekaný. Zdálo se, že každý den byl plný sluníčka a trávy a Olga si těžko uměla představit sladší život.

A přesně takový byl i den, kdy se Olga seznámila s Ferdou.

Stalo se to jednou pozdě odpoledne. Karenka Pilinová byla zrovna na místě, kterému se říká škola. Pan Pilina byl pro změnu na místě, kterému se říká práce, a paní Pilinová byla plně zaměstnaná vevnitř v domě pečováním o domácnost.

Apart from Noel, who was chasing a fly in a nearby patch of heather, there was no sign of life whatsoever, and the only new object on the horizon was a kind of prickly round ball at the other end of the lawn.

Olga first noticed the ball when she was doing the rounds of her run clearing up the odd blades of grass before she was moved on to the next patch, and she was about to go round for the second time when she paused.

The ball wasn't in the same place! Without anyone kicking it, or even touching it, it had moved. It *definitely* wasn't where it had been the first time she saw it.

Noel gave her a superior look when she told him of her discovery. "That's not a *ball*," he said. "That's Fangio. He lives in a garage down the road and they do say he has Argentine blood. He's a hedgehog."

"A *hedgehog*?" repeated Olga. "With Argentine blood? Wheeeee! What will they think of next?"

Fangio went past Olga's run several times, looking at her out of the corner of his eye, before he finally spoke. "Who are

Když nepočítala Noela, který zrovna honil mouchu v nedalekém vřesovém záhoně, nebylo nikde ani živáčka. A jediný neznámý předmět široko daleko byl jakýsi pichlavý kulatý míč na kraji trávníku.

Poprvé si Olga míče všimla, když obcházela svůj výběh, aby ho očistila od zbylých stébel trávy, než ji posunou na novou pastvu. Zrovna se chystala zahájit další kolečko, když v tom se zarazila.

Míč nebyl na stejném místě! Aníž by do něj někdo kopnul, nebo se ho vůbec jakkoliv dotknul, míč se přesunul. *Určitě* nebyl tam, kde ho Olga poprvé uviděla.

Olga se svěřila se svým objevem Noelovi, ale ten se na ni jen povýšeně podíval. „To přece není míč,“ smál se jí. „To je Fernando, ale všichni mu říkají Ferda. Bydlí v garáži na konci ulice a tvrdí se o něm, že má argentinský původ. Je to ježek.“

„Ježek?“ opakovala Olga. „Argentinského původu? Uííííí! Co si vymyslí příště.“

Ferda několikrát prošel kolem Olžina výběhu a nenápadně Olgu pozoroval, než se konečně odvážil promluvit. „Co jsi

you?” he asked suspiciously. “I haven't seen you around before.”

“I'm a hedgehog-eater from Upper Burma!” Olga had a large stock of such words, most of which she'd seen written on the sides of boxes. She kept them for use on special occasions and this seemed to be one of them. “Wheeeee!” she cried, in as loud and fierce a voice as she could possibly manage.

Fangio scuttled away and disappeared into the undergrowth.

He was gone some while and when he returned he looked at Olga even more suspiciously. “You're not a hedgehog-eater at all,” he said. “I've been making inquiries. You're a guinea pig. You tell tales.”

“Sometimes,” said Olga carelessly, taking another nibble. “When I feel in the mood and the sun is in the right direction.”

Fangio considered the matter for a moment. “I could tell a few tales if I liked,” he said. “All about the Elysian Fields¹.”

¹ *Elysian Fields* /ɪˈlɪziən/: a place, where long ago, some people believed you

zač?“ zeptal se podezřívavě. „Ještě jsem tě tu neviděl.“

„Já jsem ježkožravka asijská. Pocházím z Horní Barmy!“ Olga měla v zásobě plno podobných slov. Většinu z nich viděla napsanou na stěnách krabic ve zverimexu. Šetřila si je pro zvláštní příležitosti a tohle se zdála být jedna z nich „Uííííííííí!“ zapištěla, jak nejhlasitěji a nejděsivěji dovedla.

Ferda vystrašeně utíkal do bezpečí a zmizel někde v podrostu.

Chvíli po něm nebylo nikde ani vidu ani slechu. Když se znovu objevil, díval se na Olgu ještě s větším podezřením. „Ty nejsi žádná ježkožravka asijská,“ obořil se na ni. „Trochu jsem si o tobě zjišťoval informace. Jsi obyčejné morče. A ráda si vymýšlíš pohádky.“

„Někdy ano,“ přiznala klidně Olga a ukousla si stéblo trávy. „Když na to mám náladu a sluníčko zrovna svítí tím správným směrem.“

Ferda se nad tím na chvíli zamyslel. „Já bych taky dokázal vyprávět pohádky, kdybych chtěl. Všechny by byly o Elysejských polích.“

went after death; but now it refers to any place of great beauty and happiness.

That's where I'm off to now. I go there every evening.”

“The Elysian Fields?” Olga stopped eating. In spite of herself she couldn't help feeling interested. “What are they when they're at home?”

“They're not *at home*,” said Fangio. That's the whole point.” He nodded vaguely in the direction of the shrubbery. “They're over there. I can't think why you bother to stay cooped up in a cage when there's so much else to see. The world's a big place you know, and it's full of interesting things.”

“I'm happy where I am, thank you very much,” said Olga smugly. “I have my run and plenty to eat. And I have a house on legs with a dining room and a bedroom with a window to look out of.”

“I carry my windows with me,” said Fangio, blinking his beady eyes. “And if I were to tell you some of the things I've seen through them it would make your fur stand on end.”

Tam se taky zrovna chystám. Chodím tam každý večer.

„Elysejská pole?“ Olga se zarazila uprostřed sousta. Přes všechny její zásady ji Ferdovo vyprávění zaujalo. „A k čemu takové pole slouží?“

„Nikdo tam nikomu neslouží, proto jsou to Elysejská pole.“ A když viděl Olžin nechápavý výraz, dodal: „Tak my ježkové říkáme ráji.“ Ferda neurčitě kývnul hlavou směrem do křoví. „Je to támhle. Nedokážu pochopit, jak můžeš vydržet zabeďněná v kleci, když je tu kolem tolik úžasných míst. Vždyť svět je tak velký. A plný zajímavých věcí.“

„Já jsem spokojená tam, kde jsem, takže si nech ty svoje chytrosti,“ odsekla hrdě Olga. „Mám tady svůj výběh a plno dobrého jídla. A taky mám domek s nohama a s jídelnou a pokojem a s oknem, kterým se můžu dívat ven.“

„To já si svoje okno nosím všude s sebou,“ chlubil se Ferda a zamrkal na ni svýma koráلكovými očima. „A kdybych ti vyprávěl jen o pár věcích, které už jsem tím oknem viděl, tak by ti naskočila husí kůže.“

“I like my fur the way it is, thank you,” said Olga. “Er ... what things?”

“Trees,” said Fangio. “Bushes, banks, leaves, rubbish dumps, bonfires, roads, lanes, vegetables, flora and fauna, copses, green meadows, mushrooms, ponds, streams, the springiest turf you could possibly imagine, puddles, strange insects, pheasants eggs, hay, straw, mollusks, worms, shady nooks, holes in the ground... I could go on all night but I've so much to do I really can't spare the time.

“If I were you I'd be up and away. I wouldn't spend my life at the beck and call of others. I'd do things. Stand on my own four paws for a change.

“Think of it ... instead of having to wait every day until someone feeds you, you could do it yourself. Eat when you feel like it. What you like, when you like. They don't call it the Elysian Fields for nothing.”

“They've never forgotten me yet,” said Olga dubiously.

“Ah,” said Fangio darkly, “but supposing they did? Suppose one day they weren't there and you were left shut up in your house...”

„Mně se moje kůže líbí taková, jaká je, tak neplácej hlouposti,“ odsekla Olga. „A co žes to teda viděl za věci?“

„Stromy,“ začal vyjmenovávat Ferda. „Keře, břehy, listí, smetiště, ohniště, silnice, cestičky, zeleninu, rostliny a zvířata, chrastí, zelenající se louky, houby, rybníky, potůčky, tu nejměkčí trávu, jakou si jen dokážeš představit, kaluže, zvláštní druhy hmyzu, bažantí vejce, seno, slámu, šneky, červy, stinná zákoutí, díry v zemi... Mohl bych klidně pokračovat celou noc, ale teď mám na práci tolik jiných věcí, že na to opravdu nemám čas.

Být tebou tak vezmu nohy na ramena. Nechtělo by se mi strávit život jako něčí hračka. Na tvém místě bych chtěl něco dokázat, postavit se taky jednou na svoje vlastní čtyři tlapky.

Jen si to představ... místo abys musela každý den čekat, až tě někdo nakrmí, mohla by ses krmit sama. Jedla bys jen tehdy, když bys měla chuť. Jedla bys, co bys chtěla, kdy bys chtěla. Ne nadarmo se tomu říká Elysejská pole.“

„Ještě nikdy na mě nezapomněli,“ bránila Olga nejistě rodinu Pilinovou.

„Zatím ne,“ strašil ji Ferda, „ale co kdyby se to stalo? Co kdyby se jednoho dne prostě už neukázali, a ty bys zůstala zavřená ve svém domku...“

“Is it very dangerous in these fields?” asked Olga.

Fangio snorted. “Dangerous? Dangerous? If anything comes along I don't like the look of I just roll myself up into a ball and wait until they go away again. There's nothing to it. I'd like to see the animal that would frighten me.”

“Even dogs?” asked Olga, who'd once seen a very large one from up the road. It was called an Alsatian and she hadn't liked the look of it at all.

“Dogs?” Fangio jumped. “What? Where?”

“A great big one.” said Olga, making the most of it. “Foaming at the mouth, with fangs as big as cucumbers ... tell you a story about it if you like ...”

But Fangio had gone. Moving with a surprising turn of speed for his size he'd vanished into the nearby bushes as if his very life depended on it.

Olga sat staring at the spot for quite a while. Somehow she felt strangely unsettled and the grass which she'd been enjoying up until a minute or so before now seemed dull and tasteless.

It was not a very nice feeling and try as she might she couldn't shake it off.

„A je to tam hodně nebezpečné, na těch polích?“

Ferda si odfrknul. „Nebezpečné? Prý jestli je to nebezpečné! Když se ke mně přiblíží cokoliv, co se mi nelíbí, prostě se stočím do klubíčka a počkám, než to zase zmizí. Nic na tom není. Chtěl bych vidět zvíře, které by mě mohlo vystrašit.“

„A co psi?“ ptala se Olga, která jednou viděla na ulici jednoho obzvlášť velkého psa. Říkalo se mu vlčák a ani trochu se jí nelíbil.

„Psi?“ vyskočil Ferda. „Cože? Kde?“

„Jeden velikánský pes,“ chytila se Olga příležitosti. „S pěnou u huby a zubama velkýma jako okurky... Můžu ti o tom povyprávět, jestli chceš...“

Ale Ferda už byl dávno pryč. Na svoji velikost upaloval překvapivě rychle a než bys řekl švec, zmizel v nedalekém křoví, jako by na tom závisel jeho život.

Olga zůstala na dlouhou chvíli sedět a hleděla do prázdna. Najednou se cítila tak zvláště neklidná. Dokonce i ta tráva, na které si ještě asi před minutou pochutnávala, jí najednou připadala mdlá a bez chuti.

Nebyl to zrovna příjemný pocit a ať se snažila jak se snažila, nemohla se ho zbavit.

“I do hope Olga's all right,” said Karen Sawdust later that evening after she'd put her to bed. “She seemed very odd. Not at all her usual self.”

“I shouldn't worry, dear,” said her mother. “I expect guinea pigs have their ‘off days’ just as we do.”

And really she couldn't have spoken a truer word. For although Olga might not be having an “off day” at that very moment she definitely had the thought on her mind, and as she closed her eyes and made ready for sleep she decided to have one just as soon as she possibly could.

„Opravdu doufám, že je s Olgou všechno v pořádku,“ starala se Karenka Pilinová, poté co uložila Olgu do pelíšku. „Připadala mi nějaká zvláštní. Vůbec se nechovala jako obvykle.“

„Já bych si s tím nelámala hlavu, Karenko,“ utěšovala ji maminka. „I morčátka asi mívají dny, kdy jsou tak trochu mimo. Zrovna tak jako my.“

A těžko by mohla být blíže pravdě. Protože i když Olga nebyla v tu chvíli doslova „mimo“, rozhodně o tom právě uvažovala. A když pak zavřela oči a chystala se ke spánku, rozhodla se, že jakmile se jí naskytne příležitost, vyzkouší si, jaké je to být na den „mimo“ svůj výběh.

3. Theoretical Part

According to Jiří Levý, translators always have to decide whether the translation should be linked to the style, time and space of the original book or whether they should adapt the text to their own environment (33). The general tendency is that the translated version should resemble the original as much as possible. However, it is not always possible to preserve all the aspects of the original book and the translator often has to prioritize the aspects.

The theoretical part of the thesis aims to analyse the translation and clarify the decisions made during the translation of *The Tales of Olga da Polga*. It is divided into four parts, each of which addresses different problems which were encountered during the translation of the book and which mostly originate from the differences between Czech and English, the Czech Republic and the United Kingdom and between the year 2017 and 1971.

3.1 Target Reader and Function of the Book

According to Göte Klingberg, it is important that the function of the translation is the same as that of its original and the translation of the book should never become for example more complicated or less interesting than the original (86). The same could be said about the target reader. Although the target reader naturally changes as the book is brought to a new country, the main characteristics such as age, gender and qualification should remain the same even at the expense of some translation approximations or adjustments.

The Tales of Olga da Polga is intended for children aged between 5 and 12 and the main function of the book is to provide entertainment (Fountas and Pinnell 287). This fact determines the whole translation and it becomes the major objective of the translation, to create a book which Czech children would find attractive and entertaining.

In order to achieve this, the translation required several simplifications and adjustments. The following part discusses some of the main alternations which were made to adapt the book to Czech children readers. Other alternations are discussed in later chapters.

3.1.1 Advanced Expressions

The original text sometimes uses expressions which are either old fashioned or too advanced for children readers, such as “sour grapes”, “mollusk”, “Elysian Fields”, etc. Some later additions add footnotes explaining the meaning of these words. However, the footnotes make the reading quite confusing and difficult to follow, which is why the translation avoids using this device. In most cases, the advanced expressions are translated using simpler Czech equivalents which children can easily understand and which have the same or at least similar meaning as the original expressions.

Examples:

- Olga had always thought it was **sour grapes** because he'd been “returned” by one.
Olga si vždycky myslela, **že to říkal jen proto, že ho urazilo**, když ho jeden z nich vrátil.
- ...straw, **mollusks**, worms, shady nooks...
... slámu, **šneky**, červy, stinná zákoutí...

Even though mollusks and snails are not synonyms as mollusk is a hypernym of snail, the list of things Fangio has seen is quite long and can be considered rather dull, and young readers might find the list more acceptable if the use of biology terminology and footnotes is avoided. This is why the near-metonymical “šneci” was used instead.

Another problematic expression is “Elysian Fields”. This expression denotes a place where some people were taken by the gods after death in ancient Greek stories, but now it can also refer to heaven or any place of happiness (Oxford Dictionaries). It is very difficult to find any self-explanatory Czech equivalent for this expression. Therefore, literal translation “Elysejská pole” is used, although the expression is not very well-known in Czech and requires an explanation. However, unlike the English version which uses a rather complex definition of the expression at the bottom of the page, the translation adds a direct speech which explains the expression using the closest synonym “paradise”.

...A když viděl Olžin nechápavý výraz, dodal: „Tak my ježkové říkáme ráji.“ ...

This form of explanation seems slightly more understandable and less interrupting than a footnote.

3.1.2 Action Description

The original text often describes the action in a rather flat manner. The translation does not intend to make any significant changes to the author's style but many sentences have the potential to be more engaging and to achieve this, it is sometimes sufficient to split a long sentence into multiple sentences or to use a more emotional expression.

Examples:

- Suddenly he felt he was being watched, and when he turned he found to his surprise what seemed like a million pair of eyes staring at him across the border from Peru.

V tom ho přepadl zvláštní pocit, jako by ho někdo sledoval. Otočil se, a co nevidí. Přes hranici ze sousedního Peru na něj zíral snad milion párů očí.

3.1.3 Chapter Names

Most of the chapter names foreshadow what happens in the chapter. Some of them even have a witty ambiguous meaning (especially in the second part of the book which is not covered by this translation). Therefore, most of the chapter names are translated into Czech as accurately as possible.

There is, however, an exception – the name of the fourth chapter. The name *Olga's Story* could be considered rather uninteresting and obscure and it barely indicates the topic of the chapter. Moreover, the fourth chapter is not the only chapter in *The Tales of Olga da Polga* devoted to Olga's story. Therefore, the translation uses a more explicit name – *Kterak morčata přišla o ocásek* which seems slightly more suitable for this chapter and which might arouse children's curiosity.

One might wonder if the author did not purposely use chapter names which contain the word *Olga* and if the translation does not violate this rule. Nevertheless, this rule is only applicable up to the 9th chapter and most of the later chapter names do not contain Olga's name either, so it does not seem necessary to keep this pattern.

3.2 Space and Time Location and National Specific Features

There are different opinions as to whether the translation should bring the text closer to the target-language reader or not. Riitta Oittinen believes that, in this particular aspect, translating books for children varies significantly from the task of translating books for adults. While the translation of adult literature requires above all loyalty to the author, children's literature requires much more loyalty to the target reader (6). In other words, when translating children's books one should try to bring the text as close as possible to the children in the target country.

The Tales of Olga da Polga is not actually set in any concrete time and space. There is not once mentioned any place name, nor is there any mention of date or historical event which would determine the book's time location. Judging by the use of technology and by the scenery description, one can assume that the book takes place in the British countryside in the second half of the 20th century but the time and space seem rather irrelevant.

Therefore, it appears quite appropriate to set the translated text into the Czech countryside and bring it slightly closer to the modern time. This change only requires few alternations discussed below.

3.2.1 Prices

There is only one mention of money in the book – when Olga is sold for twenty-two and a half new pence. This provides Czech children with little information since they usually cannot imagine the value of money expressed in pounds at all or they wrongly assume that the value is equivalent to the same amount in Czech crowns. Moreover, even in the United Kingdom the term “new pence” is no longer used, which is why the translation converts the currency into Czech crowns.

However, it does not seem appropriate to use a current exchange rate to determine the value of 22.5p, because the exchange rates were different at the time the book was written and so were the prices. Telling that Olga was sold for 7 CZK would be rather misleading and might cause young readers to believe that guinea pigs are very cheap.

For this reason, current prices of guinea pigs are used rather than any form of conversion of the currencies and in the translated version Olga is sold for 300 CZK.

3.2.2 Units of Measurement

The original version uses British units of measurement such as feet and ounces. Since the main purpose of descriptions generally is to help the readers imagine the setting, it seems more appropriate to use the metric system, which Czech children are familiar with, in order that they can imagine the sizes better. However, taking into consideration the rule that the translated text should not become more complicated than the original one, it appears necessary to round the numbers or change the values slightly rather than convert the values with a high level of precision.

This could be illustrated with the example of Olga's cage. The size of her cage is two foot square, which equals approximately 0.18 square meters. However, many children under the age of 12 are not yet quite familiar with the decimal numbering system and the value 0.18 might not be understandable for them. For this reason, it seems preferable to simplify the value and say that her cage was both wide and long less than half a meter, even though it slightly overestimates the size.

3.2.3 Names

When children read a book with foreign names, they sometimes tend to concentrate more on reading the names properly and remembering them than on the aesthetic value of the book (Oitten 27). This is quite an undesirable effect and it is in conflict with the rule of preserving the function of the book.

An obvious solution to this problem is to translate the names into their Czech equivalents. However, this is not quite so simple in the case of *The Tales of Olga da Polga* because many names are not even English and all the names appear to have been chosen for a reason.

The names could be divided into three groups according to the way they were translated. The first group includes the names which also exist in Czech or which can be easily pronounced and memorized by Czech readers. Such names do not require translation.

Examples: Olga da Polga, Manuel

The second group of names comprises the names which have a certain meaning in English. It seems necessary to translate such names and use Czech equivalents with a similar meaning.

Examples: Mr. Sawdust → Pan Pilina,

Sale or Return → Neprodejně zboží

Translating the name “Sale or Return” proved to be rather problematic. Sale or return is a purchase arrangement which gives the purchaser the right to return unsold goods without payment (Oxford Dictionaries). This arrangement is rather rare in the Czech Republic and the expression does not have any commonly used Czech translation. Therefore, the name cannot be translated literally and the name “Unsaleable Goods” is used instead. The name reflects the fact that the guinea pig Sale or Return was very unlikely to ever be sold and it resembles the original name in respect that it uses business terminology and perceives guinea pigs as goods

The last group consists of names which are difficult to read for Czech children and which might require translation. This is the most problematic group because it is necessary to find the reason why the names were chosen and decide whether the reason is important enough to keep the foreign name or whether a Czech name could be used instead.

This group includes the name of Olga’s owner Karen. Karen is named after the author’s daughter for whom the book was intended so it would seem inappropriate to completely change the name. But in order to make it sound more like a name for a little girl the translation uses the diminutive form of the name – Karenka.

Another name which falls into this group is Fangio. It seems that the only reason why this name was chosen for a hedgehog from Argentina is the fact that at the time the book was written, there was a famous formula one driver Juan Manuel Fangio from Argentina. However, it is highly unlikely that any Czech child has ever heard of him. Therefore it seems better to replace the name by a more memorable name which would not be so easily mispronounced and which would sound more Argentinian – Fernando.

The name also has the advantage that it can be shortened to a typical Czech pet's name Ferda.

3.3 Lexical and Stylistic Aspects

The Tales of Olga da Polga could be considered an exceptional children's book. More than forty years after its first publication it is still popular, many schools require their pupils to read the book and the author himself considers the book his best work (Bond 121). One of the qualities which make the book so special is its lexical and stylistic composition. The choice of vocabulary in the book is very rich and creative and the author even creates new expressions. In addition, the author uses stylistic devices such as alliteration.

These aspects made the translation of many expressions rather difficult but I always tried to find Czech equivalents which would resemble the playful and witty style as much as possible.

3.3.1 New Expressions

One of the essential abilities of a good translator is language creativity because translators are often forced to seek an equivalent to an expression which does not yet exist in their language and thus they have to either create a new expression or adopt an expression from the foreign language (Levý).

It is possible to find several neologisms in the book, most of which are created by Olga herself. Olga likes to make up things and the way she creates her own expressions is very witty. Therefore, it is necessary to retain this pattern in the Czech translation and create new expressions rather than search for any already existing ones.

Examples:

- "I'm a **hedgehog-eater** from Upper Burma!"
„Já jsem **ježkožravka asijská** z Horní Barmy!“

In addition, some of the expressions which do exist in English are translated into newly created Czech expressions. The reasons for creating neologisms are various. Some expressions do not have an existing Czech counterpart, some have one but it does not

sound appropriate in the Czech context and in some cases, it is simply tempting to further develop the author's playful use of original expressions linked to the world of guinea pigs.

Examples:

- From that day on Olga spent most of her waking hours on the lawn. If she didn't exactly manage to keep the whole of it short....

Od toho dne trávil Olga většinu dne na ve svém výběhu na trávníku. Možná se jí nedařilo ho **vlastnozubně** posekat úplně celý,...

- “Oh, dear! Oh, dear!” she wailed. “Whatever’s happening now?”
„**U všech fousků morčecích!**“ zapištěla. „Co se to zase děje?“
- Olga had to scramble like mad in order to keep her footing
Olga se **zuby drápky** snažila udržet na místě

3.3.2 Idioms and Proverbs

Idioms and proverbs represent another challenge translators often face. Levý suggests that idioms and proverbs should be translated as a single lexical unit regardless of the meaning of the individual words (129).

In order to do this, the translation uses two different methods. The first option is to find a similar Czech idiom. This could be considered the best way to translate idiomatic expressions but it can only be used if an equivalent idiom does exist in Czech.

Examples:

- ... he was known **far and wide** as the most crotchety and bad-tempered old king there had ever been.

.... byl **široko daleko** známý jako ten nejnevrlejší a nejmrzutější starý král, jaký kdy žil.

If no such idiom exists, English idioms need to be paraphrased in some way in order to preserve the original meaning of the text, which constitutes functional equivalence.

Example:

- **To cap it all** she felt sick.

A ještě k tomu se jí udělalo špatně.

On the other hand, some non-idiomatic English expressions could be translated using Czech idioms. This makes the translated text not only more engaging but also closer to the original in some way, because even though it uses idioms at different places, at least it uses approximately the same number of them.

Examples:

- “I shouldn't worry, dear,”
„Já bych si s tím **nelámala hlavu**, Karenko.“
- He was gone some while...
Chvíli po něm nebylo nikde **ani vidu ani slechu**.

Another problematic part of the translation is the use of English proverbs which do not always exist in Czech. The example below shows a proverb whose translation was particularly problematic because the English proverb is changed into a guinea pig version and it is necessary to make a similar modification with the Czech equivalent of the proverb as well.

Example:

- “a piece of clover in the mouth is worth two on the lawn”
„lepší jetel v tlamičce nežli salát za plotem“

3.3.3 Figures of Speech

The original text is very creative and it uses many stylistic devices. Quite common is the use of the wordplay technique. English is a rich language when it comes to words with ambiguous meaning. However, it is very unlikely that a word with multiple meanings would have a Czech equivalent with the same meanings, which is why it often requires a considerable creative input to translate such expressions.

Zlata Kufnerová offers two methods of translating a word play. One can either create their own wordplay or sacrifice the wordplay and in order to preserve the text style, use another wordplay in a different place (74).

Since the first method provides a more accurate translation, I always tried to use this method first and only if it was impossible to find a similar wordplay in Czech, I resorted to the second method.

Examples

- “I expect guinea pigs have their ‘**off days**’ just as we do.” (...) although Olga might not be having an “**off day**” at that very moment she definitely had the thought on her mind, and as she closed her eyes and made ready for sleep she decided to have one just as soon as she possibly could.

„I morčátka asi mívají dny, kdy jsou tak trochu **mimo**. Zrovna tak jako my.“ (...) I když Olga nebyla v tu chvíli doslova „**mimo**“, rozhodně o tom právě uvažovala. A když pak zavřela oči a chystala se ke spánku, rozhodla se, že jakmile se jí naskytne příležitost, vyzkouší si jaké je to být na den „**mimo**“ svůj výběh.

- “The Elysian Fields?” Olga stopped eating. In spite of herself she couldn't help feeling interested. “**What are they when they're at home?**”

“They're not **at home**,” said Fangio. That's the whole point.”

„Elysejská pole?“ Olga se zarazila uprostřed sousta. Přes všechny její zásady jí Ferdovo vyprávění zaujalo. „**A k čemu takové pole slouží?**“

„Nikdo tam nikomu **neslouží**, proto jsou to Elysejská pole.“

Both the examples mentioned above employ the difference between a meaning of idiom and a meaning of individual words in the idiom. The first one refers to the fact that Olga was planning to get *off* her run, which is why she was acting as if she was having an *off day*. The other example is playing with the British expression “What are they when they are at home?” which has a different connotative and denotative meaning. Since it seemed impossible to find any similar expression in Czech I used an expression which has at least a similar connotative meaning (“What are they?”) and which can also sound ambiguous although its denotative meaning differs from that of the English expression.

Other stylistic devices used in the text include alliteration and homophones. These expressions are rather difficult to translate as well because words starting with the same consonant sound are very unlikely to have Czech equivalents starting with the same

sound and it is even more unlikely for homophones to have a Czech homophonous equivalent.

It was therefore sometimes impossible to preserve these stylistic devices in the translated text and they either had to be shifted to another place or replaced by other stylistic devices such as rhyme.

Examples:

- Scratching and scraping, starting and stopping, she worked and she worked and she worked.
Drápala a čmárala, škrábala a škrtala, dřela a dřela a dřela.
- Telling tales could be very tiring. Especially **tales about tails**.
Při tom vyprávění **příběhů** se člověk někdy unaví víc než **při běhu**. Obzvláště u příběhů o ocáscích.

3.3.4 Synonyms

It is natural that every language has a different number of ways to express the same thing. When a certain phenomenon is very common in a country, there are usually many synonyms denoting the phenomenon in the country's language. However, such phenomenon may not even exist in a different environment so there does not necessarily need to be any expression describing it.

The translator needs to bear this in mind and where there are synonymous expressions in the target language, it is advisable to use a variety of expressions even if the original always uses the same one.

When translating from English to Czech this is very much the case with the word "say". English tends to introduce direct speech almost exclusively using this word while in Czech it is more natural to use different introductory words which often indicate the speaker's attitude about what he or she is saying.

Overall, the word *say* and its forms are used 48 times in the text and they are translated using 31 different Czech expressions, which can be seen in the list below.

Dodat, chlubit se, chytit za slovo, najít (pár slov), nedat se přerušit, nechápat, obořit se, odpovědět, odseknout, poděkovat, pokračovat, postesknout si, použít (slovo), povzdechnout si, pozdravit, prohlásit, pronést, přiznat, radovat se, říct, říkat, smát se, tvrdit, usadit (někoho), utěšovat, volat, vyťahovat se, zabručet, začít, zasyčet, - (the word was redundant).

Another group of words which required using synonyms in Czech includes words which have two different Czech equivalents – one for humans and one for animals.

Examples: Bed → postel (humans), pelíšek (animals)

Mouth → pusa (humans), tlama (animals)

On the other hand, sometimes a variety of English synonymous expressions had to be translated using a single Czech equivalent.

Example: lawn, grass, turf → trávník/tráva

3.3.5 Suffixation

While Czech could be classified as a synthetic language, English belongs to the family of analytic languages. This means that English usually combines neutral words with modifiers to express emotions and attitudes. One of the frequently used modifiers is the adjective “little” which not only denotes small size but also affection (Knittlová 59). Czech, on the other hand, often expresses emotions and attitudes by means of various suffixes.

Suffixation as a word-formation device is even more frequent in children’s language. For this reason, it seems natural to use this device widely in the translation as *The Tales of Olga da Polga* is a children’s book and should, therefore, be written in a language which children are familiar with.

Most frequently used suffixed words are diminutives. In some cases, it is quite necessary to use diminutives because the words have a slightly negative connotation if there are used in their basic form. In other cases, they are used in order to avoid overusing the word *little*, which does not have any perfect Czech equivalent.

Examples: little girl → holčička

Karen → Karenka

mouth → tlamička

In addition, suffixation is sometimes used to replace an intensifier or amplifier or to translate other forms of modification which are not common in Czech.

Examples: very small → maličká

short time → chvilinka

tallest pine → vysokánská borovice

3.4 Syntactic and Morphological Aspects

When translating from English to Czech, one always needs to respect the differences in morphology and syntax of the languages. Many differences arise due to the fact that English is an analytic language while Czech could be classified as synthetic. This influences both morphological and syntactic structure of the texts. In addition, there are many different conventions which need to be taken into consideration.

The Tales of Olga da Polga is not very unusual as regards its morphological and syntactic composition so the translation of the text was not particularly challenging in this respect. Naturally, there were problems which had to be solved, but the majority of them would very likely be encountered while translating other English texts as well.

For this reason, the following part focuses merely on a few selected problems and does not discuss the whole morphologic and syntactic structure of the text in detail.

3.4.1 Sentence Structure

It has already been mentioned several times that the objective of the translation is to create a book which would provide an enjoyable reading for Czech children. Children read more slowly than adults and it is more difficult for them to understand the meaning of a text, which is why the text should not be overly complicated and it is not advisable to use too long sentences.

Yet the original text often uses very long and complex sentences which are rather difficult to follow even for adults. It is not our place to challenge Bond's authorial intentions, yet such syntactic complexity may seem undesirable when juxtaposed against the mediating goal of this thesis. It therefore seems appropriate to avoid using such sentences in the Czech version and many long sentences are separated.

Example:

- With a sinking heart he realized that not only would he never reach his loved one but that even if he went for help by the time he returned she might be dead, for without the key there was no getting in or out of the castle.

Byl naprosto bezradný. Neměl sebemenší šanci vyškrábat se ke své milované. A i kdyby se vypravil hledat pomoc, než by se vrátil, princezna už mohla být dávno mrtvá. Vždyť bez klíče se nikdo nemohl dostat z hradu ani do hradu.

Another phenomenon occurring in the text is an interruption of a direct speech by the description of the speaker and the circumstances. In Czech, such practice is not very common though in most cases, such discontinuity does not seem to negatively affect the text dynamics and it makes the text more dramatic. For this reason, the direct speech structure is translated using the same pattern in most cases. However, there are several passages in the text in which such practice sounds too artificial in Czech and which had to be restructured to sound more natural.

Example:

- "Peru." said Olga, for Noel's benefit, "was full of guinea pigs at the time for it was before we'd been discovered.

„Peru se tehdy morčaty jen hemžilo,“ vytahovala se Olga před Noelem. „To bylo ještě předtím, než nás objevili lidé.

Finally, the English version often replaces nouns by personal pronouns in order to avoid repetition. This occurs in Czech as well, but if the noun is the subject of the clause, the subject is completely omitted in most cases rather than replaced by a pronoun.

The text contains many long passages in which the subject is always replaced by a personal pronoun. This sometimes makes the text slightly confusing as the reader needs to remember, who the pronoun refers to. It is even more confusing if other nouns in the

text are replaced by personal pronouns as well and one needs to guess from the context who each of the pronouns refers to.

This negative effect is multiplied when the text is translated into Czech and the subjects are omitted completely. Therefore the translation uses the nouns more often than the original even if it adds repetitiveness to the text.

Example

- There was worse to follow, for just as **she** was in the middle of trying to work out how many times **she** had actually boasted or told a story which wasn't exactly "true," the jiggling stopped; there was a roar, and a strange tickling began to run through **her** body, starting in **her** toes and ending where **her** tail would have been had **she** owned one.
- A to ji to nejhorší teprve čekalo. Zrovna když byla **Olga** zabraná do počítání toho, kolikrát se v minulosti chvástala nebo vyprávěla příběh, který nebyl tak úplně pravdivý, houpání přestalo. Ozvalo se řinčení a **Olga** ucítila po celém těle takové zvláštní šimrání, které začínalo někde na palcích na jejích packách a končilo tam, kde by byl její ocásek, kdyby nějaký měla.

3.4.2 Participle Phrases

Participle constructions are rather challenging for the translator since they are very common in English and quite rare in Czech, which is why they usually need to be paraphrased. The most common method is adding a clause which uses a finite verb form (Knittlová 95).

When translating a children's book it seems even more necessary to paraphrase the participles because Czech children might not even understand the Czech participles as they nowadays appear almost exclusively in old literature. Therefore, most participles in the text are translated into simple clauses.

Examples:

- He'd caught sight of the princess **sitting** alone
Zahlédnul princeznu, jak sedí sama ve věži
- She wailed, **addressing** the empty air

Naříkala, aniž by ji mohl někdo slyšet

- I would like to keep my own name, especially as I'm having it **painted on**.

Moc ráda bych si nechala svoje jméno, tím spíš že mi ho chtějí napsat na dveře.

3.4.3 Verb forms

When translating a text from English to Czech, one needs to have a very good knowledge of the English grammar and it is necessary to understand differences between Czech and English grammar rules.

Good knowledge of grammar and tenses is, however, not a sufficient condition for being able to translate a text correctly. One also needs to be able to understand the context. Verb forms do not always positively determine the text chronology without the context nor does the context always determine the chronology without the use of correct verb forms.

According to Knittlová, a very common mistake is confusing the auxiliary verb “would” in a future tense in a reported speech with a conditional (93). The use of “would” is quite common in the text and its meaning often has to be determined using the context. In addition to the meanings mentioned by Knittlová, it is also sometimes used to express that something happened repeatedly.

Examples:

- “I do wish you could tell us what you **would** like for a name.”

„Kdybys nám tak mohla říct, jaké jméno by se ti líbilo.“

- If she wasn't yet sure of what her story **would** be about, at least knew how it should start.

I když si ještě ani nebyla jistá, o čem její příběh vlastně bude, aspoň věděla, jak by měl správně začít.

- Each night, before she settled down in the straw, she **would** look at her reflection in the water bowl

Každou noc těsně předtím, než si ustala na slámě, Olga pozorovala svůj obraz v misce na vodu.

Another often encountered problem is that English uses more tenses than Czech and sometimes, the use of tenses itself gives information on the chronology. An example of this could be the combination of past simple and past perfect tense which indicates which of the events happened first. However, in Czech both the clauses are expressed using the same tense and it is necessary to express the chronology in a different way.

The Tales of Olga da Polga, like many other English books, contains passages which use several tenses and which can only be translated using a single tense in Czech. In some cases, the chronology is already clear from the context and reducing the morphological diversity does not seem to have any impact on the clarity of the text. Other cases, however, become ambiguous in Czech and they require adding time expressions to the text.

Examples:

- Just as she was in the middle of trying to work out how many times **she had** actually **boasted** or told a story which wasn't exactly "true," the jiggling stopped,
Zrovna když byla Olga zabraná do počítání toho, kolikrát **se v minulosti chvástala** nebo vyprávěla příběh, který nebyl tak úplně pravdivý, houpání přestalo.

Conclusion

As was mentioned in the introduction the aim of the thesis was to create a Czech translation of *The Tales of Olga da Polga* which would be as similar as possible to the original version and which would also respect the anticipated differences between Czech and English children readers.

The whole translation was determined by the fact that the target readers of the book are children aged between 5 and 12 and that the book's main function is to entertain. I wanted to make the translated text as accessible as possible for the Czech children, even if it sometimes required rephrasing entire paragraphs, adding some expressions or adapting the text to the Czech environment. However, I never intentionally changed the general meaning of any part of the text and I tried to preserve all the creative aspects of the author's style. Nevertheless, it proved very difficult to achieve maximum readability without changing either the style or the meaning of the text, which is why it was often necessary to compromise.

The problematic aspects of the translation are discussed in the third chapter of the thesis which analyses the translation and clarifies some of its choices. It is structured into four parts. The first part focuses on the target reader and the function of the book and discusses the importance of preserving these two aspects in the translation. The second part deals with the problems of national specific features and explains why I decided to adapt the book to the Czech environment. The third part analyses the translation from the lexical and stylistic point of view. It is the most elaborate part since the lexical and stylistic composition of the original text is very creative. The author uses many stylistic devices, he creates his own expressions and he sometimes adapts idioms and proverbs to the guinea pig world. The fourth part analyses the syntactic and morphological structure of the book and clarifies some of the adjustments made in order to make the translated text easy to follow.

It may seem that the translation and analysis of a children's book about a little guinea pig is not a serious enough topic to write a thesis on. However, the translation was not simple and I encountered many interesting and challenging problems. I often had to search for help in professional publications and many times I either could not find any advice at all or the books showed contradictory opinions. Translating this text certainly

provided me with valuable experience and I hope that if any Czech child ever reads my text he or she will not only find the reading enjoyable but the text will also impart the message the author intended.

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